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"HE BROUGHT THE PILLOW DOWN WITH A THWACK."

BELFORD'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1876.

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER I.

WELLINGTONS IN EMBRYO.

ABOVE all the sounds that human ingenuity has invented to stir the heart of man, the bugle-call stands pre-eminent. It does not require for its appreciation imagination in the hearer, nor a particular phase of mind, nor a taste for music. The very charger pricks his ears and dilates his nostrils as he listens to it ; and through the misty, matutinal air it rings its réveillé bright and clear, and spirit-stirring as the "breezy call of incense-breathing morn" itself.

And yet there was no sound so hateful to the gentlemen cadets of the Military Academy at Woolwich, when it awoke them for extra drill. We are speaking, it must be premised, of a far, far back time—not in years, indeed, but as respects the progress of humanity, which, as everybody knows, has taken such prodigious strides of late as to leave not only our forefathers, but our very fathers, aghast at the perfection of their descendants. We have no doubt that in these days the bugle-call to early drill, being the call of duty—albeit a disagreeable one—is eagerly welcomed by the Woolwich cadet. He has doubtless marched step by step with the rest of the great army of our youth—and presumably in much better time—on the road to what one of the greatest philosophers of the age has denominated "bestness," and is highly principled, deeply religious, though competitive—"a Christian first and a gentleman afterwards:" in brief, a sort of personified Whole Duty of Man, gilt-edged, and bound in dark blue, and always pronounced by his

reviewer, who is the Commander-in-Chief, "in habit studious, and in conduct exemplary."

We all know the story of that unconsciously cynical child, who asked of his mamma in the churchyard, "Where are all the bad people buried?" and, like him, when I read the narratives, put forth now-a-days, descriptive of our young gentlemen at school—all, I suppose, more or less biographical and trustworthy—I am tempted to inquire, "Where are all the bad boys brought up?"

What becomes of them? Is the race extinct, or do they all run away to sea, as only the very worst of them used to do, and become "stowaways" in over-insured and presently-to-be-scuttled vessels? The question becomes as interesting as that of "hybernation" used to be in White-of-Selbourne's time. They are not here. Where have they got to? Even if one offered a reward for a bad boy—we are speaking, of course, of boys of the upper classes only, though even the lower ones are being made angels of by the school boards at the rate of a thousand a week—we doubt whether we should secure a specimen; the natural sciences, combined with the classics and mathematics, and always in connection with "the tone," having effected so complete a destruction of the species. When the Wild Birds Protection Act was in course of discussion, it occurred to many minds interested in the preservation of the unique, that something might be done for these poor featherless bipeds, but the time has now gone by for anything effective. At the period for which we write, the good boy was about as rare a creature as the kingfisher or the otter; while the goody-goody boy, now so common as to be somewhat obtrusive, was almost as unknown as the dodo. One or two of these latter, driven by stress of circumstances, were indeed known to stray into the very spot we are now describing—the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich; but they were treated with such barbarity by the aboriginies, who had a distaste amounting to fanaticism for anything of the sort, that they fled away immediately, or perished as martyrs.

We could much astonish that unsuspecting gentleman, called "the general reader," if we were to go into details of their treatment; but to describe things as they are—much more as they were—is pronounced to be "sensational" and "unhealthy;" and, besides, it would curdle his blood, which is contrary to the Adulteration Act.

It is half-past five on a fine summer morning, and the sun is shining brightly into a high, white-walled apartment in which gentleman cadet Cecil Henry Landon, "head of the room," and three others are lying, each on their "narrow beds" of iron, after the pattern of that patronised by the great Duke of Wellington, whose well-known figure, with uplifted finger, was at that epoch still to be seen in London streets. They are asleep, and therefore out of mischief; nor do their upturned

faces, even in that powerful light, exhibit any signs of marked deformity. That of Landon is a very handsome one, though the handsomest part of it, his soft hazel eyes, are at present closed. His features are regular, and, if rather large, it must be said in their excuse that he is a tall young fellow. He has symptoms of a dark moustache, upon which the military authorities have already passed censure—for in those days moustachios were not permitted except to the cavalry—and on his sun-burnt cheeks there is that amount of down, for the removal of which wags recommend the cat's tongue instead of the razor. One arm, as white as a girl's and as strong as a navvy's, is thrown upon the coverlet, and with the other he supplements the pillow, which is of "regulation" size—that is, about half of the proper dimensions. There is a smile upon his face, so let us hope he is dreamiug of his mother, who has, however, been dead these ten years, and does not recur very often to his waking thoughts.

In the next corner—all the beds are placed in the angles of the room, as though they were playing at puss in the corner—lies Hugh Darall, Landon's chief friend and ally. In character they are the antipodes of one another, which is, perhaps, one of the bonds of their friendship. Darall is diligent and painstaking, and though a year junior to his friend, is much more distinguished as a student. It is almost time for Landon to pass for his commission, and he will doubtless do so when that period arrives, for he has plenty of brains; but he will not take a high place. He is too fond of pleasure to have much time for study; and he regrets his backwardness for one reason only—he will be in the artillery, whereas Darall is "safe to get the sappers" (the engineers), which will deprive him of his companionship. The trifling advantage in the way of pay that the one service offers above the other is of no consequence to Landon, who is the only son of a rich city merchant; but it is of great importance to Darall, who is the only son of his mother, who is a poor widow. Darall is a strong, well-built young fellow, but not so handsome as his friend; his complexion is one of those delicate ones which will not take the sun-burn, and his hair is of that colour which, though it grows tawny with years, has in youth a fluffy appearance. A disciple of Lavater would, however, give this lad the preference over his fellow in the way of moral qualities; his mouth is firmer, his chin is squarer, and his blue eyes as they open for a moment while the bugle blares and shrills in the parade ground without, are much more steadfast. For a moment they open, as do those of the other two occupants of the apartment—younger lads who are in subjection to their seniors—then close in serene content. Those three are in the happy position of that retired naval officer, who made his servant call him at some small number of "bells" every morning, that he might have the pleasure of throwing a

boot at him, and going to sleep again. They had not to get up; whereas Landon was in for "extra drill." His eyes remain open, and in his reluctant ears the martial music continues to blare on.

"Confound the bugle!" exclaims he, passionately; then puts forth a hand to the socks upon the chair beside him, and proceeds to attire himself in his regimentals. Even they are old-world and forgotten now; something between the famous "Windsor uniform" and that of the telegraph boys—light-blue trousers with a red stripe; a dark-blue coat, turned up with red, and with metal buttons; and a really becoming forage-cap with a gold band. If anybody is ever good-looking at 5.45 A.M., and before he has washed himself, Cecil Henry Landon might claim to be so, as he stands equipped for drill. He has a minute or two to spare, and "never waste time" is the family motto engraved upon his gold watch. He takes up the regulation pillow, and, moving towards Darall, poises it above his head; but a troubled look in the sleeper's face arrests his attention, and causes him to change his purpose. "No, Jack, you shall sleep on," he mutters; "this will be an ugly day for you—a monstrous unpleasant case of 'yes' or 'no' you will have to settle—and it shan't trouble you before it's time. But as for these young beggars"—and he turned rather savagely towards the two younger lads—"it is not to be endured that they should be thus enjoying themselves while their senior officer—at least, I was an officer till the governor broke me—encounters all the hardships of his profession."

And at the middle syllable of the word profession, he brought the pillow down with a thwack upon the nose of the nearest sleeper.

"Eh—what the devil——! Oh, it's you, Landon!" exclaimed the suddenly-awakened youth, running the whole gamut of expression from wrath to conciliation in a breath.

"Yes; it's me, Trotter," answered the other, mimicking; "ain't I a second father to you? Here you are, oversleeping yourself, and running the risk of arrest, when the bugle is just going to sound for the second time for extra drill."

"But I'm not down for extra drill," expostulated Trotter.

"Then you're a deuced lucky fellow," observed Landon, coolly. "It must be this lazy Whymper that wants to be woke;" and, with a sharp and adroit movement, which showed practice in the art, he pulled away the pillow, on which the other young gentlemen was sleeping the sleep of innocence—or, at all events, of forgetfulness of his crimes—and brought his head down, with a bang, upon the iron framework of the bed.

"Hallo—oh, dear me—did you please to want anything, Landon?" said Whymper, rubbing his eyes and the back of his head coincidently, yet at the same time contriving to present a respectful air.

"Yes, I do. I want to know what the deuce you mean by destroying the property of Her Majesty's Master General of the Ordnance by dashing your thick head against your bed bars; I do believe you have obliterated the broad arrow.* There's the second bugle! It's too late now for you to be at extra drill, you young sluggard."

"But, indeed, Landon, though I am much obliged to you for waking me, I am not down for——. What an abominable ruffian! Did you ever see such an unmitigated beast, Trotter?"

The last part of the sentence was spoken by gentleman cadet Whymper, after gentleman cadet Landon had rushed from the room to the parade ground, and in a tone that bore every mark of genuinness and deep feeling. The speaker was a fat and rosy youth, with projecting eyes, which had gained for him the appellation of the Lobster.

"Your sentiments are mine, Lobby, to a T," responded Trotter, whose frame was still quivering with mirth at his companion's discomfiture; "but let us be thankful that our friend is now being tormented by two drill-sergeants while we are lying at ease."

"But I am not at ease," answered the other, testily; "I have a lump on my head as big as a hen's egg."

"Well, let *me* be thankful, Lobby, and have my sleep out;" and without waiting for the desired permission, off he went at once into the land of dreams.

Gentleman cadet Whymper picked up his bolster, but found it little to his liking; the lump in his head had become one of the finest organs of progenitiveness that ever met the eye of a phrenologist, and, we fear, that it contained some other passions equally natural, perhaps, but much more blameworthy.

"Confound that Landon!" exclaimed he, passionately; "of all the vile, abominable, and hateful wretches—of all the monsters in human form—if you can call his human—I do think——"

"Who is it that you are talking about, sir?" inquired the authoritative voice of senior cadet Darall, whom Landon's onslaught upon the two "neuxes," as the last-joined cadets were called, had awakened, in spite of his solicitude to avoid disturbing him.

"I was thinking of those infamous scoundrels who mauled poor Bright and Jefferson, at Carleton Fair, yesterday," observed the Lobster, in his most defiant tone.

Darall smiled lugubriously. The smile, and, perhaps, the melancholy also, encouraged Mr. Whymper to continue the conversation.

"I suppose, Darall, there is to be no change in the arrangements for two o'clock drill to-day; we are to obey orders?"

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* The official mark of the Ordnance Department.

"Whose orders?" inquired the other, drily; "those of the officer in command, or of the old cadets?"

Of the old cadets, of course," answered the Lobster. He had not only come out of his shell by this time, and was all softness, but was, in addition, as it were, oiled, as if for a mayonnaise; "no one cares about the officers, I should hope."

"Why, I expect to be an officer myself, you young scoundrel, or at least to go down to the Arsenal, within the next six months."

"Oh, then of course that will be different," answered the other, unblushingly. If all the others were like you, nobody would wish to disobey them. It's only the governor and the captain of the company, and those two distinguished lieutenants——"

"One of them is my first cousin, sir," interrupted Darall, sternly.

"Nay, I like that one; we all like that one," observed Whymper; obsequiously; it is the other that is such a beast."

"Which of the two lieutenants of the Cadet Company do you call a beast, Mr. Whymper?"

Mr. Whymper was to the last degree disconcerted. The chances were exactly even that he should get himself into a hole by picking out the wrong lieutenant. But fortunately for him, Darall was a good-natured fellow, slow to anger, and with a touch of humour which—except in the case of great villains, when it takes a grim and cruel form—has always a softening influence upon character. He was called by the younger cadets, or "snookers"—the poor creatures had many a derogatory alias—"Gentleman Darall," and by his contemporaries, we are afraid somewhat in derision, "the Snooker's Friend." It was not, however, his friendliness that protected Mr. Whymper on this occasion so much as his indifference. He seemed to have forgotten that he had put that crucial question about his first cousin at all, and was gazing earnestly out of the window, through which came the abrupt sounds of command from the drill ground, as though the familiar words had some new interest for him.

"There will be a precious lot of extra drill, I expect. after to-day's business?" observed Whymper interrogatively.

For a neux, to ask frivolous questions of an old cadet, was in general a dangerous impertinence—something like playing with a tiger's tail; but there was a certain fascination about it to Mr. Whymper, who belonged to that large order of persons who had rather the king said to them, "Go to the devil," than receive no notice from majesty whatever; and, moreover this tiger was a tame tiger.

"I suppose so," answered Darall, abstractedly.

"And are we to remain at the fair till night, or return for evening

parade?" continued the other. "One might just as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, and I shall certainly vote for staying."

"You vote!" ejaculated Darall, in a tone of scorn equal to a folio. No Tory peer could have uttered "you vote!" to a costermonger with more contempt. You have imagined that gentleman cadet Whymper was not a vertebrate animal, and indeed he wished himself a snail that he might have had a shell to creep into. It did not mitigate his embarassment to perceive his friend Trotter alive to the situation, and making faces at him expressive of lively enjoyment of it. "This is what comes, my dear fellow," said the faces, "of 'sponging,'" a word indicative, in the Royal Military Academy, of an attempt to conciliate one's superiors, and of such extensive application there, that any devotional observance, or rather the bare idea of it, was stigmatised as "sponging upon Providence."

The return of Landon from extra drill at that moment was a positive relief to Mr. Whymper, notwithstanding that that gentleman's presence generally brought some inconvenience with it, as it did on the present occasion.

"Now, you snookers!" cried he, skimming his forage-cap, with skillful accurracy, on Mr. Trotter's nose, and unbuckling his belt with a certain vicious snap, the significance of which was well understood by those whom he addressed; "it's a lovely morning, and you must go out and enjoy it. 'Better to hunt the field for health unbought, than fee the doctor for a noxious draught,' says the poet. I want to have some private talk with Darall."

Neither young gentlemen needed any further recommendation of this healthful suggestion, but each—with his eyes furtively fixed upon the belt, which seemed to have a sort of basilisk attraction for them—rose from his couch and commenced his toilette.

"You can wash afterwards," observed Landon, curtly; "go and stand under the window, and when I chuck the soapdish or something at you, then you will know that you may come upstairs again."

"All right," said Trotter as he vanished through the door.

"Thank you very much," said Whymper, meaning doubtless to acknowledge the consideration of Landon's arrangement. A clothes-brush from that gentleman's unerring hand hissed through the air, and smote his retreating figure as he followed his more agile companion.

CHAPTER II.

THE TEMPTER.

"WHAT a wretched sneak and sycophant that Whymper is," ejaculated Landon, as he sat down by his friend's pillow.

"How can it be otherwise under such a system," observed the other coldly. "He will be open and brutal enough, you may be sure, when he comes to have the upper hand."

"Well, the system is good enough for me, Hugh, so long as it lasts, which will not be very long in my case. I only hope it won't be equally short in yours; that is what I am going to talk to you about."

"So I guessed," answered Darall, gravely. "I am obliged to you, my dear fellow, for I know you mean me well; but all the talking in the world wouldn't help me—that is if this Charlton business is to go on."

"Well, I am afraid it is. Those two young beggars—Bright and What's-his-name—really got it very hot from the fair people. The news from hospital is that What's-his-name's leg is broken."

"Jefferson's? I am sorry for it; but I don't believe he was worse beaten than when Rayner thrashed him with a wicket the other day."

"Very likely not; but then that was administered by authority."

"Authority!" echoed Darall, impatiently. "He was beaten within an inch of his life, because Rayner has a bad temper, and happens to have been at 'the shop' a certain number of years."

"Just so, he is an old cadet, a position which confers certain privileges. Old families are looked up to in the country, and their cadets permitted to do pretty much what they please upon exactly the same ground. They have existed a certain number of years, and that is put down to their credit. One can't prevent people being idiots; 'England,' says Carlyle—and I dare say a few other countries—'is inhabited by so many millions, mostly fools.'"

"We needn't make the world worse than it is, Landon, that is my argument. However, I don't want to debate the matter. It is probable, as you say, that after to-day's work you and I may not have any personal interest in any system in vogue in this academy. It will be very little satisfaction to my poor mother to know that the roughs at Charlton Fair have been paid out for what they have done to Bright and Jefferson, when she learns at the same time that I have lost my chance in life."

"Pooh, pooh, Darall, you won't lose it. I shall lose it, of course; I have had too many bad marks against me, already, to allow of old Pipe-clay giving me quarter. He will be glad of the opportunity of getting rid of me. But you—why, you are a pattern cadet. If they send you away, where are their good young gentlemen to come from? He dursn't do it. I don't think he will even put you back on the list; for he must put others in front of you, who will have trangressed the same as yourself, and without half so good a character. He won't make a corporal Whymper, for instance, I suppose; if he does, I'll throttle the fellow, the very first time I see him in his embroidered collar."

"That would help me a good deal," said Darall bitterly.

"Well, it would, you know, because it would make a vacancy, and discourage others from superseding you. But, seriously, I think you needn't be apprehensive of anything serious."

"Sir Hercules told me only last week," said Darall, slowly, "that he looked to me to set a good example, and that if I failed him, by committing any act of insubordination, he would be down upon me more than others, since it was plain that I knew better."

"That's what comes of being virtuous," observed Landon, gravely. "He never ventured to threaten me in that way. Give old Pipeclay an inch—in the way of good conduct—and he's apt to expect an ell. Therefore I never gave him so much as a barley-corn. Nobody can say I have not been prudent in that way. I have aroused no expectations from the first. I came into the shop low in my batch—played under my game, as it were—on purpose that I might always take it easy as to work; and as to morals—I have not left a great deal of margin. I was made an under-officer only to be broken the next fortnight, and have got into all sorts of rows besides. But, then, my dear fellow, you have no idea how I have enjoyed myself!"

The naïveté of this remark, uttered as it was in a tone of cheerful frankness, brought a smile into Darall's face in spite of himself. It was hard to be angry with Landon; even the neuxes (with one or two exceptions, however) admired this handsome, reckless young fellow, full of gaiety and good spirits, and forgot his sharp treatment more quickly than they forgave that of others. It had always somewhat of the flavour of a practical joke.

"You have a happy nature, Landon," said Darall, with a half sigh; "and, besides, you are in a position to do as you like. If you were 'bunked' to-morrow, it would make no difference to you—or very little."

"Well, no; I do believe that the governor—I don't mean old Pipeclay, but my governor—would be rather pleased than otherwise to hear I was expelled, as in that case there would be some chance of my becoming a business man. But it will be a horrid bore for me; the notion of a high desk, with a box full of red wafers—They use wafers in that hole in the City, for I have seen them—ledgers, day-books, and mail-days, is anything but agreeable to me. But there, what is my trouble, as you are doubtless thinking, compared with yours?"

"No, Landon, I am making no comparisons. But what makes it very bitter to me is the thought that my prospects—and some one else's (one's mother is one's mother, you know)—are about to be sacrificed for a shadow, if indeed there is a shadow of a cause for it. This Charlton business has always been prohibited, since the last row there five years ago. These two young rascals knew it; knew how we were hated—and not without reason—by the Fair people; and yet they must go

there and kick up a row. If the truth were known, they doubtless deserved all they got."

"I have no doubt they did," answered the other with mock gravity, "but the insult must be avenged. Bex is quite fixed upon that point. 'The honour of the whole Cadet Company,' said he, at our meeting of the heads of rooms last night, 'is at stake, and must be preserved at any cost.' You know what an enormous fool Bex is, and can imagine his manner. I was called to order for laughing at it!"

"I can easily believe that," answered Darall gloomily.

"I must say for Bex, however," continued Landon, "that he sacrifices himself to his notion of esprit de corps. For being the senior cadet of the company, who will give us the word of command to disobey standing orders, he is quite certain to get his congé. It is a case of very determined suicide indeed."

"I don't suppose Bex has anybody dependent upon him, as I have," observed Darall coldly.

"I should think not—unless that story of the baby (Bex's baby!)—has any foundation in fact," answered Landon comically. "It would be altogether contrary to the fitness of things that any one should be dependent upon Bex. The Cadet Company will lose in him the soul of (mistaken) chivalry, but not one pennyweight of common sense. But as for you, Darall, it can't afford to lose you; and I have a plan to preserve you to it. Look here, my good fellow, you must go down to hospital."

"Go down to hospital!" repeated Darall; "what for?"

"Because you are very ill. You have not been able to sleep all night for neuralgia; that's always the safest thing, being invisible, uncomeatable—and also because they know nothing about it—to stump the doctors. You have been suffering torments from neuralgia, as I will certify upon the evangels, if my word as a gentleman cadet should prove insufficient. There are two witnesses—there they are under the window—who will corroborate my testimony in every particular, or I will know the reason why. Not, of course, that any such evidence will be necessary. A man of your character and antecedents has only to say to the medical officer, 'I have neuralgia,' and off you go—in a litter if you like—to Ward Number Two: it looks out upon the garden, and there's a man on the premises, I know, who will send you up some rum-shrub in a basket. You can come back again to-morrow, when all this business is over—why shouldn't you? neuralgia comes and goes in an hour—and be complimented by old Pipeclay, perhaps by the Master of the Ordnance himself, for not having 'sullied a career of promise by so flagrant a disobedience of orders as, he was sorry to say, has disgraced nineteen-twentieths of your contemporaries.' The sentence would be much longer,

but that's his style. Then, so far from being placed lower down in the list for promotion, you will be at the top of it—vice Bex himself, perhaps, and a precious good thing for everybody too."

"And do you really think, Landon, that I am the kind of fellow to get out of a difficulty of this kind by a paltry evasion—that I would stoop to 'malinger' and sham——"

"I say 'easy over the stones,' my dear fellow," put in Landon gravely, "I've shammed half-a-dozen times myself to get off church parade and lots of things."

"Perhaps; but not to avoid the responsibility of doing right—or wrong. If I had the pluck to say, 'This going down to Charlton Fair is contrary to orders, and therefore I won't do it,' that would be all very well——"

"Oh, would it?" interrupted Landon, disdainfully. "It would be one of the most contemptible attempts at sponging that ever happened since that sneak Adam tried to lay the blame of his orchard robbing upon his wife, with his 'The woman tempted me——' a thing that Whymyer would have done, and I hope only Whymper amongst us all.'

"I am not so sure that it would not be the right thing, Landon," continued the other, taking no notice of the Scriptural parallel; "I mean, as respects one's regimental duty. However, I am not strong enough—or weak enough, if you will—to adopt such a course. On the other hand, I ask you again, do you think I am the sort of man to shirk a great danger, and at the same time get an advantage over my companions, by an acted lie?"

"My dear fellow, of course you are not," answered Landon with emphasis, "and that is the very reason why you should do it. Nobody will venture to impute such motives to any conduct of yours. You are in the position of a man who has unlimited credit, and, if you don't draw a bill for something worth having—in other words, when you have such a chance as this—you might just as well have no credit at all—like me. Look here, Darall, I am serious," added he with energy, "there is nothing dishonourable in the matter. How can you talk of honour in such circumstances? On one side of the question are a couple of silly neuxes, who have been deservedly thrashed—Bex and his rhodomontades; what fellows will think of you—even if they come to know about it, which they never will—in a place like this—in short, a collection of rubbish; while, on the other side, are your whole future prospects in life—your mother with an empty purse and a breaking heart. How can you doubt for a moment what is the wise, aye, and the right thing to do? For my part I shall say no more about it, but leave you to follow the dictates of your own good sense."

Taking some half-pence from his pocket, he stepped to the open win-

dow, and discharged a volley of coppers upon the two neuxes beneath.

"Come up and wash yourselves, you young scoundrels," cried he, and mind you don't make a row about it, for Darall has got neuralgia—brow-ague—and wants to be quiet."

"I have not got the brow-ague," remonstrated Darall.

"Yes, you have; or, at least you will have if you have got an ounce of brains for neuralgia to work upon. Hush, here they are," and, making a gesture of silence to the two new-comers, Mr. Landon proceeded to make his own ablutions softly, while they did the like.

Darall did not speak, which was, as his friend concluded, a point gained, and certainly he looked troubled enough, like one in pain, which was another point. Landon was clever enough to understand that self-interest is a more powerful argner with every man than the most philosophic of friends; and, having sown the seed, he wisely left the crop to come up of itself.

CHAPTER III.

THE MARCH TO CHARLTON.

It is stated by the orthodox that some belief in the existence of powers above us is necessary to every man; and therefore it is that we so often see the infidel so credulous as regards spirit-rapping, table-turning, and other idiotic phenomena; and the same may be said with at least equal truth of those who reject authority in mundane affairs. The workman who flies in the face of his employer is a bondsman to his trade's union, and the patriot who scorns the tyrant is submissive enough to his revolutionary committee.

Thus, at the Royal Military Academy, in the old times, before the flood of good behaviour had swept over all such institutions, and made them so spick and span, there was a spirit of anarchy which, while it resented any lawful supervision, or discipline, was subservient, even to slavery, to any edict promulgated by the Cadet Company itself, in the persons of its leaders. The irregular discipline thus begotten was enforced so sharply, that any one who transgressed it would have earned canonisation, if that honour, at least, is conferred by the endurance of martyrdom. The question, however, is not worth discussion, for nobody did transgress it. No orders of secret society were ever carried out more scrupulously than those which emanated from the committee of the old cadets, which sat en permanence—like Robespierre's—and made degrees as inviolable (and sometimes as ridiculous) as those of the Medes and Persians. Thews and sinews were, of course, at the back of it all—such a thrashing as Winchester, with its poor ash sticks has no

idea of, would have awaited the disobedient; but, besides that, there was a real though bastard authority exercised by the "under officers," which, no doubt, added to its power. The boasted monitorial system, devised at our public schools to save the expense of a sufficiency of masters, and which at our ordinary seminaries only produces prigs, was carried at Woolwich to extremity, and produced monsters. The captain of a man-of-war, when out at sea, was, in the days of which we speak, looked upon as an example of irresponsible power; but the relation of an "old cadet," or "a corporal" to his juniors at the academy was infinitely more authoritative; and the academy was always at sea. If the nature of this superior being was exceptionally good, no serious evils arose from the exercise of his power; but—we are speaking, it must be remembered, of an antediluvian epoch—all gentlemen cadets were not exceptionally good. Judged by a modern standard, a good many of them would have been pronounced exceptionally bad. And in that case it was exceptionally bad for the "snookers." Many will doubtless say it was the absence of classical literature, which, as the Latin poet tells us, acts as an emollient, that made these young military students so ferocious; plan drawing and the mathematics being their only mental pabulum, may, perhaps, have had the same effect upon them as is attributed to a diet of human flesh; but, at all events, they were a rough lot, and "old Pipeclay," as Major-General Sir Hercules Plummet, their governor, was familarly termed, found them queer cattle—what the Scotch call "kittle cattle" to manage. He was not very exacting in the matter of moral restraint. His young gentlemen broke most of the decalogue, —so much of it that what remained was a very small piece of Mosaic work indeed—with comparative impunity, and committed a number of peccadilloes besides, unknown to ordinary law-breakers and law-makers, without even provoking official remonstrance; but against one particular crime old Pipeclay was fixed, he had "put his foot down" upon that article of the constitution which prohibited any gentleman-cadet from attending Charlton Fair.

Charlton Fair is now gone the way of all wickedness; but in the times of which I write it flourished like a green bay-tree, in a locality somewhere to the south of the high-road that runs between Woolwich and Greenwich; it had certain privileges, which, unless they were of a very elastic nature indeed, must have been infamously abused, for the scenes enacted there were worthy of Pandemonium. Stern novelists were wont to find fault with the Greenwich Fair of that epoch, but the fair at Greenwich, as compared with that at Charlton, was

As moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.

Water, in truth, had very little to do with it; but if you would have seen Charlton Fair aright, you should have visited it by the pale moon-

light (as Sir Walter says of Melrose), to see it in perfection. Then, if you got away from it without a broken head, you were lucky. Everybody was, we are afraid we must write—drunk; to say, as is now the mode, that they had "exceeded in liquor," would give a very faint picture of the condition of the revellers; and if any of them were not actually engaged in combat, it was because they were too far gone in drink. We believe it was a "royal" fair—though it was certainly never patronized by royalty—and at all events possessed a patent that required an Act of Parliament to amend it, which, in milder times was done. It lasted for many days and nights, and was looked upon by the wandering tribes of gipsies and showmen, and also by the riverside population of the extreme east of London, less as a carnival than a saturnalia. The law itself seemed to grant them an indulgence for anything committed at Charlton Fair; and they looked upon any infringement of its licence with much greater horror than they would have regarded the abolition of Magna Charta.

The care exercised by the military authorities of the time over its youthful students could scarcely be called paternal, but they did veto attendance at this fair in very distinct and stringent terms, not, of course, upon the ground of morality (for that would have been humorous indeed, and they had not the least sense of humour), but of discipline. Gentlemen cadets were wont to return from that scene of amusement so very unlike officers and gentlemen in embryo, or even in the most distant perspective; so often, too, without divers of their accoutrements, and so unable to go through that test of sobriety, their "facings;" that the place was tabooed. And here let us state, lest it should be imagined, because we are describing a somewhat anarchical state of things that we in any way sympathise with the same, that the authorities did their duty—sometimes—manfully enough. When they had made up their minds to stop any particular breach of discipline, they did stop it. The general administration of the academy was mild to laxness; but where it did draw a hard-and-fast line, it was like the stretched bowstring of an Eastern monarch—the gentleman-cadet that opposed himself to it was a gentleman-cadet no longer. The Cadet Company fully understood their position with regard to their rulers in this respect, and in a general way confined themselves to setting at defiance such enactments, human and divine, as were not thus indicated, as it were, by a red mark in their military regulations, and for more than five years they had abstained with exemplary obedience from attendance at Charlton Fair. But, unfortunately, on the present occasion, a circumstance had occurred which rendered further submission to the edict in question—so at least the committee of corporals and heads of rooms had decided—impossible. The immediate cause of revolution was (as often happens) contemptible

enough. Two last-joined cadets—creatures themselves unworthy of attention except that they were cadets, and affiliated to the general body —in returning from the usual Saturday and Sunday "leave" in London, had taken it into their heads to pass a few hours of the Sabbath evening in the precincts of the fair. They were not, of course, in uniform, and in that circumstance lay Darall's only hope that the vengeance of the corps would not be invoked upon their account; but it was known by the fair people (with whom the memory of the tenants of the military academy and their misdoings was tolerably fresh) that they were cadets, and as such they had been without doubt most grievously ill-treated. Whether they had provoked their bad reception was a question that did not occur to the committee of corporals and heads of rooms. They were gentlemen cadets of the Royal Military Academy, and their persons ought to have been held sacred, which had evidently not been the case. One of the young gentlemen had had his leg broken, and the other the bridge of his nose. The leg and the bridge might be repaired, but the wounded honour of the Cadet Company could not be healed by the surgeon's art.

"War, with its thousand battles and shaking a thousand thrones," was the decision that had been arrived at in solemn but secret conclave by the Cadet Committee. When afternoon parade should be over, on the day on which our story commences, it was enacted that in place of "breaking off," and giving themselves up to recreation, the company should keep their ranks and march down upon the offending myriads at the fair. The cadet army was numerically small, counting in all perhaps one hundred and sixty, but then they had military discipline, and above all—though this was not specially mentioned—was not their cause a just one and likely to be favoured of high Heaven? It had been suggested by some fantastic spirits, that Messrs. Bright and Jefferson should be taken out out of hospital, in their damaged condition, and carried in front of the host, as the bodies of those revolutionists who were shot by the soldiery were wont to be borne aloft by their avenging brethren; but this sensational suggestion had been over-ruled by Bex, who was a great disciplinarian, and even a martinet in his way, and could find no precedent in the annals of war for such a proceeding. Throughout that morning a certain hushed solemnity, by no means characteristics of the Cadet Company, pervaded that martial corps, but otherwise none could have guessed its dread intentions, Senior under-officer Bex had somewhat of the air with which the Duke of Wellington is depicted while conceiving those famous lines which will live in men's memories as long as most creations of our poets—the lines of Torres Vedras; with one hand in the breast of his coatee, and the other upon his forehead, he paced the parade, revolving doubtless his plans of attack. It was only

Mr. Whymper's ill-luck—as he afterwards observed—that that conciliatory young gentleman should have misunderstood this attitude, and inquired with much apparent concern whether the great chieftain had a headache ; "No, sir but I will give yon one," was the unexpected reply with which his proffered sympathy was met, and it is probable that that "inch of his life," which the tender mercies of the cruel proverbially leave to their victims, was only preserved to him because, in such a crisis, the cadet army could not afford to lose a recruit, even of the very smallest importance. The other old cadets maintained for the most part a careless demeanour, as befitted young warriors, to whom fire and steel—or at least stones and bludgeons—were matters of no moment ; though it is likely under that indifferent air lurked some apprehensions, not perhaps of the coming strife, but of what their parents and guardians would be likely to say about it when it should prove to have cost them their prospective commissions. Landon would have been in the highest spirits, having no fear of either event before his eyes, but for his solicitude upon his friend's account. Darall had "fallen in" at the morning's parade, and gone "into academy"—that is, to pursue his studies—like the rest ; and now he had retired to his room, as Landon shrewdly suspected, to write a letter home, explaining that circumstances over which he had no control might be the ruin of him. There was still time for him to put himself on the sick list, but the opportunity of doing so, without exciting suspicion, was gone by. Even in the case of one so well thought of on all hands as Darrall, it would look queer to be marching down to hospital within an hour or so of the great coup ; almost as suspicious as for a young officer to plead "urgent private affairs" as an excuse for absenting himself on the eve of a general engagement.

Cecil Landon would never have been a traitor to any cause ; wild horses would not have torn the secret of the coming outbreak from him to the prejudice of his companions ; yet his zeal for the honour of the acadamy was not so overpowering as to outweigh discretion. If he had been in Darall's place—as he frankly confessed to that gentleman— he would have seen Bex and Company—so he styled the honorable corps—in a warmer place than even they were likely to find Charleton Fair, before he would have sacrificed his future prospects to them.

(To be continued.)

UNIVERSITY CONSOLIDATION IN ONTARIO.

THE great difference between the University Systems of Europe and America is the tendency in the one, as in England, to a common centre, and, as in Germany, to a common standard, and in the other to various centres and different standards. In England, university life centres chiefly in Oxford and Cambridge —both, somewhat under competitive influences, aiming at a common standard of high excellence. In Germany, each of the universities is designed to furnish instruction of the highest order in every branch.* In the United States, on the other hand—after the example of which our university system seems to have been unfortunately modelled—the "universities" have many standards—all professedly acknowledging, if not adopting the standards of Harvard and Yale. Following, however, a universal law of animal life, the farther each of these "universities" is from the acknowledged centre and spring, or heart of university life, the weaker are its pulsations, and the lower are the standards of excellence which they each adopt and follow. The natural consequence of the two systems is, that in England, a high standard is constantly maintained; while, in the United States, the tendency is the other way, and towards diffusiveness in the curriculum, and haste and superficiality in the mode of teaching the subjects of the course.† Another evil, traceable to the scantiness of "foundation," which has crept into ambitious "universities," is, for their managers, either to prescribe a so-called "eclectic" course of special subjects, or an "omnibus"

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*This is the University ideal of Prof. Andrews, President of the British Association, who says: "A University, or *Studium Generale*, ought to embrace in its arrangements the whole circle of studies which involve the material interests of society, as well as those which cultivate intellectual refinement." *Address at Meeting in Glasgow, Sept. 6.*

The difference between the German and English College systems is thus pointed out by Rev. Prof. Seeley in his *Liberal Education in Universities*: "In the German Universities the whole field of knowledge is elaborately divided and assigned in lots to different lecturers. . . . At Cambridge scarely anything but classics and mathematics is lectured on in the colleges at all, and at every college the lectures are substantially the same." page 150.

Dr. Newman in his *Office and Work of Universities* distinguishes the University and College thus:—"The University is for the world, and the College is for the nation. . . . The University is for the philosophical discourse, the eloquent sermon, or the well-contested disputation; and the College for the catechetical lecture." Pages 344-5.

Mr. Gathorn Hardy, in discussing the Oxford University Bill last June, also speaks of the professional teaching of the university as having the advantage of giving a large and general view of great subjects, though it could not, he thought, impress special parts of subjects on the minds of pupils as well as the individual (i.e. tutorial) teaching of colleges did.

†"An American Graduate," in the *International Review* for May-June, 1876, draws a graphic picture of the mode of teaching in American "universities" as compared with that in the universities of Germany. He says "the American community in general little knows how bad the teaching in our higher schools (universities) is."—Page 291.

one, which (on paper) shall be extensive enough to satisfy the most fastidious scholar, but which, nevertheless, includes a long list of "honorary" subjects which, it is well understood, shall bide their time until the stern hand of poverty shall relax its hold on the "university."*

With some notable exceptions, the American system of many universities has been to some extent a failure—so far as thorough and accurate scholarship is concerned.† It did good, however, as a pioneer system, which, so to speak, hoisted the standard of education, as the colonist plants the flag of advancing civilization in many a spot which would otherwise have no opportunity of tasting, much less of drinking deep, of the Pierian spring. Such a system may do well for a new country and a young community; but it is not adapted to, nor should it be deliberately chosen, as it appears to have been, by a Province so old and so educationally conservative as Ontario.

There is one fact in connection with this subject which to thoughtful men would appear inexplicable were not the remote causes producing it well known. Everyone whose opinions on university matters are of any value has long since come to the conclusion that one university—a real university—with as many teaching colleges in connection with it as can be established—is amply sufficient for Ontario for years to come; and yet not one of our public men or university scholars has made an earnest suggestion, or taken any real practical steps, towards the accomplishment of such a purpose—the consolidation of our present university system. Desultory remarks have now and then been made on the subject by individuals; and newspapers have sometimes referred hesitatingly to it; but it is singular that, since the close of the last university contest in 1860, no steps have been taken to remedy a professed evil, which at the time both sides feared would result from the multiplication of universities in the Province. Indeed, as a matter of fact, the so-called evil has been allowed to grow and develop itself to a large extent; so that, instead of *four* universities, as at that time, we have now *seven* chartered with full university powers. While this unusual extension was taking place university men, who should have made their voice heard, stood aloof, and allowed the matter to go by default. But unfortunately university men in Ontario have rarely, if ever, acted in concert. They have either been

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*The N. Y. *Nation* of Sept. 28th in discussing this question says:—"The great source of the weakness of small colleges now lies in the fancy of founders, or boards of trustees, that the more ground a college curriculum covers, or tries to cover, the more of a college it is." Page 191.

†The Germany university system with its provision for "learned leisure" on the part of the professors, and which is so well adapted to promote research, has been much discussed of late years in England. The preponderance of feeling there is still, however, in favour of "teaching colleges," rather than of universities for research. The promoters of the Oxford University Bill of last summer, while providing greater facilities for scientific research than before existed, deprecated any vital departure from the English college system in favour of the German university idea.

in antagonism to one another, or chosen to maintain the position of "dignified neutrality," rather than, in the common interest of higher education to have protested against the unwise multiplication of not very strongly equipped universities in the Province. Merely to have protested against the erection of colleges into "universities," would have savoured of querulous exclusiveness; it was, nevertheless, a grand opportunity lost for uniting to place our university system on a firm and comprehensive footing. Thus, the cause of higher education has suffered, because university men, who ought to have been its champions and guardians chose to act upon the *laissez faire* principle rather than from the nobler impulse of patriotic motives. This apathetic state of feeling which seems chronic, is, we fear, unfortunate for the university future of Ontario. By persisting in such an exploded Japanese system of non-intercourse, (a system which the Japanese themselves have nobly repudiated, and especially in education,) we are inflicting an evil upon our country and doing an injury to its higher scholarship.

It may be alleged that there is little or no intercourse among rival university men even in England. But this is not substantially true. As university men seeking a common end they may have occasion for but little intercourse; nevertheless, in the endless literary, scientific, educational and religious discussions, writings and meetings which take place constantly, within the small area of the three kingdoms, they are perpetually brought into close contact. In this country, beyond a local "institute," or religious meeting, or other gathering, they have little or no personal or literary intercourse, and seek none. This is greatly to be deprecated; for it tends (perhaps unconsciously) to foster a certain amount of local university pride and exclusiveness.

Professor Andrews, President of the British Association, in his inaugural speech at Glasgow on the 6th September, refers to a feature of University isolation, which also prevails in Canada, and strongly recommends an abandonment of English exclusiveness as it is evinced towards the Scottish universities. He says: "The Universities * * ought to admit freely to university positions, men of high repute from other universities. * * * Not less important would it be for the encouragement of learning throughout the country that the English universities * * * should be prepared to recognize the ancient universities of Scotland as freely as they have always recognized the Elizabethan University of Dublin. Such a measure would invigorate the whole university system of the country more than any other I can think of. * * * As an indirect result * * professors would be promoted from smaller positions in one university to higher positions in another, after they had given proofs of industry and ability;

and stagnation, hurtful alike to professional men and professional life, would be effectually prevented."

Another phase of university life (if "life" it can be called), we desire to notice. At some of the universities the annual gatherings at "Convocation," or "Commencement," (to borrow an American word sometimes in use,) which might be made really enjoyable as a university gala day, as in some countries, is suffered to be barely tolerable, if not a positive infliction, by reason of its dry stiffness and formality. Such a "crowning day" to the graduates is observed in so solemn and formal a manner that, under the benumbing influence, the student at the close of his successful college career might feel as though he were about to be led to execution rather than as the recipient of the highest honour or gift which his university could bestow. All this indicates the absence of judgment and tact in not making an important official yet social university gathering a pleasant one for all parties concerned. It tends to repress that spirit of enthusiasm with which young men naturally do, and should, enter on the real business of life. Not that we would seek to introduce into Canada the boisterous, yet playful, rudeness of English university convocations, which of late years has had to be checked; but we think that if a little less time were devoted to the wholesale and stereotyped eulogies on particular students which kind-hearted professors sometimes indulge in, and a little more given to the utterance of short popular addresses by two or three leading public or university men, selected beforehand, it would add greatly to the interest and pleasure of these annual university gatherings, and give them a practical character and value which they do not now possess. To old graduates, the present mode of conducting convocations is insufferable from its sameness and tameness.

It is not our purpose here to discuss the actual or comparative value of the academic degrees which issue from seven (in reality five) universities in Ontario. Such a task would be invidious in the extreme, and productive of no good. It must, however, be patent to every man, competent to judge in such matters, that these degrees are not, and cannot, under the existing system, be of equal value. Indeed, it is almost impossible for us to estimate their intrinsic, much less their comparative, value as evidences of scholarship, since every university has its own standard, its own examiners and its own course of instruction.* We

* The pernicious system of each college appointing its own professors as examiners is thus referred to by Mr. Lowe in his speech on the Oxford University Bill, last June. He says: "Since the time of the Reformation and the dawning of learning, the office of the University had been limited very much to examining, and very badly it examined, because it selected as its examiners persons who were also tutors, and who were interested, therefore, in the passing of their pupils."

Revd. Dr. Newman, in his "*Office and Work of Universities*," shows that things were at one time even worse at Oxford than Mr. Lowe's statement would indicate.

would, therefore, have to reconcile three differing, if not antagonistic, elements of university training and examination before we could reach a common ground, or basis, on which, or from which, to estimate the academic value of the degrees granted by our five or seven universities. What enhances the evil of such a manifest diversity of university standards for degrees is the fact, that by law we authorize every one of these universities to fix the standard of qualification of all the head masters of our high schools and collegiate institutes. The possession of a degree from any one of the seven universities in Ontario, or from any university in the British Dominions (with the addition of some slight experience in teaching), entitles the holder to become the head master of any of our high schools and collegiate institutes, without further examination.

In other words: we have made the seven universities in Ontario important factors in our system of public instruction, and yet we have taken no steps to see that a common standard of excellence and culture is maintained in these universities, or that the qualifications of these head masters shall be of an uniform, or even of a fixed minimum, value. The legislature has, however, got rid of the difficulty by recognizing these degrees *en bloc*, and giving to each of them an intrinsic and legal value. We do not for a moment mean to say that a high standard of scholarship has not been reached by the head masters of our various high schools and collegiate institutes, who are graduates of the universities in question; but what we do maintain is, that, under our present university system, there is no guarantee, except a moral one, that the evil to which we refer may not and does not exist.

It may be interesting just here to note the number of graduates of the various Canadian and other universities which, under the present system, have furnished the head masters of our high schools and collegiate institutes.

From official returns we derive the following information :—

HIGH SCHOOL MASTERS FROM CANADIAN UNIVERSITIES.

Toronto, O., University has furnished....	39	Head	Masters.
Victoria, O., " " "	14	"	"
Queen's, O., " " "	10	"	"

He says: "At the beginning of this century, when things were at the worst at Oxford, some zealous persons attempted to bring the University to bear upon the colleges. The degrees were at that time taken upon no *bona fide* examination. The youth who had passed his three or four years at the place, and wished to graduate, chose his examiners, and invited them to dinner!" . . . It "is notorious that for thirty years one college, by virtue of ancient rights, was able to stand out against the University, and demanded and obtained degrees for its junior members without examination." Pages 356, 357.

Trinity, O.,	"	"	"	.....	8	Head Masters.
Albert, O.,	"	"	"	.....	4	" "
McGill, Q.,	"	"	"	.....	3	" "
Bishop's, Q.,	"	"	"	.....	1	" "
Acadia, N.S.,	"	"	"	.....	1	" "
			Total.....		80	

HEAD MASTERS FROM VARIOUS OTHER SOURCES.

Trinity (Dublin,)	has	furnished	.....	5	Head Masters.
Marischal (Aber.,)	"	"	.....	4	" "
Queen's (Ireland,)	"	"	.....	1	" "
Cambridge (Eng.,)	"	"	.....	1	" "
Wesleyan (Conn. U.S.,)		"	.....	1	" "
Giessen (Germany,)	"	"	.....	1	" "
Provincial Certificates		"	.....	7	" "
Grand Total			.....	100	

The recent intermediate examination at the high schools and collegiate institutes has also furnished some valuable information which has been published in the papers, and from which we gather the following interesting facts as to the status of the schools and institutes taught by the graduates of the various recognized universities.

Status of First Class...	6	(collegiate institutes.)	
" Second " ...	14	(2 collegiate institutes,	12 high schools.)
" Third " ...	21	(1 " "	20 " ")
" Fourth " ...	25	(high schools.)	
" Fifth " ...	34	(" ")	
Total...	100.		

The colleges represented by the masters of the first class as above, we learn, are as follows :—

Toronto, O.....	2	Head Masters.
Victoria, O.....	2	" "
McGill, Q.....	1	" "
Queen's, (Ireland.....	1	" "
Total.....	6	

The colleges represented in the masters of the second class are as follows :—

Toronto, O.....	7	Head Masters.
Victoria, O.....	2	" "

Trinity, O.....	1	Head Masters.
Acadia, N. S.....	1	" "
Wesleyan, U.S. (Victoria ad eundem.)	1	" "
Trinity, Dublin.....	1	" "
Provincial Certificate.....	1	" "
Total.....	14	

It is not necessary to pursue this classification further, as the examples which we have given sufficiently indicate the quality of the academic or literary training and teaching power which the head masters of our best high schools and collegiate institutes possess. We think, too, that the test which has been applied by the first of these intermediate examinations is, in the main, and substantially, an impartial one. The next, to be held in December, may be more perfect as to its details, but it will not, we think, very materially change the results of the first examination. The real significance and value of these examinations will, however, be more distinctly brought out at that next trial which, for many reasons, takes place in the same year as did the first. This we think is desirable. But we very much question the expediency or necessity of subjecting these schools to so severe a strain as these examinations involve, more than once a year. Two such examinations in the year would, as a rule, interfere to a large extent with the proper routine and daily progress of the school, and subject it to the inevitable "cramming" process, which a test examination, like that of the "Intermediate," would be sure to promote.

From this digression we turn to the main subject of this paper. Before, however, discussing the mode of university consolidation which has been suggested, there are one or two preliminary questions to be considered, which incidentally affect the main one.

Suppose that every one, or a majority, of the outlying universities, chartered by the Legislature, were closed to-morrow, would that, it is fair to ask, prove a substantial gain to collegiate training and higher education in the Province? If not, then, in the interests of that higher education, we hold that they should be efficiently maintained. Suppose also, on the same principle, that the instruction now given in one hundred high schools and collegiate institutes was in future to be given only in the eight or nine collegiate institutes now existing, or in a limited number of institutes placed in large and more convenient local centres. We think we have only to state these questions to practicably answer them. Why, we would also ask, has it been found necessary to establish a second normal school at Ottawa, and project another at London? It may be answered that the Toronto school being full, it was found

necessary to build another. Yes; but why not build it and all others as an enlargement of the existing one at Toronto—the head-quarters of the Department, and under the very eye of the Minister charged with the management of such institutions? The answer is simple: the teachers of the eastern part of the Province did not, and would not, come to Toronto—the mountain would not go to Mahomet; Mahomet had, therefore, to go to the mountain. Hence the question had to be dealt with as a practical, and not as a theoretical, one. Hence also, normal schools are, as a necessity, being established or projected in different parts of the Province—care being taken to subject the students of each to the same public examination, under a common system of instruction and oversight. Every one concerned commends the wisdom of the course pursued.*

Now, looking at this matter in the light of our own experience, another equally practical question arises in dealing with this university consolidation question.

The Legislature, or rather the advisers of George III., provided means for the establishment of a central college and university at Toronto for the entire youth of the Province; and we have never outgrown that one idea of a single State college and university for the whole Province. Our youth—many of them seeking college honours and university scholarships—have not, however, for the last twenty-five or thirty years, and will not (as in the case of the normal school), come to Toronto. Large numbers of them prefer to go to the non-provincial colleges, with university powers, in other parts of the country, while the Legislature, with abundant means at its disposal, has shown no disposition to establish or support more than the one college originated by George III., eighty or ninety years ago. It has rather chosen to ignore the facts of the case, and the necessities of the Province in this matter, and, without cost to itself, to ask these self-supporting colleges to supply a pressing want which its own central institution does not meet. It may be asked: Was this the object which the Legislature had in view in thus recently multiplying universities with a free hand all over the country? We cannot say that it was not; and we do not like to say that it was done to promote political purposes; nor can we

* Rev. Professor Seeley, in his essay on "*Liberal Education in Universities*," is strongly in favour of the multiplication of universities in England. He says, "Education in fact in England is what the [two] universities choose to make it. This seems to me too great a power to be possessed by two corporations, however venerable and illustrious. . . . I wish we had several more universities; I mean teaching as well as examining universities. I hope that the scheme which was announced some time ago of creating a university for Manchester will not be allowed to sleep. I should like to see similar schemes started in three or four more centres of population and industry." He then asks this pertinent question, which might also be asked in Canada, "Is there anything more undeniable than that our material progress has outrun our intellectual, that we want more cultivation, more of the higher education, more ideas?" Pages 146, 147.

say that it was solely to gratify influential religious bodies. We must therefore take higher ground. We must assume that grave public policy dictated that the Legislature should thus, without cost to itself, extend the sphere of collegiate training, localize facilities for it at various points in the Province, by placing the burthen on other shoulders than its own, and legalize, probably for wise competitive purposes, institutions which, as rivals to each other and to the Provincial one of Toronto, would together greatly promote, at a cheap rate to the State, the interests of sound training and higher education in the Dominion. This being the case, as we must assume from the facts just stated, the next question to be answered is: How shall these university privileges, thus diffused broadcast, be best combined so as to enable the country, with equal fairness to all, to apply to the results of local training a provincial test, and to give to these results thus tested (if found satisfactory), a provincial value? To answer this question in a satisfactory manner may be difficult, but we think it can be answered. To do so satisfactorily is to point out, we think, the only way in which the university privileges which the Province possesses can be turned to the best practical account, and rendered subservient to the great purposes which the Legislature doubtless had in view in so largely multiplying, without charge to itself, our higher educational advantages.

For all practical purposes it is not a matter of prime necessity that all of the colleges of a university should be together, or be of equal scholastic rank and standing. They are not so at Oxford and Cambridge. It is necessary, however, that they should be good teaching colleges. It will be a sufficient guarantee to the country if the students who pass the final examination be found to give satisfactory evidence of educational training, and evince an acquaintance with certain prescribed subjects in the curriculum which, would enable them to receive a degree, or Provincial certificate of fitness for the grave duties of life.

Now comes the main question: Is it desirable, in the interests of higher education in this Province, that these certificates or diplomas, as evidences of scholastic training and literary culture, should issue from a high central authority alone, or from half a dozen different sources, having varying standards, and degrees of indeterminate values? We think that all lovers of sound learning and excellence in scholarship will unhesitatingly answer the first part of this question in the affirmative, and negative the latter part. The further question then arises: How can this great university reform be accomplished at the least possible cost to the Province, and of injury to the existing institutions. There are three ways of doing it. (1.) The first and simplest, and yet the most unjust, would be for the Legislature, by

the exercise of its sovereign power, to undo its own work and to abrogate the charters of all the rival colleges to the provincial university, and declare that from henceforth none of the colleges shall grant degrees but the central university at Toronto alone. This plan we dismiss, therefore, as unwise, unjust, and impracticable. (2.) A second mode of accomplishing the object aimed at might be to enter into negotiations with each of the outlying chartered universities to surrender, upon certain conditions, their University powers, and vest the sole authority to grant degrees in the central university at Toronto. (3.) The third and most feasible plan would be, to induce the various colleges to hold their charters granting university powers in abeyance, in consideration of the payment to them of an annual or capitalized sum, to be mutually agreed upon by the parties concerned, to be repaid *pro rata*, if capitalized, or stopped, if annual, should the contract be broken, annulled or avoided by the colleges.*

As a preliminary, however, to the entertaining of such a proposition as the last, we hold it to be essential that, before the payment of any grant as an equivalent for the suspension by them of university powers, each of the colleges should be required to comply with certain conditions. These conditions should have reference to the college buildings and their equipment, and the number of teachers and tutors which they should be required to employ. The collegiate institutes are required, as a condition of recognition, and of receiving a special grant, to have suitable buildings and appurtenances; to teach the classics, and to employ at least four regular masters, besides having an average attendance of not less than sixty pupils, studying Greek and Latin. It would, therefore, be but just and reasonable to apply the same principle to the colleges on their becoming members of a central university, and receiving a grant from the Legislature.

In the exercise of its powers, the Legislature should, we think, go even further. Having assumed control of public education, from its lowest to its highest grades, it has the right and should exercise that right. It should inquire into the quality, value, and substance of the education given in institutions which it has chartered, and to the scholastic diplomas, or degrees of which it has affixed a recognized and substantial value, by giving the holders of them a legal status as masters of high schools and collegiate institutes.

Should the question be raised as to the right of the Legislature to institute this inquiry, the answer is simple. It is inherent in the Legislature, in the interests of the public, to inquire under certain circumcumstances into the proceedings of any corporation which it has char-

* We have purposely avoided entering into details as to the financial aspects of the question; this not being the purpose of the paper.

tered—to see if the terms and conditions of the charter are observed. This is the more necessary when the acts of that corporation are recognized by the Legislature as conferring special rank, as well as certain legal rights and privileges, upon persons subject to its control and direction.

At this point the question might be asked : Why should the Legislature be called upon to make a grant to the colleges on condition that they suspend their functions, so far as the granting of degrees is concerned ? It is right and proper to ask this question, as the answer to it involves the application to the case not only of a legal but of an equitable principle. To each of these colleges has been assigned, by the voluntary act of the Legislature, certain valuable rights, as well as a recognized legal status as training schools, or normal colleges, for high school masters. Relying on the good faith of the Legislature in granting these powers and privileges, and trusting to their permanency while exercised in good faith, these colleges have secured sites and erected buildings without charge to the public treasury. In agreeing to suspend their charters these colleges surrender substantial rights, and forego their legal status as universities. It does not require any demonstration to show that in doing these things each college not only voluntarily denudes itself of important and influential functions, but also surrenders a potent source of influence, as a public institution, among its own adherents or friends. To ask any corporation to thus voluntarily divest itself of its substantial character and functions, without some *quid pro quo*, would be unreasonable and unjust.

Of course, we know that each corporation concerned would not be disposed to estimate the value of what it surrenders, too lightly. A commission, or other impartial authority could, therefore, be appointed to take all the circumstances of the case into consideration and report accordingly. This we have no doubt the government would do impartially, should any project on this subject be entertained.

We have not touched upon a vital point which is involved in this question : that of denominational *vs.* state, or so-called national, colleges. We think it beneath the dignity of the real question at issue to discuss this matter. It is invariably and unwarrantably assumed by the friends of state colleges that because a purely scientific and literary training is received in a denominational college that, therefore, aid given to promote it involves "sectarian" endowment. This begging of the substantial question at issue is utterly unworthy of a writer with any pretensions to impartiality. No one will venture to say that the classics, mathematics, natural history or philosophy taught in these colleges are in any way tinged with a denominational shade or hue. And this is all the public has to do with the matter.

Time and events have shown us for many years that, in this free country of ours, people will prefer sending their boys, at a critical and impressible age, to the care of persons in whose religious principles and faithful oversight of their children they have confidence. Such people regard education without this influence and oversight dear at any price; and if the education of their children could only be obtained without these safeguards, they would never permit them to receive it. They are not persons to be misled by the pretended analogy which is sometimes set up between the state grammar school and the state college. They know too well that the analogy does not exist—that, in the one case, their children are constantly under their own supervision at home, while, in the other case, they are without any kind of parental, or religious, or even anything more than a mere nominal moral, oversight.

We shall not pursue this matter further. Our purpose is, we think, a higher and better one: to consider how best to turn to real substantial profit to the country, our higher educational advantages as they exist, whether in the hands of denominations or of the state. Our plan would be to extract from the denominational and other colleges all that was really good in them, for the promotion of sound learning and literary culture, and to give to their degrees, or certificates of scholarship, a provincial, rather than a denominational and local value.

We must take things as they are; and we should accept the educational situation in this matter. We cannot extinguish the outlying colleges. They will not die, as was prophesied and thought possible when the legislative grant was taken from them. It would be a calamity if they were extinguished, for they are sources and centres of intellectual light all over the Province. They are, moreover, doing the state noble service, faithfully and efficiently, according to their ability, and for which the state pays nothing. So far, therefore, as they are disposed to promote the great object of our system of public instruction, we should accept their assistance and seek to give a national direction and value to their labours in the common work of uplifting our country to a high state of intellectual culture, refinement, and intelligence.

CANADENSIS.

IN THE FIRE.

IN THE FIRE.

He looked in the fire, and saw the day
When he should wield financial sway ;
When millions before him should be told,
And his talents bring him countless gold.

She looked in the fire, and saw the time
When love should bring her joys divine ;
When her beauty should win her high renown,
And she'd be Fashion's Queen in town.

The fire died ; and years rolled on
While both were borne on the busy throng ;
He gained the name of a swindling cheat,
She died an outcast in the street.

Montreal. J. A. Phillips.

EVENINGS IN THE LIBRARY.

No. 1. CARLYLE.

It was a chill November evening, and the fire crackled and blazed from the great square old-fashioned fireplace in the old Professor's library. A thousand little elfish figures played about the hearthstone, and peered curiously out at the old man as they hopped from ingle to ingle, and danced with impish glee in the ruddy flame. The Professor sat back in his cosy easy chair, nodding dreamily over a book. The room was full of books—heavy tomes of science and philosophy, graceful volumes of poetry, and quaint editions of gentle Izaac and querulous Pepys. The Professor's weak spot was literature, and he loved to read and talk about his favourites in the great world of letters. He had invited his two nephews, Frank and Charles, to meet him in the library, and chat over books and the men and women who wrote them. The young men were glad of the opportunity, so that they might exchange ideas with their uncle, and learn something about half-forgotten writers and their works.

It was eight o'clock before the "boys" came in, and after the customary greeting they sat down, and Charles asked his uncle what he was reading.

"I am reading," said the Professor, "the 'Sage of Chelsea;' that grand old author who for more than sixty years has charmed and delighted the world. There is a fascination about him which I cannot resist, and would not if I could. With all his faults he is the Master. He is a mental paradox, the chief in irony and the heavier form of sarcasm. He has a firm unwavering belief in himself, an inner consciousness of his own grandeur and greatness. He writes as vigorously, and his expressions are as terse and unmistakable to day as they were a half-century ago, when he charmed us in the pages of the old *Edinburgh Review*. His meanings are not always plain, and the trick he has of using misknown and foreign words mar to some extent his writings; but in spite of that he is still the head in criticism, biography, and history. His literature is a man's literature; his thoughts are a man's thoughts; his brain is the brain of an intellectual giant—a brainful Magog. He appeals to the intellect in everything he says."

"Does he not dislike poetry?" asked Charles.

"No, I think not. Not real poetry such as Pope and Milton and Byron wrote; not the grand odes of Wordsworth, nor the delicious songs of Keats, nor the sonnets of Shakspeare. These he loves. There is

life in them ; they awaken thought. Some of his finest essays have been about poetry and poets. He has done more to introduce the poetry of Goethe and Schiller into England than any other man ; and he has not been unmindful of the lessons taught by Burns. His review of Lockhart's life of the poet is one of the best of his papers. He wrote it in 1828, and since that time a hundred literary men have followed in his wake, and used his images in their own criticisms. He has left nothing to be said on the subject. He has exhausted it. It is written in better style than *Sartor Resartus*, and not so jerky as his *Latter-Day Pamphlets*. The language is simpler, the sentences are less involved, than usual, and the thought is nowhere confused. I think I can remember the concluding words of the panegyric, without getting down the volume from the shelf. Yes, I have it. I have read it often, and it seems fresher and more beautiful with every successive reading. He says :—'In pitying admiration he lies enshrined in all our hearts, in a far nobler mausoleum than that one of marble. Neither will his Works, even as they are, pass away from the memory of men. While the Shakspeares and Miltons roll on like mighty rivers through the country of Thought, bearing fleets of traffickers and assiduous pearl-fishers on their waves, this little Valclusa Fountain will also arrest our eye. For this, also, is of Nature's own and most cunning workmanship, bursts from the depths of the earth, with a full gushing current, into the light of day ; and often will the traveller turn aside to drink of its clear waters, and muse among its rocks and pines.' "

"Capital, capital ! " cried Frank. "There's true poetry in that."

"I think," said Charles, "that it is as a reviewer and critic that Carlyle appears to the better advantage. While he is not so cold-blooded as Jeffrey, nor so remorseless as Macaulay, he cuts keenly, and kills his game as the French tragedians do their actors—behind the scenes. He shoots with the silent air gun, and the unfortunate victim of his shafts finds himself hit almost before he begins to realize it. He is more incisive than Sydney Smith, and strikes quicker ; but he bears no malice."

"Why is it that Carlyle is so intensely German ? He sees a thousand beauties in Goethe, but nothing in Voltaire. The ponderous literature of Germany unfolds the purest gems, diamonds of the first water; the literature of France is composed of nobodies."

"I am afraid the philosopher does not comprehend French literature, or understand Voltaire, or Rousseau, or Janin. He is so strongly Teutonic in his predilections, so intensely German in his likes and dislikes, that the light, feuilletonistic style of the French is too mercurial, too dazzling to retain his attention long enough for him to study it. He cannot bestow any praise on the southern thinker. I think Carlyle is hasty in forming his opinion, and his observations on Voltaire are in

correct and injudicious. In his Critical and Miscellaneous Essays he thus delivers himself in speaking of the French author :—

"'He reads history not with the eyes of a devout seer, or even a critic, but through a pair of mere anti-Catholic spectacles. It is not a mighty drama enacted in the theatre of Infinitude, with suns for lamps and eternity as a background, but a poor, wearisome, debating-club dispute, spun through two centuries, between the *Encyclopédie* and the *Sorbonne*. God's universe is a larger patrimony of St. Peter, from which it were well and pleasant to hunt out the Pope. The still higher praise of having had a right or noble aim, cannot be conceded him without many limitations; and may, plausibly enough, be altogether denied. The force necessary for him was nowise a great and noble one, but small, in some respects a mean one, to be nimbly and seasonably put into use. The Ephesian Temple, which it had employed many wise heads and strong arms for a life time to build, could be unbuilt by one madman in a single hour.'"

"The French return the compliment," said Frank. "Taine calls Carlyle 'a Mastodon, a relic of a lost family,' and his style he calls 'magnificence and mud.'"

"I grant you he does," said the Professor; "but Taine speaks noble words for the grim Scotchman. His estimate is on the whole very correct, and he strives very hard to understand him. Carlyle, you know, does not always make himself understood. He takes it for granted that his readers are of equal intellectual calibre to himself; that they comprehend every allusion he makes; that they have read everything he has read, and thought what he has thought. He is a literary mammoth—a king among his fellows, like Johnson was a hundred years ago. He commands silence when he speaks, but he has no Goldsmith to chide, or Garrick to worry, or servile Boswell to chronicle his every movement and saying. He prefers the solitude of his home to the glare and glitter of the club-house. The garish lights disturb his mind. He is nervous, fidgetty, and ill at ease in repose. His peculiar temperament makes him always active; he cannot remain quiet. He was nearly eighty when he sent out his last work, and yet his style was vigorous, and his mind had undergone no change in force. It was as brilliant as when he wrote, half a century ago, his delightful sketch of Richter in the Great Review, and won his first spurs in "Auld Reekie." An English writer a few years ago thought Carlyle had written himself out, and advised, actually advised, the old sage of Ecclefechan to retire from an active life, because he had published a silly letter on the Franco-German war. But the hale old prophet was not dead yet, and his well-prepared history of the Norse Kings of Eld shows that he is capable of much good work for some years to come. He is determined to die with the harness on his back. The

same indomitable energy which characterized that other eminent reviewer, Lord Brougham, is the distinguishing feature in Carlyle. His writings fill more than twenty large volumes, and they embrace almost every class of letters, biography, history, science, philosophy, physiology, metaphysics, etc. Every thought is stamped with his own sign-manual; his individuality is on every page. There is no mistaking the authorship. Every one recognizes at a glance the quaint, misknown philology, the curious phraseology, the almost savage witchery which gleams and glistens and intoxicates the reader at every turn. A tinge of sadness pervades the joviality of his chapters; and it has a terrible effect on the reader. His *French Revolution* is a huge diorama of ghastly events, and the volumes are peopled with fearful apparitions and ghostlike spectres. The horrors of the Bastile, as painted by Carlyle, make us shudder with fear and rouse us to a frenzy. In no other work has he displayed so much dramatic power, or written with such tremendous effect. It stands alone, an enduring monument to his genius. It is a pity, from an artistic point, that he should descend to vulgarities and crude allusions so frequently throughout this wonderful work. It is at once the production of the tragedian and the buffoon; the grand story of 'Paradise Lost' told by a Milton and finished by a Balzac. Carlyle delights in contrasts. His whole literary career is one immense contrast; and the more violent the contrast the better it suits him."

"Do you consider his *French Revolution* his greatest work?"

"No. I think *Frederic the Great* is his *chef d'œuvre*. He spent more real labour on it. It was in full sympathy with his feelings that he commenced the work. He almost worshipped the valorous Prussian, and he loved to paint his successes in the field, and tell the story of his life in the palace. He has developed in this life a wonderful power of description, and a rare degree of penetration. The history is full of Carlyle's extravagances of style, rough sayings, and involved metaphor; but for all that there are eloquent passages throughout which surpass the warm periods of Macaulay. His battle of Leuthen, for instance, is skilfully drawn and admirably described; and his portrait of the great general is really sublime. He is melodramatic, too, and I fear a trifle inconsistent. He affects, you know, to despise man-worshippers, the hero worshipper, and yet he is a great offender in this very respect himself. Again, he thunders anathemas against affectation in his essay on Richter, and he is affected himself, not in one book only, but in all his books. I make no exceptions. The sin of affectation appears in a more or less aggravated form in every page of Carlyle. I think his whole style is affected. His very inelegance is put on."

"What you take for affectation, I think is originality. Carlyle will take advice from no one. He hates humbugs and shams: he loves truth.

He has no policy in shaping his essays. He is not the word-painter that Ruskin is, but he is a more vigorous reasoner, and a far more forcible writer. His style is better than Hume's or Stuart Mill's. He is a man of strong loves, amounting almost to tenderness. While his opinions are not always correct, they are always manly and outspoken and honest. A good deal of his strength will be found in *The Latter-Day Pamphlets*, a volume which should be in every library."

"I have read the pamphlets, and discovered that Carlyle is humorous, but his humour takes a practical turn. He indulges in a sort of philosophic raillery, a mixture of earnest and sport, severely playful I should call it."

"I would rather term it more severe than playful," said Frank. "Carlyle is never playful. He writes with audacity, sometimes irreverently, but always boldly, even recklessly. He is an active author, a producer, a moulder of thought, an inventor. He is a hard author to read; and his slang—intellectual slang, classical slang,—is abominable."

"He is the first German scholar in England, is he not?"

"Yes. Thimm, who wrote those admirable volumes, *The Literature of Germany*, considered Carlyle so. He it was who pronounced the life of Schiller, which Carlyle published in *The London Magazine*, a 'perfect classic.' His *Sartor Resartus*, however, is the best of his lesser publications. You will find much that is humorous in that. It was a good while before the Sage could find anyone willing to publish it. It went a-begging from one publisher to the other, till the *Regina* folks, after many misgivings, consented to take it. He was living in his quiet old home in Chelsea, when that work came out, a near neighbour to Daniel Maclise, the artist. I think it is full of good things, notably the chapter entitled 'Tailors.' Swift has written nothing that can eclipse this:—

"'An idea has gone abroad, and fixed itself down into a wide-spreading rooted error, that Tailors are a distinct species of physiology, not Men, but fractional Parts of a Man. Call anyone a *schneider* (Cutter, Tailor), is it not in our dislocated, hoodwinked, and indeed delirious condition of society, equivalent to defying his perpetual, fellest enmity? The epithet *Schneider-mässig* (tailor-like), betokens an otherwise unapproachable degree of pusillanimity. We introduce a *Tailor's Melancholy*, more opprobrious than any leprosy, into our Books of Medicine; and fable I know not what of his generating it by living on Cabbage. Why should I speak of Hans Sachs (himself a shoemaker or kind of Leather-Tailor), with his *Schneider mit dem Panier?* Why of Shakespeare in his *Taming of the Shrew*, and elsewhere? Does it not stand on record that the English Queen Elizabeth, receiving a deputation of eighteen tailors, addressed them with a 'Good morning, gentlemen both'? Did not the same virago boast that she had a Cavalry Regiment whereof neither horse nor man

could be injured—her Regiment, namely, of Tailors on Mares? Thus everywhere is the false word taken for granted, and acted on as an indisputable fact.' And again in the chapter 'Prospective,' the Philosopher says: 'Clothes, from the king's mantle downwards, are emblematic not of want only, but of a manifold cunning,—Victory over want.' Some one has said that Carlyle's wit reminded him of the German baron who was discovered leaping on tables, and explained to an anxious inquirer the cause of this action by saying that *he was learning to be lively.*

"What I admire in Carlyle is his independence: his fearless advocacy of right, and denunciation of wrong. It was well for him that he did not live in the time of Pope. He never could be servile. His proud spirit would rebel against the custom that made Genius stoop to Wealth. The mind that painted so gorgeously the life of the author of 'The Robbers,' could not endure the man whose only attribute was the possession of gold or the accident of an aristocratic birth. He could not pander to a debased nobility, nor give up his opinions for fear of offending a vile state minister, who had the ear of kings or the power of armies at his beck. One can fancy in Carlyle the courage of a Cromwell. Indeed he is a literary Cromwell. He has, however, no *finesse.* He would never make a diplomatist. He is too open. He would say, if he thought so, with Galileo, the world moves; but he would take no oaths to the contrary before he said so. He is a believer in unity. He would cement man to man. He would bind, if he could, the whole human race together. His range of thought is not uniform. He groups together, with shocking taste, the lowest as well as the highest things. He is a Dickens and a Thackeray rolled into one."

"What a grand preacher he would have made—a second Chalmers!"

"He narrowly escaped being a minister. His parents intended him for the Church, but he preferred the priesthood of the writers of books to the priesthood of the ministry. Had he entered the Church, what sermons would he have preached: as rugged in thought as his own native Grampians! He would indeed have been another Chalmers, or perhaps a Knox. He would have fulmined over Scotland as Milton's 'old man eloquent fulmined over Greece.' He would have swayed audiences with the same majestic eloquence which he employed so well in his inaugural address at Glasgow, when he was made Lord Rector. The Church has lost a great man. I do not believe his philosophy is Pantheistic."

"Yet he is a great doubter. I never could quite understand why it was he preferred to take the gloomy side so often; why he loved to interrupt the joyous thoughts which ran freely through hopeful, sanguine minds, with some rough objection or sneering cynicism. Even genial Leigh Hunt felt ill at ease in the Thinker's company. He would demolish at a blow the thousand little footless fancies which the imaginative and

pleasant essayist rattled off in his delightful conversations. Carlyle always took a taciturn view, and threw cold water on many a joyously conceived project which grew in the brain of Hunt. The bright, glorious starlight which the lively essayist seemed to think, in his delicious way, was all joy and gladness, and contained voices which sung an eternal song of hope in the soul of man, Carlyle considered a sad sight. The brilliant stars would yet become gaunt graves, for all living things must die and have an end."

"I remember that story; and how Hunt sat on the steps and held his sides with laughter, when Carlyle looked up at the heavens and thundered out, in unmistakably broad Scotch, 'Eh, but it is a sad sight!' Hunt was immensely tickled over it, but it was Carlyle all over. He would quarrel with the heavens if he thought they were not doing right, I firmly believe."

"What position do you think Carlyle will hold in letters?"

"I consider him the foremost thinker of the age; and his place is at the head of our philosophers and historians. He is our soundest modern author. With all his peculiarities, he is a Saul among his contemporaries."

"How would you rank him beside America's Thinker, Emerson?"

"I admire Emerson very much, and consider him second only to Carlyle. I have something to say about Emerson, but we had better reserve him for our next meeting. He must have an evening to himself."

GEO. STEWART, JR.

WORDS FOR AN ANTHEM.

O POWER Supreme! in whose hands are the Nations,
  Whose smile is the sun that illumines their way;
Whose frown spreads a tremor through all the Creations
  That move in the light of Thy Sovereign sway:
Unite us as one, in this dawn of our glory,
  That heralds a future no mortal can see,
When kingdoms and climes shall be proud of the story
  Of Canada, Canada, Land of the Free.

In Thee be our trust, not in chariots and horsemen,
  No thunder of battle our footsteps may stain;
But should that day dawn, we'll strike home like the Norseman,
  Be brave as the Briton, and stern as the Dane.
Then, while in our hands the fair olive is waving,
  Whatever betide we will look unto Thee,
Invoking the strength of Thy right arm, in saving
  Our Canada, Canada, Land of the Free.

CHARLES SANGSTER.

Ottawa.

ARMINIUS.

[After the lapse of eighteen centuries, the German people have erected a statue to the memory of Arminius, the glorious champion of liberty; who dared to defy the armies of Rome, and the military skill of one of her bravest and most renowned commanders, the noble Germanicus. Arminius has left a more lasting monument in the pages of history, than the hand of genius and the cold marble can supply. His name is immortally engraved on the heart of his country.]

From craggy height to forest lone
  He cast his eagle eye;
And hailed upon her rugged throne,
  The genius, Liberty.
Through sombre woods and rocky caves,
  The words of power rung forth;
They thunder'd o'er the ocean wave,
  And roused to arms the North—
Led on by him, who sternly rose
Th' avenger of his people's woes!

"Shall Rome!" he cried "forever bind
  A prostrate world in chains?
On to the field!—the free-born mind
  Her galling yoke disdains;
Strike for the altar and the hearth!
  On brothers!—on with me!
Strike for the land that gives you birth,
  For homes, for children free!
Who fears to fill a patriot's grave
Deserves to live and die a slave!"

Like rushing of the mountain blast
  The leafless forest through,
From man to man deep murmurs passed,
  And forth each weapon flew—
The flashing steel makes bright the air;
  The crowd exulting cried—
"Accurs'd be he who would not dare
  The combat by thy side,
Who would not venture life, to claim
A freeman's rights—a freeman's name!"

One chief alone in silence heard
  The warrior's stern appeal;

No kindred hope his bosom stirred,
  With patriotic zeal.
His fearless sons had oft been tried
  In battle's stormy day—
He marked that glorious scene unmoved,
  And slowly strode away—
Yet on Arminius, as he past,
One sad and ling'ring look he cast.

He did not dread the Roman steel ;
  From boyhood taught to hold
That only cowards fear could feel—
  He loved the Roman gold.
The strife was hopeless in his sight—
  Mere madness to oppose,
Or battle for his country's right,
  Against o'erwhelming foes.
Rome still must triumph, and the horde
Bow to her iron yoke the sword.

Let his ambitious brother dare
  To brave the Roman host,
The desperate game he would not share—
  So certain to be lost.
Leaving the death-devoted band,
  To Rome the traitor fled ;
In arms against his native land,
  A Roman legion led—
His proudest boast—the brand of shame ;
His great reward, a Roman name.*

Stern time has o'er those brothers roll'd
  His swift and changeless tide ;
And deeds of high emprise are told
  On either foeman's side.
But stern reverse, or victory, brought
  Fresh food to feed the flame,
That in the patriot's stedfast thought,
  A living force became.
Though baffled oft yet unsubdued,
Like rock 'mid ocean's roar he stood.

His pride no foreign power can quell,
  Or quench the fire that glows
In his great heart, where madly dwell,
  A prostrate country's woes—

* The brother of Arminius became a Roman General in the army of Germanicus, and received the honour of Knighthood by the name of Flavius.

Traced hopefully through blighted years
  Of life consuming pain ;
Recorded in the bitter tears
  That never flow again—
The flood-gates of the soul that sever
In passion's tide, to part for ever.

PART II.

The brothers met beside the stream,
  The freeman and the slave ;
Their figures in the noon-day beam,
  Reflected on the wave.
In rude barbarian spoils arrayed,
  The brave Arminius stood ;
Awhile the rapid tide surveyed
  In stern and ireful mood—
Whose sullen course can scarce oppose,
  A barrier to those kindred foes.

Arminius first the silence broke,
  And fiercely cried aloud :
" Base slave ! that own'st a foreign yoke,
  Of chains and bondage proud,
What title can proud Rome bestow,
  To grace a traitor's name ?
Alike the scorn of friend and foe,
  Thine is a deathless shame !
The meanest of the hireling band
  Whose crimes pollute thy native land.

" By all brave spirits ever dared
  In Freedom's sacred cause ;
By her whose sacred love we shared,
  Abuse not nature's laws !
I charge thee by our mother's tears—
  Our father's angry shade ;
By the deep love of early years,
  When in the fields we played—
With me in freedom's cause to die,
  Nor live in splendid infamy ! "

He ceased—and deepest crimson flushed
  His brother's war-worn face ;
Those sacred ties the world had crushed
  Within his heart found place.

T'was but a moment, and the glow
Of generous feeling died.
He raised his haughty plumed brow,
And tauntingly replied—
To one whom—though he scorned his power,
He felt his master in that hour.

"What hast thou gained by all thy toil—
The blood that thou hast shed?
Rome's legions still thy efforts foil,
And heap these fields with dead.
Behold this golden chain—this crown—
By deeds of valour won,
These more shall add to my renown
Than all the deeds thou'st done!
Honour and rank—immortal fame,
Can only grace a Roman name!"

"And hast though for these heartless toys,
Thy name and kindred sold?
And bartered home and all its joys,
Thy native land—for gold?
Boast not thy guilt, vile slave to me,
I scorn the base offence!
Arminius lives but to be free—
Traitor! I charge thee hence!
Dearer than crowns—than realms, I prize
The grave in which a patriot lies!

"Hear me ye spirits of the dead,
Chiefs of the days of old!
In the same sacred cause who bled,
Whose fame our bards have told!
Hear me ye Gods! while thus I swear
Never to quench the brand,
Never the garb of peace to wear,
Till I have freed the land.
I'll burst this foreign yoke in twain,
Or perish with the severing chain!

"And think not, that my name shall go
To dark oblivion down;
For me the minstrel strain shall flow,
And glory wear my crown.
My name my country's proudest boast,
For ages yet to be

The war-cry of the charging host,
  The watchword of the free !
While *thine !* shall be the curse and scorn
  Of German heroes yet unborn."

He ceased, and, with a bitter smile,
  The angry Flavius cried :—
The burning blush of shame the while,
  His swarthy visage dyed—
"Barbarian ! vainly dost thou brave,
  The arms—the power of Rome,
Is not thy wife—thy son a slave,
  And desolate thy home ?
How cans't *thou flinch*—and dost thou prize
  Honour above these sacred ties ? "

As bursts the whirlwind's awful sweep—
  The thunder's angry peal ;
The billows of the storm-tossed deep,
  The clash of meeting steel—
The fury of Arminius burst
  Like lightning through the gloom,
The hidden grief he long had nursed,
  His wife—his infants' doom.
And plunging in th' opposing tide,
  The insulter of his woes defied.

With equal fury Flavius sprang,
  To meet his kindred foe ;
But e'er their swords together rang,
  Or struck a fatal blow—
Like arrow from a bow well bent,
  *Stertinius from the height,—
His fiery steed between them sent,
  And checked the impious fight.
With lifted hand and tightened rein
  He waved them to the battle plain.

SUSANNA MOODIE.

* *Vide Tacitus.*

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER I.

It was a fresh June morning, and Mr. Montgomery Glezen was flying northward, in a railway car, along the eastern shore of the Hudson. During the long winter and the tedious spring he had been penned within the city, with only one brief interval, and that a sad one. Snow and sleet and rain had succeeded each other with tiresome repetition; but, though delayed at every step, the summer had at last fought its way through them all, and on that morning stood upon every height, crowned and acknowledged the queen of the realm.

The heavy dew still held the dust, and he opened the window to catch the fresh air upon his face, and to gaze without obstruction upon the beautiful river. Every sail was up, and the wings upon the water were as busy as the wings that hovered over the land. He was flying; the ships were flying; the birds were flying. Flying seemed to be the natural motion on such a morning, for everything that moved; and when he thought of the noisy, toiling, dusty city he had left behind him, the motion became full of a joyous meaning—exalted and exultant; and he wished that he could fly on thus forever.

He passed the long line of the Palisades that frowned upon him from the western shore; he skirted the broad stretch of Haverstraw Bay, through the middle of which, stripped to its skeleton a Titanic steamer was dragging its reluctant train of barges; he ran under the loop-holes of Sing-Sing prison, catching glimpses of wicked, wistful eyes, as the train slacked its speed on entering the village; he approached the beautiful Highlands, standing green and glorious in their fresh summer dress; he passed long bridges that crossed the debouchures of tributary streams; he shot through deep rock-cuttings and short tunnels, where the mountains threw their spurs sheer out to the water; and with every curve of the crooked passage, as it clung to the winding shore, he caught new glimpses and fresh forms of a beauty that made him forget all that he had seen upon the Rhine and the Danube.

He was a striking figure himself, and was observed with curious interest by more than one of his fellow-passengers. Thin-visaged, of medium height, wlth dark hair and eyes, and swarthy complexion, there was that about his mobile and intelligent features which would attract attention anywhere. This morning he was happy. There was a bright

NICHOLAS IS PRESENTED TO MISS LARKIN.

light in his eyes, and a smile upon his mouth. He was enjoying the beauty of the changing landscape; enjoying the rush of the train; enjoying his liberty as only a young and sensitive man can enjoy anything. There was a mirthful twinkle, too, in the corners of his eyes, which showed that he only needed opportunity to give himself up to a pleasant companionship as wholly as he had surrendered himself to the inspiring influences of his morning trip.

But he hurried on and on. Once he was conscious of a pause; and the fancy came to him that the train was a huge orchestra, and that the players were turning the wheels for a new symphony, which soon began with the call of pipes, the ringing of bells, the tremble and shiver of violins, the drone of bassoons, and the rhythmic crash of drums. This passed away to make room for other fancies,—for his mind was all alive with them. He passed West Point, snugly hidden behind its defiant rocks; he left Cornwall in its restful sprawl at the foot of its mountain; he caught a glimpse of Newburg, shining like a city of silver among its terraced streets; and then the train slacked, and the station of "Ottercliff" was called.

Mr. Montgomery Glezen had enjoyed the morning so much that he had dreaded to hear the word pronounced which would summons him from his seat. He started up, however, almost fiercely, and was the first man upon the platform. It was but a moment that the train was delayed, and then it whirled away. He felt like a bewildered sailor, stranded upon a quiet beach. Everything stood strangely still, and it seemed as if the departing train had taken a portion of his life with it. He could now hear the birds sing, and the wind whispering among the tender green leaves. It was hard to adjust himself to the new conditions.

He stood for a few moments, vacantly looking after the train and listening to its retreating roar, when he became conscious that a negro in livery was standing before him, with his hat in his hand.

"Is you de genlm dat Mr. Minturn spects dis mornin'?" said the darkey, with a great show of courtesy, and a radiant exhibition of ivory.

"I 'spects I is," replied Glezen, with a laugh.

"De conveyance is on de odder side ob de buildin'," responded Mr. Minturn's man, relieving the visitor of his satchel, and leading the way. "Take a seat in de vehicle, sah."

Glezen was happy once more. This mixture of big words with the old plantation *patois* was charming. He had found something fresh in the way of amusement, and the railway train was at once forgotten, as the carriage started slowly up the long acclivity that led to the gate of one of the largest, oldest and most beautiful ancestral parks which look out upon the Hudson. During the long climb, notwithstanding the new source of interest opened to him very broadly in the face of the Ethi-

opian driver, a memory held him in possesion. Six months before, within a week of Christmas, he had passed over the same road, bound for the same house; and he could not help recalling the sad occasion. Mrs. Minturn, the mother of his college friend, had died, and he had gone up to attend the funeral, and to comfort, as much as he could, the dear fellow she had left entirely alone in the world. And now, even at months' distance, he could not help recalling what she had been to her son. Left early a widow, with this single child, she had lived to see him educated, and to be to him mother, sister, friend, lover—everything; going with him, and living near him at school and college, holding him to virtue by a devoted and absorbing affection, and making his happiness and his good the one business and end of her life.

So, as Glezen enters the gate of the old park of three hundred beautiful acres, he wonders, as he had often wondered before, what this young man, who has been left so lonely and so rich, will do with himself. He is rich enough to do anything, or nothing; stay at home, or go anywhere; be nobody, or somebody. What will he do with himself?

The hill surmounted, the horses started off at a livelier pace, and with the new motion, the sober thoughts were left behind. Glezen looked up, and saw the driver casting a furtive glance over his shoulder. He was evidently aching for conversation.

"What shall I call you, my man?" said Glezen.

"Sah?" inquired the darkey, who did not quite understand that form of expression.

"What is your name?"

"Pont, sah," he replied.

"Pont? Pont? That's a very short name. The names didn't quite go round in your family, did they?"

"Mas'r Minturn says he 'spects it must have been Ponchus Pilot, sah."

"Ponchus Pilot?" exclaimed Glezen, with a loud laugh. "Well, that's a big name, but it's got badly worn up."

"Yes, sah, like an old whip, clean smack up to de handel. But I 'spects dat was de real name when I administered my baptism, sah," said Pont, with a judicial cock of his eye.

This was too much for Glezen. He laughed loudly, and Pont laughed with him. Then the former said:

"Pont, you were not here last winter. How did you get here?"

"Well, sah," responded Pont, "I wanted my civil rights, and I jes done come away, sah."

"Ah? Civil rights? What are civil rights, Pont? I live in New York, and I don't know."

"Ye got me dere, Mas'r," replied Pont, with a grin. "I do' know

what dey is. I knows I got 'em. I knows when I don't like one Mas'r, I kin go to anodder."

"You like your new master, then?"

"Yis sah; Mas'r Minturn is a genlm; but he's sich a chile! 'Pears like he don't know anything."

"Ah? How's that?"

"Well, sah, when I fust come yer," said Pont, contemplatively, "he says, 'What's yer name?' Says I, 'Pont, sah.' And then says 'e, 'It must 'a' be'n Ponchus Pilot.' An' says I, 'I don't know what it was when I administered my baptism; but I 'spects dat was it.' An' den says 'e, 'Would ye like me to call yer Mr. Pilot?' I laughed at de chile, an' says I, 'No, call me Pont;' but I see he was a genlm, an' wanted to s'cure my civil rights. An' then says he, 'Kin ye drive a hoss?' Says I, 'Yis, sah; I was fotched up with hosses.' An' then says 'e, 'Kin ye row a boat?' An' I says, 'Yis, sah, I was fotched up with boats.' An' then says 'e, 'Kin ye milk cows?' 'Yis, sah,' says I, 'I was fotched up with cows.' An' kin ye shine boots?' says 'e. Yis, sah, says I laughin'; 'I was fotched up with boots.' Then I see 'im laughin' in 'is eyes. An' den says 'e, 'Pont, how many times have ye been fotched up?' 'Well, sah,' says I, thinkin' ob de boots, 'I reckon nigh about a hundred times.' Den 'e laughed powerful, an' says 'e, 'Pont, you'll do; 'but he's sich a chile! He can't drive this hoss, I gib ye my word, sah; an' I've knew 'im try to row a boat wrong end fust."

Pont gave a guffaw at the recollection, and chuckled over his own superiority; but further conversation was shut off by the near approach to the Minturn mansion, and the new subject of interest thus introduced to his much amused passenger.

An old house was something that Montgomery Glezen loved. It was, however, an æsthetic matter with him. He had had no family associations with one; but he read such a house as he would read an old poem. To stand upon an ancient threshold; to wander through old rooms, and to imagine the life that had been lived there,—the brides that had entered there, blooming and joyous; the children that had been born there; the feasts, the merry gatherings, the sicknesses, the vigils, the tears that had fallen upon the lifeless clay there; the prayers that through long generations had ascended there; the sweetnesses of domestic life, the tragedies of disappointment and sorrow, the loves, hopes, fears, triumphs, despairs, of which the venerable walls and quaint old furniture had been witnesses, always moved him to tears. And to think that the frail materials around him had outlasted many generations of human life that seemed so precious to him,—what pathos! what mockery! A day in an old house was more precious to him than gold,—though of gold he had but little.

It was winter when he was there before, and sorrow for his friend had shut out all other thoughts. As he approached the house, along the road of shining gravel that whimpered under the wheels, he saw that it was old and large, and that it had evidently been added to since it was built, though the additions themselves were old, and everything had assumed the uniform and mellow tone of age. There was little of architectural beauty or grandeur in the heavy pile; but the well-kept lawns around it, the glowing borders of roses, the gravelled walks, and the old trees that drooped in every direction with the weight of their new foliage, were a sufficient preparation for the rich and tasteful interior, of which he had once had a glimpse, and which he had many times longed to see again.

He alighted, but no one welcomed him, or noticed his arrival. There was not even the sound of a human voice within hearing; but the door stood wide to the morning breeze, and he entered quietly and looked about him. In the centre of the hall lay the skin of a huge tiger, the head stuffed, and the eyes glaring upon him. Opening out to the right was a billiard-room, ornamented on its walls with bows and arrows, and old muskets, and pairs of branching antlers, and other insignia of sporting tastes and habits which showed that the older Minturns had been fond of the fields and woods. Beyond this picturesque recess, further up the hall, and bracing its right wall, there stood a massive oak settee, black with age, and rich with carving,—a trophy of travel brought by some wandering Minturn from a spoiled Venetian palace, who, with the rare treasure, must also have brought the cabinets and trousseau-chests that announced their kinship from the opposite side of the grand apartment. The grinning statue of an Ethiopian stood at the foot of the old winding staircase, holding in its hands a many-branching candelabrum. There were ponderous vases, illuminated with dragons and other barbarous designs; there were old tapestries, some of them framed, and others suspended by their hems, or thrown carelessly over chairs and lounges, with coarse bric-à-brac piled here and there; but everything strong, artistic, harmonious. Glezen's eyes rejoiced in it all. The lavish cost, the antique tone, the sombre splendour, the strange harmony, moved him like music; and he stood still for long minutes, taking in the scene in all its details, until it had fixed itself indelibly upon his memory.

Then, with a light step, he passed on up the hall, leaving a beautiful modernized library opening upon his right, and catching a glimpse upon his left of the generous dining-room, with its old carved buffet. Entering the drawing-room, he found the windows opened to the floor, and saw his friend through one of them, seated on the utmost edge of the broad piazza, evidently in a brown study. Nicholas Minturn had heard

nothing. He was entirely alone, and his thoughts were wandering up and down the world.

With noiseles steps, Glezen approached the piano, sat down, and began to play. For ten minutes he revelled in an improvision of which he could only have been capable after such an experience as this lavish June morning had conferred upon him. At first, Nicholas started, wheeled suddenly round, then walked to the window and looked in. He longed to rush in and greet his guest, but he doubted whether it would be courteous to interrupt him, and he wanted to hear the music.

As he folds his arms, and bows his head, leaning against the window-frame, we may look at him. Tall, strongly built, with fine blue eyes and light hair, a generous whisker, and altogether an English look, we find him sufficiently prepossessing. As he still stands there, let us talk a little more about him. When he comes to speak, we shall find him a little English in his manner too,—a little brusque and impulsive, and somewhat hesitating in his talk; for hesitation in speech, which, in America, is cousin of a gaucherie, is in England the mother of grace. He is a young man who has, in the parlance of the neighbourhood, been "tied to his mother's apron-strings." Well, there are worse things in the world than being tied to a good woman's apron-strings,—being tied to a bad woman's apron-strings, for instance, or not being tied to a woman's apron-strings at all. It has, at least, kept him pure and unsuspecting. A woman may look into his blue eyes without finding there anything more offensive, in the way of qnestion or suggestion, than she would meet in looking into a mountain spring. He is a clean man, simple in his tastes, hearty in his friendships, but utterly lonely, and without definite aims. The society of young men of his own position is distasteful to him. To them, he is slow, if not a simpleton. The one business of ministering to her who had been so devoted to him has been taken out of his hands, and for six weary months the world has seemed empty and meaningless to him. Glezen understands him, and loves him, and has come up to spend the day with him, and bid him good-bye, for he has persuaded him to go to Europe, and thus make a break in his monotonous existence, and a beginning of life.

Glezen brought his fantasia to a closing touch, and then, entirely conscious that his friend was listening to him, exclaimed:

"Well! If this isn't the most inhospitable old hole I ever found myself in! Not a man, woman or child to greet a fellow! When I come a hundred miles again to see a friend, I'll telegraph in advance to know whether he's out of bed."

Nicholas rushed forward, seized Glezen in his arms, and said:

"My good fellow, you don't mean that? You don't mean that you

think me capable of slighting you. I assure you I'm more than glad to see you."

Glezen released himself and stood off with folded arms. Then, with a serious voice and face, he said:

"Nicholas Minturn, this won't do. It's all very well for you to put on airs of contrition and cordiality, when you find that you have provoked your friends; but I tell you it won't do. It's too transparent. This carelessness, this lawlessness, is one of the most serious faults of your character; and now if you'll be kind enough to tell me when the next return train passes, and send me to it, I shall trouble you no further."

"But, Glezen, you can't mean it," expostulated Nicholas.

"Mean it? Of course I mean it. Do you suppose a New York lawyer has to leave his business and quit the city to do his lying?

"What can I do?" said Nicholas, going forward and taking Glezen's reluctant hand, "to convince you that I love you, and am glad to see you?"

"Nothing, nothing," said Glezen, solemnly shaking his head. "It is too late. You should have come to the station and received me with open arms. You should at least have been waiting for me, and looking for me at the door, and prepared me for that horrible tiger that almost scared my life out of me."

"Yes, that's true, and I'm sorry. But I've been terribly bothered by this horrible journey, and I didn't think. Come now, what can I do for you?"

"My own, my long lost brother! This terrible estrangement shall no longer continue. Give me a cigar, and the past shall all be forgotten," said Glezen, dropping suddenly from tragedy, and putting his arm around Nicholas and leading him out upon the piazza.

Both sat down, and looked into each other's faces and smiled.

"Glezen," said Nicholas, "what's the fun of joking? You never know what a joker is going to do, or when he's going to do it."

"Nicholas," said Glezen, "I wish you were a girl. If I could find a girl half as good as you are, I would marry her in five minutes. What do you say to that?"

"It strikes me it would be rather sudden."

Glezen laughed and responded:

"Perhaps it would, but there's nothing like taking a woman by surprise. And now, speaking of girls, Nicholas, you know you look upon me as a sort of father. At any rate, that is the relation I assume, with all the crushing responsibilities that go with it. There's nothing for you but to get married. Get a wife, you must and shall."

"Why don't you get married yourself?" inquired Nicholas.

"Well, you know I have a piano-forte," replied Glezen, soberly.

"Is it all the same?"

"Not exactly," replied Glezen, "but they are both musical instruments, you know. Some people take to the violin, and some to the cornet. We can't all play on the same thing, without making the music of life too monotonous."

"But your piano never turns round and tries to play on you," said Nicholas.

Glezen laughed.

"Oh, you're afraid, are you?"

"Well, you know how fond I was of my mother, but I never could see the fun of girls. They giggle so; and a fellow never knows what they're going to do."

"What do you want to know what they're going to do for?" inquired Glezen. "Besides," he continued, "they all stop giggling when they get married. A rooster never crows after his head is cut off."

"Is it all the same?" inquired Nicholas again.

"Nicholas Minturn, you are frivolous. If there's anything I despise it's a trifler. Now listen to me. You have nothing in the world to do —after your travel, of course—but to get married. This beautiful home, now so lonely, can be made as bright and full of life and music as any home in the world. You can be the head of a family. You can have children around you to whom you may be as much as your mother has been to you."

Nicholas recognized genuine earnestness in Glezen's closing tone. He was touched by the allusion to his mother; but with perfect simplicity and earnestness he responded:

"Glezen, I never could see the fun of children. If a fellow could find them all grown up, it would be nice, but you never would know what they're going to do. 'Pon my word, I believe a little baby would kill me. I always want to run when I hear one cry; and half a dozen of 'em would make me wild."

"How can you talk so about innocent children, exclaimed Glezen; "you're a brute."

"It's all very well to talk about innocent children; but they fight like tigers, and get mad and scream like cats. You know they do," responded Nicholas, with heated earnestness.

"Nicholas Minturn," said Glezen gravely, "I little suspected the depth of your depravity. I see before you a terrible future. This house is evidently to become the castle of a giant, who will destroy all the children that approach it. My young friend Nick will become the old Nick to all this neigbourhood. And he might be a respectable and useful character!"

Nicholas heard the last word, but he had not followed his companion's banter. He was wondering what it was that made him so different from all his friends. They were so easy, facile, readily adapted to changes of society, circumstance and condition; slid from jest to earnest without a shock; were fond of frolics and games, and quick to enjoy all that came to them of change. Here was Glezen with a ready tongue, bothering him with badinage and pushing him with honest brotherly counsél in the same breath. He loved him, but the trouble was that he "never knew what he was going to do."

"Speaking of character," said Nicholas, with a vague idea that he was continuing the conversation in a logical way, "did it ever occur to you that I haven't any character? Any flavour, so to speak? The fact is I'm just a pudding without any sauce—nutritious enough, perhaps, but confoundedly insipid. A woman would never get tired of you. You have as many flavours as a drug-shop."

"Probably," said Glezen, "and most unpleasant ones; and now let me tell you a thing to lay up in your memory for your everlasting comfort. Nothing wears like bread and butter, and sensible women know it. These highly flavoured and variously flavoured men are just those who play the devil with women's lives. They are usually selfish, volatile, unreliable; but so far as you need flavour you'll get it. Travel will help you to it. Age and a voyage across the sea improve the flavour of wine, they say, and I don't see why they shouldn't be good for men."

"Well," said Nicholas, "I don't see the fun of travel. You never know what you're going to do."

"But you have your plans, my boy? what are you talking about?"

"Yes, I have two or three plans," said Nicholas, a broad smile overspreading his handsome face. "If I don't like it I shall come back. That's one plan; and then you see I've had no end of old ladies who have been to see me with their daughters. It seems as if all the boobies and bores have been to Europe. One of 'em says: 'Oh, Mr. Minturn, you must think of me when you are at the Devil's Bridge;' and another says: 'you must think of me when you are in the catacombs;' and another says: 'you must think of me when you are at the Tomb of Napoleon'; and one gushing creature says I really must think of her when I'm on the Rhigi. So I'll just go to those places and think of those women, though what good it does a woman to have a fellow think of her in the Catacombs, is more than I know."

"Well that's an original plan of travel, anyway," exclaimed Glezen, with a hearty laugh. "Talk about not having any flavour? Why that's delicious. And are you to have no company?"

"No."

"And are you to sail to-morrow?"

"Yes, I believe that's the arrangement."

"And these are your plans?"

"Yes," responded Nicholas. I'm just going to improve my flavour by visiting the Catacombs, and meditating on females."

Glezen put his head in his hands, and thought. He was very fond of his friend, and very much amused with him; and though he liked to hear him talk, and enjoyed the ludicrous side of the matter, he was sadly concerned in the aimlessness and indifference with which he regarded the great enterprise before him. He had had much to do in bringing Nicholas to a determination to travel; and now he saw that the heart of the latter was not in the enterprise at all. He was going to Europe because he had been advised to go. People had seen him plunged in a voluntary confinement, and as soon as the word "travel" was mentioned, all had conspired to forward the undertaking with their congratulations and their counsels.

At last Glezen looked up and said:

"Nicholas, you'll fall in with lots of pleasant people. You'll find yourself the member of a party before you leave the steamer. It's always so, particularly with a young and handsome man, who happens to be rich. Don't anticipate any trouble. Providence always has an eye out and a hand ready for those who can't take care of themselves."

Nicholas was saved the trouble of responding to this comforting suggestion by the ringing of the door-bell, and the entrance of the village lawyer, to whose hands he had confided the charge of his estate. For a long hour, Glezen was left to himself, while Nicholas and his man of affairs were closeted in the library. He visited the stables, held a characterestic conversation with Pont, strolled over the grounds, looked into the boat-house, and wondered at that dispensation of Providence which had placed all the good things of this world in the hands of one who did not know how to use them, and had marked out a hard path for himself, who, he imagined, could use them with fine advantage. He had no complaint to make, for he was a manly fellow. He indulged in no envy, for he loved his friend. Indeed, he believed that Nicholas was as manly as himself. He knew that he was a thousand times better prepared to meet the temptations of life than himself. Certainly, wealth had not spoiled Nicholas; and he was not certain that wealth would not have spoiled Montgomery Glezen.

At the close of the interview in the library, the early country dinner was announced, and on entering the dining-room Glezen was presented to his friend's housekeeper, Mrs. Fleming, and to his lawyer, Mr. Billamy Gold. Nicholas explained to Glezen that Mrs. Fleming was his mother's friend, whom she had known and loved all her life; and said that, for his mother's sake, she had undertaken to look after him, and to guide his house.

Mrs. Fleming protested that, while she had loved the young man's mother as she had never loved any other woman, no son could be more affectionate or more worthy of affection than she had found Nicholas to be.

Mrs Fleming was a Quaker in her creed and in her dress. Her face was bright with intelligence, and fine in every feature—a gray-haired woman with a youthful spirit, to whom not only Nicholas felt himself irresistibly attracted—one of those women to whom any young man could easily open his heart at a moment's notice. Glezen saw, with an admiration which painted itself upon his expressive face, the affectionate and respectful relations that existed between this lady and the young master of the house,—the almost motherly fondness that manifested itself upon one side ; the half-gallant, half-filial feeling that prevailed upon the other. He apprehended at once the reason that Nicholas could remain so contentedly at home.

When Mrs. Fleming had completed her first offices of hospitality at the board, she took up a letter that a servant had placed at her plate, and begged the privilege of opening it. As she read it, her face lighted with pleasure, and she said :

"Nicholas, here is some good news for thee."

"Tell us what it is," said the young man.

"The Bensons are going on the 'Ariadne'—on the same steamer with thee. No," she added, after reading further, "only Mr. Benson and his ward, Miss Larkin, with her companion. She is a wretched invalid. I suppose the voyage is for her benefit."

"But I don't know Mr. Benson," said Nicholas, disappointed.

"I shall have the privilege of giving thee a letter of introduction," said Mrs. Fleming,

"He's a good man to know, of course ?" said Nicholas.

"Oh ! he's what they call a model man," responded Mrs. Fleming—"a man without reproach—more respected, more trusted than any man I know."

"Well," said Nicholas, "if he's a model man, I should like to know him. A model is just what I'm after. I fancy there's stuff enough in me, if I only had a model."

"Nicholas," said Glezen, "you are not polite to your guests. Mr. Gold here is a model man. I am a model man. I say it with profound modesty. I come up here and display my perfections to you, and off you go wandering after strange gods. You deliberately trample on the commonest notice of friendship and hospitality."

"Glezen, what's the fun of fooling? A fellow never knows what to say," responded Nicholas.

Mrs. Fleming laughed. She had read Glezen at a glance, and fully

appreciated the temptation to banter which such a nature as that of Nicholas presented to him. So she said :

"I fancy a model man must be a man who never changes,—one who never laughs, never cries, is never rude, never weak, is always the same, governed by principle, and can stand to be looked at years at a time."

"Can a fellow love him?" asked Nicholas.

"Well, I suppose his wife and children love him; but everybody respects him, and everybody trusts him. He is treasurer of everything. I suppose he holds in trust the money of more widows and orphans than any other man in New York."

The last remark aroused the attention of Mr. Bellamy Gold. Up to this time he had been quietly engaged with his dinner, and had evidently regarded himself as an outsider. His observance and his quick lawyer's instincts had taught him that no man is liable to be crowned with a great many trusts who does not seek them, and make their possession a part of the policy of his life. His client was about to pass into the intimate companionship of this man, and the prospect was not a pleasant one.

"A model man—begging your pardon, Mrs. Fleming," said Mr. Bellamy Gold,—"is a made-up man. At least, that is what my observation has taught me. He has shaped everything in him to a policy. Most of the model men I have known have shaped themselves to just this. Now I don't know Mr. Benson, of course. He may be an exception, but I wouldn't trust a model man as far as I could see him. He is always a pretty piece of patchwork, cut down here, padded there, without angles, and without any more palatable individuality than—than—that plate of squash."

Here Mr. Bellamy Gold tapped the plate with his knife, as if the question were settled and there were nothing more to be said upon the subject. He had at least said enough to put his unsuspecting client upon his guard, and to leave an amused and curious look upon the faces of his companions.

Mrs. Fleming broke the silence that followed the somewhat bumptious remarks of the lawyer by saying that it would at least be pleasant for Nicholas to know somebody on board, and he could make much or little of the acquaintance, as might seem best to him.

"But what about this ward of the model man?" inquired Glezen. "Is she handsome, interesting?"

"I shall tell thee nothing about her. She has had a sad life, and deserves all the courtesy it is in any man's power to bestow upon her."

"The vista opens," said Glezen, "I see it all,—interesting invalid—a polite and intriguing guardian—a susceptible young man in independent circumstances—moonlight evenings on the great and wide sea,—

the whole thing confided to Glezen as the young man's next friend,—nuptials,—and happy forever after!"

All rose from the table with a laugh, and the afternoon and evening were quickly passed away in receiving calls and attending to the never-ending last things that must be done previous to a long absence from home.

On the following morning, a light box of luggage was sent down to the station, and Nicholas Minturn and his friend soon followed it. Pont was silent. "Mas'r Minturn" was going away, and the place would be very lonely without him. As for Nicholas, he was in a kind of maze. He did not wish to go away; he had no pleasure in anticipation but that of getting back; he wondered why, with all his wealth at command, he should be sent around into places that he did not care for; and, for once in his life at least, he envied Glezen. He knew "what he was going to do."

"Good-bye, Pont," he said, taking the darkey's hand as the train approached which was to bear him away. "Good-bye! God bless you! I shall come back if I don't enjoy myself."

"It's a good place to come back to, sah. It's a salubr'ous elevation here, sah!" said Pont, drawing back, and lifting his hat.

"Pont," said Glezen, "I shall yearn for you. Not a day, not an hour, will pass in which my heart will not go out to you with unspeakable tenderness."

Then he put both hands upon the uncovered, woolly head, and pronounced some sort of a benediction that left the fellow laughing through his tears; and then, with its added burden, the train whirled away, leaving Pont to drive slowly back to the house, talking sadly to himself all the way.

CHAPTER II.

It was two o'clock, and the good ship "Ariadne" was to leave her dock at three. The steam was up, and blowing fiercely from its escape-pipes; cabs were driving in and discharging their loads of eager passengers and wheeling out of the way; drays with luggage were formed in line, while their freight, which was quickly discharged, was whipped fiercely through the gangway; streamers were flying from every standing spar; women with fruit, and men with flowers or steamer-chairs or little stores, were pushing their bargains; crowds of men, women, and children, were rushing on board; and one would judge by the noise and crush that the sailing of a steamer, instead of being a daily affair, was the grand event of a year. Women with children in their arms, despairing of getting on board through the great crowd, stood on the wharf, the tears blinding eyes that were aching to catch a last glimpse of a departing friend. There was the usual throng of idlers, too, and the running to and fro of messengers with packages and telegrams. Into that last hour was

concentrated an amount of vital energy which, if it could have been applied, would have carried the steamer a thousand miles to sea.

In the midst of this turmoil, Nicholas and Glezen arrived in a carriage that brought all the young traveller's modest luggage. The latter disposed of, and the coachman paid, the two young men seemed in no hurry to enter the crowd that thronged the steamer, across a gangway that was loaded with struggling lines of passengers. They talked quietly together, or watched the faces around them. Tears were flowing in plenty from the eyes of ladies and young girls who had just taken leave of their dear ones. Heartless jests were tossed about by men who were ashamed to give way to their sorrow and apprehension. One thoughtless young fellow stood on tip-toe, flinging kisses to a group of ladies on board, and wringing his handkerchief in token that it had become charged with tears beyond its capacity. On all the interesting faces there were either signs of grief, or of an unnatural and almost feverish effort to appear cheerful and hopeful.

"Well, Nicholas," said Glezen, "what do you think of this? There's a touch of life here, isn't there?"

"It's a nasty mess. It's piggish. I never could see the fun of a crowd."

At this moment, a head seemed to be thrust between them, and with an intonation quite unique in its strength, depth, and explosiveness, they heard the word:

"Pop!"

Both wheeled suddenly, and encountered a figure well known on the wharves and steamers, and at railway-stations along the line of the Hudson from New York to Albany. He was a one-armed soldier, who carried a shrewd pair of gray eyes in his head, and the most facile, rattling tongue in his mouth that ever blessed a peddler, or cursed his victims.

"Pop-corn, gentlemen, for the sake of an old soldier," said he, having secured their attention. "Each and every individual kernel has a jewel and a drop of blood in it for you, gentlemen. I should like to tell you more about it, but time presses. Five cents a paper, and just salt enough! Pop-corn is the great boon of humanity, gentlemen. It assuages the pangs of parting, dries the mourner's tear, removes freckles and sunburn, sweetens the breath, furnishes a silver lining to the darkest cloud, and is the only reliable life-preserver in the English language. Five cents a package, and just salt enough! In case of accident, it will be impossible for you to sink, gentlemen, if you are full of pop-corn."

Glezen was amused, bought a paper, and tossed it to the nearest boy. Nicholas looked at him with wonder, and contemplated his impudence with angry disgust. The pop-corn man was amused with his puzzled look and forbidding face, and pushed his trade.

"Sweeten your breath, sir? Buy a life-preserver, sir? Assuage the pangs of parting, sir?"

"Get out!" said Nicholas, intensely annoyed.

"Verdancy cured for five cents a paper! Just fresh enough!" exclaimed the pop-corn man, moving away, with a characteristic slap of revenge, but with imperturbable good nature.

Here Glezen gave his companion a nudge, and, as he turned toward the gangway, he saw it cleared by policemen, and then a young woman was lifted from a carriage and carried on board the steamer in a chair, a dignified old gentleman leading the way, and a mature woman, who looked less like a serving-maid than a companion, bringing up the rear of the interesting procession.

"There's your model man, Nicholas, and his ward. By Jove! isn't she lovely?"

Nicholas said not a word in response, but followed, with his absorbed eyes, the beautiful burden of the chair until it disappeared. All the way through the crowd, Miss Larkin had passed with downcast eyes, and a flush of excitement upon her face, feeling, apparently, that every eye was upon her, and hearing the murmurs of admiration and sympathy that came unbidden from a score of lips. Nicholas was evidently impressed. The beauty, the modesty, and the helplessness of the girl stirred all the manhood within him. He thought of Mrs. Fleming's letter of introduction, which he had accepted without any definite intention of presenting it, and felt for it in his pocket, to see that it was secure.

"Oh, it's there!" said Glezen, quick to understand the motion. "My cares are all gone now. You'll be happy."

Nicholas blushed, and only responded:

"Glezen, you mean well, but you have an uncomfortable way of looking into a fellow."

Then there came a great rush of people from the gang-plank. The non-goers had been ordered off, preparatory to the steamer's departure. The two young men hurried on board, and, after an affectionate leave-taking in Minturn's state-room, where Glezen dropped all his badinage and quite overwhelmed Nicholas with hand-shakings, and huggings, and "God-bless-yous," the young lawyer rushed off with tears in his eyes to a quiet stand at the extremity of the wharf, in order to watch the huge creature, entrusted with her priceless freight of life, as she should push out into the stream. The bell rang, and rang again; the lines were slipped and drawn in; the screw moved, and the voyage of three thousand changeful and uncertain miles was begun.

The passengers were all on deck, and handkerchiefs were waiving alike from deck and wharf. Glezen and Nicholas caught a single glimpse of each other, exchanged a salute with their hats, and the former turned

sadly toward his office, the threshold of which he had not passed for two happy days.

The novelty of the new situation, the lines of busy marine life that were crossing each other at a thousand angles upon the broad and beautiful bay, the view of the constantly receding city, the groups of chattering passengers, the single, silent men, who were, like himself, without acquaintances, and whose thoughts were busy with forsaken homes and the untried and uncertain future, quite absorbed the attention of Nicholas, and made him reluctant to go down and arrange his state-room. Indeed, he did not think of it for a long time, but walked up and down the deck, occasionally pausing to watch the captain upon the bridge, as he quietly chatted with the pilot, or to look upon the shores as they unfolded themselves in a constantly moving panorama.

At length the Narrows were passed, and the broad sea lay before him. As he entered upon it, a great swell lifted the huge hulk of the steamer upon its bosom, and he felt for the first time, that wonderful, gentle touch of the mysterious power to which he had committed himself. That first caress of the sea was like a voice that said: "Old ship, I have waited for you, I have looked for you, and now I have you again! I will roll you and rock you, and play with you through a thousand leagues; and, if it please me, I will ruin you. You are as helpless in my arms as a child. Of the life you bear, I have no care. Men and women are nothing to me. I care for no life but that which sports within my bosom. So come on, and we'll have a long frolic together if you like my rough ways and dare the risk!"

Nicholas descended the stairs that led to the cabin. Here he found nothing but baskets of roses, ships made of roses, bouquets without number, loading the tables—the last gifts of the friends who had been left behind. It would be but a day when all these would be tossed into the sea—when all this redolence of the shore would be gone, and there would be not even a suggestion of anything but a soundless, boundless waste of air and water, and a feeble speck of a steamer, threading its way like an insect between the two elements. Already the steward's forces were taking up the carpets, and stripping the vessel to her work.

Nicholas went into his state-room and sat down, occasionally looking out of the little port-hole that gave him his only light. The reaction, after the long strain, had come. He was lonely and thoroughly sad. He had not wished to take the voyage; and though he had been too brave and manly to speak of it, or show it in any way, he had indulged in the gloomiest apprehensions. These he had tried to suppress, as fears shared in common with the millions upon millions who had safely crossed the sea since the first vessel had passed between the Old World and the New; but he could not shake them off. While he stood upon the

deck, the steamer seemed large and strong enough to defy all the elementary furies; but in his close cabin, his old fears came back, and he breathed a silent prayer for protection.

Before bed-time, he had learned that he was a good sailor, for while others had succumbed to the influences of the new motion, he had eaten his supper with appetite, and spent the evening upon the deck.

He had looked in vain for a glimpse of Mr. Benson and his ward. They had taken at once to retirement, without doubt, and he had found no one else to whom he felt tempted to speak. About midnight, after he had had a brief period of sleep, the steamer entered a fog-bank, and every minute, from that time until daybreak, the hoarse whistle was sounded. There was no sleep for him with that solemn trumpeting ringing in his ears, and he could only lie and nurse his apprehensions. As the day dawned, however, he could see from his port hole that the fog was thinner; and when the whistle ceased its warning, he fell into a refreshing slumber, from which he started at last to find that he was late.

He dressed hastily, breakfasted, and went on deck. The first vision that greeted his sight, after the bright blue sky overhead, was Miss Larkin, reposing in what is called a steamer-chair. The air was cool, as that of the Atlantic always is, and she was hooded and wrapped as closely as if it had been winter. Nicholas could not resist the temptation to glance at her with every turn he made upon the deck. She looked at him once, and then gave her attention entirely to the book which her companion—a woman of thirty-five—was reading to her.

An hour passed away thus, when Mr. Benson made his appearance, walked up to his ward, asked her a question, and then sat down near her, drew out some of the previous day's papers, and began to read. Nicholas could observe him at his leisure. He was a man past middle life, and, as he lifted his hat, he saw that he was bald. A serene dignity, and a sense of self-satisfaction, came out to Nicholas from the face, figure, and bearing of the man, and made their first impression. An unruffled man he seemed—indeed, beyond the susceptibility of being ruffled. Nicholas could not imagine him capable of being surprised, or of meeting any change or sudden emergency with anything but dignity. His mouth was pleasant. His lips came together with the very pride of peace—indeed, as if the word "peace" had been the last word he had uttered—"peace," or "Benson"—it did not matter which.

When Mr. Benson, tired of his reading, rose to pace the deck, and exchanged a few words with acquaintances—everybody seemed to know him—Nicholas saw that he was well dressed, and that whoever his tailor might be, his clothes were made less with reference to the prevalent style than to the dignified personalty of Mr. Benson himself. His

suavity, his calmness, his scrupulous politeness, and the fact that all who addressed him seemed to put themselves upon their best behaviour, impressed Nicholas profoundly, and he began to be afraid to present the letter of introduction which still quietly reposed in his pocket—as Nicholas knew, for he had again made sure of its presence, after seeing Miss Larkin.

A man like this was, to our young traveller, a marvellous enigma. A self-possessed, self-satisfied man, moving among all men and all circumstances without perturbation, without impulse to do foolish or undignified things, seemed like a god. He thought with shame of his ungracious repulse of the impudent pop-corn man. What would Mr. Benson have said under the same circumstances? "My good man, I have no use for your commodity, thank you!" That would have been the end of it—a graceful end, which would have left both satisfied, and taught the peddler good manners. Certainly Mr. Benson was a model; but Nicholas felt with profound self-disgust that he could never become such a man.

But while our neophyte is labouring feebly and blunderingly toward his conclusions, the reader is invited to reach them by a short-cut.

Mr. Benjamin Benson was a man possessed of six senses. He had the ordinary five—taste, sight, smell, hearing, feeling—and, added to these, and more important than all these, the sense of duty, If he had no appetite for his breakfast, he ate from a sense of duty. If he punished a child, he did it from a sense of duty. If, tired with his labour, he felt like staying at home from a prayer-meeting of his church, he attended it from a sense of duty. If his feeble ward needed his personal ministry, it was rendered, not from any love he bore her, but from a sense of duty. If he went into society it was not from inclination to do so, but from a sense of duty. He had a sense of duty to God, society and himself. Which was the strongest, it never occurred to him to question. Indeed, his mind was somewhat confused upon the subject. Duty was a great word which covered all the actions of his life. He owed to God worship and Christian service. He owed to society friendly and helpful intercourse. He owed it to himself (and himself included his family, and was only another name for it), to be prosperous, well dressed, well mannered, dignified, healthy, and happy. No doubt ever crossed his mind that he was actuated in all his life by the highest motive that it was possible for mortal man to entertain. He read his Bible daily, not for any spiritual food he might receive, though he might often find it, but from a sense of duty. He had no idea that he was proud or selfish—that he was proud of his position, his influence, his consistency, his faultless behaviour, or that all his motives centered in himself—that he even calculated the market value of his principles and

his virtues. He was quite unconscious that in all his intercourse with others he was advertising an immaculate and "reliable man."

Nicholas hung about him unnoticed, and wondered again and again if he (Nicholas) could ever achieve such calmness, such dignity, such imperturbable suavity, such power over the respect and deference of others. At any rate, he would study him carefully, and win something from his fine example that should be of use to him.

Miss Larkin remained on deck all day, apparently enjoying the motion of the steamer and the fine weather. Her dinner was carried to her by the steward, and her companion read to her and chatted with her, or sat by her through long passages of silence. In the afternoon, finding Mr. Benson on deck and unoccupied, Nicholas conquered his diffidence and fear so far as to present his letter of introduction.

Mr. Benson read it with a smile of gratification, and extended his hand to Nicholas with the assurance that Mrs. Fleming had done him both an honour and a service.

"Of course, I have heard of you, Mr. Minturn," he said, "and all that I have heard has been good. Mrs. Fleming informs me that you are alone. I shall be most happy to present you to my ward, a very amiable and unfortunate young lady, who, I am sure, will interest you, and be glad to make your acquaintance."

All this time he had held and gently shaken the young man's hand, and looked with pleased and flattering earnestness into his eyes. Such a reception as this was more than Nicholas had expected or hoped for. Still holding his hand, he led him across the deck to where Miss Larkin was reclining, and presented him, with words of friendly commendation that seemed to melt in his mouth and distil like dew. At the end of his little speech, Nicholas found himself seated at Miss Larkin's side. And then, with a graceful allusion to the fact that young people get on better together when their seniors are absent, Mr. Benson retired with pleasant dignity, and joined another group.

"I saw you, Miss Larkin, when you went on board the steamer," he said, to begin the conversation.

She gave a little laugh.

"Did you? I'm glad. It was a proud moment, I assure you. Did you notice how everything had to stop for me, and did you see how large and interested my audience was?"

No response that Miss Larkin could have made to what Nicholas felt to be an awkward utterance, the moment it left his lips, would have surprised him more. It seemed a curious thing, too, that there was something so stimulating in the young woman's presence that he detected the fine instinct which dictated her reply. She had, without the hesitation of a moment, tried to cover from himself the mistake he had made.

"You are very kind, Miss Larkin. That was not a good thing for me to say to you."

"Then you are very kind, too, and there is a pair of us," she said archly, looking into his face, that blushed to the roots of his blonde hair. Then she added: "Isn't the weather delightful? and isn't this motion charming? If it could be only like this all the time, I believe I would like to spend my life just where I am. I am so helpless that to be cradled like this in arms that never tire is a happiness I cannot know on shore."

"I'm glad you enjoy it," said Nicholas.

"Don't you enjoy it?"

"Yes. I begin to think I do," said Nicholas, smiling, and blushing again.

Miss Larkin saw the point distinctly, but would not betray it.

"I have been thinking," she said, "what a young man like you must enjoy, with health and strength, and independence and liberty, when even I, a comparatively helpless invalid, am superlatively happy. I should think you would fly. It seems to me that if I could rise and walk, and be as strong as you are, the world would hardly hold me."

"I'm a poor dog," said Nicholas. "I'm an ungrateful wretch. I'm not particularly happy."

"With so many good people around you? Oh, I suppose no one knows how good people are until one is sick and helpless. I can see that you are unfortunate in this; but it is a constant joy to me to know that there are sympathy and helpfulness all around me. Why, the world seems to be crowded with good people. Once I did not believe there were so many."

Nicholas could not help thinking that if Miss Larkin's influence was as great and the geniality of her spirit as powerful upon others as they were upon himself, she was the source of much of the goodness she saw. He tried to shape a sentence that would convey his impression without the appearance of flattery, but gave it up in despair. At length, after a moment of thoughtfulness, he said:

"I don't know what the reason is, but I don't like men and men don't like me."

"I think I know," said Miss Larkin, quickly, for she had read her new acquaintance with marvellous intuition. "You dislike men partly because you do not find them sincere, and partly because you do not sympathize with the pursuits of insincere men. They do not like you simply because they have nothing in common with you. When you find any good in a man, which is real, or seems real, you feel attracted to him, do you not?"

"Yes, I think I do," said Nicholas.

"The sham, the make-believe, of the world repels you. If you had any pursuit in which you were thoroughly in earnest, then you could take it out in fighting and making your way; but if you have none, you will have a sorry time of it, of course."

"How did you happen to know so much, Miss Larkin?"

"Oh, I am only guessing," she said, with a musical laugh. "I have nothing to do but to guess, you know. I am alone a great deal."

Just then a nautilus, with sail set, was discovered upon the water near the vessel.

"I suppose," said Nicholas, "the steamer would look about as large as that to one high enough above it."

"Oh no," said Miss Larkin, "any being high enough above it to regard it as a speck would see a great deal more, because he would see the world of thought that it carries. I love to think of our wonderful cargo,—the cargo that pays no tariff—the dreams, the memories, the plans, the aspirations, that trail behind us like a cloud, or fly before us like a pillar of fire, or pile themselves up to heaven itself. The sun is but a speck, I suppose, upon the ocean of light that radiates from it; and if we could only see what goes out from our little steamer, on ten thousand lines, it would seem like a star travelling through the heavens—a million times greater in its emanations than in itself."

During this little speech, uttered as freely as if the speaker were only pronouncing commonplaces, Nicholas held his breath. He had never heard a woman talk so before. It gave him a glimpse into the dreams of her lonely hours—into the inner processes of her life. It displayed something of the wealth which she had won from misfortune. It showed him something more than this. It showed him that she had somehow come to believe in him—not only in his sincerity, but in his power to comprehend her, and to enter sympathetically into her thought. He felt pleased and stimulated, and, for the first time in many months, thoroughly happy. To be on ship-board with such a companion as this, seemed a fortune too good for him. What response he could make to her he did not know. It all seemed to him like something out of a beautiful book, and roused by the suggestion he said:

"You ought to write for the press, Miss Larkin."

Then his ears were greeted with the merriest laugh he had heard for a month.

"Write for the press, Mr. Minturn? Send my poor, naked little thoughts out into the world to be hawked about, and spit upon, and pulled to pieces by wolves? How can you think of such a thing?"

"Good women do it, you know. I thought it was a nice thing to do," said Nicholas, in a tone of apology.

"But it's very much nicer to have a sympathetic auditor. I never

could understand the rage of inexperienced girls for print. Unless a girl is a great genius, and must write or die, it seems almost an immodest thing for her to open her soul to the world, and assume that she has something of importance in it."

"I never had looked at it in that light," said Nicholas. "I thought writing for the press was about the top of human achievement."

"And of course," said Miss Larkin, "I should never try to reach the top of human achievement."

Nicholas had found a woman who did not giggle. It was true that he did not know "what she was going to do," but what what she did pleased him and astonished him so thoroughly that he was more fascinated than he had ever been before. During the conversation, he had occasionally met the eye of Miss Larkin's companion, who seemed to enjoy the talk as well as himself.

"Excuse me, Mr, Minturn," said Miss Larkin, "this is Miss Bruce, my companion. She helps me bear all my burdens and does me more good than anybody else in the world."

Miss Bruce blushed and smiled, but apparently did not feel at liberty to enter into the conversation.

At this moment Mr. Benson approached, and said benignly :

"I see you are getting along together very well, and as the wind seems to be freshening a little, I think I had better go below. Are you not a little chilled, my dear ?"

Miss Larkin assured him that she was quite warm, and compared her wrappings to a cocoon that shut out all cold and dampness from the occupant.

"The cocoon must be getting thin, sir," said Nicholas, with a touch of gallantry that surprised himself. "She's been spinning off silk ever since I sat down here."

"Don't spoil her, Mr. Minturn," said Mr. Benson, with a low measured laugh that hardly disturbed the repose of his quiet features. "Don't spoil her. Vanity is an uncomely vice, my dear," and shaking his finger at her in half playful warning, he marched off, lifting his hat to one or two groups of ladies in his progress, and disappeared down the stairway.

Nicholas wanted to make some remark about him, as he left the group. Mr. Benson had seemed so pleasant, so fatherly, so courteous, that he felt as if he owed the testimony of his appreciation to those under the model man's care : but as that gentleman had uttered the words : "Vanity is an uncomely vice," he was conscious that a glance of intelligence had passed between Miss Larkin and her companion. Then he remembered that neither had seemed moved to speech by the guardian's presence, and both appeared relieved when he walked away. So he con-

cluded that for some reason, unknown to himself, the model man would not be a welcome topic of conversation. He had become conscious, too, for the first time, that there was something oppressive in his presence. He did not undertake to analyze this oppressiveness; but he had felt the presence of one who regarded everything from an exalted height, and looked upon the group as children.

They talked on and on, looking steadily before them, thoroughly absorbed in their conversation, and unconscious that, one after another, the passengers had disappeared. Then there came a strong, heavy gust of wind that almost lifted them from their seats, and, on quickly looking around, they saw that a sudden squall of rain was close behind them. Nicholas and Miss Bruce started to their feet stmultaneously, and the latter ran as rapidly as she could to the stair-way, and disappeared in a hurried search for help to remove Miss Larkin to her state-room. Already the first big drops were pattering upon the deck. Nicholas covered his new acquaintance with her wrappings as well as he could; but, finding that the rain was pouring faster and faster, and that in a few moments there would fall a drenching shower, he wheeled her chair around, and drew her swiftly, as she lay, to the stair-way, hoping to meet the assistance of which Miss Bruce was in search. The stairs were reached quickly, but no help appeared. He knelt at Miss Larkin's side and tried to hold around her the wrappings which the wind seemed bent upon tearing away. Then they looked into each other's eyes, and read each other's thoughts.

"May I? Shall I do it?" he inquired.

"Yes," she said, seriously.

He bowed above her, carefully placed his arms around her, lifted her to his breast, and carried her down stairs, wrappings and all. He was met at the foot of the steps by Miss Bruce, on her breathless way to the rescue. The latter could not avoid a little scream at the startling vision, but turned quickly and led the way to the state-room. There Nicholas deposited his precious burden, and, without waiting to hear a word of thanks, or looking to the right or left in the cabin, sought his own room, shut the door, and sat down. Then he laughed silently and long. The burden was still in his arms. He still felt her breath upon his cheek. He felt as if he had gathered new life from the touch of her garments. "I'm glad Glezen didn't see that. I should never hear the last of it," said he quietly to himself. Then he wondered whether Mr. Benson was in the cabin, and had seen the absurd performance—whether he had been shocked by it, and would call him to account for it—whether it might not end in a violent breaking up of the acquaintance. So, with almost hysterical laughing, and wondering, and foreboding, he passed away half an hour, entirely unconscious that he had been

drenched to the skin. Not until he had looked into his little mirror, to see whether some strange transformation had taken place, did he discover that he was still blushing, and that his clothes were wet, or think of changing his raiment and making himself presentable at the tea-table.

In the meantime, Mr. Benson was lying quietly in his berth, asleep. Waking at length, with some violent motion of the vessel, he became consious that it was raining heavily. His first thoughts were of Miss Larkin, as a matter of course. His first impulse was to rise, and look after her. It was true that he owed a duty to Miss Larkin. He also owed one to himself. It was not for him to get wet and take a cold. It was not for him to endanger, in any way, the life upon which so many lives besides that of Miss Larkin depended. He had left Nicholas with her, as well as the companion he had provided for her. They would undoubtedly see that no harm came to his helpless ward. He weighed all the probabilities, and had no doubt that Miss Larkin was at that moment reposing quietly and safely in her state-room. Having satisfied himself of this, he rose, put on his coat, and with well feigned haste made his way to Miss Larkin, and inquired concerning her welfare, apologizing for his apparent negligence, on the ground that he had been asleep.

Miss Larkin and her companion smiled in each other's faces, and assured Mr. Benson that, though they had narrowly escaped a drenching, they had been helped down stairs promptly and were very comfortable. He was appropriately glad to hear it, and to learn that no serious consequences had come to the young lady from his drowsiness; and when he went out into the cabin again, people looked at each other, and remarked upon the tender, fatherly interest he seemed to take in his unfortunate ward. Just as he was re-entering his state-room, however, he overheard from the lips of a graceless young man the words "you can bet that the old man dosen't know how it was done."

"That man was as strong as a lion," said Miss Larkin to Miss Bruce, immediately after Mr. Benson's departure.

"What man? Whom do you mean? Mr. Benson?"

"Y—yes!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE AUTUMN MYSTERY.

What means this glory, shed around
  From sunset regions to the east,
These wondrous tints, so rarely found
  Except at oriental feast ?

'Tis morning still and see, on high,
  Not yet from thence the sun descends ;
But 'tis as if the sunset dye
  With all the forest verdure blends.

Why is there silence so profound
  Through all these high and dreaming hills ?
And is it blood, besprinkled round,
  Yon fields with floods of crimson fills ?

Across the meadows, where the gold,
  Resplendant, of the sunlight, warms,—
By yonder mountain's leafy hold—
  What are those scarlet mantled forms ;

That beckon with their jewelled hands,
  As if a friend they fain would greet,
While purple folds with golden bands
  Trail round their silver-sandalled feet ?

What mean those shapes of filmy white
  Wind-wafted past the meadow-bars ;
And on the grass, those pearls of light,
  In number like the midnight stars ?

Where waved the silken-tasselled corn,
  What strange things these, of yellow gold ?
And o'er the glades, at night and morn,
  What spreads a veil of misty fold ?

The old mosaic rites are gone—
  Departed days of sacrifice—
But here, Canadian forests don
  The priestly robe of purple dyes.

Who said that miracles were dead,
  And dimly seen, the Hand Divine :
When light upon the mountain's head
  Turns all the streams below to wine ?

"The Willows," Ancaster. E. B. T.

THE TRACE OF A HAND-SHAKE FROM 1837 TO 1596.

Reclining in an easy chair in the sanctum parlour of our Kuklos Club,* and being somewhat in a pensive and contemplative turn of mind and face to face with a portrait of Tom Moore, painted by Jackson, a cotemporary of Sir Thomas Lawrence, in which the artist has been true without flattery, I fancied there was a merry twinkle in the eyes, and a roguish expression in the face, and a slight movement of the lips of the portrait indicating the question :—How are you Mr. President ? it's a long time since we met ! And surely it is a long time. As far back as the year of Grace, 1837, that very year that our dear good Queen came to the throne of Great Britain, I remember shaking hands with Tom Moore, then "*the poet of all circles and the idol of his own ;*" and from that time to this I have never seen him otherwise than in my mind's eye, and through the medium of Jackson's portrait. I closed my eyes after this imaginary winking-colloquy with the Irish poet, and revolved the illusion in my mind and at the same time revolved my chair, so that when I opened my eyes I was staring full in the face William Shakspeare, his portrait, an exact copy of the celebrated Chandos picture. It did not wink at me, there were no "happy smilets" playing on its lips, its features were "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and in my strong imagination I fancied the portrait said to me : "Master, though you have entered into the cause of my defence with no special warrant for the deed, I do forgive thee.† I need no defence, I dealt so with men in this world, that I am not afraid to meet them in the next, and I now have my reward in the society of those among whom there are no contentions, controversies, nor party-spirit ; for ignorance, blind self-love, vain-glory and envy are excluded ; and there exists perfect charity, whereby every one, together with his own felicity, enjoys that of his neighbours, and is happy in the one as well as the other."

When the sentence was ended, in my fantasy I thought the portrait was radiant with peaceful joy, and I said to myself how much I should have liked to have shaken hands with Shakspeare. What a "*Kuklos*" he must now be enjoying ! Would that the electric virtue of his hand had come down from the Club held at the Mermaid, and said to have been originated by Sir Walter Raleigh, to our own Club. I sighed, lit my pipe, "the chimney of perpetual hospitality," and thought that un-

* Founded in Montreal by a fraternity of Pressmen.

† Bacon *versus* Shakspeare, a plea for the Defendant, by Thos. D. King. Lovell Printing Co. 1875.

der the soothing influence of the "nicotian weed," the imagery of these illusions would be dismissed from my mind's eye. But no, the more the smoky curls, like Cirrus clouds, floated aloft, the more I revolved in my mind the connecting link of my hand-shake with Tom Moore with the friendly hand squeezings and salutations "glad to see you!" and "how are you?" up to the time of Shakspeare. As I puffed away, I conjured up the illustrious, valiant, and learned knight who introduced the author of the *Faery Queene* to the Court of Elizabeth, the manly and impetuous Raleigh, who would not have flattered Neptune for his trident, and who, for the introduction of tobacco in England, ought to be immortalized; while the name of James the First ought to be execrated, for the sacrificing the life of so worthy a Knight to appease the anger of Spain, the plotter against England's liberty. The disgust I momentarily felt at the conduct of the Royal author of the "Counterblast to Tobacco," determined me to pass his familiars by, and to trace my hand-shaking with Tom Moore in the reign of Queen Victoria, through a link of "beamy hands" to the reign of Charles the First, thence to that of good Queen Bess up to Shakspeare himself.

Tom Moore naturally sends one to that most delightful of Irish books, "The Reliques of Father Prout." Francis Mahony and Moore knew each other "*intus et in cute*," and from the wild oats and thistles of native growth on Watergrass Hill Moore got provender for his Pegasus.* He would be more or less acquainted with the many eminent men who formed the guests at the Watergrass Hill carousal, and also with some of those who had kissed the Blarney Stone, during Father Prout's residence in the parish; and lastly, with some of the contributors to *Fraser's Magazine*, such as Southey, Coleridge, Maginn, Lockhart, and Crofton Croker. With the numerous side branches and common friendships of these famous men, there will be no difficulty in tracing Moore's hand-shaking with Rogers, even without the knowledge that they travelled together to Paris about the year 1818. Rogers was one of the few faithful friends who remained true and steadfast to Sheridan in his misfortunes. The mention of Sheridan brings a tear to one's eye, when we reflect that the man who became the companion of the first nobles and princes should, as his biographer says, pay "the tax of such unequal friendships, by, in the end, losing them and ruining himself." Yet, with all his faults, he preferred the beggary of patriotism to the riches of apostacy. There is, therefore, no difficulty in tracing Moore to Sheridan. At Brook's Club, Sheridan was a frequent visitor, and among the celebrities of the Club were Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick and Hume, Horace Walpole, Gibbon, and Wilberforce. Sir Joshua,

* Prout's Reliques. Bohn's Edition, 1870. The Rogueries of Tom Moore.

in 1775, painted a portrait of Mrs. Sheridan, as St. Cecilia, and it is probable that the artist received the hearty congratulations of Sheridan upon his successful portraiture. Reynolds, according to his biographer, shook hands with Pope, and it was the only time that the great painter saw the great moralist.* The charge against Warren Hastings brought Sheridan into close relation with Burke, and their hearty and mutual shaking of hands after the conclusion of Sheridan's speech relative to the Begum Princesses of Oude can be easily imagined, especially when Burke declared the speech to be "the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument, and wit united, of which there was any record or tradition." Burke was at Trinity College, Dublin, with Goldsmith. Dr. Johnson loved Goldsmith, and at the news of the death of "poor Goldy," was affected to tears; Burke cried like a child, and Reynolds put aside his work. Inimitable Oliver! who can refrain from standing bare-headed in the burial ground of the Temple Church and shedding a tear on thy gravestone? At the house of David Garrick, on Christmas Day, 1758, Dr. Johnson first dined in company with Burke. It is said Burke owed his first opportunity of speaking before a public audience to Macklin,† one of that right royal and right worthy dynasty of actors, which through Garrick, the Kembles, Siddons, Cook, Macready and the Keans has come down to the present day. Through such a galaxy of actors the presence of Moore and Sheridan may be traced; we find the names of Moore, Rogers, and Campbell at the dinner given to John Philip Kemble, on his retiring from the stage, June 27, 1817.

Sheridan and Garrick, in 1775, were in treaty about the latter's moiety of the patent of Drury Lane Theatre. Garrick was, doubtless, on intimate terms with Miss Anne,‡ the wife of a son of Colley Cibber, who was reputed one of the best lyric actresses of the day. Handel composed parts expressly to suit her voice. Garrick is said to have exclaimed, when he heard of her death, "Then Tragedy has expired with her." She was buried in Westminster Abbey. She was married in 1734, and it is very probable that her father-in-law, Colley Cibber, was at her wedding. Colley Cibber, who was a play-wright, commenced his career as an actor in 1689, and it is likely he knew Betterton, who was engaged by Davenant in 1662; his last appearance was in 1710. But to come back again to Burke—Sheridan belonged to the Literary Club, said to have been held at the Turk's Head, of which Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke, and Sir Joshua Reynolds were members, and where there was continually a rare assemblage of wits and authors, scholars and statesmen. Malone, in 1810, gave the total number of

* Memoir of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Henry William Beechy. Bohn's History, Vol. I, p. 45.

† Born about 1690, died 1797.

‡ She performed in 1733, in Addison's opera of Fair Rosamond.

those who had been members of the club from its foundation, at seventy-six, of whom fifty-five had been authors. Whether Tom Moore was ever a member or not, I have no means of knowing, but it is very probable he may, when in London, have dropped in at the Literary Club.*

Dr. Johnson was the friend of Savage, and became his biographer, and Savage, we learn, found Pope a steady and unalienable friend almost to the end of his life. Savage was on intimate terms with Steele, who, according to Dr. Johnson, "declared in Savage's favour with all the ardour of benevolence which constituted his character, promoted his interest with the utmost zeal, related his misfortunes, applauded his merit, took all opportunities of recommending him, and asserted that the inhumanity of his mother had given him a right to find every good man his father." At the Beef Steak Society, or Beef Steak Club,* founded in the reign of Queen Anne, Dick Estcourt† was made Providore, for whom Steele had a great esteem. Leigh Hunt says that Steele's "over-fineness of nature was never more beautifully evinced in any part of his writings than in the testimony to the merits of poor Dick Estcourt." Parnell wrote of him—

> "Gay Bacchus liking Estcourt's wine
> A noble meal bespoke us,
> And for the guests that were to dine
> Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus."

To this club resorted Hogarth, Churchill, Sir James Thornhill, Wilkes, Colman, and Garrick. William Linley, the brother of Mrs. Sheridan, charmed the society with his pure, simple English song. Linley is known to have furnished Tom Moore for his *Life of Sheridan*, with the common-place books in which his brother-in-law was wont to deposit his dramatic sketches. Arthur Murphy, the Dramatist, and John Philip Kemble, belonged to the "Beef Steaks," and from its foundation it has always been

> "Native to famous wits
> Or hospitable."

Through all these collateral friendships we can connect Tom Moore with Pope, who dedicated his translation of the Iliad to Congreve. Pope, in his preface to the Iliad, acknowledges in warm terms the friendly offices of Addison, Steele, Swift, Garth, and more particularly those of Congreve, who had led him the way in translating some parts of Homer.

This will bring us to the celebrated Kit-Kat Club, where "Halifax has conversed, and Somers unbent, Addison mellowed over a bottle, Congreve flashed his wit, Vanburgh let loose his humour, Garth talked

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* See Club and Club Life in London, by John Timbs.
† *Spectator*, Nos. 358 and 468.

and rhymed. To trace Congreve to Dryden is no difficult task, for we are told that Congreve, "whose conversation most likely partook of the elegance of his writings, and whose manners appear to have rendered him an universal favourite, had the honour in his youth of attracting singular respect and regard from Dryden." The great resort of the wits of the time was Will's Coffee House, of which Dryden was the presiding genius, so much so that the young beaux and wits thought it a great honour to have a pinch of snuff out of "Glorious John's" snuff-box. The well-known story of Pope being brought up from the Forest of Windsor to dress *à la mode*, and introduced to Will's Coffee House, is a test of Dryden's popularity. It seems to have given Pope as much satisfaction as it did Ovid at the sight of Virgil. Ovid, in recording with fondness his intimacy with Propertius and Horace, regrets that he had only seen Virgil (Trist. Book IV. v. 51). Would that Ovid had given us a description of Virgil in like manner to Pope's description of Dryden! Sir Richard Pickering, a member of Cromwell's Council, and a relative of Dryden, gave him, in the year 1657, a petty clerkship in London. When there, he may possibly have attended some of the meetings of the Rota or Coffee Club, as Pepys calls it, which was founded in 1659, as a kind of debating society for the dissemination of Republican opinions. Round the table, "in a room as full as it could be crammed," says Aubrey, "sat Milton and Marvell, Cyriac Skinner, Harrington, Nevill, and others discussing abstract political questions." At one of these debates Dryden may have met Milton. There is a report, but it must be received with doubt, that Dryden asked Milton's permission to turn his Paradise Lost into a rhyming tragedy or opera, to be called "The State of Innocence and Fall of Man," to which Milton replied: "Ah, young man, you may tag my verses if you will." But, as "modest doubt is called the beacon of the wise," I will not urge this connecting link. Dryden and Davenant conjointly attempted an improvement on Shakspeare's *Tempest*, or, at least made alterations in and additions to the text; therefore their intimacy is assured. In Newton's Life of Milton, prefixed to his edition of *Paradise Lost*, with notes of various authors, 1757, we read that "the principal instrument in obtaining Milton's pardon was Sir William Davenant, out of gratitude for Milton's having procured his release when he was taken prisoner in 1650. It was life for life. Davenant had been saved by Milton's interest, and in return, Milton was saved at Davenant's intercession."† This story Mr. Richardson relates upon the authority of Mr. Pope; und Mr. Pope had it from Betterton, the famous actor, who was first brought on the stage and patronized by Sir William Davenant, and might therefore derive the knowledge

† Isaac Walton in his life of Sir Henry Wotton confirms the story.

of this transaction from the fountain. Davenant succeeded to the Laureateship on the death of Ben Jonson, and was thirty-two years old when his predecessor died. One can hardly imagine that these two poets, so nearly connected with Shakspeare, should not have mutually shaken hands. The one his panegyrist, the other his godson,—the one, the son of a bricklayer, the other, the son of an inn-keeper, "a very beautiful woman of a good wit and conversation," of whom, despite the gossipping scandal attached to her name, let us not only think her, but let us believe her, honest, and let us think, with the godfather who frequented *The Crown* at Oxford, that "rich honesty dwells, like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster." The one and the other Poet-Laureates—let us bring forth a triple crown of bays, laurels, and rosemarys, and adorn not only the brows of Ben Jonson and Davenant, but of him "whose works," says Campbell, were to charm unborn ages—to sweeten our sympathies—to beguile our solitude—to enlarge our hearts, and to laugh away our spleen.

Lest any one should think my conclusion is too hastily drawn, the prefix to Davenant's Goudibert will show that there was an intimacy between Davenant and Hobbes, who was intimately associated with Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Ben Jonson, and Lord Bacon. Lord Herbert of Cherbury was the eldest brother of George Herbert, between whom and Donne "there was a long and dear friendship, made up by such a sympathy of inclinations, that they coveted and enjoyed to be in each others company."* Donne was a member of the famous club at the Mermaid, and his friendship with Sir Henry Wotten is thus recorded by Walton :—"The friendship of these two I must not omit to mention, being such a friendship as was generously elemented, and as it was begun in their youth, and in an University, and there maintained by correspondent inclination and studies, so it lasted till age and death forced a separation." There was a friendship between Wotton and Milton, for about 1637 we find Wotton writing to Milton, who then lived near Eton, thanking him for his present of Comus, which he calls "a dainty piece of entertainment." Milton has commended this letter in his *Defensio Secunda Populi Anglicani.* Here we connect Milton with Ben Jonson, who doubtless was intimate with Camden, Selden, Clarendon, Sydney, and Raleigh; these, in their turn, intimate with my Lords Pembroke, Montgomery, and Southampton, to whom were dedicated the works of Shakspeare.

So far there is a series of connecting and social links between the Mermaid Club of three centuries ago and our *Kuklos.* Sir Walter Raleigh had a joint command with the Earl of Essex in the celebrated

*See Walton's Lives of Donne, Wotten, and Herbert.

Cadiz Expedition, 1596; Sir Henry Wotton was tutor to Essex and was friendly with Donne and Milton, Milton with Davenant, Davenant with Congreve, Congreve with Pope, Pope with Savage, Savage with Dr. Johnson, Johnson with Burke, Burke with Sheridan, Sheridan with Tom Moore.

Nothing now remains for me to do but to express the hope that the members of the Kuklos Club will, as far as in them lie, emulate the good qualities of such dear souls as I have enumerated; avoid the follies upon which some of them were unfortunately wrecked, and that the Club will ever be a "Society among whom there is no contentions, controversies, nor party spirit; where ignorance, blind self-love, vain-glory, and envy are excluded, and that there ever will exist among its members "perfect charity, whereby every one, together with his own felicity, will enjoy that of his brother, and will be happy in the one as well as the other."

THOS. D. KING.

NOBODY LIKE HER.

There's nobody like her, none;
None with a form so fair,
Sweet eyes, and golden hair,
Nobody, no, not one.

Nobody like her, none!
Pure as the lily so white,
Clear as the diamond's light
That flashes when night is on.

Some cruel answer she made to me,
Cruel, and bitter to hear,
Robbing my heart of its cheer,
And making the world all dead to me.

Then, with a silver word,
The deep wound soothing again,
She chided the pitiless pain,
Till it fluttered away as a bird.

There's nobody like her, none;
Above and beneath all is bright
With a holy and tender love-light;
For, to-morrow, we two shall be one.

STEPHEN M'SLOGAN.

Ottawa.

THE PRESERVATION OF OUR FORESTS.

If Canada desires to be a prosperous country a few generations hence she will adopt measures for the preservation of her forests. Let her beware of acting on the idea that they are inexhaustible. They are not so by any means. The unremitting labours of the lumberman, and the zeal of settlers, in clearing their lands, are fast causing them to disappear. The accidental fires which occasionally occur hasten the work of destruction. Already large tracts of land are denuded of trees, and the farming population, in consequence of their recklessness, are reduced to the necessity of bringing from places more or less distant from their farms, all the wood they require for fuel, building, and other purposes. This partial denudation of the country does not, as yet, materially affect the climate, although it is already perceptible in the diminution of the rainfall and the total drying up of many smaller streams. Canadians would do well to take warning from what has happened to their neighbours of the New England States. The work of destruction which is at present proceeding so rapidly in Canada has there, for some time, been accomplished. The consequence is, that many agriculturalists have been obliged, not to sell their farms, for they had become unsaleable, but to abandon them, and seek new and fertile lands amid the forests of the North-Western States. The men of science in the United States are now raising their voice in defence of the friendly forests. But, as regards many parts of the country, this laudable effort of Science is only as the locking the stable-door when the steed is stolen. But may there not be some other cause than the absence of trees for the sterility which drives the New Englanders from their original homes? There may, indeed, be other causes; but the principal one is undoubtedly the demolition of the forests. Their lands when first occupied, were comparatively fertile, so much so, at any rate, as to attract the wary husbandman and repay his labours. They enjoyed abundant summer rains as well as sunshine. Now the rain falls not in its former plenty, but the burning sun remains. The spreading trees protect and treasure up, so to say, the dew and rain. They draw towards themselves, by their inherent power of attraction, the vapours which float in the atmosphere; and these vapours, so arrested in their course, form a veil between the earth and the higher atmosphere, and protect the fields from the more ardent rays of the sun, whilst they come into frequent contact with every green thing, in the shape of mists, dews and showers of rain. Take away the forests, and this beneficial influence which they

exercise departs together with them. It is a well-known fact that countries in Europe, Asia and Africa, which were formerly fertile, and contained many millions of inhabitants, whilst their forests still existed, are now waste, the absence of trees rendering the dews and rains less frequent and less abundant, and causing the springs which feed the rivers to dry up to such an extent that there is scarcely a shallow stream where anciently there were navigable waters. This is notably the case even here in America, where there has not yet been time wholly to destroy the forests. As stated by Professor Hough of Lowville, New York, at *the First National Forest Convention held on this Continent*, large merchantmen, one hundred years ago, sailed east from Bladensburg from the Potomac, whilst to-day there is not, even at high-tide, sufficient water to float a canoe. The learned Professor ascribes, as every one must, this extraordinary change to the systematic destruction of the forests.

It may be said, perhaps, that in a country varied with hill and dale, like Canada, there is less danger of an unfavourable change of climate from the demolition of the forests, than in lands that are more level, and which are known to have suffered from the removal of their grand and natural vesture of trees and foliage. This idea may lead astray. Let us not trust in our hills alone. They, too, if the present destructive disposition continues will become bald and gaunt; and, whilst by their great bulk they will attract the floating moisture as it passes, they will refuse to absorb any portion of it, or even to stay for a moment its headlong course, and so it will be precipitated in fitful devastating torrents to the plains. Such was the case, on a grand scale, not very long ago, in France, where the bare granite peaks of the Pyrenees, attracting, but not retaining, immense masses of vapour, overcharged the Garonne, which, rushing through its channel with unwonted violence, almost entirely swept away the City of Toulouse.

The forests which still adorn the High lands of Canada could be preserved without cost and with very little trouble. The labour of thinning or cultivating them would at the same time supply wood in abundance for agricultural and domestic purposes. The mere thinnings would afford timber for fuel, fencing, and building. The remaining trees, the pride of heights, would send refreshing and fertilizing waters, in steady and equal flow, to the fields and homes of the thoughtful dwellers on the plains.

As in this paper we are discussing the forests and their preservation from a purely utilitarian point of view, it would be out of place to speak of the poetry of the woods, or of that high philosophy which teaches that the spectacle of woodland scenery has many charms, and exercises a cheering and exhilarating influence on the mind. It is better

that we should treat of our forests, as yet only partially destroyed, as promotive of health no less than fertility.

It is well ascertained that those countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa from which the forests had been swept away could not be inhabited on account of the diseases which prevailed. As long as any people remained they suffered from fevers and the plague. On the other hand it is equally certain that in countries where by careful cultivation the forests have been restored, vegetation, husbandry and husbandmen have returned. Such have been the happy result of man's thoughtful labour in Egypt and other lands where arboriculture has been practised. Trees possess the power of absorbing the unwholesome gases which constantly exhale from decaying animal and vegetable substances, whilst the oxygen, continually flowing from them, counteracts the poisoned matter which floats in a tainted atmosphere. The Eucalyptus tree, which abounds in Australia, appears to possess these qualities in an eminent degree. But we need not here discuss its excellencies, as it could not, we believe, live through a Canadian winter. The vine, however, and the peach tree, and the more delicate kinds of plum trees are made to thrive. If the immense variety of trees and shrubs which delight in the Canadian climate be considerately respected, there will be no danger to the health of the people from drying up of the streams, or a cessation of the dew and rain. How necessary these are, not only for the growth of the various crops, which are the real wealth of a country, but also for our health, all learning and experience abundantly show. A period of drought comes round, as was the case this last summer, and all nature—the inanimate as well as the animated creation—suffers. Even after a few days of hot and sultry weather, such as is often experienced in Canada every summer, who is there who does not exclaim, or, to use an Americanism, *feel like* exclaming, "how refreshing!" when the cool summer shower comes to relieve the stifling atmosphere? Bare the land of trees, and the acceptable blessed rain will be borne away to more favoured lands; the springs which feed the streams will be exhausted, the great Empire waters even—the Lakes and Rivers which command their thousand tributaries, will fail, and man having only an arid desert to dwell in will perish with them.

Now comes the question, how are our forests to be preserved? The agriculturist makes incessant war upon them until not a tree remains on his farm, the more rocky portions, as well as the arable land, being subjected to the same process of denudation; the speculative lumber-merchant sends his legions of axe-men to hew down the woods; and, frequent fires lay bare immense tracts of country. How shall the devastating tide be stayed? In the first place, a more sound public opinion as regards the use and necessity of trees must be produced. This can

only be done by the labours of our men of science through the powerful agency of the press. Every man, now-a-days, reads his newspaper. Let him find therein, weekly at least, some lessons on the value of our forests. Until men's ideas are corrected and their prejudices removed legislation will be of little or no avail. Excellent laws have been enacted for the preservation of the fish in our rivers. Nevertheless, the destructive practice of throwing saw-dust and other refuse of sawing mills into the streams, continues. Powerful interests are opposed to the law, and, although great efforts are now made in favour of its execution, it remains a dead letter. Something, meanwhile, might be done, whilst much ought to be written. Such *timber limits* as are in the power of the Government should be leased only to lumbermen on condition that none but the older trees, the only marketable ones, be cut down, and the rest carefully tended. Without some such precaution, that source of wealth,—the lumber trade, must speedily cease. Agricultural lands, in like manner, which are still under the control of Government, ought to be granted or sold under the obligation of cultivating a few acres of wood on each farm. *Settlement duty*, that is, the duty of improving within a certain time, some twelve acres or so, is strictly required. Why not impose the additional duty of sparing a few trees? This would be advantageous to the settler as well as to the country at large. The former would have at his doors a never-failing supply of firewood, &c.; the latter would continue to enjoy its rain and dews and springs. This extent of governmental action, which is quite possible, would materially aid the press in producing sounder views, and the time would all the sooner come when the power of legislation could be applied to every farm in Canada. It could then be enacted, and with good effect, that in the case of lands not yet improved a certain portion should be left underwood; and that on farms already cultivated and stript of the primeval forest, trees should be planted, and as carefully tended as the wheat or the mangolds. Whatever it may be thought best to do, let us not wait till our forests are gone beyond recall. Those countries of northern Europe, Norway and Sweden, formerly so rich in marketable timber, have not been wise in time, as we may yet be. Their trade in wood is at an end until it please Dame Nature to restore the forests. Their governments have been obliged to forbid the export of any few trees that remain.

ÆN. MC.D. DAWSON.

A FAMILIAR FIEND.

I know him; you know him; everybody who is a housekeeper, or who has lived for any length of time in a house with "modern improvements," knows him. He is indigenous to large cities which boast water works, but he maintains a foothold in every town or village embraced in the circle of civilization. He is one of the necessities of civilization; and is only totally unknown in barbarous countries or in those lone and neglected places where lead pipes are unknown, where bath tubs are not, where cisterns never have a chance of becoming demoralized—because there are no cisterns—and where man uses water as nature provides it, and does not require "modern improvements" to introduce it into various portions of his dwelling place. In short the familiar fiend is a plumber.

Now, in the abstract, I like plumbers, provided I do not have to pay their bills. There is a peculiar kind of enjoyment in watching a plumber work, by the hour; for a friend or neighbour; but the pleasure is considerably alloyed if he is working for you, and you know that all the time he wastes will be charged in your bill—by the hour. Nature seems to have specially constructed a plumber to work by the hour, and he makes it a point of honour never to disappoint nature in her kind intention. There is a calm quiet dignity about a plumber that is inspirative of respect; there is a repose about him, and a sense of self sustained and quiescent power that no other mechanic possesses; and he appears to consider it part of his mission in life to impress the rest and meaner portion of mankind with the greatness and importance of repairing dilapidated taps; reconstructing disorderly water pipes; filling up holes in ancient cisterns, and performing other duties in the plumbing line—by the hour.

He is a noble and stupendous creature; but, like most great luxuries, he is expensive. Great bodies move slowly, and the plumber is no exception to the general rule! He is slow and dignified in all his movements; no one ever heard of such a thing as a plumber in a hurry, he could not be in a hurry; and, therefore, he is expensive, for time is veritably money with him, as he always works by the hour.

I had some experience lately with a knight of solder and hot irons, which did not improve my opinion of the familiar fiend—when he is work ing for me.

On arriving at home one morning about breakfast time I found the house in a state of confusion consequent on the cistern in the bath-room having overflowed, and a young Niagara was fast flooding the house.

"Turn off the water," said I to Seraphina Angelina, the sharer of my present sorrows and future hopes.

"Impossible," replied that most amiable of women, "the last plumber that was here fixed the water so that it cannot be turned off at the main."

That was a fact. A plumber had done some repairing a few weeks previous and had carefully turned the water on, but neglected to make any provision for turning it off again; I, therefore, set all the taps in the house running, and went for the plumber.

I went by the minute; he came by the hour.

He came slowly. He looked at the overflowing cistern so long and earnestly that I thought he had some new and mysterious method of mending dilapidated cisterns by mesmerism, or magnetic influence.

I was about inquiring what process he used, when he said, very calmly, gravely and deliberatively,

"There's something wrong here!"

I agreed with him.

After another pause, and another steady look at the cistern, he said,

"It's running over."

As the bath-room was about an inch deep in water, this fact was self-evident and I did not think it worth while to make any remark.

Once more he mesmerised the cistern, and then, with the emphasis which a great mind uses when announcing the discovery of a vast and momentous fact, he said,

"It wants to be turned off."

He had got it. That ponderous intellect had at last grasped the idea, in all its immensity, that the water should be turned off to stop the cistern from overflowing. Then he proceeded to carry out his great idea—by the hour.

Slowly, and with great deliberation, he took off his coat, carefully folded it up, and laid it on the side of the bath. This did not seem to suit him, for, after critically regarding it for a few minutes, he unfolded it and carefully hung it on a peg behind the door—by the hour.

Then he looked at the place under the bath tub where the pipes connect with the main and—scratched his head.

It is an imposing sight to see a plumber scratch his head—by the hour. There is a well considered, methodical way about his doing it no one else can equal.

By the way he slowly rumpled up his hair, and gently agitated his scalp with his finger nails, I knew he was burning to get something out. I was right. After the fourth scratch the idea came out, and he said,

"It wants something to turn it off."

Ever since his entrance I had been trying to impress on his mind

the fact that the last plumber had neglected to make any provision for turning off the water; but he had to arrive at the idea in his own slow way—by the hour. He next slowly put on his coat, after examining it carefully to see if it had been hurt by its contact with the door, and said:

"I must go to the shop to get something to turn it off with," and, very slowly and deliberately, walked up stairs. Before going out of the door he turned to me and said, quite mildly and confidentially,

"It's running over; you'd better bail it out until I come back." Then he closed the door behind him, but paused on the top step to light his pipe. I watched him for about five minutes carefully examine every pocket without finding the pipe; which he finally produced from the first pocket he had examined, polished with great care on his coat sleeve, and then commenced to hunt for his tobacco.

I could not stand that. I went down stairs and began bailing. I had taken out eleven buckets of water when the bell was rung, and, on going to the front door, I was joyfully surprised to see the plumber. I scarcely thought it possible he could have been so expeditious; and it was with a feeling of wonder that I opened the door to admit him. He did not offer to enter; but stood calm, dignified, impressive, with the unlighted pipe in his hand, and gravely said,

"Have you got a match?"

I handed him a box and rushed down stairs to resume bailing, leaving him serene and unruffled on the door step, striking matches—by the hour.

He did not return until after lunch, and then he brought another man with him, equally calm and dignified. Each man was provided with a bag of tools, from which he drew a package of putty and solemnly deposited it upon the nearest convenient place.

Putty is an amiable weakness of plumbers, they can do nothing without it: and, I believe that if a plumber was sent to a funeral to solder a lead coffin together he would take a lump of putty with him and slowly knead it while all the mourners waited on him.

It would be tedious to follow my two plumbers through their afternoon's work— for they took the whole afternoon about it—or to describe the playful manner in which they dropped candle grease on the carpet, deposited dirty bits of pipe, bolts &c., on the furniture, and "made a mess generally;" suffice it to say that at last they got through and were ready to depart. I escorted them to the door and, my fiend of the morning, gave me a parting shot ere he left. He looked at me calmly, and, as I thought, compassionately, and said;

"The next thing you'll want will be a ball cock," then he went care-

fully down the steps and commenced a search for his pipe &c.,- by the hour.

The *next* thing I would want! Then he had not finished? Oh, dear no; plumbers never do finish, they always leave something to be done at a future time—by the hour.

I went down stairs and sat in the bath-room to think about it. The seat felt soft and damp, softer and damper than wooden bottom chairs usually do; I rose suddenly and brought up about three pounds of putty firmly attached to my coat-tails and inexpressibles. I did not use bad language, but I wished a fervent and sincere wish; I wished that I had that plumber back in the bath-room, I would have basted his head with his own putty—by the hour.

I naturally supposed that my annoyance was over, except the annoyance of paying the bill; but that act developed a new feature in the plumbing business, this time in the proprietor of the shop.

A few days after the bill came in; and although I knew that bills made out "by the hour" always exceed one's anticipations, I was not prepared for the magnitude of mine. I examined it carefully and the first item which struck my attention and raised my ire was,

"3 lbs. putty @ 15c.—45c.—"

That wretch of a plumber had actually charged me for the putty he left on the chair, not one ounce of which he had used; and the only thing which it had done was the spoiling of my new trowsers and most presentable business coat. I made up my mind at once to contest that item, and proceeded with the bill. The charge for time I passed over, as I knew it would be useless to contest anything charged "by the hour," but the next item irritated me again.

"1 ball-cock, $1.50.

"One ball-cock!" and that plumber had solemnly assured me, "the next thing you will want will be a ball-cock." I determined to contest that item also; and the next day went to the plumber-shop to interview the proprietor.

He was a grave, slow man, very methodical in his movements, and kept me waiting fifteen minutes while he critically examined a tap to discover what was wrong with it, although any one, except a plumber, could have told at a glance that the handle was broken. At last he condescended to ask, with a sigh, "What do *you* want?" with an air of offence, as if I had interrupted him in an important calculation—by the hour.

"I want these two items taken off that bill," I said, pointing to them. "I don't want putty left about my house for me to sit on; and I never had a ball-cock."

The stupendousness of this request seemed to paralyse him for a moment, and he looked from the bill to me, and from me back to the bill in speechless astonishment. Then he read over to himself, "Three pounds of putty at fifteen cents, forty-five cents;" and "One ball-cock, one dollar fifty cents." Then he looked at me again, and began to think it over. At last a brilliant idea seemed to strike him, and he turned to a desk behind him and opened a book lying on it. It seemed to me that he read that whole book through with the forefinger of his right hand as well as his eyes—for he carefully kept his finger on the book and slowly ran it down each page—before he looked up at me and said:

"They are charged to you on the book," and he kept his finger on the entry and gazed at me, as much as to say, "You can't object *now!*"

"I don't care for that," I responded unawed; "I did not have the ball-cock, and I won't pay for putty which I don't want."

He reflected again, and then said, in an argumentative kind of way, as if quite sure he must convince me now.

"What is the use of our keeping books and charging things, if people come in and want them taken off? We'll never get rich that way."

"I cannot help it," I said. "If you please to charge things I did not have, I will not pay for them, that is all. Call your man who was at my house, and ask him if he put a new ball-cock in my cistern."

"We'll never get rich that way," he repeated meditatively, and then called the man.

The man admitted that he had not put in a ball-cock "yet;" but added, "that will be the next thing you will want," and seemed to think it hardly fair of me to refuse to pay for it before I had it. So that item was struck off the bill; but both master and man stuck as persistently to the putty as the putty had stuck to my coat-tails; and finally, to avoid further loss of time, I paid for it, and am now the proud possessor of three pounds of putty which I do not want, and which any one is welcome to who will endeavour to take it away on his coat-tails and inexpressibles. But even this concession scarcely seemed to satisfy the master, and the last thing I heard him say as I left the shop was, "We'll never get rich this way."*

J. A. PHILLIPS.

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* The idea which the writer has worked out in this paper is not new to him; it will be found in Charles Dudley Warner's "My Summer in a Garden;" but he has elaborated it into such a telling sarcasm, that we do not need to offer any apology to the reader for giving the article a place in these pages.—ED.

SONNETS.

I.

Desire ! thou'rt like an April sun which springs,
With sudden flush of fervid heat and glow,
Some unsuspected bank of cloud below,
And fills the happy earth with golden things ;
Till that which was before so sombre grey,
All listless in the gloom of cloudy skies,
Enchanted by his glorious presence lies,
And spreads its beauties to the eye of day.
Glad birds with answering chirp and twitter fly,
Or under leafy boughs their plumage green ;
And countless insects hum gay flowers anigh,
All conscious of their new-found rainbow sheen.
Then with caprice of Jack-o'-lantern shy,
The sunlight sudden fades, and dulls the scene.

II.

True love is like no fickle sunbeam's ray,
In April days to shine awhile and fade ;
But rather like the ivy overlaid
On graceful column in some cloistered way,
Which upward grows, by slow degrees and sure,
From tiny plant to sturdy trusty stem,
Until it twines, a leafy diadem,
Around the carven charms of marble pure.
No weaker grows its friendly, firm embrace,
Come sun, or rain, or night, or heat, or cold;
And ever through the years it spreads apace
With tender ties, which ever grow so bold
It clasps with binding tendrils every grace,
And, constant, loves each better, being old.

F. A. D.

Topics of the Times.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

In the East the contest has been removed from the battle field to the counci chamber, where it is to be hoped a settlement will be arrived at, which will leave to the safe operation of natural progress the ultimate destiny of these fertile regions which war for the hundredth time has given up to blood and tears ; and now that the roar of battle is hushed, and the disturbing tale of horrors has ceased to move to compassion and excite indignation, some general observations may fitly be made.

There was a time when the people were told they had nothing to do with diplomacy. This war furnishes an instance, by no means solitary, of how completely power has passed into the hands of the people. It is hard to realize the revolution which the newspapers and publicity have silently wrought. There is a greater difference between the world to-day and the world of a hundred years ago, than the world of that time and almost any other period. Mr. Freeman objects to the division of liberty into ancient and modern, but the contrasts would seem to justify such a classification, though of course historical developement has been continuous. Owing to the special intelligence consequent on the invention of printing, a number of great states, robust in their civilization, have found it possible to co-exist in Europe ; and on this continent an immense federative republic has been found practicable, and a Dominion which, in its present state would be impossible, and the future greatness of which would be an idle dream, were it not for that invention. The part played by the newspaper in the war for the moment suspended, a little reflection will show to have been most remarkable. There was not a part of Europe, nor of the civilized world, where full particulars of Turkish atrocities were not within the reach of everybody who could read. The nature of Russsian intrigues was made known ; and while the character of Turkish rule was denounced, that of Russia was described and illustrated. It is not going too far when we say that it is owing to this publicity that Russia is not to-day before Constantinople, and the match laid to trains which would make of the vassal principalities a pandemonium. The power wielded by the priestly class in ancient times and in mediæval Europe, which passed afterwards to statesmen proper, is now apparently in the hands of the literary class, but really in those of the people.

When the fanatical fire which burned in the first crusade had gone out, and the Telpik Turks threatened Europe, the Pope stirred up fresh crusades, and the westward wave of Seljuk conquest was scattered on the plains of Pales-

tine ; when later the Ottomans, known popularly as the Turks, came, they made no abiding inroad on Papal Europe, but all that portion of Christendom in the East which lay outside the circle of Rome was subdued To the Roman Church was due that unity of sentiment which saved Europe from Mohammedan invasion. Germany, Poland, and Hungary, threw their shields over the heart of the continent, and the Ottomans, at the very height of their purposes and flushed with conquest, were baffled. The people of the Principalities differ in race from nearly all Europe, and in religion from a great part of it, yet we have seen the great powers led to combine in the interests of humanity and peace and with a proper understanding of the issues on the part of the various peoples. During the discussions of the atrocities they were frequently compared to what took place in Ireland at successive periods, down even so late as 1798. There can be no doubt whatever that the horrors in Ireland could have kept the horrors in Bulgaria in countenance. There can be as little doubt that the race which perpetrated the Irish horrors was superior in every quality which can distinguish man to the half civilized and degenerate Turk. You cannot denounce, therefore, the atrocities in Bulgaria and excuse the atrocities in Ireland, on the ground that these were committed in a darker age. The Frenchman and Englishman of the eighteenth century had inherited civilized instincts, and were surrounded by implements of civilization which have been denied the Turk. Why then was it possible for such events to disgrace British history ? The answer is two-fold. For all our civilization we can be ferocious when we allow our resentments to run away with us ; witness the close of the mutiny and the Jamaica massacre. But publicity now enlists the conscience of the public, especially of that portion of the public which has most self command on the side of justice and moderation ; and the fear of popular indignation is before the eyes of officials and governments. It took all the eloquence of Burke, and all the genius of Sheridan, to do for Warren Hastings what the penny newspaper does much more effectually to-day.

The way the Turks fought and the Servians fled need have surprised no one. In the very year the first Turk was converted to Islam, and the germ planted which was to grow up into the Grand Turk and the Great Mogul, the Caliphate presented the spectacle of a body rotten at the core but vigorous at the extremities, and to-day in the outlying districts of Turkey there is among the people nothing like the weakness and decay of Constantinople. Of the four million Mussulmans in Europe a large portion are not Turks, but of the same race as the Christian. Servia is only nominally under Turkish rule. The Servian is a warrior, a man of determination, adventurous. He celebrates the long struggle against the Ottoman power in lays full of martial spirit. What would he gain by driving the Turk out of Europe by means of a wedge, of which his country and Bulgaria would be above the surface, striking and struck ? He would infallibly feel the heavy hand of Russia. It is not the first time in history that a Mussulman rule has been preferred to a Christian one. The Egyptian in the seventh century hailed the invading host of the sagacious Amrou as deliverers from the yoke of the Roman Empire and the orthodox church. When the Saracens appeared in Spain the Jewish population, weary of Christian oppression, welcomed the new-comers, who en-

countered no national resistance amongst a people robbed by tyranny of public spirit. M. Coprichtanski, a Bulgarian, who in *La Question Bulgare*, discusses the whole issue of Panslavism, declares that Bulgarians have no sympathy with Russian tendencies; points out that Russia has never done anything to attach them to her, but on the contrary has treated them as "an inferior sort of Sclavonic race," whose "manifest destiny" is to pass under the rule of the Czar. "Why should we sacrifice our independence?" he asks. "Accustomed for centuries to the Ottoman rule, we see in it the protecting guard of our national individuality." Mr. Freeman labours hard to show that Mohammedan government cannot be other than cruel to subject populations of another faith because cruelty and oppression is part of the creed of Islam. This reasoning is the same as that which proves that no consistent Roman Catholic can be a good citizen. There are circumstances it should seem in which we may congratulate ourselves that man is an inconsistent animal.

It is the Moslem's creed, however, which makes the talk of driving them out of Europe so supremely unstatemanlike. We say nothing about the injustice, now that the Ottomans have ceased to be aggressive, of attempting such a task, influenced by ethnological and theological considerations. This would indeed be fighting the devil with fire, and adopting Mohammedan principles and methods against Mohammedans; nor do we lay any stress on Mr. Congreve's view, that Turkey in Europe is an interpreter of the East to the West. It is more pertinent to point out that Turkey is not the only Eastern power in Europe. Russia is certainly in no true sense a European power. But the Russian Slave has shown a capacity for introducing enlightenments into a country the institutions of which are not European. Fear and hope alternate when we contemplate its future. It has a territory capable of indefinite improvement; a population of fifty millions capable of being acted on as one man. No Asiatic despotism ever exceeded its cruelty in the past. The religious persecutions in the nineteenth century recall the bloodiest annals of Spain. As in Turkey, its highest officials are sometimes taken from the scum of the people, for in real despotism there are no ranks. Geography combines with race; the vast plain from Berlin to the Ural mountains corresponds to the homogeniety of the people, and come what will Russia is certain at once to increase in numbers and to hold together. The emancipation of the serfs and the promotion of science afford hope that the bounds of freedom may be further enlarged, and that knowledge may be diffused. But what if the mission of Panslavism should expand? This question might well give Europe the nightmare. To drive the Turk out of Europe is one thing; to drive him out for the benefit of Russia is another.

People who talk of "cutting by war a knot which time alone can unravel," forget what sufferings would be entailed on Christians in Western Asia by pressing too hard on Mussulmans in Eastern Europe. We learn by a newspaper extract that the *Edinburgh Review* has taken the whole subject up, and apparently in a statesmanlike manner. "There are," says the writer, Christians in Syria, there are Christians in Asia Minor, who need the protection of equal laws as much as those of Bulgaria or Bosnia, or more." In a report of Mr. Sandison, British Consul at Brussa in 1867, a sentence occurs on which many a homily might be preached, and the sin laid at other doors

than those of the Faithful. "A Turkish functionary of some rank from Constantinople, lately speaking to me on the subject, observed if things came to that pass, that we are attacked with the design of driving us out of Europe, we shall certainly have a hard fight for it, and may be beforehand with our domestic enemies among the Christians."

Mohammedanism must decline in time of peace. It is a religion of war. The enthusiasm of a Mussulman is death in battle, and in his religion far more than even in Roman Catholicism the instinct of race is merged in the sentiment of creed. A crusade against the Turks in Europe might wake up the millions of their co-religionists from China to Morocco. Let the Turk alone, and he will die out and disappear. Make him fight for his creed and you give him a new lease of life. "That the Almighty," writes a great enemy of the Turk, Mr. Freeman, "allows differences in religion to exist, and leaves the conversion of His erring creatures to the extraordinary course of His providence, may well be deemed an argument against resorting in His supposed behalf to violent and extraordinary means. But experience shows how slowly and with what difficulty the human mind is brought to embrace this truth." Polygamy and Fatalism are the Turks' surest destroyers, and if we cannot convert them, we may rely on these moral and spiritual drugs compassing their destruction.

THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.

For any one disposed to reflection a better subject than the Centennial can scarcely be found, now that the great Exposition of 1876, which has so long occupied the hearts and minds of the American people, is over. Were one at present in Philadelphia, one might be reminded by the probable condition of things of somebody's lines on a deserted ballroom seen in the light of early morning. The exhibits have been packed up and sent away. The exhibitors themselves, if foreign, have left the country; if native, are probably appreciating their quiet homes. The Park is being gradually retransformed from a populous town into the beautiful Fairmount we know so well; the Quaker City (in which you seldom see a Quaker) will soon regain more than its wonted quiet, and throughout the country will be experienced the inevitable reaction which follows a large and populous movement.

All this the papers tell us, and a great deal more. We are called upon not alone in the American, but in several English and foreign papers, to congratulate the people of the Republic on the success of their latest and biggest achievement. We do congratulate them heartily, and, as we hope, without any shade of envy or of grudging them the prosperity they undoubtedly enjoy. To their enterprise the world owes another of those grand International Exhibitions which would seem to be, in some of their distinguishing characteristics, a peculiar triumph of our modern civilization, and to their enterprise it is due that this Exhibition was carried through so carefully, cheerfully, and creditably, and with so little dissension. Fewer signs of originality in construction and administration may have been noticed than were expected; and we must conclude that our neighbours thought more of extent of ground,

numbers of acres, and general vastness, than of novelty. This is, however, known to be a national weakness, and one which, in the present case, should be not only tolerated but welcomed. For it is difficult to see where pruning, so to speak, could judiciously have been applied; and it is certain, that except on two or three occasions, the comfort and health of the public were amply ensured; "crowding in that huge place seemed impossible," as was frequently remarked.

One feature of the Exhibition was, that it was thoroughly and essentially American. It was to have been expected that such an event would take much of its colouring from the country in which it was held, but we hold that the American Exhibition of '76 was far more American than the Paris, Vienna, and even London Exhibitions, which preceded it, were, in their colouring, French, Austrian, and English respectively. Some of our contemporaries wrote with singular and misplaced fervour of the wonderful assemblage of representatives from every country on the face of the globe; we were told how the many different and conflicting accents were borne aloft in the air, the various costumes were minutely described, and Austrian and Pole, Turk and Hungarian, Malay and Algerian—does it not seem that they were longing to say Aztec and Hottentot?—were described as mingling with, and in a great measure constituting the vast crowds that thronged the main building, or leisurely promenaded without. Other journals took a view of the subject which accorded more with what no observing visitor could have failed detect, the prominence over and above all other nationalities of the American. Standing by the entrance to the Art Gallery, you watch them. American women, slim, elegant, artistic, refined or stout, diamonded and vulgar; American men looking all alike, whether rogues or gentlemen, you can hardly tell; very little enthusiasm or jollity do they display—for the most part a silent people. And you watch for hours, and still they go on, with occasionally a fresh type which serves only to intensify the uniformity surrounding it. In the course of that day you will probably meet one Englishwoman; you know her from her fine features and complexion, and badly-arranged hair. You have long since been certain that those cozening Turks are "sons of the soil;" and no Vermont farmer ever spoke with a more painfully nasal intonation than this be-turbaned Algerian in his Bazaar. From these circumstances it follows that, on the whole, the phases of life at the Centennial, which usually form a most interestlng and educating part of such an event, seem to have been but few, and those comparatively commonplace. As compensation for this, the most excellent order and discipline prevailed, as well as sobriety, a feature not too prominent in other exhibitions of the kind.

And now when the general excitement, hurry, and importance have given way to the "reaction" we are told of, comes the natural question—What has been done by the Centennial for America, and—for it is most probable that it has influenced the other continents as well—for the countries which exhibited? To such a question the answer is always ready, that amicable relations and feelings of general good will are the result of such exhibitions between the co-operating nations, and this will be in some degree one of the results of the Centennial, though not the most needed one. Intercourse between Americans and English is now a common thing, and, to judge from the great

favour to which anything English has crept in New York alone, England holds a different place in the popular mind to-day from what she did some ten years ago. To plagiarise from Prof. Tyndall, the time has gone by when Englishmen regarded the Americans as a nation of whittlers, and when Americans cherished the delusion that every Englishman, or Britisher, as they might put it, dropped his "h's" and designated everything transatlantic as "blarsted." The pecuniary results of the Exhibition will be well looked after; so will the commercial; the social and intellectual results will have to take care of themselves. But the chief result that we look for is, a better, more accurate, and wider self-knowledge. The people of the United States are a remarkable people, but they are not a great people. This they would have us believe now; we shall be willing and happy to believe it a hundred years from now. We admire, but scarcely wonder at, the progress made by them in art, science, and commerce, knowing of what materials the nation was composed. We deplore the frightful condition, or rather the total absence of, political morality, and the license in law and religion; but we believe there is, notwithstanding, as large a body of noble, cultivated, upright, christian people in the United States as in any other country. In good time truth and honesty must win the day, and the great Republic (if she be not by that time a monarchy) will present to the world a spectacle truly gratifying, that of a people at once honest and refined, cultivated and virtuous, upholding a lofty system of laws, and preserving a pure morality. To this end the American people must push on, nor rest until it is attained.

With regard to our own land, it cannot be denied that, independently of Centennials, a great influence is being daily wielded by the neighbouring Republic on Canada. While it has been remarked that cultivated and travelled Americans are gradually assuming the manners, accents, habits, and it may be principles of Englishmen, middle class Canadians seem to be approximating in a wonderful degree to the Americans. If this were so before, what will it be after the Centennial? Thousands of our people have crossed the line, and returned for the most part greatly edified and impressed by all they saw. A few of course remained impassive from having witnessed other events of a similar nature, and they may be allowed to murmur that verily there is nothing new under the sun. But *vanitas vanitatum* was not the cry of the bulk of the people; to those their visit was more than a mere holiday treat—it was an education. It was an education simply to walk the streets of those vast towns, to mingle in the life and stir which characterize them, and to mark each huge emporium and stately mansion. It was an education to become acquainted, however hurriedly or imperfectly, with the products and general features of countries that have hitherto been only names and nothing more; and to realize how many other interests there are in the world beside our own, either as individuals or as a nation. And it will have been the highest education of all, if our people, having seen the degree of art and other culture in the States, become dissatisfied with our present attainments in the same direction, and seek to raise and improve them. Taking hints from our more artistic neighbour does not imply annexation or any diminution in attachment to home and country; rather the reverse; we shall thereby find at home what at present we must go out of our own country for.

SOCIAL ART.

Anything we do is worth doing well. The secret of all success within the power of an individual or a society is good sense. When we know exactly what is suitable, and the limits and nature of our talents, no energy is wasted, and our efforts, according to their aim, win admiration or give delight. Society is no exception to the rule that for all excellence a large price must be paid. A "*grand appartement*" in the time of Louis XIV. presented a spectacle such as was never seen before and has never been seen since, and will, we hope, never be seen again. It was the triumph not of monarchical but of despotic culture, at a time when the great nobles, despoiled of power, could be made use of by a king who had a genius for scenic effect. "When play or dancing takes place," says M. Taine, "in the gallery of mirrors, four or five hundred guests, the elect of the nobles and of the fashion, range themselves on the benches, or gather round the card and *cavagnole* tables. * * * In an elegantly furnished house, the dining-room was the principal room, and never was one more dazzling than this. Suspended from the sculptured ceiling, peopled with sporting cupids, descend, by garlands of flowers and foliage, blazing chandeliers, whose splendour is enhanced by tall mirrors; the light streams down in floods on gildings, diamonds, and beaming, arch physiognomies, on fine busts, and on the capacious, sparkling and garlanded dresses. The skirts of the ladies ranged in a circle, or in tiers on the benches, 'form a rich *espaliez* covered with pearls, gold, silver, jewels, spangles, flowers and fruits, with their artificial blossoms, gooseberries, cherries, and strawberries, a gigantic animated bouquet of which the eye can scarcely support the brilliancy· There are no black coats, as now-a-days, to disturb the harmony. With the hair powdered and dressed, with buckles and knots, with cravats and ruffles of lace, in silk coats and vests of the hues of fallen leaves, or of a delicate rose tint, or of celestial blue, embellished with gold braid and embroidery, the men are as elegant as the women. Men and women, each is a selection; they are all of the accomplished class, gifted with every grace which race, education, fortune, leisure and custom can bestow; they are perfect of their kind. There is not a toilette here, an air of the head, a tone of the voice, an expression in language which is not a masterpiece of worldly culture, the distilled quintessence of all that is exquisitely elaborated by social art. Polished as the society of Paris may be it does not approach this; compared with the court it seems provincial. It is said that a hundred thousand roses are required to make an ounce of the perfume used by Persian kings; such is this drawing-room, the frail vial of crystal and gold containing the substance of a human vegitation. To fill it, a great aristocracy had to be transplanted to a hot-house and become sterile in fruit and flowers, and then, in the royal alembic, its pure sap is concentrated in a few drops of the aroma. The price is excessive, but only at this price can the most delicate perfumes be manufactured." The price paid was indeed excessive—nor need we be surprised that immorality was systematized under a *régime* which elevated mere social grace above all that gives real dignity to man. Nevertheless, that society was perfect in its kind, and is worthy of study as

showing to what perfection even manners may be brought. Even in the time of Louis XIV. there were not wanting signs of a revival of intellectual independence to which Europe was to owe a social developement more charming than the blaze of the court, and capable of being adopted with advantage among people of the simplest manners. Paris has been the school-house of the fashionable world of Europe, nor is it possible to go beyond the reach of her influence. To-day, if an "At home," is a success, it is because it is modelled on the *salon;* if it is a failure, as it often is, it is because people mistake a mob for society.

The tendency of our society is to go too much to pedal activity. Lord Dufferin seems to have seen this, and at Ottawa has exerted himself to provide rivals. Thalia has been put into competition with Terpsichore, and not without good results. Dancing must always occupy a first place in social enjoyment, but an accomplished hostess will exert herself to find suitable distractions for those who do not dance. In the fashionable world women must always be queens; their sway is not constitutional but despotic; they dictate and prescribe. They are troubled by no Parliament, and their "circle" is in the supreme court of appeal. If their reign is to be a success they must introduce reforms, and educate as well as rule their subjects; if the men and women they introduce us to are not agreeable, they must be held responsible, delicate *raillerie* is the sword wherewith to strike terror into evil-doers whose offences are not of such gravity as to merit exile. If they bore their guests, they cannot complain if their guests bore one another. The lady who thinks of display or paying off "at one fell swoop" as many people as possible is unfit to hold an acknowledged place in the world of fashion; the vulgar idea can in practice take only a vulgar form.

One cannot say, "I will give an agreeable dinner party," any more than, "I will be a painter," and so by the mere volition achieve an arduous work. To preside over a dinner party with success; to avoid affectation; to keep in constant play the flickering sunlight of gaiety; to be happy and to make happy; this is a high art which only a genius for it, assiduously cultivated, can hope to master. Nor is the task of diffusing elegance and harmony over your "At home" one whit more easy.

We have spoken of a court of appeal. If there are judges there must be laws, and these laws should be published, not in gloomy treatises, still less in guides to politeness, but in the conversation of clever women. They must give the laws, publish them, make the practice of the court, and be their own sheriffs and executioners. They have to create society; to elevate and refine whatever good is in it at present; to introduce those elements which it needs; to lop off its excresences. And how is all this to be done? It must be done by the tongue; sometimes by a glance. The acid of an unpleasant truth must be mingled with a sweetness which will make it delightful to be corrected. Here is an example: "Ah Madame," was the reply of one who wanted to contradict the lady's version of what was said—"when he spoke these words he was looking at yourself." "My dear Fontenelle," said a lady to the author of the *Histoire de l'Académie*, as she touched his heart, "the brain is there too." In Paris there is always an active criticism of itself. Frenchmen do not rail at themselves as Englishmen do, but they laugh very heartily at

their own follies, and there is never wanting at one or other of the theatres a piece like the "Caméléons," in which the political fickleness of Frenchmen was ridiculed. To-day the *Almanac de Savoir Vivre* declares that French politeness exists but in name, and sets solemnly about inaugerating a reformation. At one of our own balls a gentleman was asked what he was thinking of. "I am," he replied, "parodying a line in the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold,—

'There are the young barbarians all at play.'"

Let us learn to criticize ourselves, that we may be able to endure the criticism of others.

The man that tells you about the rheumatism in his arm is nearly as bad as the merchant who takes you aside to inform you that he suspects a corner is about to be made in grain in Chicago. But the greatest impertinent of all is the middle-aged person who, five minutes after being introduced to you, inquires how you are getting on, or, as sometimes happens, demands "what do you do?" On one occasion the person thus interrogated responded, "what do you mean?" "What do you do? how do you live?" "Oh," was the answer, "I am a most religious person. I live upon providence and dine when it pleases heaven."

Worse than the man, with rheumatism in his arm is the lively guest who informs you the number of times he has had the ague, and then calculates to an hour when you yourself may expect to be attacked. George Sand, who died the other day, tells us how her grandmother, who, at thirty years of age, married M. Dupin de Francueil, aged sixty-two, used to say:—"Was any one old in these days? It is the Revolution which brought old age into the world. Your grandfather, my child, was handsome, elegant, neat, gracious, perfumed, playful, amicable, affectionate, and good tempered to the day of death. People then knew how to live and how to die; there was no such thing as troublesome infirmites. If anyone had the gout he walked along all the same and made no faces; people well brought up concealed their sufferings." So much for the man with rheumatism in his arm, and his brother bore, the victim of the ague. The old lady has a word also for the gentleman who cannot let that corner in grain out of his head. "There was none of that absorption in business which spoils a man inwardly and dulls his brain."

Then there is the blunt gentleman, who prides himself on his candour, and who utters the most disagreeable things, adding, that it is his way, he was born so, and you must take him as he is; saying that, while he looks round with infinite complacence, as though he was entitled to a chorus of admiration. Yet there are worse specimens of the social unit. Notably, the man who talks about himself and his career, and will, to his own infinite satisfaction, fight all his battles over again—

"He talks of stale old stories
And fights fought long ago."

Amongst the ladies themselves plenty of scope will be for the ferule. No reproof must be spared on the dowager who is bent on slyly striking up matches for all the single people in the room. "How comes it, Mr. Iron-

grey, that you are not married?" Poor Irongrey is burning to tell her that he is afraid to marry, and that he has heard dreadful accounts of the life she led her husband, but stammers out some inanity. "Well," cries the dowager, "let me introduce you to Miss Altengeiten," and she leads him up to an ancient pyramid, with the consequence of a half hour of torture. Not less disagreeable is the fond mother, who tells you all the particulars about her daughter's appetite. The daughter has danced the whole evening with the energy of a muscular *danseuse* in a second-class Parisian theatre. She is a strong fine young woman. When you lead her back to her seat, her mother asks you to take the dear child to have some refreshment. "And do," she says, "persuade her to take a glass of wine." She then turns round to the lady on her left, and says loud enough to be heard across the ball-room, "That dear child does not eat anything. How she lives, I don't know." But on taking her to the refreshment-room all doubt is set at rest as to how she lives.

There are other offenders, male and female, all of whom will have to be taken in hand and taught to cultivate that refined anxiety about the *amours propre* of others, which will ultimately fit them to contribute to the success, and not to the marring, of our social entertainments.

WOMEN AND THE CENTENNIAL.

One of the most striking things about the Centennial was the part played by women in all departments. There was a woman's pavilion, and here as elsewhere, useful and artistic work of all kinds were exhibited by women. A lady, Miss Lea, took one of the Centennial prizes as a painter, and well deserved the honour. There were lady journalists by the hundred, who were alloted special quarters in the press department. At the various concerts given at the States House, women took leading parts, not merely as vocalists, but readers and declaimers. Everything gave evidence of great activity and ambition among women. The fruits were at times crude, generally, however, they were respectable; in some instances they were excellent. The result of all this activity and study of art cannot fail ere long to be attended with important results. One of the most remarkable contrasts in the exhibition was presented between the American Art Galleries and the Art Galleries of Europe. But if the study of art by women has any depth in it, we should look for consequences in the next generation which would make such a contrast less observable at future exhibitions. The women in many instances, however, need a warning against being too easily satisfied. Some of them who are making good incomes by their pens, cannot write a grammatical sentence. And the *naïve* delight with their own handiwork is often more full of promise for the future than of any immediate crop of sterling value. Another generation may imitate their ardour, and forget alike their facile confidence and the modesty of their ideal—which is the one thing in which the artist should be arrogant and exacting. Nature has in some sense mocked us, filling small breasts with limitless desires, and the artist spends his life, wrecks all the energy of his being, in trying to bridge over the chasm between the infinite in thought, the perfect, the ideal, and the contracted, imperfect

and commonplace conditions of life. If the work is to be done well, it must be tackled with the spirit of a Titan. But after all has been done there will be only a splendid monument, full of noble suggestion, telling of man's greatness indeed, but also that he is of earth, and that however he may love the star he cannot scale the sky. Most of the women's work at the Centennial was conceived in a spirit too humble and too easily contented to be truly artistic, and the significance of their endeavours has more to do with the future than the present.

Olla Podrida.

Being at a small dinner-party lately, where a good deal of clever badinage was going on, a very mild but not altogether inept pun happened to escape my lips. The more simple-minded of those present (including myself) began to laugh heartily at it, but we were speedily checked in our mad hilarity by a few veteran and habitual punsters crying out Oh ! Oh ! in a deprecatory chorus. How is it that punsters always pooh-pooh the puns of other people ? How is it, too, that they always betray a conscious faith in their own paragrams, and regard them as veritable *bons mots ?* Is it really a solecism to be guilty of an innocent and irrepressible pun, and why does a fellow look shame-faced when accused of perpetrating one? These were the questions which revolved themselves in my mind when, on the occasion referred to, I had withdrawn from observation and retired within myself. I have noticed that genial people are always ready to laugh at a good pun for its goodness, and at a bad one for its very badness ; and if it be out of the fulness of a playful heart that a pun is made, it is the veriest affectation to pretend—as it is the fashion to pretend—that to make one outrages good form. But I hasten to distinguish between the spontaneous pun and the pun of the punster. The one is a playful conceit born of the occasion ; the other is a cold-blooded witticism ; a punning with intent-to-be-funny aforethought. Sir George Lewis thought that life would be tolerable but for its amusements ; and it may be said of punning—it might be tolerated but for the punsters. Addison speaks of punning as a kind of false wit, which has been recommended by the practice of all ages, and adds : "The seeds of punning are in the minds of all men, and though they may be subdued by reason, reflection and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of Art." This seems to countenance the idea that a pun is objectionable *per se,* but as Addison speaks only of punning in regard to literary composition, his animadversions rather bear out

my notion, that it is those who perpetrate puns in cold blood, and not those in whom they are but the scintillations of a happy moment, who ought to be discountenanced. A pun in writing is a kind of bastard epigram, as a pun in its essence is a play upon words in respect of their sound and meaning. To *read* a pun, therefore, one would have to picture the sound, a process suggestive of painting an echo.

Now that the scientific instinct of mankind has been brought into such universal activity, there are few mysteries soluble by scientific methods which have not yielded up at least a clue to their explication. But it looks as if the mystery which surrounds the Polar circle is to remain a mystery to all time. The recent expedition under Captain Nares seems to have determined that land terminates short of 83° 21′ north latitude, and that the *mare incognitum* enclosed by the same latitude is one stupendous glacier some 800 miles in diameter—"a bulwark built for eternity." If the secrets of the earth's apex are soluble only by actual observation at the Pole, and if their solution be of any moment to the world, it seems to me that some other plan of organizing Arctic expeditions must be adopted. If a Polar Service were instituted, and a permanent establishment located at the highest attainable latitude where land exists, the experience of a few years would teach all that was to be learnt in regard to the Arctic Ocean. Whether it continues to be at all times unnavigable, and whether it constitutes a barrier at all times impenetrable with sledges, besides numerous other problems, could thus be finally and satisfactorily solved. The present plan of fitting out an expedition which loses the greater part of its time in reaching these high latitudes is certainly not satisfactory.

"Bul-gar-i-an at-ro-ci-ties" has almost feet enough to constitute a verse in heroic measure, and so, in lieu of that full-blown phrase, "Bulgrocities," is now in general use in England. I have been trying to imagine the mental process by which the new word came to be invented, and am inclined to ascribe it to the indignation of the English people at the atrocities themselves. A man in a towering passion will manage to speak volumes in a simple but emphatic expletive ; and so, in this instance, the horror being *sui generis*, the conduct of the Bashi Bazouks is very properly characterized as "bulgrocious." Philologically, such words as "Bulgrocities" come under a special category, and the principle of their formation is cleverly and conclusively explained by Lewis Carroll in his preface to the *Hunting of the Snark*. He says : "Humpty-Dumpty's theory, of two meanings packed into one word like a portmanteau, seems to me the right explanation for all. For instance, take the two words 'fuming' and 'furious.' Make up your mind that you will say both words, but leave it unsettled which you will say first. Now open your mouth and speak. If your thoughts incline ever so little towards 'fuming ;' you will say 'fuming-furious ;' if they turn, by even a hair's breadth, towards 'furious,' you will say 'furious-fuming ; but if you have that rarest of all gifts, a perfectly balanced mind, you will say 'frumious.'"

The publication of *Daniel Deronda* has revived the question as to George Eliot's place amongst English classical writers. Her commanding genius has

already earned for her the profound attention of our age, but I imagine it will be for a succeeding age to assign to the author of *Adam Bede* her due niche amongst our greatest writers. There is one feature of George Eliot's genius which is not sufficiently recognised by the majority of her critics, and that is, its intense psychological bias. It is true that her fondness for unravelling the intricacies of character and complex problems of human motive is recognised on all hands, but her skill in depicting mental attitudes, and the *ego* contemplating the *alter ego*, is rarely done justice to. I am led to refer to this by finding in the current number of the *British Quarterly Review* an able analysis of her genius in which this aspect of it is done full justice to. The reviewer claims that George Eliot's studies of society have achieved a far-reaching and penetrating ethical influence to a degree which no other English writer of fiction has attained. Great as is her literary skill, he finds that it is ever subordinate to this studied ethical and psychological analysis. The characters in her books, this reviewer says, "are not so much living creations, feeling and acting with the fortuitous spontaneity of ordinary humanity—they constantly tend to become subordinated to the author's view of life, to act as illustrative of a special system or theory. The former method is undoubtedly the most legitimate for fiction, but the latter presents a better field for the subtlety of psychological analysis, and it is here that the strength of George Eliot's genius lies." This, to my mind, exactly hits off the characteristic bias of her powers, and also indicates the stand-point from which her genius is to be viewed.

When one desires to give you "a bit of his mind," he speaks to you in "plain language." The whole purpose of speech being to express one's mind, it is a pity that the language used is not always plain. Tallyrand has said, that speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts; but Tallyrand was satirizing the language of diplomacy. I have just been reading a rather pretentious piece of writing in a Canadian publication, and while trying to understand it, the question arose in my mind, whether the writer had anything to say, and was trying honestly, but ineffectually, to say it; or whether, having nothing particular to say, he was concealing the fact in a cloud of ambitious and involved phrases. Had I taken pains enough, doubtless, I should have been able to make up my mind on the point, but—*cui bono?* What a deal of time and trouble and vexation would be spared the reading public were writers to take the trouble to say what they had to say clearly and plainly, and to take equal pains to leave unsaid what was superfluous. Is it too much to expect of a writer that he should give himself some little bother out of consideration for the comfort and peace of mind of—say—ten thousand readers? "Sound judgment," says Lord Roscommon, is "the ground of writing well." But sound judgment is born of painstaking, and the art which conceals art is produced by the mind that strives hard to be neither laboured nor elaborate. Good writing is plain writing, and an involved syntax produces an involved idea. I am inclined to think that conceptions are more rarely inaccurate than they are incomplete, and that they are incomplete more often from lack of working-out than from lack of capacity in the conceiver. An inaccurate conception is like a faulty drawing—betrays lack of

capacity in its author ; but an incomplete one is like an imperfect sketch, which may, nevertheless, show the hand of the master.

Our first impressions of people have a great influence on the degree of reserve or cordiality we evince towards them. Some even boast that their first estimate of a man is generally borne out by subsequent experience of him. It is not my purpose to discuss the point, but only to note down an experience of my own which, by some, will be thought to bear out the theory that a man carries his character in his face, while others may hold that it militates against that theory. A chance acquaintance, into whose society, for a time, I was a good deal thrown, produced on my mind an unaccountable and aggravating diversity of impressions. At one time, he appeared to have candour, honesty, and geniality stamped upon every feature ; at another, his countenance had a sinister aspect, and every lineament seemed to betoken moral obliquity. I was conscious of these contradictory impressions for a long time before I thought of the circumstance as strange or novel. Observing him attentively one day, I discovered the secret of the curious phenomenon. He had a prominent and well-shaped nose, but it was a good deal to one side, and his aspect was frank or sinister according to which side of his face was turned towards you. Whether his character had also a dual aspect my acquaintance with him was too brief for me to discover.

Mr. Austin, who is contributing a series of letters to the London *Times*, descriptive of the American at home, had an admirable one recently on "Local Colour." A lady at whose house he had been dining told him that an English friend had written to her, complaining that Mr. Austin's letters about America were too flattering, and wanted "local colour," "that no reader could discover from them that the Americans were very eccentric, peculiar people, more or less civilized, which all well-informed persons knew them to be—the quadroons, as it were, or octoroons, of civilization, with so many drops of savage blood in their veins." Thus reminded of his deficiency, the Correspondent has to explain that he found educated people and good society in the United States pretty much what they were at home. Alluding to the "broad and comprehensive ignorance" of the English people in regard to their American cousin, Mr. Austin felt it to be tantalizing that, just for want of a little of the daring and the imagination of genius, he could not utilize, for his own private ventures, that vast ocean of ignorance, but was obliged to creep cautiously along the coast, and see nothing but what came within the range of his eyes. "Last night," he says, naturally piqued at being told that my letters wanted "local colour," as my hostess told me immediately on my arrival, I set about searching for it with redoubled energy, and felt that I would gladly give $50, or even run some personal bodily risk, in moderation, for one of the guests to begin picking his teeth with a bowie-knife, or threatening his host with a six-shooter ; but the whole thing was perversely and provokingly English, though I fastened upon every Americanism or approach to Americanism I could find." During this Centennial year, an unusual number of English visitors have come to Canada, and their experience here is somewhat similar to that of the *Times*' Special in the United

States. They find all the appurtenances of civilization where they expected to find backwoods, and as much intelligence and refinement as they are accustomed to at home. The Englishman in search of "local colour" would find a great deal more of it in Dorsetshire, or Galway, or Aberdeen, than he could in any long-settled portion of this continent.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Current Literature.

THE third series of Dean Stanley's Lecture on the History of the Jewish Church* embraces the eventful years from the Babylonian Captivity to the Christian era, and, as the two previous volumes would lead us to expect, throw a light as clear as noon-day on the most interesting portion of the Jewish writings. The first volume was dedicated to the "dear and most revered memory" of the Prince Consort, "this last is bound up with another like memory, if possible, still nearer, still more dear and no less enduring," the wife of the author, Lady Augusta Stanley, who seems to have been to him all that John Stuart Mill's wife was to the author of the Essay "On Liberty." In the dedication she is described as "the inseparable partner in every joy and every struggle of twelve eventful years," and the "humble prayer" is expressed that the book "may not be altogether unworthy of her sustaining love, her inspiring courage, and her never-failing faith in the enlargement of the church and the triumph of all truth." These Lectures form an exception to Dean Stanley's rule; they are characterized by wide reading and scholarship, by critical acumen, boldness and sympathy, and the style is as vivid as it is elegant. More than one passage will linger in the reader's memory as a rhetorical gem; and it may be that he will think the bereaved feelings of the writer have enabled him to depict with even more than his usual power the love and remorse of Herod for the beautiful and heroic Mariamne, a pearl richer than all his tribe, whom "the base Judæan threw away."

From the first, Dean Stanley has insisted on the duty of availing ourselves of the light of modern criticism in interpreting the sacred books. All life is taken out of the Bible by a system of interpretation which regards it merely as a store-house of texts; and its vital lessons are lost beneath the huge piles of fanciful analogies with which it has been encumbered by successive commentators. "When Augustine repeatedly insists that the Psalms ascribed in

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* *Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church*, by ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D. Third series,—New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Company. Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1876.

their titles to Korah are descriptions of the Passion, and that the sons of Korah are Christians, because Korah in Hebrew and Calvary in Latin may be translated 'bald head,' and because Elisha was derided under that name; when Gregory the Great sees the twelve apostles, and therefore the clergy, in the seven sons of Job, and the lay worshippers of the Trinity in his three daughters; it is impossible not to feel that the gulf between these extravagancies and the more rational enplanations of later times is wider than that which parts many of the modern schools of theology from each other." Exegesis of this kind will be only too familiar to most of our readers, though there have not for some time back been wanting unmistakable signs that more enlightened methods are destined ere long universally to prevail.

If reflection did not do it, the study of Paul's writing ought to have long ago forced men to see that wherever a truth was proclaimed it came from the Father of light. As the old rhyme has it, the plant wherever it grows is divine. The history of Israel after the exile in Babylon is depressing from one point of view; from another, it is encouraging and instructive to a far greater degree than at any previous period. If, ceasing to be a nation, and becoming only a church, "it sank at times to the level of a sect," and the descent is traceable in the prophetical writings, it then for the first time passed into a wider horizon; foreign ideas mingled with Judaism, and Israel "began to infuse into the main current of the world's religion immortal truths which it has never since lost." The mind is forced to take a broader view of religious development, and for this reason a superficial but highly suggestive notice is accorded to the three great sages of Persia, China, and India, while a separate lecture is devoted to Socrates, "as the one Prophet of the Gentile world, whose influence on the subsequent course of the spirit of mankind has been most permanent and most incontestable." There are some to whom the idea that Divine truth is revealed through other than Jewish channels is "distasteful and alarming," though it would seem implied in the most elementary notion of the moral government of the world. The alarm arises from a superficial view. The security which is supposed to be in danger would on reflection be seen to be fortified by the belief, that God has left none of His children without a voice to guide them. The authority of the moral sentiments is strengthened by the conviction that they are the result of accumulated experience of the purest and noblest spirits of our race, living amidst diverse civilizations. "In like manner, the great truth of the unity of God, of the spirituality of religion, of the substitution of prayer for animal and vegetable sacrifice; the sense of moral beauty, or the strong detestation of moral deformity expressed in the idea of the Angelical and the Diabolical, above all the inestimable hope of immortality—all existing in germ, during the earliest times, but developed extensively in this epoch—come with a still vaster volume of force, when we find that they sprang up gradually, and that they belong not merely to the single channel of the Jewish Church, but have floated down the stream after its confluence with the tributaries of Persian and German philosophy."

The six centuries and a half are divided into four periods, viz: the Babylonian captivity, (2) the Persian Dominion, (3) the Grecian Period, (4) the Roman Period.

The Captivity is dealt with in two lectures; the first, or 41st in the whole series, is entitled "the Exiles" and commences by a description of their place of captivity, Babylon. Of all the seats of Empire—of all the cities that the pride or power of man has built on the surface of the globe—Babylon was the greatest. Far as the horizon itself, extended the circuit of the vast capital—the largest of all "the cities of the river plains," and which like Ninevah or Ecbatana, but on a still larger scale, was "a country or empire enclosed in a city;" the streets in accordance with an Eastern, which has also become a Western, fashion were straight and at right angles to each other. Prideaux was struck by the Babylonian aspect of an early American city, a city in which there is at present a great fair on a Babylonian scale—"much according to this model," he says, having described the monster city of ancient times. "William Penn, the Quaker, laid out the ground for his city of Philadelphia, yet fifty-six of such cities might stand in the walls that encompassed Babylon." The walls were like towering hills, and appeared to Herodotus not less than three hundred feet high, on the top of which ran a vast terrace, more than eighty feet broad. The great palace of the Kings, itself a city within the city, was seven miles round, "and its gardens, expressly built to convey to a Median Princess some reminiscences of her native mountains, rose, one above another, to a height of more than seventy feet, side by side with flowering shrubs;" most remarkable of all was the Temple of Bel which rose like the great Pyramid, square upon square, six hundred feet high. Thither had been conveyed the spoils of Egypt, Tyre, Damascus, Nineveh, and Jerusalem. It is wonderful to look over London from St. Paul's, or over Paris from the belfry of Notre Dame, or over Philadelphia from one of the elevators in the Exhibition grounds. But no such sight exists at the present day as met the gaze of royal or sacred personage from the silver shrine at the summit of this building. One mass of mingled habitation and verdure stretched away on all sides to the horizon, where the unclouded blue of an Eastern sky met the mighty walls. The "white or pale brown of the houses" wherever was left the natural colour of the bricks made from the plains on which the city stood, would contrast with the rainbow hues with which most of them were painted, "whilst all the intervening spaces were filled with the variety of gigantic palms in the gardens or the thick jungles, or luxurious groves by the silvery lines of the canals." In the early spring a carpet of brilliant flowers covered the illimitable plain without the walls, and without and within, a sea of waving corn burst from the teeming soil with a produce so plentiful that Herodotus dared not risk his credit by stating its magnitude. At the head of the society of this great military capital, its chariots and its horsemen, its gay pleasures, its wealth, its art and science, was Nebuchadnezzar.

The captives belonged for the most part to the higher classes, princes, nobles and priests, to which were added artisans in wood and iron. Within the wall of Jerusalem the prophet could no longer stand in the Temple Courts to warn a people whose national life was destroyed. But now began the practice of letter-writing. Already the prophecies of Jeremiah, living far away from the mass of his people in Egypt, began to take the form of a book; "already the Prophecies of Ezekiel had been arranged in the permanent hronological form which they have since worn." It is to this period belongs

the prophet who during this period poured forth the noblest of all prophetic strains—the second Isaiah, the Evangelical prophet, or as Dean Stanley calls him throughout the book, the "Great Unnamed." How began those laborious compilations which issued in the canon of the Old Testament. The minstrels and musicians, male and female, who kept up the traditions of David and Asaph, had their resort by the long canals. There they wandered, their harps slung over the shoulder as they sat down and wept when they remembered Zion. The political and social framework of Israel struck root in the new soil, and even the shadow of royalty lingered. The condition of many of the exiles was that of an immigration rather than a captivity, and a cheerful acquiesence in expatriation was encouraged by the prophets. "Build ye houses and dwell in them," wrote Jeremiah to the first detachment of exiles. "Plant gardens and eat the fruit of them." He encouraged them to bring up families and to seek the peace of the city, "for in the peace thereof ye shall have peace." But favourable though the condition of some was over the literature of the period—the psalms of the captivity, the groans of Ezekiel, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, the vast hymns of the Great Unnamed, there hangs a pall as of a personal calamity, there broods a spirit of ruin and of anguish, and if in the shiver of desolation there is not the deadening chill of despair, it is only because hope in its immortal vitality defies fate, and the Sun who spanned with rainbow *their* tearful sky was the Righteous One, the Eternal. "No human sorrow has ever found so loud, so plaintive, so long a wail. We hear the dirge over the curse of perpetual desolation[1] which lies on the ruins of Jerusalem. We catch the last sight of the exiles as they are carried away beyond the ride of Hermon.[2] We see the groups of fugitive stragglers in the desert, cut off by the sword of robbers, or attacked by the beasts of prey, or perishing of disease in cavern or solitary[3] fortress. We see them in the place of their final settlement, often lodged in dungeons with insufficient food,[4] loaded with contumely; their faces spat upon; their hair torn off; their backs torn by the lash. We see them in that anguish so difficult for Western natives to conceive, but still made intelligible by the horror of a Brahmin suddenly confronted with objects polluting his caste, or a Mussulman inadvertently touching swine's flesh, which caused the unaccustomed food, a cookery of the Gentile nations, to be as repugnant as the most loathsome filth or refuse of common life[5] and preferred the most insipid nourishment rather than incur the possible defilement of a sumptuous feast."

The "Messiah of Glory," so long looked for, now began to fade away, and the Jewish people conceived another Ideal, that of humiliation and suffering. Now, too, took place that purification of the national character which has never needed to be repeated; the fascination of the idolatry of Canaan was broken away from the venerable summits of their thousand hills, their consecrated graves, the hallowed cliffs of the rocks, the smoth stones of the clear and cadent brooks on which they poured their "drink offerings;"[6] and suffering

1. Isa. xliii. 28; xlix. 15-19; li. 15-19; lii. 9; lviii. 12; lxii. 6.
2. Psalm xlii. 6.
3. Ezek. xxxiii. 27.
4. Isa. xli. 14; xlii. 22; xlvii. 6; l. 6; li. 13-21; liii. Jer. 1. 7-17. Psalm cxxix; cxxiii. 4; cxxiv. 7.
5. Ezek. iv. 12-15. Danl. i. 5-16.
6. Isa. lvii. chaps. 5, 6.

cruelly because they had forsaken the Holy One, their minds passed over the mixed glories of their history and found the ideal of their religion in their first father Abraham, as in the sixteenth century the Christian world sprang back over the whole of the middle ages to Primitive and Apostolical times. This was the Puritan period of the Jewish church. The reaction from Polytheism, the spirituality and the extended views of this period, the vision of the prophets taking in east and west ;—the pages dealing with these fruitful transitional features are the most suggestive in the whole volume, and launch the reader on the stream of thought which bears him on past revolutions, moral and political, national triumph and national disaster, until it issues in that Græco-Roman world, in which that "far off Divine Event," to which all prior history was moving was to take place.

The fall of Babylon has never been described with the same vividness or with the same distinct exegetical effect as in the chapter before us. The joy of the return is brought out with all the freshness of a new story, and with a constant reference to psalm and prophet, which will enable many a biblical student to see a beauty and a meaning which had hitherto escaped them in the most cherished portions of the sacred writings. Henceforth the contracted kingdom of the chosen people is Judea, and now for the first time Judean or Jew comes to be used instead of Israelite. In the controversies and jealousies, the dangers and difficulties attending the return, the settlement, the building of the Temple, and the walls (under the guidance of Dean Stanley) we take part, and are enabled to watch the growth of those opinions which formed the intellectual and moral atmosphere in which our Lord's transforming teaching had to make itself a home. The Persian period closes with Malachi, in whom, as it were, the setting sun of Old Testament days is reflected with suitable glory. "He alone represents the genuine spirit of the ancient oracular order—as far, at least, as concerns the pure Hebrew history—till the final and transcendent burst of Evangelical and Apostolical prophecy, when a new era was opened on the world.

The chief idea in Malachi's work is the coming of a Messenger. This has taken the place of the expectation of an anointed King. The second "doctrine" pervading the book is "the contrast between the real and the ideal in religious institutions." By the side of a selfish and untruthful priesthood, there rose the vision of perfect truthfulness and fairness,[1] "unswerving fear of the Eternal name as conceived in the original idea of the Priesthood ;" and in harmony with the melancholy vein of thought—the almost "misanthropic cries of Malachi," there now arises for the first time the keen sense of an obstinate, inveterate principle of evil, and the modern conception of a devil was on its way to definiteness. The "third doctrine of Malachi is the absolute equality in the Divine Judgment of all pure and sincere worship throughout the world." In rejecting the half-hearted and niggardly offerings of the Jewish Church, the Prophet reminds his readers not only that their offerings are not needed by Him whom they seek to propitiate by them, but that from the farthest East, where the sun rises above the earth, to the remotest western horizon, where he sinks beneath it, the Eternal name, under whatever form,

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1 Mal ii. 5, 6.

is great ; that among the innumerable races outside the Jewish pale,—not only in Jerusalem, but in every place over that wide circumference,—the cloud of incense that goes up from altars, of whatever temple, is, if faithfully rendered, a pure, unpolluted offering to that Divine Presence, known or unknown, throughout all the nations of mankind"[1] —a truth which was brought out still more clearly by Him, who declared that "many should[2] come from East and West and sit down in the Kingdom," and as well as by the disciples repeating after him in words, all but identical with those of Malachi, though without a figure ; "In every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him."

The Grecian period is introduced by a quotation from the poems of a man [3] who was himself a prophet in these modern times, and who saw that though in the night of doubt brave and true hearts might be separated from each other wide as the poles of thought apart,

"Through wind and tides one compass guides."

At the same date as the last of the Judæan prophets, Socrates arose,—"the most enduring name among the prophets of the European world."

Not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow—how slowly!
But westward look—the land is bright.

We have not space to dwell on the remarkable chapter in which the personal and religious character, and the mission of Socrates, are expounded. It is characterized by the learning of a Grote and the pictorial power of a Macaulay ; nor did ever a more sympathetic hand touch that immortal trial and still more immortal scene, in which as the sunset faded in all its varied mystery of hues over the Athenian hills, lingering as unwilling to give the signal of the last hour, the greatest of all the Greeks, with his habitual ease and cheerfulness, drained the hemlock to the dregs.

Nor can we hope to do any justice to the Roman Period. In the two concluding lectures dealing with this period, the full scenery belonging to the greatest act in the world's drama is before us, and if selections were practicable, to select would be more than ordinarily embarrassing. The character of Pompey the Great, and the character of Herod, are pourtrayed with the power of a great dramatist. The description of Pompey's entrance into the Holy of Holies is a marvellous piece of writing—and the painting of the scene is equalled in skill by the way the sacred rhetorician enforces the noblest and most elevating of all truths. "He arrived at the west curtain which hung against the Holy of Holies, into which none but the High Priest could enter but on one day of the year, that very day, if so be, that very day on which Pompey found himself there. He had doubtless often wondered what that dark cavernous recess could contain. Who and what was the God of the Jews was a question commonly discussed at philosophical enterainments both before and afterwards. When the quarrel between the two Jewish rivals came to the

1. Mal. i. 11.
2. Matt. viii. 11.
3. Clough.

ears of the Greeks and Romans, the question immediately arose as to the Divinity that these Princes both worshipped. Sometimes a rumour reached them that it was an ass's head ; sometimes, the venerable lawgiver wrapped in his long beard and wild hair; sometimes, perhaps, the sacred emblems which once were there, but lost in the Babylonian invasion ; sometimes, of some god and goddess in the human form like those who sat enthroned behind the altars of the Parthenon or the Capitol. He drew the veil aside. Nothing more forcibly shows the immense superiority of the Jewish worship to any that then existed in the earth, than the shock of surprise occasioned by this one glimpse of the exterior world into that unknown and mysterious chamber. There was nothing. Instead of all the fabled figures of which he had heard or read he found only a shrine, as it seemed to him, without a god, because a sanctuary without an image. Doubtless the Grecian philosophers had at times conceived an idea of the Divinity as spiritual ; doubtless the Etruscan priests had established a ritual as stately ; but what neither philosopher nor priest had conceived before, was the idea of a worship—national, intense, elaborate—of which the very essence was, that the Deity that received it was invisible. Often even in Christian times has Pompey's surprise been repeated; often it has been said that without a localizing, a dramatizing, a materializing representation of the Unseen, all worship would be impossible. The reply which he must, at least for the moment, have made to himself was that, contrary to all expectation, he had there found it possible."

How, in addition to the expectation of a Messenger, the hope of a Personal Deliverer took possession of the popular mind ; how new prayers in this hope were added to the Jewish ritual, and how this hope received an unexpected fulfilment in the coming of Christ, is told in the last chapter, to which we must refer the reader who would have a new life infused into old conceptions of the most momentous events in the annals of our race.

Books of the gossipy class make very good reading, combining as they do some of the advantages of serious study with recreation. Such books have a sterling value for students, if the writer has himself been part of the transactions and scenes of which he writes. *Though George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle, will not gain the reputation of a brilliant writer by his memoirs, he will afford amusement and information to his contemporaries, and have stored up a few colours for the palette of a future Macaulay. From his childhood, the Earl of Albemarle was mixed up with great and famous people, and as he was born in 1799, he has seen a great deal of the world. His account of the origin of the book shows him to be a good-natured, old English gentleman, who has had a strong constitution, and has taken the world easy—a world which fortune made for him sufficiently smooth. For years his wife and children pressed him to give some account of his family—or as he says, "the race from which I spring"—and of himself. The history of the Keppels from their rise in Saxony until the lively and handsome Arnold Joost Van Keppel landed in England with William of Orange, and thence to the birth of the author, is set out in an appendix which is not without interest, as a historical document. A copious index is added, which is very useful, as the volume

* *Fifty Years of my Life :* By George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle. New York : Henry Holt & Co. Toronto : Willing & Williamson, 1876.

partakes largely of the character of a collection of anecdotes—some old—of celebrated people. Lord Albemarle published in 1827 the "Overland Journey from India," and in 1831 a "Journey across the Balcan." He tells us that he had never kept a diary, save when on these journeys. Therefore, his wife and children importuning him to write about himself and his family, he said :—"Wait till I am seventy, and then—perhaps," thinking he was postponing the undertaking to the Greek Kalends. When, however, he reached the limit allotted to man by the Psalmist, he had no further excuse, and from that time began to make notes of occurrences as they suggested themselves to a "tolerably retentive memory," throwing his writings into a box. The contents of that box make a very amusing and not uninstructive book. Anecdotes of statesmen, actors, authors, kings ; observations in many cities and countries ; scandal, gossip ; *naîve* bits of egotism ; pictures of English school life, of English political life, and of the general *entourage* of an aristocrat, during the first half of the century, form a volume very suitable to wile away the leisure hours of the student, and sure to be eagerly read by those whose sole object is to be amused. The account of Sir Robert Adair supplies what the present generation missed—the point in some of the verses in Canning's "Rovers," for it seems that the diplomatist, who, intended for the diplomatic profession, went early in life to the University of Cottingen, was an enthusiastic admirer of the fair sex.

"There, first for thee, my passion grew,
Sweet Matilda Pottingen ;
Thou wast the daughter of my TU-
TOR, Law Professor of the U-
NIVERSITY of Gottingen.

Young Keppel was often frightened into submission in the nursery by the cry "Boney's coming." When six years of age he went on a visit to his maternal grandmother, the Dowager Lady of Clifford, who had recently been appointed governess to the Princess Charlotte of Wales. She lived near Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was the guardian of Minnie Seymour, (afterwards the Hon. Mrs. Dawson Damer,) and he often visited Mrs. Fitzherbert for the sake of her young charge, with whom he had one of those childish flirtations which are so amusing to grown up people. He was presented by this little lady to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. When his Royal Highness was seated in his chair, "Minnie" would jump up on one of his knees, and then an animated conversation would arise between "Prince" and "Minnie"—an anecdote which shows George IV. in a more amiable light, than the following :—

The Prince and his friends used to meet at "Red Barns," a breeding farm of Mr. Tattersall, where there was some famous port always on hand. On one occasion a post-chaise-and-four was seen to drive up to the "Palace" door—William Windham, riding leader, and Charles Fox (the statesman), riding wheel, while the Prince of Wales, too full of Red Barn port to be in "riding or even sitting trim, lay utterly helpless at the bottom of the chaise." Fox was fond of young people, and played with the children of the "lovely Lady Albemarle." In the morning the statesman, occupied with politics

or Greek plays or French fairy tales, was not visible, but after the children's one o'clock dinner he was their exclusive property and was wheeled in his chair to the garden for a game of trap-ball. As he could not walk, he of course had the innings, we the bowling and fagging-out. With what glee would he send the ball into the bushes in order to add to his score, and how shamelessly would he wrangle with us whenever we fairly bowled him out!" Fox, busy with the cares of State, and the hand of death heavy on him, sporting with children, and laughing and chaffing and chatting the whole time, is a pleasant picture. The conversation turning on the relative merits of different kinds of wine, Fox said, "Which is the best sort of wine, I leave you to judge; all I know is that no sort of wine is bad." Lord Eversley, who, when a small boy, heard Fox speak in the House of Commons, asked, "What is that fat gentlemen in such a passion about?"—The young lord's curiosity is a criticism of more value than much which has been said and written by older and wiser persons. The Princess Charlotte was a devoted admirer and disciple of Fox, and in 1812, in order to show how little successful were her father's sudden attempts to make her exchange for Toryism the Whig opinions he had done all he could to imbue her with, she presented a bust of Fox to Lord Albemarle, accompanying it with a letter characterized by a noble political creed, and the greatest enthusiasm for the memory and policy of the deceased statesman. In 1838, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Mr. George Byng, Comptroller of the Household (now the Earl of Stafford), and our author, accompanied Madame D'Hoogvoorst, *Dame d'atour* to the Queen of the Belgians, to St. Anne's Hill, to see the widow of Charles James Fox. This lady, who had lived nearly a century, was in her ninety-third year and was still hale and handsome, and gave them a most cordial reception. She examined them all, and when she came to George Byng, she said "Ay, good-looking enough, but not so handsome as old George," who represented Middlesex during her husband's lifetime. The luncheon was "sumptuous." The butler, nearly as old as his mistress, kept constantly filling her glass. "If you don't take care," said the Duke of Bedford to him, "you will make the old lady quite tipsy." "And what if I do?" was the reply, "she can never be so in better company." Were there many Tories in the neighbourhood? "Please your Grace," answered the old butler of the great liberal statesman, "we're eat up with them."

There is nothing novel about the account of the fagging he went through at Westminster School, nor even in the numberless whippings he endured, but there is a delightful *naïveté* in the boy emphasising the delight it gave him to go with the young Princess to the theatre by telling her that he rejoiced to do so, though a whipping in consequence was as certain as the rising of to-morrow's sun. The Princess was an impetuous child. It was her common practice to rush into the room of Lady de Clifford and leave the door open. "My dear Princess," said Lady de Clifford once to her, "that is not civil, you should always shut the door after you when you come into a room." "Not I indeed," she replied, in the loudest of voices, "if you want the door shut, ring the bell," and out she bounced. The Princess did not like Mrs. Udney a sub-governess, "she does not," she writes, "pass over little faults. I think that is not kind." She herself was a kind-hearted girl and presented

Keppel with a pony. She was also in the habit of tipping him. A specimen of the correspondence between the two children—a letter written in 1809, throws much light on the Princess's character, and is besides amusing—

"*To the Honourable George Keppel, at the Dowager Lady de Clifford's, South Audley Street, London.*"

"My Dear Keppel :—

"You know me well enough to suppose that I never will refuse you a thing when there is no harm in it. But though I send you the money, still I must give you a little reprimand. You will, I hope, dear boy, love me as well tho' I do sometimes find fault with you. You will, if you go on asking for money and spending it in so quick a manner, get such a habit of it, that when you grow up you will be a very extravagant man, and get into dept, (*sic*) &c., &c.

"Your grandmamma, de Clifford, allows me £10 a month. But though I spend it, I take care never to go farther than my sum will allow. Now, dear George, if you do the same you never will want for money; say you have a guinea, well then never go beyond it, and in time you will save up. That is the way everybody does, never get into dept. (*sic.*)

"If you will call at Warwick House, my porter, Mr. Moore, will give you half a guinea. If you use that well and give me an exact account how you spend it, I will give you something more. I wish you was (*sic*) here. Write to me often, and believe me that no one loves you better than I do, nor will be more happy to help you in all your troubles, than I.

"Dear George,

Your very sincere and affectionate

Charlotte."

"Brunswick's fated chieftain," the brother of the Princess Charlotte's mother, visited his niece in 1809. He is described as a "sad and somewhat stern-looking man, with sunken eyes and bushy eye-brows," and what was then rare in England, a moustache. He was sedate and silent, but was much interested in the Princess's lively careless prattles. On one occasion, after a visit from the Duke, she improvised a moustache, swaggered up and down the room, then making a sudden stop, her arms akimbo, she uttered some German expletives, which sounded very like oaths. She inherited her father's talent for mimickry, and she thus sought to give his conception of a "Black Brunswicker."

In the gossip about Westminster School, there is but one thing we think worth dwelling on, because it illustrates the point in which the schools of half a century ago differed most from the schools of to-day. Carey, one of the masters, did all in his power to foster the pugnacious instinct of the boys. He scolded Mure, the captain of the school, on account of the idleness of one Lambert who was a junior on the foundation. Mure pleaded he had not "helped" Lambert into College. "Where did he get that black eye?" asked Carey. "In fighting a 'scy'" (a blackguard in Westminster slang). "Which licked?" pursued Carey. "Lambert." "Well! if he is a good fellow and a good fighter, we must not be too hard on him for his Latin and Greek."

In his sixteenth year young Keppel joined the fourteenth regiment of foot as ensign. He went in his uniform to a grand *réunion* at Lansdowne House, he thought every one was asking what a schoolboy could do at such an assembly, and to complete his confusion he encountered his handsome mother who, still young looking, did not care to see a second grown up son in society. "What, George!" she exclaimed, "who would have thought of seeing you here? There, run away, you'll find plenty of cakes and tea in the next room." But his vanity was salved by an order a few days afterwards to proceed to Flanders. Remember this was in 1815, and Napoleon was once more on the imperial throne. When he arrived at Ramsgate he found the town swarming with military, destined like himself for the seat of war. Wishing to come in for some share of the respect shown by the men to the commissioned officers, he donned his uniform and sauntured forth. There was no lack of salutes, "but the irrepressible smile that accompanied them soon drove me back to my inn."

What he says about Waterloo is of little value either to the military man or the historian, but it was, nevertheless, worth putting on record, as a faithful photograph of the mental, plucky, unheroic state of mind of a young man in such a great battle. The boy soldier comes out in his demeanour outside Paris. On the 7th July, the eve of his entrance into Paris, his division encamped in the Bois de Boulogne. "I know not what others did," he writes, "but for my part I lay awake all night thinking of the pleasure in prospect on the following day." When he returned to England with his regiment in December, the reaction had set in, and Waterloo and Waterloo-men were at a discount. Convicts disembarking from a hulk could hardly have met less consideration. "It's us as pays they chaps," was the remark of a country bumpkin as they stepped ashore.

We cannot accompany Keppel on duty to the Mediterranean and the Mauritius. On his return to England he became equerry to the Duke of Sussex, and was subsequently ordered to India, where he was appointed aide-de-camp to Lord Hastings. His overland journey home is very briefly described, and he takes his readers afterwards to Dublin and Paris, to dinners with famous people, to the death-beds of unhappy beauties and illustrious *roués*. Four years before the death of Mrs. Fitzherbert she committed certain documents to the charge of Lord Stourton, and to Lord Albemarle, the author's father. All these documents were burned in the presence of the Duke of Wellington, the executor of George IV., with the exception of the mortgage on the palace at Brighton, the certificate of the marriage, dated December 21st, 1785 (George the Fourth was in his twenty-fourth year at the time), a letter from George IV., signed by him, his will, and a memorandum written by Mrs. Fitzherbert, attached to a letter written by the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony. These papers were made into a packet and lodged at Coutts' Bank, where they still remain labelled "the property of the Earl of Albemarle." The following circumstance is as touching as Charles II.'s anxiety on his death-bed, lest "poor Nellie" should starve, and, like many other things about George IV. shows that his heart was a good one corrupted by power and "evil communications." Shortly after their marriage, George, Prince of Wales, gave Mrs. Fitzherbert a large diamond, which she

had divided into two parts. In one was enclosed the portrait of her royal husband, and this she kept. With the other, which contained her own miniature, she presented him. On their final separation all tokens of affection were returned. But the Prince failed to restore her miniature. On his death-bed, George IV. desired the Duke of Wellington to see that he was buried in the night clothes in which he lay. He then breathed his last. The Duke was seized with an irresistible curiosity to discover the motive of the request. On examining, he found round the King's neck, attached to a faded, dirty piece of black riband, the jewelled miniature, about the fate of which Mrs. Fitzherbert was too proud to inquire. The portrait of George IV. was bequeathed by Mrs. Fitzherbert to Mrs. Dawson Damer, who, soon afterwards, happening to sit next the Duke of Wellington at dinner, asked him what he thought had become of his dear old friend's miniature. The Duke blushed, hemmed and hah-ed, and at last pleaded guilty to having yielded to an irresistible impulse. Mrs. Fitzherbert died without knowing whether George IV. had not given her present to some worthless person.

The readers of "Fifty Years of My Life," will, we think, congratulate themselves, although the book abounds in grammatical faults, that persons who are not literary people write books. Lord Albemarle paints his own character in an unconsciously amusing way, and is more natural than he could possibly be if he was more clever.

The book proper concludes with an anecdote of a dinner-party which took place at the poet Rogers', at which were Sir Robert Adair and the late Duke and Duchess of Bedford. The conversation turned on "Junius," and everybody assigned it to Sir Philip Francis whom Lord Albemarle (he succeeded to the Earldom in 1851) had never seen. The others had met him at Woburn, the seat of the Duke of Bedford. But how could he accept the hospitality of sons whose fathers he had maligned? He was fond of good cheer and good living, and little was to be had at Woburn. Rogers then gave an instance of his love for the pleasures of the table. Sitting next a gentleman at a city feast, who was gravely enjoying his turtle and reserving a large lump of green fat for a *bonne bouche*, at the last, Francis looked on with an envious eye and at last seized the delicious morsel with his fork and swallowed it. Fully sensible of the vast pleasure of which he had deprived the stranger, Sir Philip handed him a card, and said, "Sir, I am ready to make you the most ample apology. or to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman, but I must say you had no right to throw such a temptation in my way." The poor citizen loved life more than Caliposh, and preferred the apology to making himself a target for an experienced duellist.

During the latter years of Landor's* residence in England he placed a collection of his writings in the hands of John Foster, with certain directions as to their publication. "Temperance societies," he said, in a characteristic letter which was to appear with the posthumous edition of his works, "rose up soon after the construction of gin-palaces." Literature, he thought, might take a similar turn, and his works might be called for. "I place them," he wrote

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* *Imaginary Conversations*, by Walter Savage Landor. First Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. 1876.

to his friend, "in your hands with the more pleasure, since you have thought them not unworthy of your notice, and even of your study among the labours of our greatest authors, our patriots in the best time. The world is indebted to you for a knowledge of their characters and their works ; I shall be contented to be as long forgotten if I arise with the same advantages at last." This is Landor's way of expressing a belief that he had left behind him a monument more durable than brass. But though Landor had sufficient genius, had he concentrated it on one or two works, to have won an enduring fame, it may be doubted whether the world will ever take a strong interest in his writings. Literary men, for whom his character and the odour of classical reading which pervades his writings will have a charm, will sometimes take his books in hand, and those who hunt for choice felicities of expression will find his desultory remains full of game ; but the general reader, especially in these days, is too impatient, and is expected to read too much to be able to devote many hours to Landor.

The volume before us contains the classical dialogues, Greek and Roman, and show with what ease Landor moved about in the ancient world, how thoroughly he had caught the sentiment and style of its literary class, how completely he had absorbed its spirit—and this in spite of glaring anachronisms and a determination to make allusions to passing events. His language is always polished to fastidiousness ; but though he never creeps along the ground, his imagination is not equal to sustained flight, and if he soars at one moment right up into the empyrean, he comes quickly down, to wheel round commonplace fields with a heroic monotony. Yet it is true that these conversations are sufficiently dramatic that no extracts will do them justice. If his five act dramas are only "dialogues in verse, his prose dialogues are one act dramas," but they are dramas which, as a stage manager would say, should be cut down for successful representation. He was more happy in his hatreds than his loves, and his aversion to Lord Brougham will be more readily excused than his feelings towards his wife. Imperious and capricious, it is hard to escape from the conclusion that he was not a slave to that affectation of originality in style and conduct which is surest evidence of gigantic vanity. As a literary critic, he has rarely been surpassed, nor can we measure his influence of literature by the circulation of his writings. He had a powerful personality and a delight in expression. To understand the enthusiasm of the admirers of the poet and critic, and the height at which they rate his influence we should have known the man. Landor had no Boswell. In Johnson's case we see how much greater a man may be than his writings would indicate.

The first dialogue in the Greek set is "Achilles and Helena," a dialogue in which the interest is small. The language is thoroughly Greek, but there is no touch of portraiture to repay perusal, aud we doubt if all that is put into Achilles' mouth is consistent with his character. The truth we believe to be, that, for all Landor's protestations to the contrary, he never could escape from the present. It would not be unfair to construe that portion of Mr. Foster's preface, in which he recounts his failure to make extracts from the dialogues, —"the proper setting for its jewels of speech or thought, the kindness of character, subtlety of imagination, seemed to be no longer there,"—as imply-

ing there is a good deal of straw round the jewels, of the finest water though these be. The following is not without great beauty, but we doubt whether it is in keeping with character and time.

Helena.—'I am sure it [his memory's power to recall the names of plants] will be, for didst thou not say that Chiron taught them?

Achilles.—He sang to me over the lyre, the lives of Narcissus and Hyacynthus, brought back by the beautiful Hours, of silent unwearied feet, regular as the stars in their courses. Many of the trees and bright-eyed flowers once lived, and moved, and spoke, as we are speaking. *They may yet have memories, although they have ears no longer.*

Helena.—Ah! then they have no memories, and they see their own beauty only.

Achilles.—Helena! thou turnest pale, and droopest.

Helena.—The odour of the blossoms, or of the gums, or the height of the place, or something else, makes me dizzy. Can it be the wind in my ears?

Achilles.—There is none.

Helena.—I could wish there were a little.

We doubt whether the sentimental conceit we have italicised could have occurred to a Greek of the heroic age; it is sentimental and very modern in its sentimentality. It might have occurred to Euripides.

In "Æsop and Rhodope," a very beautiful young girl is painted for us, who might well develope into that famous beauty who captivated the heart of the brother of Sappho, and who behaved so scandalously at Naucratis. Her consecration of a number of spirits in the temple of Apollo has, like similar arts in modern times, an element of irony in it, and perhaps Landor, in his portrayal of the charming, sweet young girl, meant to bring out still more strikingly the irony of her career. Æsop must have found it hard to escape from falling in love with his fellow-slave,

Æsop.—'Perhaps he [her father] is a little to be blamed; certainly he is much to be pitied.

Rhodope.—Kind heart! on which mine must never rest!

Æsop.—Rest on it for comfort and for counsel when they fail thee; *rest on it, as the deities on the breast of mortals, to console and purify it.*"

Further on, Æsop describes her father as one who "threw wealth aside, and, placing thee under the protection of Virtue, rose up from the house of Famine to partake in the festivals of the gods." The second dialogue thus concludes:—

Rhodope.—Who flatters now?

Æsop.—Flattery often runs beyond Truth, in a hurry to embrace her; but not here. The dullest of mortals, seeing and hearing thee, would never misinterpret the prophesy of the Fates. If turning back, I could e'er pass the vale of years, and could stand on the mountain-top and could look again far before me at the bright ascending morn, we would enjoy the prospect together; we would walk along the summit hand-in-hand, O, Rhodope! and we would only sigh at last when we found ovrselves below with others."

This is very beautiful. Yet the figure is mixed. If they walked along the summit, how could they find themselves below with others?

The twelfth dialogue, "Alexander and the Priest of Hammon," is a noble

piece of satirical writing, and its dramatic is equal to its satirical power. The genius both of Swift and Voltaire seems to co-operate with his own clasical spirit. It is a perfect piece of art, without a weak line, unmarred by a single flaw.

There is no dialogue in the book equal to this. But there is no dialogue in which some gem of thought or expression will not be found. The classical reader will be pleased to find the spirit of the ancients so admirably reproduced ; and the unlearned may here taste the flavour of that love of form and passion for balance and self-control which have begotten such undying enthusiasm for the work of men long past dead.

In reproducing fugitive "essays and reviews pertaining to Darwinism"* Mr. Asa Gray is, we conclude, animated more by a desire to do good than to win a literary reputation. The book would be useful to persons wishing to obtain a superficial view of scientific questions under a safe guide. Mr. Asa Gray shows that Darwinism is not inconsistent with theism, and points out that it is still only a hypothesis. He brings to the discussion of the various questions the truly scientific and christian conviction, that Truth has nothing to fear from inquiry. The book would subserve a useful purpose if it fell into the hands of persons whom science alarms. Scientific students may learn much from the extensive knowledge of botany possessed by the author, who is professor of natural history in Harvard University, and, indeed, the only excellence of the book from a scientific point of view is in showing how the propositions bear on the special problems of Botany.

If all, or at least a fair proportion of the novels that are published each year, were as good as "One Summer,"† reading them might become instructive and reviewing them a pleasure. Whilst so many works of fiction, after their first issue, lapse into total oblivion, the little volume before us, in a short space of time, ran through fourteen editions in the United States, before making its appearance in Canadian guise. One secret of the attractiveness of the book is, perhaps, to be found in the fact, that instead of following the fashion which imposes upon so-called novelists the obligation of spinning out through three volumes a story too scanty for one, the authoress has comprised the whole in one compact little volume. "One Summer" contains thoughtful writing, some humour, and not a little ingenuity, and as such will prove acceptable to those who can be attracted in non-sensational writings. It is a love story of the healthiest type, the very antipodes of the sickly sensational species of fiction. In spite, however, of these many excellencies, it is not without its defects. We would advise Miss Howard to study dialogue more than she has done, and to endeavour to conform it to the character of the various speakers. The conversations in "One Summer" are sensible, spirited, and witty. But the authoress, with a striking want of perception, has, except where wide social differences obviously suggested a

* Darwiniana: Essays and reviews pertaining to Darwinism, by Asa Gray, New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson, 1876.

† One Summer, by Blanche Willis Howard. Reprinted from the fourteenth American Edition. Toronto: Belford Brothers, Publishers, 1876.

change in the style of language, made all her characters speak in precisely the same manner. A kindred fault, closely connected with this defect in the dialogue, is to be found in the authoress' delineation of character, the main personages being so flimsily drawn, that they thereby lose much of the distinctiveness and individuality which an author should endeavour to impart to his heroes and heroines. These blemishes detract somewhat from the merits of the work, but, in the case of a writer of Miss Howard's ability, they are susceptible of easy amendment, should she at any future time write another novel.

From so quaint a title* we confess that, on the principle of *ex pede Herculem*, we were led to expect a crotchety book, in which expectation, however, we have been agreeably disappointed. The fact that this little work will be read with pleasure by children, while at the same time it will afford unmixed satisfaction to the mass of adult readers, sufficiently indicates that an author who can attain to two such seemingly incompatible objects must be a writer of no small ability. This last tribute of praise will be the more unhesitatingly accorded, when we bear in mind two leading characteristics of the work, either of which, it might be supposed, would effectually suffice to render a story unreadable. The first feature to which we allude is the fact that nine-tenths of the book is devoted to recording the sayings and doings of two little boys, aged three and five years respectively; the second feature is the absence of all save the simplest plot. The plot, if such it may be called, is in part at least, indicated by the title of the book, and is briefly as follows:—A young man takes charge of his married sister's house and two children during her absence with her husband, and whilst there in charge he falls in love with a young lady of his acquaintance, who is staying in the neighbourhood, and marries her. The entire story is no more than this, and yet from such slender materials our author has succeeded in weaving a most substantial fabric. The charm which the work undoubtedly possesses depends upon something more subtle than brilliant dialogue or thrilling complications, and lies in the refreshingly natural exposition of the actions and sayings of the two children who may be said to constitute the chief personages of the story. The conversations of these two youngsters, their pronunciation, and the unlucky *contretemps* which they occasion, are so eminently natural and real as to cause a strong presumption that one who has studied juveniles so closely as our author has must be a genuine lover of children. There is also a considerable amount of humour scattered throughout the book, whilst the whole is occasionally relieved by a touch of genuine sentiment. Were we to criticise at all, it would be to take exception to the light and unbecoming tone in which religious matters are in some instances treated. The fact that most of the objectionable passages of this kind occur in the course of a child's speech is a poor excuse for what to many will seem a manifest want of reverence. With the exception, however, of this one blemish, the book will be read with pleasure by all those, whether young or old, who have not spoilt

* *Helen's Babies.*—With some account of their ways, innocent, crafty, angelic, impish, witching, and repulsive. Also a partial record of their actions during ten days of their existence, by their latest victim. Toronto: Belford Bros., 1876.

their intellectual appetites by an indiscriminate indulgence in the dime-novel style of literature.

We have every reason to be proud of our educational system. Political institutions give evidence of the capacity of a people for self-government, and mannfacturing and agricultural prosperity are the marks of its industrial skill and energy ; but its intelligence and wisdom are best manifested by its provisions for public education. In this regard, the Province of Ontario, with very limited means, and all the difficulties which mark the progress of a young community, has not only recognized the education of the people as a necessary condition of advancement, but has established a system of public instruction, which, for its liberality and excellence, far surpasses the system of many older and wealthier communities, and may be justly ranked with the most advanced of them. Practically, however, public efforts have not kept pace with the spirit of the School Act and the intentions of the legislature ; and in too many instances the authorities, in whom have been vested the control of educational affairs, have been satisfied with building a school-house and supplying a teacher. The teacher may be fairly supposed to be qualified for his work, because he must hold the legal certificate. But the best teacher must fail in fulfilling his important duties, unless he can command and is surrounded by all the materials for instruction and discipline which educational science demands. Next to the qualified teacher, the school-house, its locality, its form, and its external and internal arrangements, must be in keeping with the skill of the instructor and the duties of the profession. The best workman must fail unless placed in the best workshop with the best materials for production around him. Now it is in this regard that we have not advanced in the spirit of the Act of Parliament. Our school-houses, with some few exceptions, are not models of taste or fitness for the end in view, and are too often destitute of all that is necessary to the highest development of our school system.

It is therefore with great satisfaction that we hail the appearance of the "School House and its Architecture,"* by the Deputy Minister of Education. The work has been prepared in the spirit of a large and philosophical view of the ultimate purpose of national education. Dr. Hodgins regards the school life of the pupils as the life which is to influence and direct all their future career as human beings ; and in that liberal and wise view he urges the importance of the best arrangements, with less regard to cost than final issues, by which skilful instruction and discipline can be made successful, taste improved and refined, and health not only secured, but strengthened. The suggestions which pervade the entire work, for surrounding the school life of children with objects of taste and beauty, which have so lasting an influence on character, are admirable, and claim the earnest consideration of all interested in this subject. The architecture, external and internal, of the school-house, takes up a large portion of the work, and abounds with valuable information as to the design, the ornamentation, and the hygienic ar-

* *The School House : its Architecture, external and internal arrangements.* By J. George Hodgins. LL. D. Toronto, Copp, Clark & Co.

rangements of school buildings. School-houses are often built on the spirit of a parsimonious and unwise economy, as if they were designed for the destruction of human life, and not for its improvement. Incipient pestilence and permanent disease lurk in the gloomy, ill-ventilated, ill-lighted and penuriously furnished school-room, to which, for so many years we consign the youth of the land ; and the sickness, and physical debility, and vices, which break out in adult life, may too often be justly laid to the charge of the dingy prisons which we name public schools. The plans and suggestions contained in this work, derived from large and careful observation, and having especial reference to the preservation of health and to the moral culture of the pupils, ought to be studied by all who have the control of our school system, and by every teacher in the Province, as they concern alike the health and happiness of the scholars and of the whole community. The work is profusely illustrated with diagrams of school plans, and especially with designs for school-houses, and for their external arrangement. Dr. Hodgins wisely considers that the school-house should be a structure marked by architectural beauty, attractive to the scholars, and an ornament to the locality where it stands. We see no reason why we should exhaust our cash and means in the ornamentation of churches for the instruction of adults, while we consign our children to dull, dark and unpicturesque places of study. Edifices of neat and tasteful forms, windows with gothic arches, play grounds with neat fences and flower-plots, and all the appliances by which the young may be nurtured in habits of order, decency and cleanliness, react on their future lives, and are, to say the least, as necessary to moral as books are to the mental culture.

It is because the work of Dr. Hodgins throws so much light on these subjects, abounds in so many excellent hints and views for the development of our educational system, and is withal written in so earnest a spirit, and with a simplicity and attractive eloquence that cannot fail to instruct and please the reader, that we commend it to the study of schoolmasters, inspectors and teachers. No one can be regarded as qualified for the office of educator of the young who is not familiar with the topics which this work so ably expounds.

Since Mr. Gladstone turned away from the leadership of the Liberal party, he has added the reputation of an essayist and pamphleteer to that of an orator and scholar. The two essays on* Macleod and Macaulay have with great propriety been put in a form which places them within the reach of the general public. His remarks on Macleod's character will be read with interest, and we should hope what Mr. Gladstone says about preaching will be pondered by young ministers. The essay on the great Scottish divine throws fresh light on Mr. Gladstone's theological attitude : a remark which is also true of the more elaborate criticism on Lord Macaulay. Having done ample and sympathetic justice to the man, Mr. Gladstone proceeds to deal with the author. He rates Macaulay more highly than might have been expected from one of his habits of thought ; and having rendered profuse homage to the literary artist, proceeds to deal with the historian. He enumerates in

* *Gladstone on Macleod and Macaulay. Two Essays.* By the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, M. P. Toronto : Belford Bros.

half a dozen pages the leading errors into which the historian fell; and those whose occupations preclude them from the regular field of criticism may here correct the misapprehensions which they owe to the great enchanter. We have rarely seen a more balanced estimate of Macaulay, who has in Mr. Gladstone's opinion, reared a fabric which will survive the distant deluge destined to sweep away the literary remains of most of his contemporaries.

In the front rank of the divines of the present century stood Norman Macleod. The publication of his Memoir (*a*) by his brother Donald created a demand in Canada for the several works which he published during his lifetime, and the many editions of which testified to the extent to which they had seized upon the public mind. The reproduction of several of these in Canada (*b*, *c*, *d*,) will satisfy an appetite sharp for literature of the kind—strong, healthy, and having a sound moral.

(*a*) *Memoir of Norman Macleod, D.D.* By his brother, the Rev. Donald Macleod, D.D., Editor of "Good Words, &c." Toronto: Belford Bros.

(*b*) *The Old Lieutenant and His Son.* By Norman Macleod, D.D. Toronto: Belford Bros.

(*c*) *Wee Davie.* By the late Norman Macleod, D. D. Toronto: Belford Bros.

(*d*) *The Gold Thread.* By Norman Macleod, D.D. Toronto: Belford Bros.

(*e*) *The Earnest Student.* By Norman Macleod, D.D. Toronto: Belford Bros.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A History of Canada. For the use of Schools and General Readers. By William H. Withrow, M.A. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co., 1876.

Light for the Temperance Platform: A collection of Readings, Recitations, and Dialogues for Sons of Temperance, Good Templars, Cadets of Temperance, Bands of Hope, &c., &c. Edited by George Maclean Rose. Part II. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1876.

The World: An Introductory Geography. By J. B. Calkin, M.A., Principal of the Provincial Normal School, Truro. N. S: A. & W. Mackinlay, 1875. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

Questions on Modern and Physical Geography: By J. F. Tuffts, M.A., Halifax. A. & W. Mackinlay, 1876. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

St. Elmo: By Augusta J. Evans Wilson. Toronto: Belford Bros.

The Earl of Beaconsfield: By Nicholas Flood Davin. Toronto: Belford Bros.

The Progress of Science.

No apology is needed for the introduction of scientific articles into a Monthly Magazine, for the popularisation of science is one of the loudest cries of the present day, and if the expression be understood in its healthiest sense—the diffusion of accurate scientific knowledge among the people—it is evident

that it becomes one of the most important functions in journalism to assist in that diffusion. Indeed, the aspect of journalism with regard to science has entirely changed within the last twenty years, and now no magazine is complete without its science column. A certain amount of scientific education is indispensable to any one who would familiarise himself with what is going on in the scientific world, and is even necessary to excite interest in, and consequently demand for, such literature ; it is, therefore, beyond question that the prominent position which we are beginning to give to science in our school system will have an important influence on the development of this features Canadian journalism.

It is with some amount of diffidence that we have adopted the above heading, for, owing to the nature of the work done in many of the sciences, and indeed to the character of some of these, it would be impossible for any one man to give an exhaustive summary of scientific progress— nor would such be within the province of this journal. In the domain of chemistry, for instance, discoveries of re-action and new combinations are constantly being made, the description of which would be unintelligible except to the expert, and many of which have no immediate practical application. With regard to both physical and natural sciences then, we shall endeavour to present to our readers facts of general interest, without trespassing too far on the grounds of the specialist.

Science in Great Britain owes much to the assistance received from the British Association, the annual meeting of which was held in Glasgow during the latter end of September. One of the most interesting addresses read before it was that of Prof. Sir Wyville Thomson, on the work of the *Challenger* expedition. The greater part of the address was occupied by a description of the contour of the sea bottom, and of the nature of the deposits now being formed there, and some observations were made on the animal life and climate of the deep sea. While soundings were being made with a view to laying the Atlantic cable, it was discovered that the bottom, at moderate depths, is covered with a chalk deposit, formed of the minute shells of Foraminifera (Globigerinæ). It has only recently been established that the organisms which form these live at the surface, and that it is the dead shells which, rained down upon the bottom, give rise to the deposit. At greater depths, however, the chalky material (Globigerina-ooze) gives place to a red clay, the origin of which is unexplained, and which curiously contains nodules of manganese. Why this should be is yet uncertain, for there are plenty of Globigerinæ at the surface. It may be that owing to excess of carbonic acid in the water the calcareous matter is dissolved out before the shells can reach the bottom. At extreme depths Mr. Murray described a Radiolarian-ooze, composed of the aforesaid red clay and the flinty skeletons of Radiolaria. These are by no means exclusively surface organisms, as was once supposed, and indeed they increase both in number and size to the depth of 1,000 fathoms, their comparative scarcity in shallow water being thus accounted for.

The success of the recent Arctic expedition was largely owing to the energy and enterprise of Captain Nares, who was recalled to take command of the ships *Alert* and *Discovery*, which left Portsmouth for the purpose of Arctic

exploration in May, 1875. These ships have now returned; whether the results obtained are commensurate with the risks and expenditure incurred it is a question which will doubtless receive much consideration in scientific circles. That the expedition has demonstrated the impossibility of reaching the North Pole is as much a matter of congratulation, from a scientific point of view, as if the English flag had been erected there.

A trading expedition under Prof. Nordenskjöld, which, starting from Tromsö on June 25th, returned there in the middle of September, has definitely ascertained the practicability of a north-east passage, having penetrated to the mouth of the Jenisei, and having found the Siberian Sea perfectly navigable. Closer commercial relations with Russia and Siberia may thus be established.

The American Association for the advancement of Science held its annual meeting in Buffalo towards the end of August.

Prof. Huxley was received with a vote of welcome. There, as at New York, he spoke on the subject of Evolution, referring especially to the proofs for that doctrine furnished by the researches of Prof. Marsh on the extinct Mammalia of North America. Prof. Morse also gave an address upon the same subject, proving a gradual evolution of brain in Mammalia by measurements of fossil skulls. He treated likewise of the inheritance of mental traits with especial reference to the confinement of criminals, a subject which has already received attention from M. Galton and M. Ribot.

Mr. Thomas Mehan read a paper on the fertilization of flowers, and he claims to have got results in his observations which tend to refute a doctrine usually considered to be well established, that plants, like the higher animals, abhor close interbreeding.

Mr. Darwin was the first to call attention to the peculiar method of cross-fertilization in the orchid-tribe, and a score of observers have followed his footsteps, describing in many flowers arrangements for preventing self-fertilizations, such as the stamens and pistils not coming to maturity at the same time, and in other flowers arrangements for favouring cross-fertilization, *e. g.* the gay-colouring, sweet juices and fragrance which serve to attract insects. These conditions were seized upon by Mr. Darwin as of great interest in connection with the origin of species. Mr. Mehan, on the other hand, asserts that cross-fertilization is not so common as supposed, and is thus of no material aid to plants in the progress of the species. He instances the flower of Browallia elata as adapted to clear off the pollen from the back of an entering insect, and as having its reproductive organs arranged in such a way that an entering insect would of necessity produce self-fertilization. Delpino describes this flower as being invariably cross-fertilized. Two experiments of Mr. Mehan's, consisting in the enclosure of Claytonia Virginica and Ranunculus bulbosus in gauze bags, merely prove what Hermann Müller has already asserted, that plants prevented from being fertilized in their usual way by the agency of insects may resort to self-fertilization. Mr. Mehan's position that diœcism in an actual result of degrading conditions* may easily be contested; Henslow's suggestion† that, although

* Penn. Monthly, Vol. III. p. 842.
† Nature, 19th Oct.

the primordial condition of all plants was probably self-fertilization, the existing self-fertilizing plants are all degraded forms is much more probably in accordance with truth. Mr. Henslow agrees with Mr. Mehan in doubting the importance of inter-crossing, and thinks that the formation of conspicuous flowers, and correlatively a disturbance of the original sexual arrangements, are secondary results of the visits of insects.

We anticipate further light upon this interesting subject from Mr. Darwin's new book on "Cross and Self-fertilization," announced by Murray for the present autumn.

The attention of our readers is attracted to the good work proceeding from our meteorological observatory. Our weather probabilities, which are published daily, have been verified for the past month almost invariably,—the percentage of verification indeed being much higher than the Washington average (87). It is unfortunate that the late hour at which the last of the three daily telegrams arrives, precludes the publication of the probabilities in the morning papers. Otherwise Canadians might have a daily source of information somewhat more trustworthy that the predictions of weather-sages.

Notes on Education.

By J. George Hodgins, LL.D., Deputy Minister of Education.

The great educational feature of the year, without doubt, has been the colossal exhibition at Philadelphia. There, both history and geography—the latter especially—art and science, have been amply illustrated. Few, we think, have come away from that famous international gathering without having a more striking picture of the world in miniature imprinted on their memory than they ever had before. To the teacher and educationist it has been like a series of grand object lessons, distinct and picturesque in their outlines, and vivid and impressive in their teachings.

It may be well to take a hasty glance at the exhibition, to see what are its main features ; and, for convenience sake, we shall speak in the present tense.

First, we have, on a vast scale, the result of man's inventive and industrial skill, illustrated in every conceivable variety of style ; next, we have what may be considered as at once the product as well as the exponent of the æsthetic art, illustrated not only in paintings and sculpture, but in those endless elegancies of refined and cultivated life which modern civilization has rendered almost indispensable to our convenience and comfort ; and lastly, we have those appliances for the cultivation and growth of intellectual life which come, strictly speaking, within the province of education. Of the latter class only shall we speak.

And first, there are the nations which have exhibited the results and appliances of education among them ; and there are those which have done neither, but which may be considered either as having ignored the subject altogether, or have come as learners and observers of what other nations do in those matters.

Of the former class, as exhibitors, may be enumerated all the States of the American Union lying north of Virginia ; then we have of British America but one people which has attempted any considerable exhibition of what it has done or is doing for the promotion of education—that is Ontario. Of the other American States, Brazil and the Argentine Republic alone have put in an appearance. Of the European States, only Russia, Norway, Belgium, Sweden and Switzerland, contributed any thing worth while. As to England, France and Germany, they have made no attempt whatever at an educational display. Japan has surpassed every one by its gratifying collection.

Of the States of the American union which have made a creditable appearance in educational matters, Pennsylvania stands out preëminently. She has not only erected an Educational Hall, but she has well filled it with an admirable display of the results of her system of public instruction in its various details. Massachusetts comes next and does well ; then New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, New Hampshire, Maine, Connecticut, Rhode Island, etc.

The Japanese exhibit is highly creditable. Not only does it include a number of text-books on various subjects, but its object lesson sheets and apparatus are highly creditable and instructive.

Russia makes an admirable display in apparatus, object lessons, and other educational appliances.

Sweden has a very handsome school-house erected on the grounds, and fully equipped. So has Belgium one in the main building.

The display from Switzerland is confined to maps, charts, and models from the various cantons, but it is most interesting.

As to the display from Ontario, modesty forbids us to say anything. We shall quote, however, the following remarks on her exhibit from the *Pennsylvania School Journal*, edited by the energetic Superintendent of Public Instruction in that State, Hon. J. P. Wickersham. He says :—

"England has contributed very little to the Educational Department of the International Exposition. This neglect, however, is somewhat compensated for by the fine display made by her vigorous young daughter, the Province of Ontario, Canada. This Province has for some thirty or forty years been making efforts to build up an efficient system of public education. At the head of the Department of Education for nearly the whole of that time, has stood Rev. Dr. Ryerson, well known in the United States, and distinguished alike as a scholar, a gentleman, and an enthusiastic worker in the cause of education. As a result of his wise administration, with the co-operation of the most intelligent citizens, Ontario has made such progress in her school affairs as to warrant her appearing at our Centennial Exposition to compete, in respect to them, with us and with the world. That in which the Ontario exhibit equals, if it does not excel all others on the ground is, its fine display of school apparatus and appliances.

"The Ontario Educational Department is well arranged. There is for a back-

ground a wall built like an archway, one hundred feet long and thirty feet high, covered with maps, relief maps, drawings, charts, illustratioas in natural science, engravings, etc. Immediately in front of this wall stand eleven large glass cases filled with the exhibited articles. The general character of these articles is presented in the following extract which we take from a recent issue of a Philadelphia newspaper :—

"Two cases are devoted to the display of articles used in object teaching, one of which is employed in the higher grades of schools, and including a collection of mammalia, birds, reptiles and fishes, all Canadian and American in character. For ethnological instruction, there are busts of celebrated men representing every country, which are constantly before the pupils while they are studying, and help to serve to make firm impressions upon the memories. For botanical tuition, models of flowers and plants are used in connection with Gray's book of botany. For teaching zoology, mineralogy, and conchology, small cabinets are used, showing specimens of the principal minerals and shells and their applications to the arts and sciences. In the schools where natural history is taught, cabinets containing two hundred specimens of useful substances of food, medicine and clothing are employed, and for the chemical department another cabinet is used, provided with apparatus for performing two hundred experiments. As an indication of their cheapness, it may be said that the former are disposed of to the schools for $5, while they would cost £5 in England, and the latter for the same price, while they would bring $40 at retail here. The Kindergarten system is illustrated by diminutive models of bridges, railroads, and mining operations, which are beautiful in themselves, and must be highly attractive to the youthful eye. Electricity, magnetism, galvanism and light, are created by instruments displayed in another case, and adjacent to it is one containing a pneumatic apparatus, embracing an air pump in which the cylinders are constructed of glass, the movement of the piston thereby being visible, also objects to show the employment of heat and steam, the appliances of mechanics, hydrostatics and hydraulics. In the teaching of geography and astronomy, globes and atlases are freely employed and a full line of these are displayed, as is also a new instrument devoted to instruction in the latter branch of science, entitled the Helioconcentric Expositor of Terrestrial Motion, which is esteemed an admirable addition to the improvements being made with such rapidity in educational pursuits.'

"The prominence given to the preparation of school apparatus and appliances in Ontario is owing to what is called an Educational Depository, established by the Government at Toronto. From it all the schools in the Province are supplied at half price, or less, with school books and all articles of school furniture and apparatus. The intelligent officers in charge of the Depository have, in the course of years, collected and had manufactured a large supply of the kinds of articles that have been forwarded to the Exposition.

"That the Canadians are quite well aware of their success at the Exposition, will appear from the following paragraph cut from the Toronto *Globe* :—

"'Meritorious as the Pennsylvania display is, it falls far short of our own in some respects, while in general effect it has only the advantages desirable from greater extent and a better opportunity for arranging articles in an artistic fashion. The exhibition of apparatus of every kind from Ontario is far ahead of any exhibited from any other country, and will almost equal the whole of them together."

In connection with the Centennial Exhibition, we desire to refer to the visit to Canada of distinguished visitors from France and Japan. So impressed were these gentlemen with the Ontario exhibit at Philadelphia, that they determined to visit the Province and examine the schools for themselves.

Those from France were MM. Buisson and Berger—the former was the French Commissioner at the Exhibition, and the latter was the Inspector of Schools in Paris and the Department of the Seine. These gentlemen first visited Toronto—the Educational Department of the Province—and several of the Public Schools of the city, the latter under the guidance of Jas. Hughes,

Esq., Inspector; then Hamilton, and the schools in the County of Wentworth. To the schools in the latter places they were kindly taken by J. A. Smith, Esq., the Inspector of the county. They subsequently visited schools in other parts of the Province and Montreal.

The visitors from Japan were Hon. F. Tanaka, Vice-Minister of Education, Madame Tanaka, the Secretary to the Vice-Minister, and two other gentlemen. They first visited Toronto, and were taken by the Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario to the principal Public Schools, the High School, and the Normal and Model Schools. They also visited Ottawa, Montreal, etc. Their visit to the capital is thus referred to by the *Times* newspaper of that city :—

"The Hon. Fugimaro Tanaka, Vice-Minister of the Department of Education of Japan, with his Secretary, called upon Ald. LeSueur, who is also Chairman of the Committee of Public School Management, yesterday evening, and presented a letter of introduction from Dr. Hodgins, the Deputy Minister of Education of Ontario, with the request that he should extend to those gentlemen such courteous attention as might be in his power to offer. Mr. LeSueur placed himself at their disposition, and proceeded with them to the Normal School, where they were received by the Secretary in the Principal's absence. They minutely inspected the whole establishment, and proposed numerous inquiries as to the system of training pursued, the mode of meeting the expenditure, the fees charged, &c., &c., all of which were answered to their satisfaction, and they were especially surprised to find that the institution was altogether free to any person engaging to devote himself or herself to the profession of educator. They were then supplied with sundry forms and other matters used in the training of the students.

"They then visited the Central School West, where they were received by the Master, Mr. Parlow. A lesson in geography was gone through, and the examiner specially directed the attention of the scholars to the Japanese group of islands.

"At the conclusion, Mr. Workman, together with about two hundred of the pupils sang two or three beautiful pieces of music, concluding with the national anthem. The Minister's secretary then, in a few well chosen words, expressed (in English) the pleasure which they had experienced in this visit, and their appreciation of the superior facilities afforded the children of Canada, by the admirable school system, the operation of which they had in part witnessed. Mr. LeSueur then drove his guests to the Post Office Department, and introduced them to the Hon. Mr. Huntington. After viewing the offices they went to the Houses of Parliament, the Library, and new Library buildings. In the course of their explorations, the Minister, through his Secretary, enquired minutely into the Canadian Constitution, the Militia system, the relation between the Dominion and the Mother Country, the Customs duties, and a multitude of other matters which rather seriously taxed the resources of their chaperon. The Minister then took occasion to express his admiration of all that he had seen in Canada, and in presenting his thanks to Mr. LeSueur for his courteous attention."

In the Mother Country the chief educational incidents are, the discussions in the House of Parliament on the Oxford University Bill (referred to

elsewhere in this number), the Cambridge University Bill, and the amendment to the Elementary Education Act.

In France little has been done for the systematic promotion of Public Instruction since the late war. The Commissioners from that country, explained how it was, but felt, however, that France must, without further delay, address herself to the great subject of popular education.

In Brazil and in the Argentine Republic, great efforts are being made to place the education of the people on a satisfactory footing, as reported by the Commissioners at the International Exhibition.

In the Sandwich Islands great exertions have also been made to furnish Public Education, as reported at the Exhibition.

In Ontario, the chief educational facts of the year are, (1) the transfer of the Education Department to the hands of a responsible Minister of the Crown, the Hon. Adam Crooks, Q.C., LL.D., and the retirement upon full salary of the venerable and Reverend Doctor Ryerson, who for thirty-two years had so ably managed that Department ; (2) the revisions of the curriculum of the University of Toronto, and (3) the revision of the legal course of study by the Law Society. The change in the University programme of study is not very material, but is in the right direction. The revision of the law course was with a view to assimilate it to the University curriculum.

The Hon. Mr. Crooks, Minister of Education, has been winning golden opinions by his recent numerous visits to various parts of the Province to meet with school inspectors, teachers, and trustees, in school conventions. He has rendered the cause good service by these visits and by a personal conference with the parties concerned, on the various parts of our elaborate and popular school systems which may require modification and amendment.

The result of the recent Public School-teachers and High School intermediate examinations caused quite a *furore* at the time among teachers and High school masters, and a good deal of newspaper controversy followed. The result of these examinations was in many cases unexpected, on account of their alleged severity. This is, however, the best feature of them, as it has shown all parties concerned that superficiality and imperfect training can receive no consideration in the application, a test which was so long required in the interests of our Public and High Schools.

The Inspectors and Teachers of Ontario had a very pleasant excursion in the summer to the International Exhibition at Philadelphia, and were well received by their co-educationists there.

Musical Notes.

The musical season, which may now be said to have commenced in Toronto, was inaugurated by the performance of Max Strakosch's Operatic Company at the Grand Opera House just a month ago. It is, perhaps, too late now to

enter into any detailed criticism of the manner in which the three operas of "Faust," "Il Trovatore," and "Martha" were given; but we may be permitted to say that the general style of the performance was no great compliment to the critical or appreciative powers of a Toronto audience. The various soloists were, it is true, artists who are above the imputation of incapacity. This being the case, the imperfect acquaintance with their parts which some of them evinced, and which necessitated constant and audible prompting, was the more inexcusable. Again, the *mise en scène* was poor and inadequate. Although the practice of omitting a scene or a song here and there is too general to be denied sanction, yet the indiscriminate elimination which was adopted in the performance of "Martha," for instance, is slovenly, and is greatly to be deprecated. The choruses were flat in both senses of the word. There is, however, much to be said *per contra.* Signor Brignoli's voice still retains much of its old sweetness. His acting was unusually spirited, and he never appeared to be more of a gentleman. Miss McCullough's vocalization was not only sweet but also conspicuously correct. Signor Gottschalk also deserves a word of praise, for, although evidently suffering from a bad cold, he nevertheless sang in very good form. The "Calf of Gold," in "Faust," was perhaps his best effort. The orchestra was fair. One feature in connection with these performances requires special notice. On each night no programmes were to be had till the opera was half over. The object of this manœuvre was to induce persons, in despair at not being able to ascertain the names of the various performers, to purchase libretti, which were being sold for a quarter of a dollar. Such a proceeding, entailing as it did much inconvenience to the audience, is greatly to be reprehended, and we trust will not be repeated.

The musical world in England, to say nothing of a large literary circle, has recently suffered a great loss by the death, at the age of 60, of Edward Francis Rimbault, LL.D., one of the most learned musical antiquarians in Europe. As a composer Dr Rimbault did but little, except in the direction of hymn tunes and chants; but he was the author of some of the most popular arrangements of the works of the best writers for the organ, pianoforte, and harmonium. For the latter instrument, from the time of its popularisation in England, he published an immense quantity of music, and he also wrote some of the most practical of the guides for its students. As an executive musician he was chiefly known as an organist. It was, however, as a thoroughly learned antiquarian that Dr. Rimbault's fame was chiefly made, and in the history of English music and musicians there were few points on which the Doctor could not throw some light. His musical library contained many works of the greatest rarity, and as a bibliopole he was well known in antiquarian circles. It is probable that this famous library will now be dispersed for lack of the master mind and the consequent decline of a modest income. Indeed it is positively stated in one of the leading English papers that Dr. Rimbault's widow has received an offer from a gentleman in America to purchase the Doctor's library as it stands, and to present it to the public library at Boston.

As a man, Dr. Rimbault was deservedly esteemed by all who knew him. He was a kind father, a good husband, and of engaging social qualities. He was habitually abstemious, and his luxuries were old books, and now and then a carved bookcase or a bit of old stained glass. Such was the man. A somewhat humorous story, which will bear repetition, is told of him:—

"When Dr. Buckland was Dean of Westminster, Dr. Rimbault applied to him for permission to make extracts from the registers of the Abbey, in order to ascertain the dates of admission and of the decease of some of the eminent men who had been on the establishment at Westminster. The difficulty which presented itself to the Dean's mind was that it would be too great a tax upon his own time to wait while the extracts were made, and that he could not give up the keys of the muniment-room to any person. Still he desired to oblige in all cases of literary research, and, therefore, offered to take Dr. Rimbault into the room, and to leave him there, to be let out at any appointed time. The proposal was particularly agreeable to Dr. Rimbault, as he could then work without interruption. Thinking that about three hours would suffice, and as he dined at an early hour, he appointed one o'clock. The Dean was not punctual, and the Doctor worked on. At 3 o'clock the latter felt the want of his dinner, his extracts were finished, and he wished only to be gone. 'What could have detained the Dean?' But no step was to be heard. The evening service soon began, and at length the last peal of the organ had faded away, and all was quiet. It then became evident that Dr. Rimbault was forgotten, and how long was this to last? Before daylight had quite passed away, he had surveyed his position, and found that he was in a trap from which it was impossible to extricate himself. He could neither scale the window nor make himself heard. He was quite at the mercy of the Dean's memory, for he had not told anyone where he was going, because he expected to return home within a few hours. 'Would his disappearance be advertised, and would the Dean see it, and when?' Dr. Rimbault had none of the bodily fat which is said to support life under long periods of fasting, and the last was, therefore, an important question with him. 'When would the muniment-room be next visited?' That was indeed a remote contingency; so that, like Ginevra in the chest which had closed over her with a spring lock, nothing but his skeleton might then be found. From these uncomfortable reflections Dr. Rimbault was released late at night. He had drawn together some parchments to recline upon, but not to sleep, when at last a key was heard in the door. The good Dean had gone home to dinner and had taken his *siesta*, after which he commenced ruminating on the events of the day, and then at last thought of his prisoner. He returned to the Abbey at some inconvenience, and set him free with many apologies. Dr. Rimbault's ardour to be shut up in a muniment-room had then quite cooled."

Of course, the chief topic of discussion in musical circles in England is Wagner and his music. Wagner's triumph is complete. The Nibelungen trilogy has received the approval of the most critical audience that ever assembled to judge a work of art. Hereafter opera will never again be exactly

what it was. The old, well-worn favourites, though they will always continue to be admired, will cease to be regarded as models, and whatever is produced by the rising composers will in some degree be tinctured by the ideas of Wagner. The English and American public may now look forward to an even closer acquaintance with his productions; and it may be safely predicted that Wagner's works, or portions of them, will in future form unvarying constituents of concerts and musical festivals. Wagner has thus, by his pluck and endurance, won for himself a place from which it will be hopeless to dislodge him; had it not been for the possession of these qualities, in union with unswerving singleness of aim, he might have carried on an ineffectual fight, and died, like Bach, great but obscure, leaving to the future his immortal works. We have already an indication of the direction in which the tide is setting in the fact that an English version of *Der Fliegende Holländer*, or "The Flying Dutchman," one of Wagner's earliest compositions, was produced with marked success a few weeks ago at the Lyceum Theatre, London, by Carl Rosa's Opera Troupe. This work has, it is true, been previously heard in England, having been brought out in 1870 at Her Majesty's Opera, but it was only played two or three times at the close of a season, and has not been since repeated. The "Flying Dutchman" was first produced at Dresden, under the direction of the composer himself, in 1843, and it is most interesting to compare and contrast the Wagner of thirty years ago with the Wagner of to-day. At first sight it would seem as if two works could hardly be more unlike than *Der Fliegende Holländer* and *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. In the former we find abundance of concerted music, in the latter scarcely any: in the former the various numbers of the work are mostly detached, and we find airs, duets and choruses, much as in an opera of Mozart's; while in the latter, one piece runs on continuously into another throughout an entire act. Moreover, the whole of the Nibelungen trilogy is an exemplification and enforcement of principles and theories which the composer has failed to carry out to their logical issue in the "Flying Dutchman;" he has in more than one number made concessions to public taste, which now he would certainly repudiate; such, for example, as the double cadenza at the end of the slow movement of the great duet between Senta and the Dutchman in the second act, or the occasional repetitions of the text for the sake of musical rather than dramatic effect. And yet, with all these important differences, no one who is tolerably familiar with Wagner's music can fail to perceive that in the earlier work are to be seen the germs of every one of those innovations which make the Bayreuth trilogy so different from everything that has preceded it. In one respect, the healthy influence of Wagner on audiences is unmistakeable. It was observed at the performance in question that every attempt at applause in the middle of an act was resolutely hushed down. Even Mr. Santley, on making his first appearance in the work, had to forego the customary tribute. There was, indeed, an attempt made to interrupt the performance, but it was immediately suppressed in an energetic manner by the majority of the audience. That the silence did not arise from indifference was clearly proved on the fall of the curtain; and we feel sure that Mr. Santley is far too genuine an artist

not to rejoice at finding himself thus ignored for the sake of the work, while the opera was actually in progress.

The increasing frequency and success of "Musical Festivals" in England is very noticeable, and there can be no doubt that the interests of musicians, as well as of the public, derive much benefit from such institutions. A few months ago the Birmingham Triennial Musical Festival was celebrated, the proceeds of which were applied to hospital purposes. A similar entertainment has still more recently been held at Hereford with the most gratifying results, the balance sheet in this case showing a profit of £402, arising upon the sale of tickets, instead of, as in 1873, a loss of £500. Encouraged, doubtless, by such precedents, the city of Gloucester proposes to hold a grand musical festival in 1877, and we understand that the Dean and Chapter of that city, following the late example of the capitular body at Hereford, have consented to grant the use of the Cathedral for the purpose. Another triennial musical festival is to be celebrated at Leeds next year, for the forthcoming performance of which the provisional committee have secured the promise of two new works by the greatest English composers.

A rumour is current that Faure, the celebrated operatic singer, meditates relinquishing the stage for the concert-room. The motive assigned for this step is, that he is ambitious of receiving the Cross of the Legion of Honour, which, according to the rules of order, cannot be given to an actor.

Who would not be Sims Reeves? It seems that he is fated never to forfeit the admiration of the public. He has disappointed expectant audiences by his non-appearance so often that it might have been supposed that ere now some other singer endowed not only with equal vocal ability, but also with more uniform adherence to engagements, and greater regard for the requirements of a people that has paid its money, might have arisen to supplant him in popular affection. Such, however, is not the case. There is a something about him, a *je ne sais quoi*—for it is not merely his singing, by virtue of which he can bid defiance to rival claimants for the popular ear. It would seem that the New World too is not insensible to his merits, for it is stated on good authority that he has accepted an offer of £15,000 to give fifty concerts in Australia, and that he will sail for the Antipodes, in fulfilment of that engagement, in June, 1877. Not quite authentic as the preceding is the rumour, which is now in circulation, that it is the intention of Pauline Lucca to leave the stage, and that she will make a tour of Germany before so doing.

London is much interested in a musical novelty, namely, the Carillon, which is an instrument for the production of music by means of bells, the arrangement for this purpose being decidedly unique and effective. The most noteworthy feature of this novel invention is said to lie in the separation of what was formerly a combined action into two individual or distinct parts. In the old machine, the pins of a huge barrel effected first the elevation and then the blow of the hammer, with the accompanying result. According, however, to the principle adopted to the new arrangement, the work of the pins is confined to the release of the indents. The motive power necessary

to the operation is obtained by the employment of weights, and the speed is regulated by revolving vans. The peal produced in this manner is said to be one of the finest in London. The tenor bell weighs some thirty-four cwt. An air is played every three hours, being changed regularly at midnight, to keep up the varying succession—the unique instrument being arranged for fourteen tunes, and a fortnight's variety is thus insured.

Mr. Brinley Richards, of whom little has been heard for some time, has recently delivered two lectures on national music, at the Plymouth Mechanics' Institute, the illustrations being by himself.

In New York there is not much to chronicle. Theodore Thomas' late series of concerts at Steinway Hall have been a great success, musically if not financially. Among the novelties which he has brought out, "Phaeton," a symphonic poem by Saint Saens, is especially worthy of mention. It is thus described by a contemporary :—

"It resembles the Liszt and Wagner school, and in the part descriptive of 'Phaeton' driving his flaming chariot, is strikingly like Wagner's 'Ritt de Walk küre.' The instrumentation is fine throughout, and the effect, at the moment 'Jupiter' strikes 'Phaeton' with his thunderbolt, is superbly worked up and wonderfully descriptive. One can almost imagine the scene."

Six members of Thomas' orchestra have constituted themselves an association entitled the Mozart Club, and purpose giving a series of chamber concerts during the winter. As they intend to confine themselves to classical composition, they will doubtless meet with the encouragement they deserve, and will, to a certain extent, supply a vacancy long felt in New York City.

Mr. Thomas assumes the direction of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society again this season. His own orchestra has been engaged, and the first concert will be given on December 19th.

Mr. Carl Rosa will arrive in New York in March, not with his company—just to look about.

Madame Nilsson's tour in Sweden has been, from all accounts, a perfect ovation. Her final concert took place at Wexi, near the place where she was born ; the proceeds were handed over to the poor.

The most contradictory and impossible rumors are in circulation concerning the whereabouts and condition of Herr Von Bulow, the great pianist of the age, whose recent visit to this continent is still fresh in the minds of our readers. According to the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, Herr Von Bulow, after having been robbed by a wicked secretary in America, of all he possessed, is now in a private lunatic asylum near London. The Berlin *Echo*, on the other hand, asserts that the Herr is at present residing at Godesberg, a charming place on the Rhine ; that he is the enjoyment of perfect mental and bodily health ; and that he has invested his transatlantic savings, 100,000 marks, very advantageously and safely.

Wagner reminds us of one of the ancient Egyptians who used to have a skeleton introduced at their feasts. He has recently built a magnificent tomb in the gardens attached to his Bayreuth villa, and the window of his study commands a view of his prospective mausoleum, which, so the French writers say at least, accounts for the lugubrious character of his music. He must at any

rate be in affluent circumstances, for he has hired a splendid villa at Sorrento, Italy, and talks of wintering there.

Boildieu's *Caliph of Bagdad* has been revived with success at Frankfort-on the Maine.

The late Madame George Sand has left behind her a MS., libretto, which is going to be set to music by Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia.

The third volume of Herr Ludwig Nohl's Biography of Beethoven has been published at Leipzig.

Two musical anecdotes are at present going the rounds, which are not uninteresting. The first is about Cherubini, and is very characteristic of the man. It relates how one morning he saw Habeneck enter his study, at the Paris Conservatory, with strong marks of agitation in his face. "Why, what is the matter with you, Habeneck ?" he inquired. "I am the bearer of a sad piece of news, sir," was the answer. "Our celebrated professor of the oboe, poor Brod, died this morning !" "Did he though—there was not much volume in his tone," observed Cherubini very resignedly, and this was the whole of his funeral oration on the deceased virtuoso. Those who knew Cherubini will not be apt to think this a fabricated story. The second anecdote is more pleasing, and is told of the late Felicièr David, who died a few months ago. On the composer's applying to be admitted to the Academy of Fine Arts every member formally promised to support his election. When the day arrived not one voted for him. One of the vow-breakers called upon him immediately afterwards. Perhaps you have been astonished," he said, "at what has taken place." "Certainly," replied the artist. "Well the fact is," said the Academician, "that we had a prize of 20,000 francs to bestow. We could not give it to one of our own members, and as we thought it would be of more use to you than a nominal honour, we did not elect you." The following day M. David received the money, which was very welcome to him, as he was far from being a rich man.—"*Se non é vero e ben trovato.*"

Our Comic Contributor.

THE ENGLISH ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT.

Says Dick to Tom : "This Act appears
  Absurd, as I'm alive,
To take the Crown at eighteen years,
  A wife at twenty-five !"

Says Tom to Dick : "Thou art a fool,
  And nothing know'st of life—
'Tis easier far, I trow, to rule
  A kingdom than a wife."

Old Epigram.

ESSAY ON CATS.

BY MASTER HARRY.

I heard cousin Jack reading a bit of poetry the other day, by a man called Byron, and it said the stars were a "beauty and a mystery." Cats are like the stars, and they aint. They are a mystery, but not a beauty, nor a joy for ever. I don't understand cats, and I don't like 'em. Sister Mary does, and takes ours to bed with her every night, when she can get it, and roars when she can't. But I would as soon sleep with a lobster. Cats have nine lives, and all of 'em tough 'uns. I never heard of any one who was able to kill a cat. They are all loafers, and vagrants, and otherwise bad characters. They are only good to steal milk and knock down dishes. It is no use throwing anything at cats, because you can't hit 'em. They always look as though they had just been up to something for which they expect you would whack 'em if you could catch 'em. But cats can't be caught—if they don't like. They are all injun-rubber, and before you have begun to catch 'em they are on the shingles, or over the wall, or up a tree. I tried to catch our Tom once, but only caught a big scratch all down my little finger. Cats can't be taught anything, and if they could they wouldn't want to learn. All they know is how to catch mice and birds, and lie under the stove in the day, and stay out at night, yellin' and waulin' and scratching holes in yr garden just after you've raked it smooth, and put in yr seeds. It is said the Greek friars in Cyprus did manage to teach their cats to hunt and kill the serpents, but if they hadn't been noddies they'd have taught the serpents to go for the cats. Cats haven't any affections save for themselves. You may pet a cat, and give it tit-bits and cream every day of the year for 364 days, and on the 365th day it will as soon live with any one else as with you. Cats don't care a cent who they live with if there is only a soft place to lie on and another cat next door. Cats, like weeds, are found everywhere. As soon as Columbus discovered America there was brought to him a cat from the woods, "with dark grey hair, and the tail very large and strong." In the Isle of Man there is a race of cats without tails, which is an improvement, as you can't tread on 'em and have your leg clawed. This is all I have to submit at present about cats.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR ?

My neighbour is the man who lives next door to me.

He does not help me against thieves, nor bind up my wounds nor pour oil in them.

Not at all.

He borrows my wheelbarrrow ; keeps it a month ; and returns it (on application) with the near leg off.

He surreptitiously chucks into my garden the clods, sticks, and stones which he rakes off his.

He hires an odd job man to raise the level of his garden where it joins mine, so that when the snow melts, the surplus water shall run into my place.

He has an army of fowls, super-intended by several shrill roosters,

who perform strident fantasias every morning from four o'clock till breakfast time, especially when I have a headache.

He has a large dog, which joins in a bass voice in the other animal harmony, with corresponding tone and continuance.

He considers all that I have in the way of portable (loanable) property, is as much "his'n" as mine, and acts accordingly.

He hints to the Assessor that my rating is too low, and that my income is about six times more than I return it in the tax paper.

He confidently communicates his opinion to the Smiths, Jones, and Robinsons of his and my acquaintance, that I am not "up to much."

I love him as myself? Oh! yes, of course.

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS YOURSELF—DON'T YOU.

I've often wished that I had got
Of £ S. D. a "tidy lot;"
I dare say, friend—whate'er y'r name—
You've often wished you'd got the same.

The good Book says, beyond a doubt,
For riches none should go about;
That they on Pelf who set their mind,
Therein do snares and temptings find.

More easily even, it doth say,
Through needle's eye the camel may
A passage find, than heavenly goal
Be reached by those in wealth who roll.

Also we know that money won't
Itself bring happiness—and don't;
For folk we see, the more who get,
Seem more to live a life of fret.

And, in our daily circle, too,
Of friends and neighbours, still we view
Many to whom abundance would,
We're sure, do far more harm than good.

Yet 'mid all this we (*entre nous*)
A secret thought have—I and you—
If *we* had money, we, yea we,
In very different case would be.

And that though cash may have its snares
For other men, or ills, or cares;
For *us* t'would have nor risk nor stress,
But only good and happiness.

Well, possibly, this same conceit
Is shared by every one we meet;
E'en as "all mortals"—empty elves!
"Think all men mortal save themselves!"

Alphabetical List of Books.

(*Published during the month of November*, 1876.)

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"NO, LANDON, WE MUST NOT LEAVE THEM."

BELFORD'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1877.

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER III—(*Continued*).

But, if he could not be termed public-spirited, he had a thought for his friends as well as himself—as indeed may be gathered from the fact of his popularity. Men—especially young ones—make great mistakes in choosing their favourites, but they never select a mere egotist. Landon was gravely concerned upon his friend's account, being well aware of the hostages which, in his case, had been given to fortune; and the delight which his reckless nature would have otherwise felt in the approaching émeute was dashed by this solicitude.

When he saw Darall taking his place with the rest in the dining-hall, he knew that his arguments had failed of their effects, and that his friend's lot was thrown into the common urn. In those ancient days it was the custom of the oldsters at dinner to behave like Jack Sprat and his wife in the nursery ballad: among them they "licked the platter clean," and then sent it down to the unfortunate "neuxes;" or, at least, the heads of each mess cut off for themselves such meat as was tempting, and left the fag-end of the feast for the tails. But to-day, since it was necessary that the whole Cadet Company should be in good condition and full of vigour, there was a more equal distribution of beef and mutton; and at Darall's mess the "snookers" fared exceptionally well, for that gentleman eat next to nothing.

"Darall is off his feed; I think he is in a funk," whispered Whymper to Trotter. An ungrateful remark enough, since he was reaping the advantage of his senior's abstinence in a slice of mutton that was neither skin nor bone.

"Rubbish!" was the contemptuous rejoinder. Conversation at the cadet mess was abrupt in those days, but generally to the point. "If you can't think better than that, confine yourself to eating."

In an hour afterwards the bugle sounded for general parade. After the minute inspection of the gentlemen cadets' stocks, and belts, and boots—which was the chief feature of this ceremony—was over, the usual course was for the officer at command to address the Cadet Company in the soul-stirring words, "Stand at ease." "Break." And then everybody went about their pleasure until the next bugle sounded for study. On the present occasion the words of command were spoken, but without their ordinary effect. When the officer walked away, the "company," instead of "breaking," closed up, and senior under-officer Bex took command of it.

"Atten*shon*," was the counter-order he delivered; "Left turn," "Quick march;" and at that word the whole corps, in one long line of two files only—so that it resembled a caterpillar—wound out of the parade-ground, past the porter's lodge, and marched off across the common to Charlton Fair. The emotion of the officer on duty was considerable; but, perceiving the utter hopelessness of restraining one hundred and sixty gentlemen cadets with his single arm, or even both of them, he turned disconsolately into the library, wrote down a formal complaint for the inspection of old Pipeclay, and washed his hands of his young friends for the afternoon.

"Left, right, left, right, left, right;" the corps had never marched better to church upon a Sunday, than it did upon its mutinous errand; and Generalissimo Bex—if he had flourished in these days, he would have been a prig of the first water—expressed himself highly gratified with their soldier-like regularity of behaviour.

Upon leaving the common, and getting into the high road, he formed his army "four deep," and gave them a word of command that does not appear in the drill-books, and had, indeed, rather the air of a battle-cry than of a military order: "Unbuckle belts." Gentlemen cadets wore neither swords nor bayonets, but their belts had a large piece of metal in the centre with "Ubique" upon it (perhaps because they hit with it "in all directions"), and, when dexterously used, these were formidable weapons. In the hands of a novice it was apt to strike the wielder like a flail; but very few of the young gentlemen of those days were novices in the use of it; and not one who had chanced to have had any difficulty, however slight, with a policeman. There were swarms of Fair-people dotted about the lanes—costermongers, itinerant showmen, gipsies, and the like—but with these the advancing army were enjoined not to meddle; they reserved their belts and their "Ubiques" for the hive itself.

The fair was held in a huge field to the right of the road; and when the Cadet Company turned into it, "at the double," but still maintaining their serried ranks, it presented an animated spectacle. The principal space between the booths was crowded with sight-seers, and the booths themselves offered the most varied attractions: "The only Living Mermaid from the South Seas," "The Greatest Professors in the Art of Pugilism now extant," "The Genuine and Original Learned Pig," and a whole tribe of North American Indians in paint and feathers, at that moment in the act of celebrating their national tomahawk dance. For an instant business and pleasure were alike suspended at the sight of our youthful warriors; and then "thwack, thwack" went the Ubique belts, and the denizens of the fair became aware, to their cost, that vengeance had come upon them.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SIEGE AND THE SACK.

It is but right to state that the majority of the besieged persons were fully conscious that they had provoked attack. Outrages and reprisals had, it is true, for many years passed as naturally as compliments in other places, between the Charlton Fair folks and the tenants of the Military Academy, but these had been intermitted for a considerable time, and the treatment the two young cadets received on the previous evening at the hands of these roystering roughs had been very savage and severe, even if it had been provoked. It was only by a gallant charge of their natural and hereditary enemies, the police, that their young lives had been preserved, while their limbs, as we know, had not been so fortunate.

The unarmed mob in the main thoroughfare broke and fled at the first charge; under waggons and tent-ropes they scuttled to left and right, the boldest making for the hedges where the stakes grew, and the wiliest lying flat on their faces behind the pictures that fronted the caravans. The cry was not indeed "Sauve qui peut!" for it was, "Here are them scaly cadets!" but the effect was precisely the same as what takes place in military surprises upon a larger scale; only it was more difficult to save oneself by running on account of the youthful agility of the assailants, who laid about them also with a vigour beyond their years. It was no child's play on either side, for whenever a belt-plate came in contact with a man's skull it cut a hole in it; while, on the other hand, not a few of the "roughs" frequenting the fair were armed with bludgeons, while the big sticks employed in the "Aunt Sally" game of those days (for that lady is of ancient lineage) and the

heavy legs of the pea-and-thimble tables afforded weapons to others. The discipline of the invaders, however, carried everything before them; in a few minutes their enemies bit the dust and fled, and then came the "sacking."

The proprietors of the booths, and the itinerant gentry generally, had, up to this point, rather enjoyed the combat. They were caterers of spectacle to others, and had very seldom the opportunity of judging of the merits of any performance of a public nature. Such of them as had had any hand in the ill-treatment of the two young gentlemen in hospital were naturally careful to conceal the fact, and affected a serenity of mind as to what the invading forces might do next, which they were probably far from feeling; others, however, had no sting of conscience in this respect, and rather hailed the advent of the new arrivals as likely to fill their places of amusement at a higher admission figure than was customary.

They had reckoned without their host, and in very great ignorance, it may added, of the character of their guests. In the first place, sentinels were placed in every tent to prevent the egress of its inhabitants, and Generalissimo Bex, his staff, and the rest of his victorious warriors gave a grand "bespeak," among which were several features rare in theatrical experience, but especially this one—that every performance was commanded to be gratuitous. The audience, too, was hypercritical and very inquisitive. Not content (for example) with the war-dance of the North American Indians, and the war-whoop, for the execution of which those noble savages have such a reputation in musical circles, they made them dance and whoop in even a more natural if less national manner; nor were they satisfied till the unhappy "braves" had stripped off their borrowed plumes, washed the paint from their still dirty faces, and confessed themselves to be natives of Tipperary. With the Learned Pig (whom they requested to spell Pipeclay and other words still more foreign to his usual vocabulary) they were graciously pleased to express satisfaction, and in proof of it (much to his owner's disapproval) conferred upon him the glorious boon of liberty by driving him out into the adjacent woods. The incomparable pugilists (supposed not without reason to have had a hand—or a fist—in the ill-treatment of the two neuxes) they compelled to fight without the gloves, and when one of them had been beaten till he resembled less a man than a jelly fish, they thrashed the victor.

I am afraid they pulled the "only mermaid's" tail off, and derided the "fattest woman in the world" in a manner which even a court-martial would have pronounced unbecoming officers and gentlemen: but when places are "sacked" it is notorious that our very Bayards cease to be the pink of courtesy. Perhaps the greatest attraction to the vic-

torious army was, however, Richardson's booth, at that epoch the great representative of travelling melo-drama. The performances "commanded" from its talented company were at once numerous and varied: they compelled those artistes who had passed their lives, if they had not been born, in the purple, delineating kings, and seldom condescending to be archdukes, to exchange robes with clown and harlequin, and some very curious and noteworthy acting was the result. The attentions, too, of our gentlemen cadets to the corps de ballet were what would be now designated, I suppose, as "marked with empressement." Richardson's booth was, in fact, to that honourable corps what Capua was to another victorious army, and with the same fatal consequences. While the young warriors indulged their taste for the drama and flirtation, the scattered forces of the enemy gathered together, and returned to the tented field in vastly augmented numbers. Armed with pitchforks and hedge-stakes, with bludgeons and rakes, they burst into the inclosure, and drove in the sentinels, with the most terrible cries for blood and vengeance. The besiegers in their turn became the besieged; and if the description should seem a joke it is the fault of the describer, for the reality had very little fun in it for either party. The bloodshed, if not the carnage, was something considerable.

Generalissimo Bex at once put himself at the head of a sallying party, but, though performing prodigies of valour, was driven back to his wooden walls—the booth. For, though it was called a booth, Richardson's was built of wood, and afforded the only tenable military position in the fair. The proverb that proclaims there is nothing like leather, was proved fallacious in the combat between belts and bludgeons. The cadets found their natural weapons inefficacious against the cold steel of the pitchforks and those other arms of their adversaries, which, if not "of precision," made a hole wherever they hit. They fell back, therefore, upon the theatrical armoury, and waged the combat with every description of mediæval weapon. Halberds of beefeaters, spears of knights, cross-handled swords of crusaders, were all pressed into the service. One gentleman cadet even donned a suit of armour belonging to Richard Cœur de Lion, and with a mace in one hand and a ballet-dancer in the other, defied the howling throng from the platform of the stage. The whole scene resembled that at Front de Bœuf's Castle, where Brian de Bois Guilbert escapes from the rabble of besiegers with the beautiful and accomplished Rebecca. Only there was no escape for his modern counterpart. Matters began to look very bad indeed for the corps of gentlemen cadets. They fought like men, even like heroes, and there was not an abusive epithet—much less a blow—which they did not return with interest. It is notorious that the use of strong language greatly strengthens and exhilarates our military in the field of

battle, and this auxiliary—of which they had a store which was practically inexhaustible—they did not spare. Yet the battle was going against them very decidedly. A council of war was hastily called together in the green-room—an apartment of bare wood, resembling a large packing case; and it was decided that there was no hope but to cut their way through the enemy, by issuing from the back of the booth, a comparatively unbesieged quarter. It was thought that this might be effected if the movement was performed with rapidity. Their chief difficulty lay in their wounded, whom, of course, they could not in honour leave to the tender mercies of the roughs, and many of whom had been put hors de combat. If they could march with the army, it was as much as they could do; they could act the part of combatants no longer.

And now we are to narrate an incident as touching and romantic as ever happened in regular warfare. It must be premised that, although the male performers of the great Richardson troupe had taken the conduct of the cadet army in some dudgeon, and had fled from the booth as soon as its siege began, the lady performers were by no means so inimical to the honourable corps, and had remained. They had slapped the young gentlemen's faces when flushed with victory, and inclined to be too demonstrative in their attentions; but now that they were discomfited and in danger, the hearts of these ladies warmed towards them: they were touched by their youth, their bravery—which seemed about to be so ill rewarded—and, perhaps, in some cases, by their good looks.

The damsel whom I have ventured to liken to Rebecca was very soft-hearted, yet had also an unusual amount of intelligence, and, in the midst of the hurly-burly, and while one of the many onsets of the besiegers upon the platform was in the act of being repulsed—which was done on each occasion with greater and greater difficulty—she inquired naïvely of her Brian de Bois Guilbert, "Why don't you show these scoundrels our muskets?"

"Muskets!" answered Landon excitedly, for he it was who had for the nonce taken the trappings of the Templar, which he was now in the act of discarding as too cumbrous; "I saw no muskets. Where are they? They would be our salvation."

"They were in the wardrobe"—so this simple creature described the armoury—"With the rest of the properties."

"I never saw them," cried Landon; "did you, Darall?"

Darall had come in from the fray with a broken head, to which the simple remedy of cold water was being applied by a fair creature in tights.

> "When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou,"

was his neat acknowledgment of her solicitude.

"Get along with you and your angels," answered she, unconscious of the quotation. "Don't you hear your friend speaking to you?"

"Yes, I hear him; I found the muskets and hid them," said Darall coolly. "Things are bad enough as it is, without there being murder done."

"Yes, but it is becoming a question whether we or those scoundrels yonder are to be murdered," observed Landon, hotly. "Come, where did you hide these things?"

"I shall not tell you," answered Darall, decisively. "You may say what you like, but you will thank me for it some day, since a single shot——"

"Why, you young stoopid," interrupted Rebecca—she was his elder by about six months—"the guns ain't loaded; there is neither powder nor shot in the booth; you need only show the muskets, to frighten the fellows."

The young lady had, doubtless, some experience of the effect of the exhibition of fire-arms upon a crowd, and at all events, in their desperate case, it was quite worth while to try the experiment. Every minute that the besieged now spent in their little fortress added to their list of wounded, while, on the other hand, the forces of the enemy increased in number and audacity. Their sole hope, except in flight, lay in their being rescued by their friends the military at Woolwich, who would have been glad enough to have done battle for them, had they been aware of their hard straits; but, unhappily, Charlton Fair was as "taboo" to Her Majesty's forces, and for the same excellent reasons, as it was to the cadets themselves, not a uniform was to be seen among the crowd without. A general sally was therefore at once determined on.

Acting upon Landon's suggestion, the dozen or so of muskets that served for Richardson's stage army were served out to the wounded, who had instructions to level them at the enemy, but by no means to pull trigger, lest their harmless character should be thereby disclosed; thus it was hoped that the prowess of those who were least able to defend themselves would be most respected. These formed the first line of battle, as the whole Cadet Company issued forth from the back of the booth, and the effect of their appearance even exceeded expectation. The crowd who had rushed round to cut off the retreat at once fell back before the threatening muzzles of the muskets, and not until the retiring force had cleared the enclosure, and reached the lane, did they pluck up courage to fall upon the rear-guard, which was under the command of Landon himself. Then, indeed, that young gentleman had quite enough to do; the march of the main body was necessarily slow because of those who had been hurt, and were scarcely fit for marching, and this gave the crowd opportunity for "cutting out" expeditions, whereby a cadet

or two would get torn away from his friends, and had to be rescued, if not by tooth and nail, by every other description of weapon. It was fortunate for the whole corps that in their brief hour of victory they had not neglected, in their pursuit of more ethereal delights, to fortify themselves both with food and liquor; the weather was hot, and fun and fighting had made great demands upon their strength, which, after all, was not quite that of full-grown men; and now, with the sense of something like defeat depressing them, it was hard to have to contest every inch of their way, under pain of being left behind in hands that would have shown no mercy.

They fought, however, like young tigers, and, thanks to Darall, who had as quick an eye for a weak point in their own array as Landon had for one in that of their adversaries, they emerged from the lane on to the high road without the loss of a man. At this point the pursuit was stayed, and their peril might be considered over.

"We may be in time for evening parade yet, if we push on," said Darall, consulting his watch.

The poor young fellow was thinking of the price they would have to pay for their fun, and rightly judged that their offence, great as it was, would be held much more serious, should they fail in so important a professional obligation as parade.

Even Generalissimo Bex—who was as good as expelled already, and knew it—recognised the necessity (for others) of getting home by seven o'clock, and gave quite an unprecedented word of command:

"Double—all you fellows that can—and the rest, hobble!" At the same time he gave injunctions to the rear-guard that they should not desert the wounded; the ineffectualness of whose weapons had long been made apparent, and who would have fallen victims to the least onslaught of the enemy. It was bad enough for Darall—to whom every moment was of such consequence—to have to suit his pace to that of these poor cripples; but worse luck even than this awaited him. They had been left by the main body—whose position was now indicated only by a cloud of dust—about five minutes, when a shrill cry for help was heard proceeding from the road by which they had just come.

"Good Heavens! We have left no fellows behind us, have we?" cried Landon; even his reckless spirit slightly dashed by the prospect of having to attempt a rescue in the face of such overwhelming odds.

"No," said Darall, who, with his friend, had stopped behind the rest to listen. "I counted them all myself."

"And yet it sounds like some young fellow being hacked about," replied the other. "It is not a man's voice, it is too thin."

"It is a girl's," said Darall gravely. And, again, not one agonizing cry, but two struck on their ears, passionately appealing for aid.

"Those brutes are ill-treating some women," observed Landon; "they are always doing it. It is no earthly use our going back."

"I am afraid they are paying out those poor girls who helped us to the muskets and things," said Darall, his blonde face growing suddenly pale with concentrated rage.

Landon uttered such a string of anathemas as would have done honour to a papal excommunication. "It is no use thinking about it," exclaimed he, impatiently, "let us get on."

"No Landon, we must not leave them. Just listen to that!"

A cry of "Help, help!" and then of "Murder!" clove the blue air. At the sound of it both the young fellows turned and began to run swiftly back upon the road just traversed.

"Somebody's getting it, and some one else will get this," cried Landon, his hand still grasping the mace of the Templar—no pasteboard property, as it happened, but a formidable weapon of hard wood. Darall had for weapon only a hedge stake—the spoil of some fallen foe—but no knight who ever laid lance in rest among all King Arthur's court had a more chivalrous soul.

CHAPTER V.

KNIGHTS, LADIES, AND AN OGRE.

At the point of junction of the lane that led down to the fair with the high road, the two cadets came suddenly upon a little knot of their late adversaries—composed of gipsies and roughs—in the middle of whom could just be discerned two summer bonnets. These gentry were so occupied in persecuting the owners of the same, that they did not perceive the presence of the new-comers till they were actually upon them, and the "one, two," of the mace and the hedge-stake had been administered with crushing effect; then they broke and fled, imagining that nothing less than the whole Cadet Company were returning upon them. Behind them they left two young girls, their raiment torn and bedraggled, their bonnet-strings flying, and their whole appearance pitiable to an extreme degree; yet in no way contemptible, for besides the not uninteresting fact that they were both very pretty, there was a spirit in the looks of both, and a fire in those of one of them, that seemed to proclaim the scorn of higher caste as well as the indignation of insulted modesty.

One was taller and darker than the other, and while the same heightened colour glowed in each of their faces, the eyes of the former gleamed with passion, while those of the latter were filled with tears.

"Quick, quick, young ladies!" cried Darall; "come back with us, before these cowardly scoundrels muster courage to return."

The shorter and fairer of the two girls hung back a little at this offer of being run away with by two young gentlemen in uniform, but her companion seized her by the wrist, and began to hasten with her in the direction indicated.

It was not a moment too soon, for their late assailants had already discovered how small was the party that had attempted their rescue, and were pouring down the narrow lane with oaths and yells.

"If one could kill one of these howling beggars maybe it would stop the rest," muttered Landon between his teeth, as he stood, with his mace sloped upon his shoulder, awaiting the onset. Darall, with his pointed stake stood behind him, to the full as dangerous an opponent, though his firm face showed no such passion.

"We must make a running fight of it, Landon; every moment of delay is a moment gained for the girls; but we must never be surrounded; strike sharp and then take to your heels."

Even as he spoke the mob began to slacken speed. There were only two against them, it was true; but they looked very ugly customers, and those who had an eye to their personal safety—who formed the majority—had already reflected that it was better to let somebody else do the knocking down, and leave to themselves the easier and more grateful task of trampling on the prostrate bodies. A gipsy and a travelling tinker, however, each armed with a tent-pole, separated themselves from the rest, and charged the two cadets at full speed, while the rest of the rabble rout came on less furiously behind them. These men were of large build, and the poles were long and strong, so that it seemed they must carry all before them, and they would without doubt have carried—or transfixed—these two young gentlemen, had they remained to stand the shock. But one of the arts and sciences taught at the Royal Military Academy, to its elder pupils, was that of parrying the bayonet. The poles went on, but not quite in the direction indicated, and on the skulls of those who were bearing them, as it were, into space, descended the weapons that had just averted them with crushing effect; the tinker stumbled on for a few paces, and then fell in a pool of his own blood; the gipsy went down like a stone.

Without stopping to make the least inquiry as to the result of this military operation, the two young gentlemen were off like a shot, and had placed twenty yards of road between them and their pursuers, ere the latter had recovered from their dismay. In front of them the two terrified girls were making what haste they could, but it was plain that running was not the strong point of at least one of them. The shorter of the two, overcome more by agitation and alarm than by fatigue, could only stagger feebly along; and it was merely a question of a few yards nearer to or farther from home that they would be overtaken by

their tormentors, with whom it was not likely in that broad high-road that their two gallant defenders could again even so much as delay.

"We're done," exclaimed Darall, perceiving the situation at a glance; "that is," added he, with a gleam of hope, "unless that is Bex coming back to help us."

Beyond the two girls there suddenly came into view two or three figures, marching, or at least walking in line, from the direction of Woolwich.

"By jingo, they are gunners!" exclaimed Landon. "Hi, hi! to your guns, to your guns, guns, guns!" It was a war-cry well known to the artillerymen of those days in and about Woolwich; and known also to their foes. At the first note of it, the hurrying throng slackened speed, then stopped and stared as if to make sure of the red and blue uniforms that were growing every moment more distinct; for the new-comers were now running. Then the mob turned tail and fled tumultuously to their tents.

It was for a moment not quite certain that the two damsels thus preserved from Charybdis might not have fallen into Scylla, or in other words have exchanged the rudeness of the Fair folk, for the blandishments of the military, who, always gallant, are sometimes lacking in chivalry; but, as it happened, the two cadets hurried up only to find the young ladies in safe hands.

"Lor bless yer," said one man to Landon, as if in apology for not having committed any misconduct, "the tall 'un is niece to our own colonel," a relationship doubtless at least as binding to him as any in the tables of affinity in the Book of Common Prayer. But for this recognition, it is my fixed belief that, in the wild and wicked times of which I write, the young ladies would have had to pay the ransom of a kiss or two. To the common eye they did not in their dishevelled and agitated state, look very like young ladies; and one of them, the shorter, had not breath enough left, poor thing, to have said "don't." The other, however, had recovered herself sufficiently to thank Landon and Darall with much warmth and gratitude, and to narrate in a few words what had befallen them. "I was out for a walk with my friend Miss Ray—a daughter of the commissary-general—and on our return home were met by that cowardly rabble, from whose hands you were so good as to deliver us. My uncle, Colonel Juxon, will, I am sure, take the first opportunity of expressing to you, much better than I can do, his sense of the service you have rendered us."

She addressed these words to Darall, not because he looked like the elder of the two cadets, for he did not, but because Landon's gaze was fixed so earnestly upon her as to cause her some embarrassment. The fact was the young fellow could not keep his eyes off that dark-hued but

lovely face, with its grand eyes and grateful smile. His heart, always susceptible to beauty, was aflame, and his ready tongue experienced for once a difficulty in expression. It was nevertheless necessary for him to speak, since it was certain Darall could not. To say that that young gentleman, when in the presence of the softer sex, was more shy than any young miss at her first dinner party, would fall very short indeed of describing his modesty. His face had softened so during the last few moments, that you would have scarcely recognised it as the same which had been set so steadily against his enemies; the hand that had just used the hedge stake so effectively, shook with nervous terrors; in short he looked as thoroughly "upset" and disorganized as Miss Ray herself.

"I am sure," stammered Landon, "that my friend and I are more than rewarded for any little assistance we may have rendered you, Miss Juxon——"

"Not Miss Juxon," interrupted the young lady with rapid earnestness, "my name is Mayne." Then perceiving that he was in difficulties with his little speech—as well he might be—she took it up for him. "As for what you are pleased to call a little assistance, it was an act of great courage against overpowering odds, and I shall never forget it,—never."

"Well, the fact is, Miss Mayne," answered Landon, the "cupidon" lips showing his white teeth—his smile was his best property, and few could withstand it—"we owed you the rescue; for if it had not been that we cadets had just been robbing their nest, those wasps yonder—and I compliment the scoundrels by such a metaphor—would not perhaps have annoyed you. We had just given them a good thrashing"—this was scarcely true, but the military, when describing their own achievements, are allowed some license,—"and I suppose it struck them, on their retreat, that it would be very pleasant to annoy those who could not defend themselves."

"We found defenders—brave ones," answered the young lady softly; and then she once more added: "I shall never, never forget it"—only instead of "it" she said "you."

The two were now walking together, side by side, towards Woolwich, while behind them came Darall and Miss Ray—whom a common shyness had at least placed on the same plane, and who were getting on, in a monosyllabic fashion, tolerably well. The ladies were now quite safe from any possible annoyance, but still it was very embarrassing for them to be walking on the high-road in rags and tatters—for the mob had sadly spoilt their summer finery—in company with two gentlemen-cadets, however gentlemanlike. It was therefore with great joy that they found themselves presently overtaken by a return fly from Greenwich, which was at once secured for them by Landon.

"I think, Darall, you had better go off to the Shop," he said confidentially; "the sooner you get there the better, though I don't doubt that the service you have performed for these ladies, being who they are, will cover a multitude of sins. One of us, of course, must see them home."

The advice was doubtless good, and certainly unselfish, for the effect of it was necessarily to leave Landon with one young lady too many; and yet his friend did not seem so grateful for it as he ought to have been. Conscious of his own bashfulness, perhaps, he regretted having to quit Miss Ray's company, with whom he had by this time managed to "get on" tolerably well; and that barren ground he knew would have to be gone over again when they next met, for it was almost as difficult for young gentlemen of his character to resume the thread of an acquaintance as to find it in the first instance. However, he had not yet arrived at that point of courtship at which we are enjoined to leave father and mother, to cleave to a young person of the opposite sex; and the thought of his parent, and her dependence upon him, sent him off at once.

"You will call on papa, if papa does not call on you," said Miss Ray softly; from which remark we are not to imagine that that damsel was "forward," but that she had some well-grounded apprehensions of her father's being backward in performing any act of courtesy. He was not the commissary-general, though Miss Mayne had called him so, being only the acting-deputy-assistant-commissary-general; but he had all the Jack-in-office peculiarities of the most full-blown official.

Once in the fly, both young ladies at once recovered their self-possession. Fortunately the vehicle was a closed one, so that their dilapidated condition could not be observed as they drove along, and to Landon they had appeared under so much more disadvantageous circumstances, that his presence did not embarrass them. They laughed and chatted quite unreservedly.

"What a kind, courageous creature is that friend of yours, Mr. Landon," said Miss Mayne.

"Yes, indeed, he is," echoed Miss Ray admiringly.

Sometimes it is not pleasant to hear young ladies praise one's friend, but on this occasion Landon saw nothing to object to in it, for what Darall had done he had also done; and somehow it struck him that the term "creature" would not have been used—in however complimentary a sense—had the speaker made mention of himself.

"Mr. Darall is all very well" (she seemed to say), "but it is clear you are the master mind."

To do him justice, however, Landon was not slow to sing his friend's praises; and, with the frankness of youth, proceeded to give a sketch

of his position, and how his future prospects were likely to be imperilled by the escapade of that afternoon.

"I have sent him off to make the best excuse for himself he can—and I am sure he has a good one—for not having returned with the other sinners."

"But what will *you* do?" exclaimed Miss Mayne, with an anxiety that the young fellow flattered himself had also a touch of tenderness in it; "why should you run any needless risk by accompanying us, now that we are quite safe?"

"Oh, my case is different," laughed Landon carelessly. "It would not break my heart if I was to be sent away from the Academy to-morrow; whereas, it would break it, you know," he added roguishly, "to think that, after such a terrible adventure as you have experienced, you should be suffered to return home alone."

"But you have a mother also, perhaps?" suggested Miss Ray.

"Unfortunately I have not," said Landon, and while Miss Ray said "Oh dear!" commiseratingly, and Miss Mayne's fine eyes looked two large volumes of tender sympathy, he added gaily: "and as for the governor, I think he would be rather pleased than otherwise, to find that I had stepped out of my uniform, and was prepared to help him to make money in his City counting-house."

"It must be very charming to be rich," sighed Miss Ray.

"If you are not so," answered Landon, with a little bow "you prove that it is possible to be very charming, and yet not to be rich."

Miss Mayne broke into a musical laugh, and only laughed the more when her friend, suffused with blushes, told her that she ought to be ashamed of herself for laughing, and thereby giving encouragement to Mr. Landon's audacity.

They had altogether a very pleasant drive; and when Miss Ray was dropped at her father's residence, which was letter Z, "Officer's Quarters," and did not present an attractive exterior—the two that were left behind enjoyed it perhaps even more.

Colonel Juxon, R. A., lived a little way out of Woolwich, in that now well-known suburb called Nightingale Vale, and the address, we may be sure, afforded Landon an opportunity of paying a well-turned compliment. At the period of which we write, this locality was only sparsely sprinkled with villa residences, inhabited mostly by the families of officers of high rank, or whose private means admitted of their living out of barracks. Hawthorne Lodge, which was the colonel's house, was a really pretty little tenement, standing in a garden of its own, and having in its rear that unmistakeable sign of prosperity, a coach-house. As they drove up the neatly gravelled drive in front of the cottage, covered with its flowering creepers, and offering a view of a very elegant

"interior" through the open French windows of the drawing-room, Landon expressed his admiration. "Why, I did not know Woolwich could boast of such a bower, Miss Mayne; your home looks like Fairyland."

"Yes, it is certainly pretty for Woolwich," answered the young lady; "and it also resembles Fairyland in one particular, that it is inhabited by a wicked enchanter."

"I know about the enchanter, but I did not know she was wicked," answered Landon.

"I did not mean myself, sir, as you very well knew," returned she, reprovingly, "I was referring to my uncle, Colonel Juxon, a gentleman rather formidable to folks who don't know him; in the army he is called a fire-eater, I believe; but at home——"

"Who in the fiend's name, my dearest Ella, have you brought here?" inquired a sharp testy voice, as the fly drew up at the door, and a short spare old gentleman in undress uniform, presented himself at it. His hair and moustache were as white as snow, and made by contrast a pair of copper-coloured and bloodshot eyes look yet more fiery; altogether he had the appearance of a ferret, and also of a ferret who was exceedingly out of temper.

"This is Mr. Cecil Landon, uncle, to whom Gracie Ray and I have just been indebted for the greatest possible service."

"The devil you have!" said the colonel, sardonically.

"Yes, uncle; Gracie and I were returning quietly home, after a walk along the Greenwich road——"

"A deuced bad road to choose for a walk," interrupted the colonel, angrily; "the most deuced bad road."

"So indeed it turned out, uncle," continued the young girl in unruffled tones, "for a lot of drunken people from Charlton fair——"

"Aye, cadets, I suppose; I've heard of their doings," interrupted the colonel, regarding Landon with great disfavour; "there's going to be a clean sweep made of them by Sir Hercules this time, however."

"But it was not the cadets, uncle; on the contrary, it was to the cadets, or at least to two of them, one of whom was this gentleman here, that Gracie and I are indebted for escaping perhaps with our lives."

"Pooh, pooh, what did they want with your lives?" returned the colonel contemptuously. "The dashed vagabonds wanted to kiss you, and by the look of your bonnet they must have done it. By the living Jingo! if I had only caught them at it, I'd have set a mark on one or two that would have taken a deal of rubbing to get it off again."

"That is exactly what, in our humble, and doubtless less effectual way, we did," explained Landon deferentially.

(*To be continued.*)

HER ANSWER.

ALL day long she held my question
In her heart ;
Shunn'd my eyes that crav'd an answer,
Moved apart ;
Touch'd my hand in Goodnight greeting,
Rosier grew,—
"Should I leave to-morrow ? early ?
Then Adieu ! "
Bent her head in Farewell courteous,
Onward pass'd,
Whilst a cold hand gripp'd my heart-strings,
Held them fast.
Still I waited, still I listened ;
All my soul
Trembled in the eyes that watch'd her
As she stole
Up the stairs with measur'd footsteps.
But she turn'd
Where a lamp in brazen bracket
Brightly burn'd,
Show'd me all the glinting ripples,
Of her hair,
Veil'd her eyes in violet shadows,
Glimmer'd where
Curv'd her mouth in soft compliance
As she bent
Towards me from the dusky railing
Where she leant.
Ah, my sweet ! . . . . . The white hand wanders
To her hair,
Slowly lifts the rose that nestles
Softly there ;
Breathes she in its heart my answer
Shyly sweet,
And Love's message whitely flutters
To my feet.

HER ANSWER

ROSE-LEAF LIPS: THE STORY OF A CROUPIER.

CHAPTER I.

"Faites votre jeu, m'sieurs"

A STORY this of brief sunshine, very bright, and short-lived flowers, very sweet; of long days of cloud and darkness, and the desolation of a wrecked life; a story of temptation wilfully incurred; of punishment, and of repentance, deep, unfeigned, but powerless to save:—the story of my life.

What right had I, Evelyn Harcourt, artist and struggler for bare foothold at the very edge of the world's limit; fighter for the right of title to the noble name of Earthworm; despairing dangler on the lowest fringes of the mantle of Respectability—to dream of Love! is a question as to which my four-and-twenty years did not, at the time, offer any satisfactory solution; neither has a since superadded lustrum afforded me any tenable excuse for the act; but I was twenty-four, and I met my ideal.

I was at Nice, working and waiting, working at "bits" of mountain and sea, gorge and valley; here a gnarled, mis-shapen old olive trunk, the very realization of the grace of the Distorted—twisted, curled, and curved, bent and broken into the perfection of lawless deformity; there, some wayside chapel, where, guarded from storm and rain by the curvature of a humble niche, the dear Madonna and her Child, blessed and blessing, looked with benignant eyes on the passers up and down the steep winding road which led to terrace on terrace of orange and lemon trees above, or climbed, devious, the alpine spur which divided valley from valley. And such passers-by as these were! Such picturesquely wrinkled old men and dried-fig-faced old women! for, with humanity here, youth alone is beautiful; the skies only favour, and the gods only care for the young. Many a queer figure, descending to market on four sure and steady asinine feet, as, with ever busy fingers knitting the everlasting stocking, it sat perched atop of the bales and bundles of garden stuff which swung from the animal's back, did I, in artistic ecstacy, transfer to my canvas, to the appreciative delight of the rich English, Russian, and American visitors who made the Nice "season."

Working and waiting I said. Waiting for what? Shall I confess to the weak vanity, the drivelling satisfaction with my own progress in her good graces which made me hope that my Mistress, Art, would one day inspire me to paint a great picture—would one day give me a *name?* But so it was, and I was content to go through the mire and darkness of a young artist's life, cheered only by the inner light

which I so sedulously burnt at the altar of Her whom alone I served. Would that I had known no other mistress! It was not to be so!

One day I was out sketching. It was a day bright and sunny, but with a touch of the hot mistral blowing gustily over the indigo-tinted Mediterranean, raising the dust in clouds over the city far below me, but up where I sat only causing a quivering excitement amongst the tiny leaves of the olive trees, turning their dainty dull green to daintier grey—the under tint of the leaf. I had pitched my easel a little way below a bend of the roadway, which here crept along, airily, above a declivity of some two hundred feet, and was sketching a couple of old olive trees between whose trunks I could catch a distant glimpse of the city and sea. A charming "study," charming, perhaps, only in an artistic sense, came slowly up the roadside, *en route* home from the city—an old woman spinning as she walked, short skirted and doubtless dirty, but with a big basket balanced juggler-wise on her head, making a delightful "bit of colouring." By her side, a girl of about eighteen, also busily spinning, carrying at her back a brown-cheeked baby, and wearing on her head, or rather thrown back behind it, the invariable round straw hat which, in that position, always reminded me so strongly of the "nimbus" with which the old masters encircled the heads of their saints that it was only natural to evolve the nimbus from the straw hat. Just before the group vanished behind the turn of the road, a providence, considerate of artists, caused them to come to a halt, and the artistic *pose* they made there gave the very effect my sketch wanted. Rapidly as possible I filled in the group, and was just engaged in the last touches, when my ear, being fortunately at the moment an idle organ, caught the sound of the sweetest and most musical ripple of a laugh I ever heard. I looked up, and at the moment, dashing round the bend of the road, faster far than the steep descent warranted, came one of the delightful low pony carriages which abound in Nice, drawn by a pair of high-spirited little Corsicans. I had only time to see that it contained two ladies, one of whom held the reins, and a man servant behind, when, as fate would have it, just as they passed the group of peasants, a vicious gust of the mistral caught the basket on the head of the elder woman and hurled it with a crash to the ground. A shy! which swept the slight carriage to the very verge of the precipice, a succession of loud screams, a wild plunge, and in a moment more the ponies would have bolted to certain destruction. Without thinking what I did, I dashed up, caught the reins, and, with all my force, drove the frightened animals down upon their haunches—the ladies were safe!

The excitement of the moment over, the poor beasts themselves seemed to be aware of the peril they had so narrowly escaped, and now stood with quivering flanks and dilated nostrils. For myself, the blood

which had all rushed to my heart at the moment of action now came back with great beats, and I was quite ready to share in the excitement of the driver, who having, with commendable alacrity, bestowed his own precious person on the ground at the moment of the first shy, now came running down with tears still in his eyes and the wringing scarcely yet out of his hands, but with as much noisy satisfaction as if he had not deserved to be well kicked for a coward. Leaving him at the ponies' heads, I advanced to the side of the carriage. The elder of the two ladies had evidently fainted, and her companion was speaking volubly in French; scolding her too, as I live! for making such a mountain out of so trifling a mole-hill. Standing thus with my hat in hand, quite unregarded, I could not help being amused at the coolness of the young heroine; being moreover sensible of a certain graceful curve of neck, and an undefined perception of a very perfectly moulded figure. The situation required alteration. Accordingly, I ventured to ask if I could be of any assistance.

Heavens! what a lovely face was turned upon me! I could not venture to describe it. I did not dare to look into the eyes which, haughtily enough, flashed over me; indeed I was instantaneously lost in wonder at a pair of lips which looked for all the world like a couple of fresh curled rose leaves, and uncrumpled rose leaves too. I am a moderately self-possessed man on ordinary occasions, but there I stood like a Sunday-school child, or a fool. I felt like the latter. I have a hazy notion of having stammered out some imbecile remark or other, and of hearing a voice as of some very superior musical box trill out a reply. I had spoken in French, but my beauty, seeing through me in an instant, replied in most excellent English. She was evidently "put out" at the situation, which seemed, and indeed was, much the consequence of her own heedless hold of her ponies, and spoke rather more slightingly of the danger than was quite just. She was very sorry to have put "monsieur" to such trouble: it really was a mere nothing. Her companion was quite recovered now, and with many thanks they would now go on. All this with a flushed cheek and a little air of petulance which heightened her charms and set my heart dancing. I was of course only too delighted to have been of any slight service (here I looked grimly down the declivity—slight indeed!) raised my hat as she touched her ponies with her whip, and watched them disappear down the road with the mingled feeling of disappointment, elation, and a certain generally queer sensation which comes to a man but once in his life. The peasants had disappeared. I stepped to the edge and looked down. Good heavens! there was a mark of the pony's hoof where positively the poor beast had slipped, though it had fortunately recovered itself. One hoof in the grave with a vengeance! And such a grave!

Standing thus, enjoying a feast of horrible imaginings as to what might have been, I was startled again by receiving a sharp slap on the back, while a cheery voice—the cheeriest in all my cognizance—called out,

"Hullo, Evelyn! What is it now old man? Are you sitting to yourself for a picture of a nightmare?"

It was Jack Forster, a trump of a fellow, my own particular friend and sworn comrade. He was the one exception to the rule I have always found good, that "Johns" are staid, sober, wise people, who get on in the world through strict sympathy with the business proprieties, and with little else save themselves. Jack was not a staid, successful man—true he was, at that time, only "Jack," which may account for it, the rule not applying to Johns in embryo. I don't think I quite cared for his interruption at the moment. I was just then carrying my new-found beauty in my own appreciative arms from the bottom to the top of that horrible steep; she had fainted, was perhaps dead, and I was engaged in the sad but exquisite delight of looking at those wonderful rose-leaf lips of hers; indeed I might have dared perhaps to —— well, it *was* too bad. I suppose I looked sulky, for Jack continued:—

"Why, now I look at you, there is something the matter. You're not yourself at all, Molly dear."

"Jack," said I, caustically, "if your excess of animal spirits must be blown off, go away and do your explosion somewhere else where there are fools who won't mind it."

"Don't get on your hind legs, there's a good fellow," returned Jack, imperturbably. "What are you plotting? Highway robbery or invasion? Indeed your attitude is rather Napoleonic out-at-Elb*ow*ish. See the joke?"

"Jack," said I, "I am more than ever confirmed in my opinion that you are, to put it plainly, a——"

"A good sort of fellow who doesn't really wish to annoy you, but you *are* in a queer temper to-day. I'll leave you; pick you up as I come back. Ta, Ta." As he spoke he turned to continue his walk. I was surprised to see him suddenly stop, stoop down, and pick up something white. It was a lady's handkerchief. *Hers!* I started forward, holding out my hand. Jack tantalisingly held it aloft—he was six feet one in his stockings—confound him, why couldn't I have seen it first!

"So ho! The mystery's out. Who's the lady?"

It was no use being angry with Jack; besides his question reminded me that I really did not myself know the name of my beauty. Jack might be able to help me.

"Sit down here, you absurd fellow you, and I'll tell you an adventure which has just happened."

Jack was sobered in a moment when he found how earnest a matter it had been, though he threw one or two queer glances in my direction when, as unconcernedly as I could, I spoke of her as a "very good-looking woman."

"By Jove you're in luck, Evelyn," said he, when I had finished. "I met the pony carriage as I came up the hill."

"Do you know her?"

"I know who she is at all events," said Jack, rather evasively, I thought. "She is a Russian, the Baronne de Moëdders. Very rich and —her own mistress."

"Does she live at Nice?"

"No. She is staying at the Hotel de Paris at Monaco."

"Monaco!"

"Yes. She must have just driven in this afternoon."

"Do you know her well enough to introduce me?"

"Yes. I can manage that for you all right."

I sat for a moment absorbed in my own reflections. Rich, and her own mistress. Lovely! Ah yes, she was indeed. Pshaw! what was I thinking about; the rose-leaf lips would rise before my eyes.

"Jack," said I, "we will go to Monaco to-morrow."

Jack said nothing, but gave a low whistle which I perfectly well understood. It said as plainly as if he had spoken: What! *you! you*, the purist! the abominator of gambling; the condemnor of poor slaves of that most despicable vice. *You* who have so often refused even to set foot on the enchanted ground for fear of putting yourself in the way of temptation. *You* ——, and so on for an hour. I knew it all, but still, I would go to the hotel. I could at any rate command myself sufficiently not to go farther. In fact it was a weak and unfair treatment of my own moral strength to keep it thus as it were in cotton wool; besides, there was the handkerchief to be returned. I said so, holding out my hand for it. Jack did not surrender his prize readily, but ultimately did so, though with no great grace.

"Evelyn," said he, as I packed up my sketching traps in silence, having hurriedly thrust the dainty little bit of lawn and lace into my breast pocket. "Evelyn, you're in love with that girl."

"Jack," said I, angrily, "you're a perfect idiot to-day," but I felt "that girl's" little treasure trove next to my heart, and muttered to myself—

"That's true!"

Jack said nothing.

CHAPTER II.

"Le jeu est fait!"

EVEN a sleepless night ends at some time, and the chatter of the ciccala, "happy as a king," and the conversational powers of the green tree-frog, lying complacently on the leaves of the orange trees around me by the thousand, and croaking harsh nothings to discordant mates, in *esse* and in *posse*, set me from thinking to dreaming of my new found enchanter. Jack and I had made friends with an honest couple who grew orange trees for the sake of their sweet blossoms, made into sweeter scent, and were, besides, owners of an olive mill, whose big water-wheel slowly ground the rich berries into oil, and consequent ducats for its contented proprietors. A kindly, simple pair they were, who had taken a fancy to their artist inmates, and made a happy quiet home at the mill for us which they would have denied to more pretentious lodgers. Jack Forster was no artist, only an idle man. He was a younger son of a good family, and had succeeded to that curse to a man of easy-going temperament, a small independence and an indifferent education, which had taught him just enough to enable him to get a good deal of enjoyment out of life without much labour. I woke to find Jack standing over my bedside with a somewhat troubled look on his handsome face.

"Ah!" said he, "it's as well you have come to yourself at last. A fine nightmare you have been riding, I should imagine! Here have you been rolling and groaning, pitching and tossing, like an empty fishing smack in a gale. What's the matter?"

"Matter! nothing," said I, "eat too much supper I suppose."

"'Twas that confounded cucumber,
I've eat and can't digest,"

quoted Jack, with an I-see-through-you-look which I detest. I turned my face to the wall. Truth was that I had been compelled by the abominable activity of an excited brain to rehearse for my own benefit the whole scene of the previous day, with elaborations, the principal of which were a pair of rosy lips, mockingly offering themselves to my pursuing kiss, and turning to serpents' jaws which viciously snapped at me whenever I touched them. Pleasant certainly!

"Breakfast's ready," said Jack; (breakfast being a concession to our insular prejudices) "a cup of strong coffee will quiet your nerves; we have an expedition to-day, remember."

Monaco, and an introduction to my Russian beauty! I dressed rapidly, and entering our little sitting-room, found Jack engaged in stuffing cold chicken and hard boiled eggs, together with other sundry matters, into a couple of knapsacks.

"What on earth are you doing?" said I, "one would think we were going to a desert island instead of a first-class hotel."

"Oh, you won't find the hotels very first-class."

"Why, I thought Monaco had the best hotel in these parts," said I.

"Monaco! Oh yes, but we are not going to Monaco."

"Where then?"

"Up into the mountains, as we settled last week," said Jack, calmly whistling. He was right as to our arrangement, but all that was changed now for me. I had but one object in life at that moment. To my remonstrances Jack was deaf. To Monaco at that time he would not go, and without him the main object of my visit would be difficult of attainment. Finally I had to succumb; the concession being made that within a week we should end our trip at the Hotel de Paris.

I fear I was but bad company throughout that week, fretting and fuming at every delay; but the week did ultimately pass by, and we reached Monaco one afternoon in time to catch the exquisite pink and rose of the setting sun, as it touched lingeringly on town, and castle, white villas nestling in orange and olive groves, and the gaunt, grey crags of the mountain spur which shut in the tiny princedom. Man of one idea though I was, I could not but look with feasting, artist eye on the beauty of the scene now opened to me for the first time, as our carriage rounded the fairy bay, and mounted the steep which led to the "*Etablissement.*"

"I know this spot pretty well," said Jack, looking back as we reached the top and turned into the "place" in front of the Hotel, "but upon my word it's just the sweetest slice of Paradise I ever saw."

"And a boiled down Hades ready to tumble into," added I, with the superiority of a being above a fall.

"I don't know that. Hades is Paradise to a good many here, and lots wouldn't change quarters if they could."

Appalled at the indecent sentiment of the "lots," but without a sufficiently severe retort on my lips at the moment, I followed Jack into the Hotel. Here he seemed quite at home, and gave orders for rooms, by their number and locality, with the confidence of an *habitué* of the place.

"Just in time for dinner," said he, and led the way into an immense and splendidly-frescoed hall, filled with well-appointed tables of different sizes, each of which held a more or less numerous party, while the clatter of plates and the confused noise of a number of voices, made a Babel of sound which was the reverse of depressing. Through the crowded room with a bow here, a nod and a smile there, or a whispered word in passing, Jack steered his way, till at the end of the room he stopped at a small table at which there were only four seats, all empty. I looked round the room eagerly. *She* was not there.

"My own particular spot," he remarked.

"You come here often then," said I. Jack was always somewhat reticent as to his movements, and of course my own artist life led me much away from our home.

"Oh, yes. Latterly I have been here a good deal. Where is Madame la Baronne?" he continued, turning to a servant dressed in black and wearing a silver chain round his neck.

"Madame has left the hotel, monsieur, this week past."

"Indeed!" He spoke indifferently, but I could not help the feeling that there was a touch of satisfaction in his tone. "That's unfortunate, Evelyn; you will not meet your charmer after all."

I was at once dashed from the seventh heaven of nearly realized expectation to the abyss of utter disappointment. Was it for this I had come. I was about to make some angry observation when the major domo added:—

"But, without doubt, madame will return to-night. She makes a little promenade along the Corniche with her friends."

I wonder I did not get up then and there and embrace the man. Up from the nadir to the zenith once more! Jack appeared indifferent.

"Very well," said he, "let's have some dinner."

Dinner passed rather silently. At its close Jack proposed coffee and a cigar, outside the café opposite. The cigar was excellent; so was the coffee; so were my spirits. We chatted for some time on the scene before us; I interspersing divers observations of a moral character as profound and effective as such observations of twenty-four on its highest moral rocking-horse are wont to be. Jack was cynical, and not particularly good-humoured.

"I acknowledge it all," said he, "all the idleness, and sinful waste, and general viciousness of the entire caboodle. But what would you have? In consequence of the introduction of original sin into this much-abused sublunary sphere, man is conscious of a liver. That liver, owing to said cause is, alas, too sadly apt to become torpid, whence flow the chief evils of life—ill-tempers, quarrels, wars. To stir up that degenerate organ, we must have an exciting cause; we cannot be always feasting on blue pills. The constant imbibing of the festive black draught is a pernicious and distasteful practice. It must be a tough liver or an endless purse which can't be stirred thoroughly here, and that with the least possible hurt to the world outside. If it does sometimes end in prussic acid or a pistol shot, I don't know that much is lost. Let's come and hear the music inside, the band is just beginning."

We threw away the ends of our cigars, and walked across the grass and flower-filled space in the centre of the square towards the porch of

the play-rooms—the *Etablissement* itself. Jack stopped on the steps which led to the building and said in a low tone:

"Evelyn, will you take my advice? A train back will start in half-an-hour; get into it and go home."

"Thank you," said I, coldly, as a suspicion crossed my mind which had been lying dormant there for some little time past; "are you quite sure that your advice is disinterested?" I spoke with something of a sneer, for which I was ashamed the moment after. Jack merely shrugged his shoulders and passed in. I followed.

"That's Cerberus," he said, with a laugh, as we passed a grave sharp-eyed man near the door.

"Why Cerberus?"

"Well, the good Prince of this Monaco, though he receives an immense income from M. Louis Blanc, the magician who has built this palace out of his bare rocks, does not care to have his people bitten with the Tarantula of Play. The natives are not admitted."

We passed into a noble hall, along the sides of which stood rows of comfortable chairs, into which visitors might sink and listen at their ease, gratis, to the music of one of the finest continental orchestras. The band, some fifty in number, was playing a dainty bit of waltz music as we entered, rendered with such exquisite modulations of time and tone as showed a master mind guiding the bâton. We stayed till the music ceased, and then left the room, turning towards a corridor, at the end of which were heavy baize-covered double doors; entering these, we found ourselves in the first of the two great *salons de jeu* which form the heart of this vast system. A general effect of gilding and colour, massive chandeliers pendant by heavy brass chains from lofty ceilings, a crowd of people, ladies as well as men, gathered closely round long tables covered with green cloth, and—silence. This was my first impression of Monaco. The silence was broken only by a mysterious rattle which almost immediately ended with a slight click, upon which a monotonous but clear voice made some announcement, succeeded by the sound of coin falling upon coin, and the raking together of pieces of money. Then the same monotonous voice called out words heard by me for the first time, "*Faites votre jeu, m'sieurs!*" followed by a pause, during which there seemed to be a general rush to put money on the table. Jack and I managed to get close to the envied spot, succeeding to the seats of a little old lady in black who made her exit, followed by another who looked like her maid, and probably was.

"The old lady is not in luck to-night," whispered Jack. "I dare say she thinks some one here is looking at her with an evil eye."

"Who is she?"

"Oh, a wealthy Russian; widow to a notable diplomat who left her

a fortune and, what he considered better, an infallible "system" for roulette. Your Russian is a born gamester."

Was my Russian beauty also a gamester? I longed to ask, but refrained.

"*Le jeu est fait!*" called out one of the croupiers at the centre of the table, and with a twist of his finger he set a circular disk spinning on its axis with great velocity, at the same moment dropping in the circle a small ivory ball. Round and round rushed the disk, and round and round careered the ball. I looked up and down the immense table. Anxious to seize the latest moment, people were depositing coin—gold, silver, and notes—in the different compartments which were marked on the cloth. Three long parallel lines of numbers ran down its whole length, from one to thirty-six, corresponding with divisions of the roulette wheel. In addition to these were bigger divisions according to colour, "Rouge" and "Noir"; again, two other divisions for odd and equal numbers, "Pair" and "Impair"; two more, "Manque" and "Passe," embracing numbers below and above the middle number eighteen; other divisions again offered still further varieties of combination. Above all came "Zero," the joy of the bank, the dread of the players. All this Jack hurriedly explained to me as the ball galloped on its course. As it showed signs of slackening speed, its attendant called out, "Rien ne va plus," after which nothing further could be put on the table for that turn, and in a moment more it had tumbled, with a sharp click, into one of the compartments of the wheel.

"Vingt-et-un, rouge, impair et passe," sung out the imperturbable voice, and the work of absorption and payment to the lucky winners went on like the mere question of machinery it was. The busy rakes dragged in the bank's winnings, leaving on the cloth the stakes about the lucky number; towards these a golden and silver shower descended from the deft hands of cashiers, while croupiers at either end regulated the ownership of the various piles. A brief squabble would occasionally occur as to a doubtful ownership, but all was easily settled, and the monotonous performance was ready to be repeated hour after hour through the long night. This was Roulette. But the faces—the expressions! This was the place to see the natural man and woman. No artificiality here! Bound by a common tie of passion indulged, none had reason to feign a decorous propriety; though transient visitors would for awhile assume an air which expressed their sense of the general fie-fie-ness of things. But Monaco is a universal and impartial leveller, and those "who came to scoff" remained most frequently—to *play*.

"See that portly personage opposite?" said Jack, looking across to where a gentleman was covering the table with 100 franc gold pieces.

"That's the Duke of ——," naming an English nobleman; "by his side is an English parson in mufti. By Jove, the parson's in luck!" he continued, as that estimable divine, who was evidently a visitor experimenting on a novel sensation—"being in Turkey did as the Turkies do"—became a recipient of the golden rain. Sharer in the same beneficence of Jupiter Auripluvius, a graceful white hand, whose fingers were covered with brilliants, stretched out to gather in the coin. By accident, the rake it held slightly touched and upset the parson's pile. With a little laugh and a "mille pardons, m'sieur!" the *amende* was made; the parson bowed, smiled, and said some small suitable nothing.

"Thirty-nine Articles flirting with original sin," said Jack.

"There is a queer mixture here." I whispered.

"Oh yes. Hell, like heaven, is no respecter of persons. M. Blanc's showers fall alike on the evil and on the good. What's the last number? Trente-six! Let's try the other extreme;" and Jack carelessly threw a Napoleon on "Zero." Round went the ball, and to my great excitement, "Zero" came from the croupier's lips, and whilst the long rakes gathered in the spoils all round, thirty-five golden drops fell to the lucky Jack. He pushed some to me:

"Here, old man," said he, "try your luck; you needn't mind. It's their own money."

I declined decidedly. I had come there, it was true, but nothing should induce me to put a sou on the fatal board. On that point, with a little inward glow of satisfaction at my own decision of character, I was quite determined. I would not play. Jack shrugged his shoulders and continued his game with a coolness or self-control which I could not pretend to share. I found myself getting absorbed, and watching the ups and downs of his fortune with an excitement which was as exhilarative as unusual. At last Jack got up with a little forced laugh.

"Let's get out of this," he said.

We left the table, our vacated seats being instantly filled.

"What's the damage?" I asked.

"Oh, fifty Naps. or so to the bad. Luck was against me to-night. Better next time. Come and see the trente-et-quarante table."

It was on my lips to have "improved the occasion" for his benefit, but, in truth, his was much the better mind and stronger will, and argument with him did not always mean success for me. I was of a disposition I fear to follow rather than lead; what would be called a "weak" man; how weak I little imagined at that time—I realized fully before long.

At the trente-et-quarante table in the next room, which was even more handsome than the last, there was a smaller and more select circle, and the medium of the play being cards, it was an extremely quiet group.

Here Jack pointed out to me various celebrities in the continental world of diplomacy and the fine arts. Here a famous Prussian officer engaged in "running through" his play as though it were an enemy. Next to him a great financier whose name would be honoured in every spot throughout the world where money is a power; everywhere, that is, save a few islands in the Pacific where the "unconverted heathen" has not been elevated into civilized 'cuteness. He was trying hard to get rid of some of the incubus of wealth which sat on him, but his efforts were useless; he was winning constantly. By his side sat a lady dressed in a pale pinky silk made in the height of fashion, a gracefully shaped hat on her beautiful head which was at the moment turned from me. My heart beat wildly. I required no intimation that here was my lady of the rose-leaf lips—my beautiful Russian! I felt that Jack was regarding me with a cynical smile, and that I was blushing with pleasure like a foolish girl. She was playing high, and apparently losing heavily, but with the most consummate air of indifference. She was chatting to an elderly lady who sat by her side, but who was not herself playing; only turning to the table at each renewal of the game to replace doubly or trebly the stakes which were rapidly swept from her towards the insatiable maw of the "bank." The other lady I recognized as her companion on the eventful day of the accident. A kindly sympathetic face, her's, full of high intelligence and moral goodness; while the loving look she gave in answer to some observation of her lively companion, came as a kind of solace to the pain I felt at seeing them *there*. My beauty could not be bad at heart to have gained the love of such a woman. She was playing for very high stakes. A pile of thousand franc notes lay in her lap, and her perfectly moulded hand *bien gantée*, with an arm whose shape and delicacy held me enchanted—was then placing another roll of these upon the table. As she turned, she raised her face in our direction, and recognised us in an instant with a smile and a little flush of the cheek, for which I felt I would have gone through fire. A moment more and her stake followed its companions. With a slight *moue* of contemptuous dissatisfaction she rose, and followed by her companion, left the table, coming towards us.

"Ah my friend," she said to Jack, giving him her hand cordially, "you have come to break my bad luck, I hope."

Jack made some reply, and then turning to me was about to introduce me, when the beauty with a charming grace all her own, held out her hand and pressed mine with cordial feeling.

"Mr. Harcourt and I don't require any introduction; my naughty Garibaldi and Ratto have already made us acquainted. Is it not so?" she said, with one of her sweet smiles. Heavens! How beautiful she was!

"You must allow me to introduce you to another of your rescued dames. *Ma chère,*" she continued, turning to her companion, "Here is Mr. Harcourt at last. Ah sir, Madame de Vost and I can at last thank you, though not half enough, for your bravery."

Madame de Vost said some pleasant, quiet words of thanks, and I stammered out a reply—what, I have no notion.

"We looked at the place as we returned; *Mon Dieu!* it was horrible!" ran on my beauty, "but let us not stay here where it makes so hot; let us come outside on the terrace—see, the moon is shining beautifully."

We stepped through an open window on to a broad terrace. Below us were flowers and grass, and graceful palm-trees, *and*, the broad moonlit breast of the Mediterranean. To the right, the sister peninsula of rock to our own ran out, bearing on its crest the quaint outlines of the little town of Monaco and the palace of its Prince, bathed in the bright rays of the moon. It was a fairy scene, such a one as lives in an artist's memory. The Baroness sank down on a garden seat with a rustle of silks and a scent of sweet flowers about her, the very embodyment of fair womanhood, and made room for me at her side. Madame de Vost sat on her other side with an arm round her waist, and Jack, the lengthy and luxurious, stretched himself at her feet.

"Now, gentlemen, light your cigars," said our mistress; I say mistress, for we all seemed to own her sway instinctively. "Stay, I will myself, with my own hands, roll cigarettes for you. Mr. Forster, you carry the material I know."

Jack laughed. "I should think you did," said he. She took off her long gloves, and, with a woman's coquetry, gave them to me to hold, while with rapid fingers she folded up tobacco and coaxed it into form, till she had produced four excellently-made cigarettes.

"There!" she said, "one apiece," and, giving us ours, proceeded to light her own as though there were nothing strange in the operation.

"You seem surprised, Mr. Harcourt," she said, watching me with amusement, "but I really don't see why you gentlemen should have all the pleasant things of life, and a delicate tobacco is certainly one of them."

As she spoke, with the fairy smoke curling from her lips, with the grace of her attitude and gesture before me, I could not, for the life of me, say why she, at least, should not smoke or do any other masculine act she might choose; content that she could do nothing ungraceful or unbecoming her womanhood. It is the manner of the acting, not the act itself, which unsexes a woman.

"These are days of advance and change," said Jack, "and manners and customs must march with the tide. Little did those warlike old buffers, the Grimaldi, through their seven centuries of princedom over

yonder, anticipate the accession of so potent a power as M. Louis Blanc."

Some one replied, and the ball of conversation was kept up with much force and gay badinage, though with but scanty contribution from me. A sweet, strange lull of thought, aspiration, hope and fear, seemed to enwrap me. I was conscious of but one sentiment—that I was near *her*. I did not care to analyse feeling further. By and by she complained of feeling chilly, and we rose to return to the room.

"Twelve o'clock," said Jack, "I beg to propose some supper."

By general consent the motion was carried, and we passed through the rooms on our way to the hotel. We stopped for awhile at the roulette table which was in full swing, though not now so crowded, owing to the departure of the Nice train with its load of visitors. I had told her that this was my first visit; that I had never played.

"Will you do me a favour?" said the Baroness to me as we stood looking on.

"There is nothing you can ask me that I will not do," I said, like the the simple, innocent, happy fool I was.

The same slight flush which I had noticed before came over her face to my delight. I was almost beside myself. Everything was misty; everything was *her*.

"You know how superstitious we Russians are, and people who play here are doubly so. I have had a run of ill-luck to-night. Will you see if your hand can break the spell. Play for me."

She put a roll of notes into my hand. Scarcely conscious of what I was doing, I put the entire roll on to the table. It was on "rouge." "Rouge" came up and her stake was doubled. She clapped her hands in childish glee.

"There, there! Did I not tell you so?" she said. "Mr. Harcourt you are born to be my guardian angel!"

I smiled, and said in a low voice:

"Will you, too, do *me* a favour?"

"Of course! I owe you a very great one you must remember—my life."

She looked at me with one sudden glance of her beautiful eyes. I could scarcely dare to read what I did read there.

"Then let me keep your glove."

"Certainly, for ever and a day, if you will," said she, adding, with a laugh to hide, as I fancied, a deeper feeling, as she took my arm to leave the room. "Men are so easily pleased."

As we passed the door, the monotonous voice of the croupier cried the never ending formula,

"Le jeu est fait!"

What did I care!

CHAPTER III.

"Rien ne va plus."

And now there began for me a season of such happiness as I had never dreamt could have fallen to mortal lot. Through the whole of those happy winter months I lived as if in another and ethereal world. The practice of my art I utterly gave up, proving myself, to my shame, to be no true artist. My once sole mistress was supplanted by one more potent, and to serve two such at the same time was impossible. I left my once dear and happy home by the old olive mill at Nice, and removed to the gay splendour of the Hotel de Paris, that I might be nearer the one object that alone made life valuable to me. It was infatuation; it was madness; it was *love.* But looking back to that time now, in calmer and thoughtful moments, I can neither wonder at, nor, what is stranger, even to myself, regret the sacrifice I then made, or rather, to speak more honestly, the self-indulgence I surrendered to through that long day-dream. Had she whom I loved beckoned me from heaven, I would have followed her there; had she called me to hell, I would have sought her side. In and through life I was her's—in and through death—to eternity her's only. I felt it mere blasphemy to imagine separation from her, ——. I *loved* her—she, too, loved me.

What is it that produces the sentiment we call "love?" What mysterious influence is it which attracts or repels, or simply leaves us indifferent when the sex opposite to our own is concerned? Is it that we are human anemones, magnified and, possibly, improved cydipi; from whom emanate, all unseen, and beyond influence of our own, delicate threads of soul-nerves which meet with other soul nerves, to harmonise or to disagree, and so compel our grosser consciousness to feel the liking or the love, the indifference or disgust which, somehow, we do, involuntarily, feel, often with the first glance? I cannot say; but this I know, I *loved* Feodora from the first moment of our strange meeting on that mountain side: and this with no partial measure, no reservation, but with all my heart, soul and strength. I worshipped her; she was my religion, my God; all else was swallowed up in her. An artist must perforce be also poet. Mine was the impassioned love of the poet; my life one sweet idyl.

I had accumulated, by hard work, and a small legacy left me in the will of a relation, who had taken considerable interest in my life as an artist, some twelve hundred pounds, with which I had purposed continuing my studies in Rome, the centre of art life. This sum now provided me with the means of maintaining my new position. I lived regardless of the future, determined, at all costs, to seize my present day.

How it all came about; what golden glorious hour brought the crowning point to my joy is immaterial. What, and when, and where came the story that the stars saw and the birds heard; on which the palms nodded kindly, whilst the myriad voices on the southern shores—of the ciccala, and the green-tree frog, and the rustling olive leaves hummed a dainty accompaniment—of this it matters nothing; it was the old, old story, and, no doubt, as foolish as any. I write flippantly and untruly—it was like *no other*, for my darling was like no other woman.

How could I attempt to describe her! How and whence she inherited her wonderful beauty and grace, I never quite gathered; nor indeed was her history ever quite clear to me. I only knew that she was nobly born, and the ward, before she married, of the Emperor. She never talked, even to me, of herself; and beyond a general idea, formed more from my own inferences than any definite statements of hers, that her brief married life had been a far from happy one, I knew nothing. That she was rich, good, true, and all womanly, besides being accomplished beyond the ordinary, and possessed of rare powers of mind and observation, summed up all I knew—all I cared to know.

Her one defect was the intense love she had for the excitement of the tables, but even this soon appeared greatly to give way to the pleasure she evidently had in my society. Entire mistress of her own actions, both she and I went our ways regardless of the possibility of remark from women envious of her beauty and wealth, or men equally so, of my good fortune in possessing so absolutely her favour. Sometimes, accompanied by Madame de Vost, (of whom I say little here, but who was the essence of all nobleness of thought, word, and deed, and Feodora's truest, dearest friend and confidant,) but more generally alone, we roamed about the country sketching or botanising; chiefly using the same famous pair of ponies to whose exceptional naughtiness I owed my happy introduction; and a more happy, contented quartette than Feodora and I, "Garabaldi" and "Ratto," could not have been found under the sun through that pleasant winter time. Sometimes we wound along the giddy Corniche road towards the west, through Roccabruno, standing so queerly glued to the mountain side, just as it did seven hundred years ago when St. Bruno, worker of miracles and founder of the grim Carthusian Order, held up his finger and obligingly stayed its rapid slide seawards; over against Eza, rock-perched nest of pirates in the old days, through Villa Franca, and so to Nice; or else we wandered eastward through quaint Mentone with its ancient churches and modern rheumatics, along the Riviera; alone through old time villages with our fresh young love, not finding discord but harmony in the union of new and old. There was but one source of regret. Jack

steadily changed in manner, to downright silence and moroseness; till one day after some words in which he warned me not to "make a fool" of myself with the "pretty Russian," he left us for a lengthened tour. We were too selfishly happy to regret him long. So passed the winter.

One morning, going out with her on the terrace, after breakfast, Feodora said with a transparent attempt at gaiety:

"Evelyn, do you like fairy stories?"

"That depends," said I, guardedly; "do you?"

"Oh sometimes; not all the time. I'll tell you one."

And then she wove into words, in her own pretty, dainty way, some queer little conceit of a lovely, "oh ever so lovely," Princess, who was beloved *au désespoir* by a cavalier of the most distinguished, kind and handsome as the Apollo; upon whose halcyon days descended an enormous monster, with great, red eyes and an exceptional profundity of jaw, breathing out fire and smoke, which seized her, tore her from the arms of her love, and flew "away, away, away, oh, ever so far." As she spoke she looked over to the distant station, where stood the engine of the Nice train, whose smoke we could see distinctly over the olive trees.

"You are going away?" I said, aghast.

"I must; only for a short time, though—to Paris—on business; and alone too," she continued, forestalling my words, "to get a bonnet," she added, with a smile.

"Nonsense. You don't expect me to believe that?"

"Vraiment! No. I will have no secret from you. I am going to see about the sale of some property there. Indeed, this terrible Monaco has swallowed up much of my wealth. I shall be a beggar soon if I don't run away from it."

There was a touch of trouble on her face, as she spoke, which showed me she was in earnest about her losses. I knew, of course, that she had lost, and that to an enormous extent; but the question of her monetary concerns had never risen between us till now.

"Darling," I whispered, taking her sweet face in my two hands, and looking deep down into her eyes, "I almost wish you could become a poor girl, so that we might fly away from this deadly place and live quietly somewhere. I could support a poor wife at any rate, if not a rich one, and we might be rich some day, who knows?"

She made no reply at the time, but some half an hour after:

"Evelyn," she said, with a sad, tender look in her eyes, as I held her in my arms, my parting kiss on her lips: "It is no use; you'll never be rich enough to marry me. I should ruin a Crœsus. Let us pretend it has all been a dream; shall we?" She looked up archly into my face.

"A dream from which we will never awake then," said I. "Do you love me?"

This was a question to which neither required an answer. She only laid her cheek caressingly on my hand as it held hers.

"Well, then," I went on,

> "If you love me as I love you,
> No pecuniosity shall cut our love in two."

"I swear I *will* be rich. I'll wrench fortune from Monsieur Louis Blanc's bank, or perish in the attempt. 'Victory or Westminster Abbey!'" I said, gaily.

"That's what your Nelson said, was it not?" she asked; and then continued, gravely, looking into the distance with unseeing eyes: "He got what he wanted, didn't he?"

Her mood perplexed and pained me.

"And so shall I," I said, trying to hide from her the pain which was filling my heart at our approaching parting.

"You didn't know Crœsus?" I asked.

"Not intimately. We were distant acquaintances only," she said, with a little laugh, looking up at my face.

"Why?"

"Because I shall be prepared to introduce you to the individual when you return."

"When I return," she repeated, dreamily.

A few minutes later, and I was standing by the window of the railway carriage in which they were seated. Just as they started, my darling beckoned me:

"Good bye, Crœsus," she said, and dropped into my hands, with a kiss on the white petals, a spray of orange flowers.

As I walked back disconsolately up the long road and steep hill which rounded the bay, holding my darling's precious buds to my heart, my mind was filled with one fixed determination. Though I had never played, I had, as I have said, constantly sat beside Feodora and from constantly watching the game, was master—so far as that was possible—of its intricacies. I had often felt that I could foresee the gyrations of the ball or the turn of the card; amusing myself harmlessly by imagining losses which did not hurt, gains which did not benefit me. I now determined, myself, to play in earnest, and the consciousness of a possible reward which might follow a successful game drove every other consideration out of my mind. At any rate, my gains might relieve Feodora of the embarrassment to which she had confessed. That alone was sufficient for me. Besides, too, my long stay in the enervating and insidious influences of the place had thoroughly blinded my perceptions of the right and wrongs of the moral life, and the surrender of my principle of resistance to the spirit of "Play" was no difficult matter. There

was nothing I would not have surrendered for *her* sake. Body or soul, what did it matter ! Was I not hers only !

All through that afternoon I played: played carefully, thoughtfully ; studying each turn of the ball. Played and lost, played heedlessly, and—lost, played desperately and still lost. After a hurried dinner I renewed my funds, and played again, still losing. I grew obstinate. I *would* win, cost what it might. I left the tables to obtain fresh funds : some one followed me, and as the door silently closed behind us, I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned. It was Jack, returned after his long absence.

"Look here, old fellow," said Jack, holding me by the arm. "Take a fool's advice, and don't go in there again."

"I'll trouble you to keep your advice for fools," said I, angrily, shaking off his hand. "I'm not a child, I suppose !"

"Not much better," said Jack, with, I fancied, something of a sneer.

"You have plenty of money I know. The point is, will you lend me some ?"

"Not a sou," said Jack, imperturbably.

"I tell you I *must* win to-night. I feel it."

"Not with my money."

"Very well. I can get some at the hotel, I dare say," I said, hurrying to go down the steps, and assuming an air of indifference, though I was really trembling with excitement. "I have learned the value of your friendship already in other ways," I said, meaningly.

"I can only wish the lesson had done you more good," said Jack, speaking, for him, rather warmly.

"I don't in the least doubt it," I replied sharply. "It isn't so difficult as you think to read you, my friend. Your advice was, of course, purely disinterested."

"About the handsome Russian ? Oh certainly," said Jack. "I may admire her but she will never rank *me* amongst the number of her lovers."

"Lovers !"

"Lovers ! certainly. You needn't think that you have the monopoly of those pretty lips of hers."

My blood boiled from heart to head. I turned upon him, and dashed my fist in his handsome face.

"Liar !" I hissed out. "Liar !"

Jack made a movement towards me and then checked himself, with marvellous self-control, saying quietly, as he wiped his lips—covered with blood, with his handkerchief—"For God's sake, don't make a scene I hate a scene. You will apologise for this to-morrow."

He was moving off towards the Terrace.

"Never !" said I. "You will meet me, or I'll horse-whip you

publicly and point you out everywhere you go as a coward as well a liar!" I stood in his way, threateningly.

"There, that will do," he said: his eyes gleaming with a deadly look I had never seen before.

"You will meet me;" said I, speaking now very quietly.

"I will."

"When?"

"Oh, the sooner the better, say to-morrow at daybreak."

"Your friend?"

He named an old French colonel, who was known to have been out in several affairs already; raised his hat formally, and left me.

For me, I went immediately to the rooms where I knew I should find an Irish captain, an acquaintance of mine, who would not be loath to aid in so laudable a cause. I found him easily enough in the music room, half asleep on a sofa, and only semi-conscious of the strains of the orchestra before him.

"Oh! Harcourt, my boy," said he, listlessly, as I sat down beside him. "What's the matter with you? You look as if you'd been punching somebody's head."

"Look here!" said I, our conversation being covered by the sounds of the band, which was playing, as I even then could not help observing, a waltz of Strauss with exquisite grace.

"I want you to do me a favour."

"So long as it isn't money you want," said he, "I'm ready; but it's cleaned out I am entirely. I had to leave the tables, it was too tantalizing staying there without a copper to put down."

I told him just what I wanted.

"Couldn't you do without the fighting?" he said.

"No. He *shall* meet me. Besides I struck him!"

"Whew!" said the captain. "The divil ye did! All right! I'm your man," he added, after a moment's consideration, "though it's plaguey awkward to arrange a meeting just now." "Well," he continued, cheerfully, "we'll, just step over the frontier a mile or two and you can have it out quietly and no offence in the world. I'll go and see his friend and settle the matter. But what are you going to do?"

"Back into the rooms to play. I know I shall win."

"Well, you're a good plucked 'un! I say," he added, as we left the room. "Luck's dead against the table to-night. *Try number nine!* I've a notion it will win."

"As good as another," I said.

Going across to the bureau of the hotel, I drew a heavy check. For reasons of his own the manager made no difficulty about cashing it.

"M'sieu va jouer le grand coup?" said he, with a bow and a smile

as he handed me the notes. I made some slight remark in reply, and calling for a bottle of champagne, tossed off a couple of glasses. As I put down the empty glass the pendule in the bureau struck *nine*. The coincidence made me smile. The urbane *directeur* remarked it. "Numero neuf," said he "c'est bon ?"

"Bon assez !" I replied, and took my way to the salon de jeu.

Here the tables were crowded, and play was going on at high pressure. However, I found a seat, and sat for some little time, carefully pricking on a card with a long pin the various chances of the game. Whether it was that I played with too much caution I cannot tell, but with various alterations of fortune I steadily lost: until, after about a couple of hours play, I found myself minus the large amount I had brought into the room with me. As my last stake was swept into the clutches of the croupier's rake, I leaned my elbow on the table, and watched the game go on gloomily. Should I abandon it? As I watched, fortune seemed to change again, like the reflux of the tide, and the incessant "Faites votre jeu !" to sound less like the seductive voice of a ghoul. Feodora's dear image rose before me. Success meant *her*; failure—I did not dare to think what failure meant. I had gone too far to recede. I must either master the wave or the wave would certainly overwhelm me. I ran across to the hotel and drew another cheque; this time for an amount which would I knew nearly, if not entirely, drain my credit at the bank.

"Mauvaise chance, M'sieu ?" said the *directeur*, as he proceeded to cash it, looking this time, however, somewhat carefully at the amount.

"Malheureusement, oui !" I said, carelessly.

"Au bonheur, M'sieu !" came his parting benediction, as I retraced my steps into the play room. I kept murmuring to myself the name of Feodora, as though it were some charm. "Feodora! Feodora! Feodora!" I reiterated. I regained my seat with some difficulty, but took it with a sense of mastery of the position which I had never felt before.

I *must* win. I *would* win. *I did win.* That night I seemed to have some mysterious power over the ball. I could not go wrong. I laughed to myself. I laughed out loud, with such ridiculous amiability did fortune seem to follow at my beck and call. It was I, who was for this night only master of the usually self-willed, erratic imp—for I had come to regard it with such well-grounded superstition as to invest it with a personality, whose gambols had so often allured, decoyed, and destroyed me. Did I favour "rouge," rouge it was. Did any pure caprice lead me to select "noir," down into a black compartment tumbled the obedient little sprite, and my pile doubled itself as if by magic. Suddenly, I bethought myself of the number so kindly suggested by my friend—number *nine*. I immediately placed a sum of money on that number. Round went the wheel, but the number was *not* nine. Again I tried; with

the same result. I debated whether it was worth while to make a third trial, but just before the warning "Rien ne va plus!" fell from the croupier, I once more replaced my stake. To my delight, the tardy number was the winner. Thirty-five times my stake fell towards me. I let it all lie. Round went the ball, and *again* it fell into the same division. This time my winnings were not so easily counted out. Confident in my good fortune, I allowed my second stake still to lie, and for the third time the croupier had to announce, amid a buzz from the crowd who surrounded the table, "Neuf, rouge, impair et manque." The two *directeurs* sitting in their high chairs at the side over the wheel and the "*banquier*" looked grave, but no way uneasy; they had confidence in the turn of the tide.

Still I went on, backing the colours as my fancy led me, generally with success. It seemed well nigh impossible but that I should before long "break the bank." This was my intention. I had determined to rest satisfied with nothing short of this result. At last, after a prolonged run upon red, which had doubled my pile at each turn, the *directeurs* hesitated about allowing so large a sum to lie longer. I asked for one more turn, which would, I believed, bring me the issue I hoped for. Of that issue, I had no doubt whatever. Fortune, "the blind goddess," had at last opened her eyes, and had surrendered the Philistines into my hand. Was I to spare them! After long consultation with other potentates, it was determined that I should be allowed to venture these, my entire winnings, on the one last stake. If I won, I broke the bank; if not, why, that was *my* concern; and, with a shrug of the shoulders, round went the ball. The excitement was now intense. The most perfect stillness pervaded the room, all eyes being fixed on the ball, now gradually lessening speed. For myself, I was perfectly collected, more so than at any time in the evening, perhaps; my eyes fixed on my huge pile as it lay on the kindly red section, its nursing mother, and wondering how much it would all amount to. Suddenly, a click! and the ball had tumbled into *Black*. The Bank was saved, and *I!*—I was, I hardly know how I was, or where—I only remember going quietly out of the room, crossing the square, and wondering as I went how many lamps there were in it when the festoons were all lit up, and thinking what a lot of money it must cost to keep them all burning; so much in French francs, which would be so much in English pounds sterling, at forty pounds sterling to the thousand francs!

At the door my Irish friend met me. "It's all right," said he. "I've got everything ready. The others have gone on before us, so as not to attract attention. A carriage will be here for us in an hour's time. What's the matter? You look as if you'd seen a ghost. Luck been against you?"

I murmured, "Rather."

"Ah!" he ran on; "you didn't back number nine: he'd have seen you through."

It was not worth the trouble of disabusing him. What did it or anything else matter? Going to my room, I called for some cognac, and, pouring out half a tumbler full, drank it. I dare say it was strong, but I did not feel it. Presently, it produced an effect upon me, and gave me back my nerve, which had been somewhat hardly tried. I sat down, wrote one or two hurried notes, in case of an unfortunate issue to myself, and one to Feodora. The latter was brief: I did but write down a little Russian phrase of endearment my pet had once playfully taught me. "'Melinka moja, duschenka tibia lubluh!' Darling, *I love you! I love you! I love you!* God bless you. Good-bye." This I enclosed, together with a ring I had always worn, and I directed it to her. I had but a few trifles to give away, and some few sovereigns which happened to be in my desk. These I put into my pocket, and my preparations were complete. Presently, my friend rapped at my door, and told me that the carriage was ready. Down we went, he and I, and so impressed was I with the solemnity of the occasion, as it affected my usually volatile friend, that I succeeded in making some stupid joke or other and so relieving his mind of the fear which had evidently taken hold of it, that I was going to show the white feather. Fortunately, he did all the talking, and I could lie back in the carriage, and think. Memories of our old days of wanderings together came upon me, and recollections of many deeds of kindness my once friend, now foe, had done me. Besides, it grew upon me that it was not impossible that, at heart, he might be himself, the ardent lover of my darling that I was, and that I myself had, really, supplanted *him*. I knew well his proud, reserved inner self would never allow me to know it, were it the fact. So I determined to fire in the air, receiving, of course, his fire myself. In honour could do nothing else. After awhile, in the grey of the morning, we passed the boundary bridge beyond Mentone, and a mile or so further on, leaving the carriage, we walked on till we came to a sheltered quiet ravine in the mountains where were already seated my opponent, his second, and a doctor, besides the driver of their carriage, who had been concerned in similar affairs on former occasions and was keenly interested.

I pass over, as hurriedly as possible, the details of that horrible morning. The pacing, the loading, and the attempted cheeriness of the little Italian doctor, whose only interest seemed, and no doubt was, centred in a possible "case" and corresponding fees. As we fronted each other I looked stealthily at the dear old face of my friend, and longed to throw down my weapon and ask a forgiveness, which somehow I felt I ought to seek. It was not for long. As the white handkerchief fluttered to

the ground, our two reports rang out simultaneously. Jack had fired into the air, whereas *my* bullet—how, I could never imagine, save that my nerves were so thoroughly unsteadied that I had lost control over my hand—*had struck him.* Putting one hand to his heart, he fell to the ground. I rushed forward. The doctor was already at his side.

"Il est mort!" he said.

"My God! Have I killed him!" I cried in a frenzy; then kneeling down at his side I held him in my arms, and called him by his name.

"Jack! Dear Jack! Jack!" I do not know what I said. There was no reply. Presently the driver came running hurriedly, saying that some of the custom-house people were coming up, and urging us to get into our carriages at once, and get away or we should all be arrested. The doctor and my dear late friend's second lifted the body and hurriedly carried it to the carriage which stood near. I lingered, I could not bear to leave it so.

"You will only get us all into trouble," said my second. "You *must* come at once! The body shall be properly cared for. The authorities can be bribed to tell no tales. I will attend to all. Come!" With one kiss on the forehead of him I had once called friend, I got into the carriage, which drove rapidly back to Monaco. Nothing more could be done. On entering the hotel, scarcely knowing where I went, or what I did, the Majordomo put into my hands a packet addressed to myself in Feodora's hand-writing. I broke it open quickly and found another cover, on which was written, "A gift for my love; to be opened when we meet again." I cannot say what impelled me to open this envelope. At another time I would, of course, have religiously respected her slightest whim—but there came across me a half sense of danger and disaster. Nervously I opened the case. It contained her principal diamonds—all in fact but the rings she habitually wore. On the top of these lay a letter. This I seized and tore open. A vision of her strange manner that evening filling me with the worst forebodings. What was about to happen? The letter ran as follows:

"My Dearest, Dearest Friend—

"These jolies petites choses are for you. You will say,—Why this so strange behaviour of your Feodora! This is why. You know comme je suis bizarre, what you call 'odd' and *comme je t'aime.* Well, I have a strange presentiment that I will never return to you. It is, perhaps, only a fancy at which you shall soon laugh well at me, if I do come back. If not, it is because I love you that I leave you these. Le bon Dieu te protège. Pense à moi toujours.

"De tout mon cœur, ton amie bien devouée, constante, fidèle,

"Feodora."

Strung to their extremest tension as my nerves were at this moment, it was a relief to find that the ominous packet contained nothing more than the foolish suggestions of my darling's feminine and fanciful mind. It was, I knew, a weakness of hers to be somewhat susceptible to impressions of this nature, and it was with a sigh of relief that I closed the case of her diamonds and placed it in my despatch box. I had dreaded, with a certain undefined feeling, the arrival of some other trial to my already sorely strained mind. Leaning my head on my hands, I tried to review the terrible scenes of the past twenty-four hours. I could not; my brain seemed to be in a whirl; I could retain nothing before me but the consciousness that Jack was *dead*, and I—*ruined*. Suddenly, there came a tap at my door, and the manager himself placed a letter in my hands. I saw by his face that something had happened. I tore the letter open. It was from Madame de Vost. It said, "An accident has occurred. Feodora is dangerously hurt. A special engine takes this, and will bring you back." It had come then at last—the climax!

A few minutes later, I was in the cab of the engine, and we were tearing back to Villafranca; near which place the accident had occurred. The driver was an Englishman and full of the kindest sympathy. It appeared that, at a sudden curve, just after emerging from one of the many tunnels on the road between Monaco and Nice, the engineer saw before him a huge mass of rock which had fallen from the precipitous heights above, completely breaking up the line and blocking the train. There was no time to use the breaks—on the engine dashed!—There was a terrific concussion, and, in a moment, the spot was strewed with the splintered fragments of carriages. Fortunately there were but few passengers, of these two, and the engine driver, had been killed; others were severely wounded; two ladies, one of whom had subsequently written to me, had been taken, both wounded, into the hotel at Villafranca, where doctors from Nice had been summoned. He did not know the extent of the injuries. The line had been so blocked that it was impossible to get it clear for several hours; while the telegraph had been rendered completely useless. At last we reached Villafranca. I sprung from the engine before it stopped, and ran to the little hotel where Feodora had been carried. There was a crowd of French peasants about the door, whose voluble voices a priest was endeavouring to still. He had evidently been expecting me. As I entered, he shook his head gravely and led me up stairs, knocked at a door, and left me. Presently, the door opened, and Madame de Vost came out; her arm in a sling, and her head bandaged.

"At last!" she said, "my poor friend!" then added, "The doctors say she must not be excited, but she insists on seeing you." I nodded. She motioned me to go in. I entered, and there lay my darling, white

and motionless. Thank God! the face so dear to me was all unscarred. She was lying with wide open eyes and parted lips, watching the door. She smiled, and a faint flush rose to her cheek. I bent my lips to hers, and for a long time neither spoke; at last she murmured very softly and with evident pain, "Sweetheart!" followed by something else which I could not catch. Hope revived in me. She would recover. Leaning over her, I whispered, with all manner of fond words, my trust that her injury was not serious; my revived hope in her recovery. "We will leave this unfortunate place," I said, "for ever, you and I, never to separate again." She shook her head. A moment more and she had fainted. Her doctor and Madame de Vost entered. I looked at him anxiously. He looked grave. I took him aside. "There is no hope," he said at last, in answer to my urgent question, "she has sustained severe internal injury! She may go at any moment."

I heard as if in a dream, she, *go!* My love! My northern bird! My lady of the rose-leaf lips! My life! At this moment she came to herself, and murmured, "It is better so."

Presently, as though she felt the fatal moment to be near, she said with an effort, feebly motioning her head toward the doctor:

"Send him away—*You*—alone—*confess.*" The doctor left the room. She held Madame de Vost's hand in her.

"Kiss me!" she whispered. I bent over her.

"Forgive Feodora, darling." Her words came with difficulty now, "but—I—am—*married*—already!" She half sprung up in the bed, something rose to her lips, and, in a moment, the white sheet was stained with a gush of blood! She fell back with a sigh, she was *dead.* With a loud cry, I rushed to the door to call the doctor back. My brain whirled. I fell heavily to the ground,—and remember nothing more.

Little more remains to be told of my sad story. Six weeks after, I was slowly recovering from an attack of brain fever. Why could not I, too, die! I found a letter from Madame De Vost marked with her tears, saying that they had taken the body back to St. Petersburg, to be buried—*buried!*—and giving me an address where I might find her. She added some words as to my lost love's past. It appeared that Feodora had been married by her relations to a man whom she had never even seen before the wedding day, no uncommon thing in Russia; that the marriage had been a most unhappy one, resulting early in a separation, the Greek Church not admitting a divorce: that, meeting with me, she had loved me with all the force of her loving soul, and, holding herself morally free, had allowed herself to admit of a friendship which she had not strength, in her then lonely life, to deny herself. Her journey to Paris had been made with the design of breaking for

both of us the pain of a separation which she felt was growing absolutely necessary. I say nothing; I blame no one; I defend no one. This is a story of temptation, it is also a story of punishment. God knows it is the latter!

Vitality slowly came back to me in time, and I visited my darling's tomb; then, returning to Monaco, so dear and so painful to me that I could not bear to quit it, I sought and obtained the position of croupier in the *Etablissement*. Life goes on wearily enough with me, and I look forward to the day when I may be permitted to rejoin Feodora; nothing more.

One gleam of joy I have had. One day, as I was engaged in the ceaseless labour of raking in the spoils of the table, a hand was laid on my shoulder. I looked round, it was *Jack!* Dear old Jack! The bullet sent by my hand had not proved fatal, and after a long period of sickness and careful nursing on the part of the little doctor, whom Heaven bless, he had recovered.

That night, I told him the particulars of my darling's death, of which he of course knew. When I had finished, he said, "I knew something of her story, but not the truth. Forgive me," he went on, the tears rising in his eyes, "Forgive me, you dead darling, for the words I used of you, the thoughts I had of you!" I looked at him in wonder. He turned to me and said softly:

"Long before you knew her, I, too, loved your Lady of the Rose-leaf Lips."

F. A. D.

NEVER GROW OLD.

I LOOKED in the tell-tale mirror,
And saw the marks of care,
The crow's feet and the wrinkles,
And the gray in the dark-brown hair.
My wife looked o'er my shoulder—
Most beautiful was she,
"Thou wilt never grow old my love," she said,
"Never grow old to me."

"For age is the chilling of heart,
And thine, as mine can tell,
Is as young and warm as when first we heard
The sound of our bridal bell!"
I turned and kissed her ripe red lips:
"Let time do its worst on me,
If in my Soul, my Love, my Faith,
I never seem old to thee!"

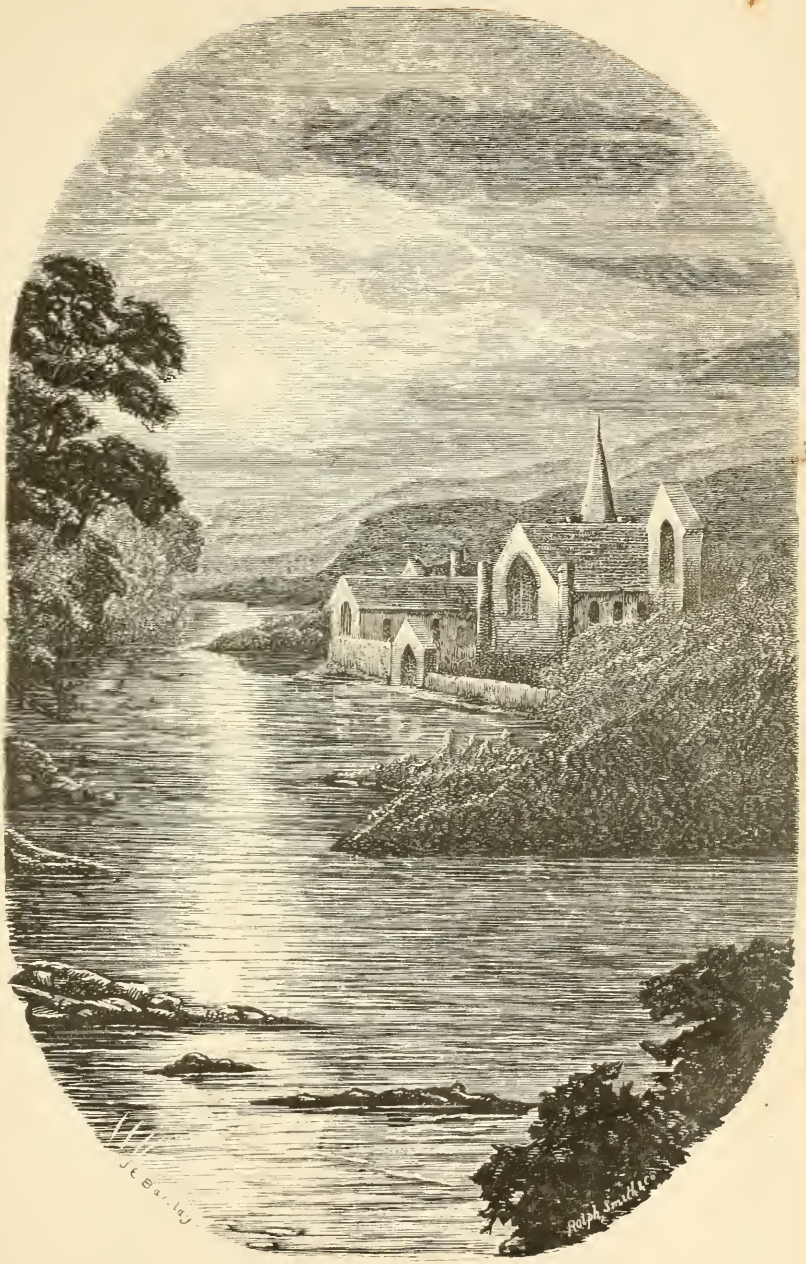
—*Belgravia.*

MARCHE-LES-DAMES.

A WALLOON LEGEND.

Beside the Meuse's shimmering sands,
Beneath Marlagne's incumbent wood,
The ancient monastery stands,
Still beauteous in its widowhood.
As I advance, by slow degrees
Appear, above the aged trees,
The peaked roof of the stately halls,
The bastions and the double walls,
Grey, mouldering ruins ; and still higher,
The feeble splendours of the spire.
And full athwart the leafy road,
The key-stone of the archway bears,
Graved on a scutcheon bold and broad,
Memorials of the holy wars.
The court-yard teems with briars and reeds ;
The central basin, where the swans
Disported for the lonely nuns,
Is overgrown with slime and weeds.

I viewed the chapel low and dim,
Its oaken panels, chairs and stalls,
The altar's faded cherubim,
The tarnished frescoes on the walls ;
And walked along the sounding nave,
Where many an abbess in her grave
Reposes 'neath the marble pave.
I paced the dismal corridor,
And heard with awe the self-same bell,
Which summoned to the chapter floor
Each sister from her narrow cell.
Ah ! there with sigh and humble sense,
The saintly daughters knelt and prayed ;
There to the ground they bent their head,
And wrought their deeds of penitence.
Still deeper in the silent grounds,
I saw the green and daisied mounds,
Where, each within her shroud alone,
They slumber to the world unknown.
Venerable ruin ! In thy halls
  An air of sanctity resides ;
Within thy desert aisles abides
  A flavour of thy festivals.



"BESIDE THE MEUSE'S SHIMMERING SANDS."

Standing near thy classic stream,
I heard thy legend 'neath the drooping bays ;
And the memory of thy ancient days
Still haunts me like a dream.

I.

The Hermit spake of the holy war,
The Pontiff blessed the high emprise,
And loud there pealed from near, from far,
A hundred thousand battle cries.
Upward from Clermont's level plain,
The breezes caught the heroic strain
DIEX EL VOLT ! With one accord,
To free the white tomb of the Lord,
The feudal chiefs of Luxembourg
Pledged every man a belted knight ;
The high, the low, the rich, the poor,
Enlisted in the sacred fight,
Till in the vale of Sambre-et-Meuse
The red cross graced each manly breast,
And feeble women onward pressed
The loved ones they were doomed to lose.

"Our wives are not safe on our castled steeps,"
Said Hugo to the Suzerains ;
"Nor in our valleys' sheltered deeps,"
Said Samson, chief of Namur's plains ;
And the knights were anxious for the lives
And honour of their lovely wives.
"I have a plan 'twere worth our while
To try," said Arnold with a smile.
The grave Lord Arnold was willing heard,
For wisdom marked his every word :
"Let them unite in sisterhood,
In holy bands of prayer and love,
Deep in the stillness of the wood,
Where hostile foot shall never move ;
And there their loving hearts shall yearn
O'er distant war and war's alarms,
Invoke a blessing on our arms,
And grace from heaven for our return."
"'Tis well ! 'tis well !" the chieftains cried,
"MARCHE-LES-DAMES ! Our wives will now
Depose their festal robes aside,
And then pronounce the cloistral vow."
And so the convent's site was found,
The massive walls rose from the ground,
And underneath their hallowed shade,

The faithful wives with fervour prayed
  From rising to the set of sun,
Prayed for their dear, their honoured lords,
Exposed to trenchant Moslem swords,
  Out on the plains of Ascalon.

II.

'Twas complin hour—the golden light
  Of sunset flushed the chestnut wood,
The lapsing waters rippled bright,
  And silence thrilled the solitude !
A pilgrim paused awhile to ken
The glories of that lonely glen,
Then onward slowly moved and sat
Exhausted at the convent gate.
The sharp-eyed portress quickly spied
The weary traveller seated there ;
She oped the cumbrous portals wide,
And welcomed him with reverent air,
For things were there as they should be,
The poor man found there of the best—
It was the orphan's house of rest,
The tired wanderer's hostelry.

"What cravest thou, Sir Palmer ?" said
  The gentle nun in pitying mood ;
"A shelter for this weary head,
  And, in the name of Jesu, food."
The meek religious deeply bowed
At mention of the Holy Name,
Then from the window called aloud,
And after rang the parlour bell.
The cellarer to the summons came,
The cleanly board at once was spread
With all that could the hungry please—
A smoking porridge, wheaten bread,
A jug of cream, a round of cheese,
And flagon of their own Moselle.
The traveller laid by his stave,
His heavy wallet and his gourd ;
He crossed himself with gesture grave,
Then sat before the teeming board.
Sore was the tired stranger's need,
For long he ate with haste and greed,
Unconscious that the timid nun
Observed his motions every one.
In him she could not choose but feel
A certain lordly pride and grace,

And in that worn and haggard face,
A manly beauty lingering still.
"Whence art thou, traveller?" said she.
"From distant Palestine," quoth he.
The listener started at the word;
The inmost of her soul was stirred;
And darting straightway from her seat,
She hastened to the Abbess' feet
With the glad tidings she had heard.
Forthwith at Mother Abbess' call,
The ladies gathered in the hall.
"There is a Palmer come," said she,
"My daughters, from far Palestine.
Him we may all go forth to see,
And question too, if need there be;
But ere we go, we fain must kneel
Awhile before the holy shrine,
And in the sacred Presence feel
The blessing of the hallowed rood.
Thus shall we have the grace to bear,
With patience and with fortitude,
Whatever tidings we may hear."
The sisters to the chapel hied;
  The Mother's word they all obeyed,
  And prostrate there, they wept and prayed
Before the image of the Crucified.

III.

The lone religious eager pressed
Around the unknown pilgrim guest.
But, though scanned by every one,
He was to all, alas! unknown.
Then for the gentle hostess' sake,
He, in a rich and manly tone,
That rose and rounded as he spake,
Told his adventures, one by one,
How he had started with the first
That went to conquer Salem's towers,
Had toiled along the sultry plains,
Weary with hunger and with thirst;
Had oft in humid ambush lain;
Had often braved the fatal showers
Of Turkish lances in the fray,
And hand to hand, with murderous brand,
Had fought from dawn to close of day,
Till broken down by marsh disease,
He came back spent with miseries,
A beggar to his native land.

With bended head and drooping eyes,
The ladies listened in surprise
To the Crusader's wondrous tale ;
And when he finished, gathered near,
Some tidings from their lords to hear—
Their lords still battling in the Jewish Vale.
All save one youthful nun, who stood
Apart, close-veiled, with tight-drawn hood,
And eyes cast down upon the ground,
As if her thoughts were all astray,
Fixed on some vision far away,
And listening to a distant sound.
To each inquiry, brief and true,
The Palmer answered as he knew.
Some of the knights, alive and well,
Still meant to stay on Syrian shore,
Till that the walls of Salem fell,
And Moslem power ruled no more.
Others were held in slavery's chains,
And some had fallen in battle's shock ;
Had died of fever on the plains,
Or of stark famine's levelling pains,
Beneath the walls of Antioch.
O virtue ! thou dost oft impart
A heroism to the female heart,
Which strong-willed men, inured to fate,
Can never fitly imitate.
The saintly nuns heard the varying tale,
Without one cry of joy, one word of wail ;
  Only from those resignèd eyes
The silent tears abundant roll,
  And from their secret mind arise
Sweet prayers to the cloven side
Of Jesu Christ, the Crucified—
The spouse and model of their soul.

IV.

When he had done, the stranger knight
  Gazed round upon the ladies there,
  And with beseeching, haggard air,
Mourned o'er his own most wretched plight.
" O Sisters ! now that you have learned
The story of my friends in war,
Pity me kind, who am returned
Under the guidance of a luckless star.
Ah ! pray for me, whose sudden loss
None heavier or deadlier could feel,
Of those who with me on their coat of steel

Laced the dear emblem of the blood-red cross.
My heart is well nigh broke, the worth
Of half my life is passed from earth,
Which I am doomed till death to tread,
A hopeless wanderer—swept
Into the vortex of despair—Alas !
My dreams of home are rent as glass,
The young wife of my heart is dead !"
He bent his lordly head and wept.
A sob and a suppressèd cry
Were heard among the listening nuns,
And all demanded that at once
The darling lost one should be named.
Half audibly, the knight exclaimed :
"Matilda, Baroness de Croy ! "
A dread sensation followed now—
A shriek, a scream of ecstasy !
"O Norman, Norman ! Is it thou ?
Thy own Matilde still lives for thee ! "
And in his arms a youthful nun
With rapture of wild love did run,
And on his heart she panting lay,
Till in her passion, she swooned away.
Ah ! what joyous tears were shed,
What songs of praise, what glad refrain
Of gratitude arose that night,
Within those lonely cells,
For him who wept his wife as dead—
For her who mourned her husband slain
In the remorseless, ceaseless fight
With Mahound's infidels !

* * * * * * *

According to the vow she made,
Matilda left the cloister's shade,
And crossed the narrow ford.
Up to the castled heights she rode,
And there through happy years abode
In home joys with her lord.

V.

The Holy City was stormed at last,
By Godfrey and his Chevaliers,
And thus the first Crusade was o'er.
And now that scenes of war were past—
Dread sufferings through the bloody years—
The warriors sighed for their country's shore.
Many knights of Luxembourg,
Returning from the battle plain

Back to their native land secure,
Their cloistered wives received again.
But many, many more, alas !
Returned not from those scenes of blood,
And their fair wives were doomed to pass
Their widowed days in solitude.

The stately walls of Marche-les-Dames
Thus stood for many an age ;
Their annals form a brilliant page
Upon the scroll of cloistral fame.
And still they stand within the glade,
E'en in their fall magnificent,
And beauteous to the eye—
A witness of that first Crusade,
And a pathetic monument
Of woman's grand fidelity.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

Montreal.

THE Paris *Moniteur* has an article upon the portraits of Raffaelle painted by himself, of which there are four existing. Two only are of unquestionable authority, that in the gallery of the Uffizi, at Florence, and the portrait introduced into the *School of Athens;* the two others are the drawing in the University Galleries at Oxford, and the portrait engraved by Marcantonio. The drawing now at Oxford has passed successively through the Wicar, Ottley, Harman, and Woodburn collections. It is in black chalk, heightened with white, on tinted paper, and is the head of a beautiful youth, apparently not more than fifteen or sixteen years old ; he has long hair, falling down upon his shoulders, and wears a felt hat with the brim turned up. Passavant, says Mr. J. C. Robinson, in his account of the Raffaelle drawings at Oxford, engraved this drawing as the frontispiece to the German edition of his book, believing it to be the portrait of Raffaelle. The portrait of the Uffizi, representing him at twenty-three, in the full vigour of youth and beauty, was painted for his uncle, Simone Ciarla, when Raffaelle was at the Court of Duke Guidobaldo at Urbino. That in the *School of Athens*, where he stands by the side of his master Perugino, represents him at the age of twenty-seven. Lastly, the engraving of Marcantonio was executed shortly before his death, 1520. These four thus comprise the whole of his short career.—*London Academy.*

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER III.

As the reader will have concluded, Mr. Benson was not a slow man in his apprehensions. He was practiced in arithmetic,—so far, at least, as to be familiar with the fact that one and one made two. He had put the look of intelligence that passed between Miss Larkin and Miss Bruce, on the occasion of his evening call upon them, with the remark he had overheard in the cabin concerning the fact that "the old man did not know how the thing was done," and had concluded that they amounted to a sum which, in social arithmetic, might mean more or less than two. In that science, when "applied," he had known instances in which one and one put together made one; and in the suspected case, he was in no mood for favouring so tame a conclusion. An addition that would amount to a subtraction of Miss Larkin was not to be submitted to, for Miss Larkin was profitable to him.

So, on the morning after the little affair, in which Nicholas had assisted so efficiently, Mr. Benson approached a young lady of his acquaintance in the cabin, and expressed the fear that the removal of his ward from the deck on the previous day had been effected at some inconvenience to her friends.

Why he should have approached a lady instead of a gentleman, and a young lady instead of an old one, it may be considered ungracious to state; but he had his reasons for that course, and was abundantly rewarded for his choice; for the young lady gave, with great cheerfulness, a graphic account of the whole performance. Mr. Benson shook his head gravely, and expressed the hope that the matter would not be misconstrued. He was sure that some sudden emergency had occurred which had been impulsively met, after the manner of young people. Mr. Minturn, he assured his friend, was a man of the highest respectability, and Miss Larkin was beyond reproach. Such a matter as this was not to be talked about. None but malicious gossips would ever mention it; and he knew his young informant too well to suppose that she would countenance any conversation on the subject.

"I'm sure we all thought it was very nice," said the young lady, laughing.

"It was all right, of course," responded Mr. Benson; "but it is liable to be misconstrued, and I rely upon you to see that the matter is dropped."

"Oh, certainly!" the young lady exclaimed, with an inward chuckle; and then Mr. Benson went on deck.

Nicholas, to tell the truth, had not slept well that night. How far he might have compromised his position with the passengers; how far he might have offended Mr. Benson's fine ideas of propriety; how far Miss Larkin would regard the matter without disturbance when she came to think it all over,—these were constantly recurring questions. He felt sure that Mr. Benson would learn the facts, and it was only after a great mental struggle that he left his state-room and made his appearance at the breakfast-table. He was conscious that he was regarded curiously by many eyes, and uncomfortably sure that he blushed. He was not afraid of meeting Miss Larkin there, for she never appeared there. If he should see her at all, it would be upon the deck. So he ate his meal in silence, and started for the stair-way, steeled to meet whatever might await him.

The first man he met upon the deck was Mr. Benson. He caught a distant vision of Miss Larkin and her companion in their accustomed place, and received from them a courteous and even a cordial greeting. He saw, too, kneeling at Miss Larkin's side, the form of a beautiful young woman whom he had not seen before. Her pretty figure, her tasteful boating-dress, her jaunty hat, her graceful attitude, made the group exceedingly picturesque and attractive.

Mr. Benson had undoubtedly been waiting to intercept him; but nothing could have been more cheerful than his "good morning, my young friend;" and when he slipped his arm into that of his "young friend," and proposed a morning promenade, Nicholas felt that all his troubles were over, and that he had done nothing to be ashamed of.

"Well," said Mr. Benson with a hearty voice, "how are you this morning?"

"Never better."

"And how are you enjoying the voyage?"

"Very much, I assure you."

"You found our young lady interesting and agreeable, I hope?"

"Very!"

"Yes—yes—Miss Larkin is a cheerful, patient, and intelligent young woman."

The tribute was paid with great precision, as if it had been done with well-tried coins instead of adjectives.

"You must be very fond of her," said Nicholas.

"Yes—yes—," Mr. Benson responded; "yes, I am fond of her. I have stood to her *in loco parentis* for several years, and presume that the relation will continue until one of us shall be removed by death. Of

course, she has no hope of marriage ; and without me, she would be as much alone in the world as you are ; more so, perhaps."

"Is her complaint so hopeless ?" inquired Nicholas, with an anxiety in his voice that he could not disguise.

"It is believed to be so by the best physicians," Mr. Benson replied. "I am taking her to Europe to see what a voyage and foreign skill can do for her, but with slight expectation of benefit."

Mr. Benson was reading the young man's thoughts, as if his mind were an open book. He saw at once that Nicholas was much interested in his ward, and feared that, with him, the degree of her helplessness was the measure of her strength. He had, as gently and delicately as was possible, warned the young man away from her. He had told him that marriage was out of the question. What more could he do ?

Mr. Benson was a man of great resources, and it would evidently be necessary to divert Nicholas. The young lady, kneeling at Miss Larkin's side, was a suggestive vision, and that young lady suggested several other young ladies who were on board, but who had thus far been confined to their state-rooms. Mr. Benson quietly rejoiced in the consciousness of possessing a mass of very promising materials. Certainly, the young man would be different from other young men if he did not prefer a woman who could walk and dance and take care of herself to one who was quite helpless. Nicholas *was* different from other young men, and, while Mr. Benson recognized the fact, he determined to meet, in what seemed to him the best way, all the necessities of the case.

Mr. Benson had other motives for the showy promenade he was making besides that of warning Nicholas against becoming too much interested in Miss Larkin. He was entirely sure that the young lady from whom he had sought information in the cabin would tell all her acquaintances about it. His ostentatious friendliness toward the young man was, therefore, to be an advertisement of the fact that he, with his nice ideas of propriety, approved, not only of Nicholas himself, but of all he had done. He meant to say to all the passengers : "This young man is my friend. I will stand between him and all harm. A word that is said against him, or about him, is said against, or about, me. I know all that has happened, and I approve of it all."

He had a design beyond this, too, and it dwelt warmly in his mind as—the young man's arm within the cordial pressure of his own—he paced up and down the deck. Nicholas was alone in the world, and he wanted to be to him a father. He wanted to inspire him with confidence and trust,—to make him feel that he had a warm and reliable friend. For Nicholas had a great estate which Mr. Benson would only be too happy to manage for him for an appropriate consideration. He yearned over the young man, and that which belonged to him, with a

tender and conscientious anxiety. He was so armoured by pride of character and self-esteem, that he had no suspicion of his own selfishness. He could have gone upon his knees for confession, and never mistrusted his disinterestedness, or dreamed that he had committed the sin of covetousness. He had always done his duty with relation to every trust that had thus far been committed to his hands. He had been a wise and thrifty manager. Why should not the young man have the benefit of his wisdom, and the security of his faithfulness?

"Mr. Minturn," said Mr. Benson, "my employments, which have connected me very closely with public aud private trusts, naturally make me interested in your affairs. I hope you have confided them to safe hands? Of course you think you have; but have yon? You will pardon me for asking the question; but do you understand business yourself? Are you familiar with public securities? Are you in the habit of keeping watch of the market?"

"Not at all," replied Nicholas with great humiliation.

Mr. Benson shook his head, and said dubiously:

"Well, let us hope for the best."

"But I wasn't told about it. I wasn't brought up to it," said Nicholas, with a feeling that somebody had wronged him.

"Yes—yes—yes—I see."

Mr. Benson nodded in a hopeless sort of way that distressed Nicholas exceedingly.

"Who has charge of your estate? On whom do you rely?" inquired Mr. Benson.

"Mr. Bellamy Gold; and he's a very good man."

"How do you know, now? Who says so? Is he a man of conscience—of strong convictions? Has he a large and comprehensive knowledge of affairs? Is he a man who follows duty to the death? Does he never act from impulse? Is he proof against temptation?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Nicholas.

"What is his profession?"

"He's a lawyer, sir."

"Humph!" ejaculated Mr. Benson, with an intonation mingled of distrust and despair.

"Don't you believe in lawyers?" inquired Nicholas.

"I wish to do no man—I wish to do no profession—injustice," said Mr. Benson with a fine, judicial air; "but I have had a good deal of experience with lawyers, and I feel compelled, in all candour, to say that the legal mind seems to me to be about as devoid of the sense of duty as it can be. The legal mind—well, there is undoubtedly something demoralizing in the profession. A man who will work for the wrong for pay—for pay, mark you—comes at last not to see any differ-

ence between right and wrong. Knowing what I do about the profession, I have ceased to expect much of a lawyer. There may be good men among lawyers,—I suppose there are,—but a trust is always a matter of business with them. The paternal relation of a client is practically unknown among them. How it may be with Mr. Bellamy Gold, I cannot tell, of course; but country lawyers are petty men, as a rule. Do you lean upon him? Do you look up to him as an example? Do you entertain a filial feeling toward him?"

All this was said with a great show of candour, and the closing inquiries were warm and almost tender.

The idea of entertaining a filial feeling toward Mr. Gold amused Nicholas, and he could not help laughing as he replied:

"No, I don't lean on him, and I don't look up to him as an example, and I don't regard him in any way as a father. He's as dry as a chip."

"Chip! Yes—yes—chip! That's it—chip!"

Mr. Benson nodded his head half a dozen times, as if that little word was charged with the profoundest meaning, and ought to be powerful enough to fill the mind of Nicholas with the wildest alarm.

"I wouldn't make you uncomfortable for the world," said Mr. Benson,—lying, without any question, although he did not know it,—"but I advise you as a man largely familiar with trusts to look well into your affairs on your return home. I hope the examination will not be made when it is too late. You will permit me to say that I feel interested in you, and that if you find that you have need of advice, I shall be happy to serve you, in all those matters with which my life has made me unusually familiar."

Mr. Benson could not help feeling that he had done a fair morning's work. He had warned Nicholas away from his ward, believing that he had done it as a matter of personal kindness, and unconscious that he was selfishly trying to retain a profitable guardianship and trust; and he had fished, in the most ingenious way possible, for another trust. He had certainly made Nicholas thoroughly uncomfortable, but he was as well satisfied with himself as if he had saved a life, been placed upon a new board of directors, or made fifty dollars.

"By the way," said Mr. Benson, recurring mentally to his old purpose, but ostensibly changing the subject, "have you ever paid any attention to heredity? Curious thing this heredity."

"Not the slightest," said Nicholas, with a gasp.

"Well, it will pay for examination," said Mr. Benson. "I have never looked into it until lately. You will find an article in the last 'North American' about it. This transmission of parental peculiarities, diseases, weaknesses, is something very remarkable. I suppose I owe my physique to my mother, and my moral qualities to my father, what-

ever they may be. It is a subject which a young man like you cannot too carefully consider. We owe a duty to posterity, my young friend, which can never be found by following a blind impulse."

Poor Nicholas, though at first stunned by the sudden change of the subject, could not fail to understand the drift and purpose of Miss Larkin's guardian; and it was with a feeling of disgust that he paused, and withdrew his arm from Mr. Benson's. He wanted to talk more. Under other circumstances, he would have done so. He wanted to ask the cause of Miss Larkin's helplessness, and learn more about her, but his mouth was stopped; and if Mr. Benson could have read the young man's mind at the close of their conversation as easily as he did at the beginning, he would have seen that his work had not been as successfully performed as he supposed. Clever intriguers are quite apt to overdo their business, especially when engaged upon those who are recognized as frank and unsuspicious. They are apt to forget that an unsophisticated instinct is quite as dangerous a detective as a trained and calculating selfishness. It was hard for Nicholas to realize that he had been carefully manipulated by one to whom he had been tempted to open his heart, but he did realize it, with a degree of indignation which made him profoundly unhappy.

He did not undertake to deny to himself that he was much interested in Miss Larkin. He could not think of her as an incurable invalid. Possibilities had opened themselves to him with an attractive aspect, which was at once eclipsed by the interposition of Mr. Benson's majestic figure. This strong, inflexible man had come by stealthy and well calculated steps between him and a strange, new light which had charmed him. He could not have chosen to do otherwise than mentally to resent what seemed a gratuitous and ungentlemanly intrusion.

Of all this revulsion of feeling in the mind of the young man, Mr. Benson was unconscious, and he parted with him as courteously and heartily as if he were his own son, with whom he had been enjoying the most free and loving communion.

Then Mr. Benson had other business to do. Nicholas was to be diverted. Up to this time, he had kept the young man to himself and his little party. He had not only not introduced him to others, but he had not told any one about him. So, on speaking to different groups that morning, he managed to introduce Nicholas as a topic of conversation. The young man's good character, his fine education, his fortune, his unoccupied home, which Mr. Benson had learned from his friend, Mrs. Fleming, was quite a palace—all these were presented to appropriate listeners. Mr. Benson knew just where the ladies were whom he wished to have presented to the acquaintance of his young friend, so soon as they should be released from sea sickness.

"A BOAT APPEARED UPON ITS CREST ABOVE THEM."

It was a touching sight which presented itself that day at the side of Miss Larkin. Elderly ladies, who had not paid her the slightest attention up to this point, presented themselves, and inquired for her health.

Sometimes there would be two or three young and pretty girls kneeling around her. It was something to be near the young woman whom Nicholas had carried down stairs! It was something, at least, to be at the centre of what seemed the circle that enchained him. The first day after it became generally understood that Nicholas was rich and fancy free, the current of sympathy and society enjoyed by Miss Larkin was remarkable. She was petted and read to; and she received so much gracious ministry that the work of Miss Bruce was quite taken out of her hands. Perhaps it was a coincidence. Perhaps they were unconscious of their own motives. At any rate they formed a pretty group, and quite shut Nicholas away from her during most of the day.

There are certain villages in Vermont and Maine in which a city gentleman never arrives at night without arousing the suspicion that he is looking for a horse. It is not even necessary that he should inquire of the landlord, in the most careless way, if he knows whether there is a good horse in town that is for sale. Every jockey is on the alert, and the next morning, without visiting a stable, he has only to take his seat upon the piazza, or look from his window, to see every horse in town driven or ridden by the house. High-stepping horses, rakish little mares, steady-going roadsters, amiable-looking family beasts, graceful saddle animals, go up and down, and he may take his pick of them all, or go on to the next village.

It may seem ungracious to say that Nicholas came soon to be regarded on the steamer in very much the same way by those who had young women on hand for disposal, as the horse-hunter is regarded in one of those villages, but truthfulness demands the statement. There was not a woman with a young lady in charge who did not intend that, in some way, that charge should have a chance. Mothers and chaperons and duennas were busy with their schemes of exhibition. They courted Mr. Benson, who understood the matter perfectly, and smiled graciously upon it. They courted Miss Larkin, who did not understand it at all. They even courted Miss Bruce, who was anything but gracious in the reception of their attentions.

There was a Mrs. Ilmansee, with her pretty sister, Miss Pelton. Mrs. Ilmansee was as bold and prompt as a drum-major. She was young, fresh from the field of conquest herself, quick to seize advantage, and armed with personal attractions of her own, with which to carve her way. A calculating mother may be written down as nothing and nowhere by the side of an enterprising and married sister. There was Mrs. Morgan, with her stately daughter, already bursting with the

promise of an amplitude that would match her altitude—sweet, monosyllabic and inane. There was Mrs. Coates, a pudgy little woman, dragging at her sharply sounding heels a reluctant girl, who was heartily ashamed of the maternal vulgarity, and who went into the enterprise of making the young man's acquaintance, or attracting his notice, with poorly concealed disgust. There was the fashionable, self-assured, gracious Mrs. McGregor, with diamond knobs in her ears, and a buxom little hoyden, just out of school, who thought it all great fun. There were others who might, but need not be, mentioned; and every woman and every girl understood what every manœuvre meant, and had the impression that neither Mr. Benson nor Nicholas comprehended it at all. All were interested in Miss Larkin, and all were appropriately unconscious of the presence of Nicholas at her side,—unconscious even of his being a passenger on the steamer.

It was two mornings after Mr. Benson's promenade and conversation with Nicholas that the former reached the culmination of his schemes. The recluses had all emerged from their hiding places; and when he went upon deck Miss Larkin had collected her disinterested adorers in a chattering, officious group. Nicholas was entirely shut away, and was pacing up and down the deck alone.

"My young friend, this will never do," said Mr. Benson, approaching Nicholas. "So much young beauty, and no young man to appreciate it, is all wrong. You must know these people."

Nicholas protested, but Mr. Benson quietly drew him toward the group.

"Ladies, here is a lonely young man," said he, "and I want you to help to make him at home."

Nicholas raised his hat, and with a warm blush upon his face, went through the process of being presented. It was a long one, and his bows grew shorter and shorter, until the last, which was so short and impatient that they all laughed, and poured in their commiserations upon him.

"And now let us all have chairs," said Mr. Benson, with benignant emphasis; and then he and Nicholas nearly exhausted the resources of the deck in securing seats for the party.

"The young with the young," said Mrs. Ilmansee, "and Mr. Minturn by me."

The elderly women raised their eyebrows, and exchanged glances with the young ladies. Mrs. Ilmansee had made herself pert and unpleasant from the beginning of the voyage; but Nicholas took the seat saved for him, and found himself ensconced between Mrs. Ilmansee and her pretty sister.

"I declare," said pudgy Mrs. Coates, "this is real good. It seems

like a meetin'. Now, if Mr. Benson would only preach to us"—and she gave him a bland smile—"we could improve ourselves. I said to Mr. Coates before I started—says I, 'What is travel for unless it's for improvement?' Didn't I Jenny?"

The young lady appealed to was on the outside of the group, biting her lip, but, as all turned to her, she was obliged to reply:

"They will believe you, mother. They will recognize the need of it at least." The last in an undertone.

"Yes, that's just what I told him," she went on, unmindful of the irony. "People who have been raised as we were need improving, says I. We need to cultivate our minds, and embrace all our opportunities, and give our offspring the best advantages. Haven't I said that to him, Jenny, often and often?"

Mrs. Coates was intent on keeping Jenny under notice, and that young lady, who was smarting in every sensitive fibre of her soul, said:

"Yes, mother. Please don't appeal to me."

The other mothers were disgusted, and started little conversations among themselves. The young ladies looked into each other's faces and tittered.

"People who haven't had advantages," continued Mrs. Coates, warming to her topic, "know what they've lost, and they naterally give them to their offspring. When Mr. Coates became forehanded, says I to him, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'whatever we do let us give advantages to our offspring—the very best.' And we've done it. They say praise to the face is open disgrace, but I remember saying to him at one time, says I, 'Mr. Coates, look at Mr. Benson. See what he's done by improving his advantages and embracing his opportunities. He's a moddle man,' says I. Didn't I, Jenny?"

"I presume so," returned that annoyed young woman, in a tone that indicated that she presumed her mother had said every foolish thing that could be said.

The other ladies had heard it all, and were quite willing that Mrs. Coates should make herself and her daughter as ridiculous as possible but Mr. Benson did not care to have her made ridiculous at his expense; so he tried to change the conversation, and make it more general.

"We owe duties to our offspring, of course," said Mr. Benson, in his magnificent way, "and I presume that all of us recognize them; but our duties in this world are many."

"Oh, do talk!" said Mrs. Coates.

"Duty, you all know, perhaps," said Mr. Benson, quite willing to take the conversation out of Mrs. Coates' clumsy hands, "has been the watchword of my life."

"Isn't it grand!" interjected Mrs. Coates, smiling upon the group,

as if they had been caught in a shower of pearls without umbrellas.

"Duty," Mr. Benson went on, "I have found in a long and eventful life, to be the only efficient and safe guide and inspiration to action—duty founded in conscience and judgment."

"Conscience and judgment," whispered Mrs. Coates.

"Duty intelligently comprehended and conscientiously performed, to the utmost requirement, I regard as the only safe basis of action. The morning breeze"—Mr. Benson was on favourite and familiar ground, and delighted in his own eloquence—"The morning breeze is very sweet. It fans our temples, it stirs the trees, it drinks the dew," ("Isn't it lovely!" from Mrs. Coates, in a whisper) "but before the fervours of noon it dies. It is only the sun that keeps on and on, performing its daily round of service for the earth and its millions. Impulse and duty, as motives of action, are much like these. Impulse is short-lived, fitful, incompetent for the long, strong tasks of life. Duty only carries the steady, efficient hand. Mrs. Coates has kindly alluded to me, and I may say that to the careful performance of duty, as I have apprehended it, I owe all my reputation, such as it is, and all my successes."

"I hate duty," Nicholas blurted out, with an impulse that covered his face with crimson.

The ladies looked at him in astonishment. Mrs. Coates was aghast and shook her head, with her eyes on Jenny, who seemed strangely to enjoy the expression.

"The young hate a master," said Mr. Benson, without the least perturbation, and with a tone of compassion in his voice. Duty is a master—stern but kind. The young rebel, and find too late that they have missed the true secret of success."

"I hate success, too," said Nicholas. "Some men make a god of it, and worship nothing else."

Miss Jenny Coates was getting interested. Miss Larkin and Miss Bruce exchanged smiling glances. The other young ladies were bored, while good Mrs. Coates could only murmur:

"Oh!" and "how strange!"

Mr. Benson regarded the young man with a smile made up of benignity and superciliousness, and responded with the questions:

"*Why* do you hate duty, and *why* do you hate success?"

"I should like to know; wouldn't you Jenny?" said Mrs. Coates.

Nicholas found himself in what he regarded as a tight place. He had launched upon a sea comparatively unknown to him, and he had never accustomed himself to discussion, particularly with the eyes of twenty ladies upon him. He had only intended, indeed, to make a personal confession. He had not intended controversy at all. He knew that he

had no well-formed opinion upon the subject. He knew what he felt, and he believed that he saw the truth, but he was quite at a loss to construct his argument.

"Why do you hate duty, now?" Mr. Benson reiterated, as if he only waited for the answer to demolish it with a breath.

"Because it makes a sort of commercial thing of life," responded Nicholas, his colour rising. "Because it is nothing but the payment of a debt. I can see how justice has relation to the paying of a debt, but I don't see how goodness has anything to do with it."

"All action is good or bad, young man," said Mr. Benson, with a tone of mild reproof in his voice. "All action is good or bad. In which category will you place the paying of a debt?"

"All things are sweet or sour," replied Nicholas, getting excited. "What are you going to do with cold water?"

It was becoming interesting. Even the bored young ladies were moved to admiration of this cunningness of fence, and the distant Miss Coates, with her keen black eyes glowing with interest, moved nearer.

"That's right Jenny, come up where you can hear what Mr. Benson says," said Mrs. Coates.

Mr. Benson was exceedingly annoyed. Nicholas had surprised him, but he kept his air of candour, toleration and easy superiority.

"I did not think my young friend would indulge in such a sophistry," he said.

"I did not mean it for a sophistry," responded Nicholas. "I did not, I assure you. I was thinking,—if you'll excuse me for mentioning it—of my mother. I was thinking of what she did for me, and how she never dreamed of the word duty in all her sacrifices. From the time I was born, she did her duty to me, if you please, but it was only the natural expression of her love. And it seems to me that love is so much a higher motive than a sense of duty, that a sense of duty is a paltry thing by the side of it."

"Your filial gratitude and appreciation do you great credit," said Mr. Benson, patronizingly, "but feeling is very apt to mislead. The judgment and the instructed conscience, united with a sense of responsibility, are the only safe guides. A mother's fondness often makes her foolish. I have reason to believe that your mother was wise, which was a fortunate thing for you. A well-instructed sense of duty, however, might have induced her to do for you many things different from what she did. The fact is," and Mr. Benson lay back in his chair, and inserted his thumbs in the holes of his waistcoat—"the fact is, impulse has no hold upon wisdom, and without wisdom, conscientiously followed in all its dictates, man is like a ship, not only without a rudder, but without any steady and reliable propelling power."

"Did you hear that, Jenny?" inquired Mrs. Coates.

"Well, now I tell you how it seems to me," said Nicholas, excitedly. "A sense of duty is like a sailing vessel, that has to calculate which way the wind blows, and how to make the most of it; to tack constantly among contending forces, always getting out of the way by errors of judgment and miscalculation of currents, while love is like a steamer that goes with a sense of fire—goes through thick and thin by a force inside. That's the way it seems to me."

Mr. Benson was as well aware as the women around him, with the exception of the blindly admiring Mrs. Coates, that he was getting worsted. Not only this, but he was more uncomfortably conscious than he ever was before that there were weak places in his armour; but he simply responded:

"Sophistry again, sophistry again! The young are prone to it. Experience is a better teacher than argument. It is a comfort to feel that a life as long as mine will conduct my young friend safely to my conclusions."

The conversation was not one to which much could be contributed by the company of comparative strangers. The older ones were interested in it, in some degree, especially as it gave them an opportunity to study Nicholas. Their hearts were, with the exception already made, entirely with the young man. His frank and affectionate allusion to his mother had touched them. The difficulty which he had evidently experienced in overcoming his bashfulness, so far as to be able to talk in their presence, engaged their sympathy. They saw him get into the discussion accidentally, and go through it triumphantly, and they were pleased. Mrs. Ilmansee whispered her congratulations into his ear.

Not the least interested in the group were Miss Larkin and Miss Bruce. They had often heard Mr. Benson expatiate upon his hobby *ad nauseam*. They had never undertaken to controvert his notions, because of his relations to them, and the proud tenacity with which he held them. For a dependent, or any one living under his official protection, to doubt him would have been treason; yet Miss Larkin was moved to say, in the attempt to break an awkward pause:

"Mr. Benson, it seems to me that we haven't quite arrived at a comprehension of the difference between duty and love, as motives of action."

"Let us hear the wisdom of woman," said Mr. Benson, with a patronizing smile.

There was a spice of insult in the tone, and Miss Larkin felt it, and showed it in her colouring cheeks.

"It seems to me," she said, "that love gives outright what duty pays as a debt. One is a commonplace act, repeated over every tradesman's

counter every hour in the day, while the other is glorified by its own grace."

Miss Coates clapped her hands so heartily that everybody laughed, including Mr. Benson, who saw his way out of his difficulty only by playfully declaring it all a conspiracy.

Miss Larkin, having found her voice, continued:

"Now, Mr. Benson, tell me where the world would be if it had missed the grand enthusiasms which the love of liberty, the love of humanity, and the love of God, have inspired?"

"That is a pertinent question," he responded, "and here is another. Where would the world be if, when love had died and enthusiasm expended itself, a sense of duty had not remained to complete their results? That is precisely the point. Why, our very churches are supported three-quarters of every year by a sense of duty. The love and enthusiasm are gone, and what but a sense of duty remains? Do love and enthusiasm carry on a government after some great war in which liberty has been won? Not at all—not at all. That is precisely the point."

Mr. Benson was comfortably sure that he had gained that point.

"Would it not be better that the love and enthusiasm should remain?" inquired Miss Larkin, meekly.

"I don't know about that. We are obliged to take human nature as we find it. The ephemeral and permanent forces of society are what they are. I do not feel in the least responsible for them."

"Then it seems to me that we are obliged to use the sense of duty for something that we feel to be better," responded Miss Larkin.

"Feeling a thing to be better, my child, doesn't make it better," said Mr. Benson. "Feeling is a very poor guide. It is no guide at all. It is a will-o'-the-wisp."

Miss Larkin was put down. It was Mr. Benson's policy always to put women down.

Miss Coates had been aching to talk. She had been intensely interested in the conversation. She had drawn nearer and nearer the speakers, until she was in the centre of the group, very much to her mother's delight, who nudged her, and made little exclamations to her as the conversation progressed. Her black eyes flashed as she said:

"Excuse me, Mr. Benson, but I think—if a woman may be permitted to think—that I can tell you what is done, both in churches and governments, when love and enthusiasm die out, and done, too, from a sense of duty. The most horrible deeds the world has ever known were done from a sense of duty. The rack and the thumb-screw have been its instruments. Persecutions, tortures, murders,—these have all been perpetrated in obedience to a sense of duty. The sweetest Christians the world has ever known have been hunted down for heresy,—for using the

liberty with which love endowed them to think for themselves,—all from a sense of duty. It has blindly committed crime from which love would have shrank—deeds which love would have known were crimes. Of all blind bats that ever fluttered through the darkness of this world, it seems to me the sense of duty is the blindest. It assumes so many forms, it calculates, and weighs, and computes so much; it has so many objects, so many conflicting claims; it is so divorced from every touch and quality of generosity, that I hate it, I believe, as much as Mr. Minturn does."

Miss Coates had evidently had "advantages," and had made the most of them. She had seen Miss Larkin put down, had gauged the spirit of her guardian, and had entered the lists for her sex. She was full of fight. There was nothing for Mr. Benson to do but to join battle or retreat.

"Why, Jenny! I believe you are crazy," said Mrs. Coates.

"I presume so," she responded,

"Mrs. McGregor," said Mr. Benson to the lady with the diamond knobs, "I think our conversation must have grown insufferably dull to you. Suppose we try a promenade upon the deck."

Miss Coates knew that the "insufferably dull" was intended to apply to her own remarks, and that his leaving the group was intended to put her down, by indicating that those remarks were considered unworthy of a reply.

Grieving Mr. Benson was, to Mrs. Coates, the commission of a sin.

"I'm afraid you have grieved Mr. Benson," said her mother.

"I hope so," said Miss Coates.

"Why, I thought his remarks were very improving," said the mother.

"Yes, they quite moved me."

"How could you talk so?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

Nicholas had found another girl who did not giggle. The mother was a pill, hard to swallow, but the daughter was a sparkling draught. He had been attracted to her from the first by sympathy. He saw at once that she was a sufferer from her mother's gaucheries, and he pitied her. Her little speech, rattled off excitedly, moved his admiration. He saw her snubbed by Mr. Benson. He saw the disgusted look on the faces of the older ladies, who seemed to regard her, not only as off colour socially on account of her vulgar mother, but as pert and unmaidenly. So, after Mr. Benson retired, and the little colloquy with her mother, which had been carried on in an undertone, was finished, he said:

"Miss Coates, I congratulate you."

"Thank you;" and she rose with her mother, gave a pleasant good morning to Miss Larkin, and a bow to Nicholas, and went down-stairs.

"Let's walk," said Mrs. Ilmansee to Nicholas; and Nicholas could do no less than offer her his arm.

"Will you go too, darling?" she said to her sister over her shoulder.

"No, I thank you, dear."

"Do go!" said Nicholas.

"Of course, if you wish it," said Miss Pelton; and Nicholas moved off with a stunning figure, almost affectionately leaning on each arm.

Miss Larkin saw the pretty operation, and smiled. She had already learned Nicholas too well to suspect that he could possibly care for either. Nicholas walked with them until they were tired, and then he captured the stately Miss Morgan, and succeeded in wearying her in a few minutes. Little Miss McGregor was quite lively enough for him, but she giggled incessantly, and he was glad to restore her to her seat. He looked for Miss Coates, and wondered at his disappointment when he ascertained that she had disappeared. He had shown no partiality, he had pleased them all; but he felt that he had rather a large job on hand. To be satisfactorily agreeable to half a dozen ladies within sight of each other, would have puzzled an older man than Nicholas; but he was sufficiently surprised with himself, and sufficiently conscious of rapid growth to look the future in the face without apprehension.

He had just turned away from Miss McGregor when it was announced that a strange steamer was in sight off the lee bow. In a moment, all was excitement, and everybody but Miss Larkin rushed leeward to get a view of her.

CHAPTER IV.

Companionship on the great sea is much like companionship in an adventurous and far-reaching life. Near the shore, there is plenty of it, —fishing-smacks, clumsy coasters, lumbering merchantmen, officious pilots offering to guide everybody safely into port for a consideration, tugs and tows, and showy little steamers, bright with paint, flaming with flags, and drawing much attention and little water. A thousand miles at sea, however, companionship is always a surprise and a pleasant novelty. A great ship meets a great ship in mid-ocean as a great soul meets a great soul in life. Both are seeking distant ports through common dangers. Each has its individual force, and its individual law, so that they cannot remain long together. A courteous dipping of their colours, an ephemeral sense of society, and they part, perhaps forever. Great ships that make great voyages are always lonely ships. Great men that lead great lives have always lonely lives.

It is presumed that pudgy Mrs. Coates never thought of this. It is quite probable that the thought did not occur to her sensible and sensi-

tive daughter. The passengers of a ship identify themselves with it in such a way that they cannot imagine a vessel lonely which has them on board. The lives that a great man attracts to him, or trails behind him, imagine that they furnish him with society, but he has no sense of it. It is only when another great man comes in sight, moved by the same ambitions and high purposes with himself, that he has a sense of grand companionship. He knows, however, that it cannot last long; but the mutual recognition is a help while it lasts, and lingers always as a pleasure in the memory.

The steamer discovered from the deck of the "Ariadne" was one of her own size, which had probably left port on the same day with her, and was bound for the same destination. She had sailed on a nearly parallel course, evidently, which was gradually approaching that of the "Ariadne." Her smoke lay in a long, dim line behind her, and to the naked eye, she seemed like a pigmy; but her appearance threw all the passengers into a delightful excitement. The somewhat grave conversation of the morning was forgotten in the new object of interest; glasses were passed from hand to hand; the captain was consulted, speculations were indulged in, calculations were made as to whether she was gaining or losing in her race with the "Ariadne," and all the talk was made about her that could possibly be suggested in a company that had nothing else to do.

She hung upon the edge of the horizon all the morning and all the afternoon, keeping, apparently, an even beam with the "Ariadne," though very gradually approaching; but no one on board expected to see her again as he caught the last glimpse of her light streaming towards him when he retired to his bed. It was deemed remarkable that she should have remained in sight so long; but there was not a man or woman of them all who, on arising on the following morning, did not at once seek the deck to learn whether she were still in her place. Indeed many of them rose earlier than usual, moved by curiosity with relation to her.

There, indeed, she was, just where they had left her, save that she was a little nearer to them. Her black hull stood higher out of the water; her smoke-stack was more plainly defined; her plume of smoke was blacker and larger. She sailed as if bound to the "Ariadne" by an invisible cable that shrank gradually, but perceptibly, from hour to hour.

Another incident had occurred on the voyage which had awakened a good deal of interest among the passengers. Forty-eight hours after leaving port, two birds had appeared by the side of the steamer, flying with it day and night, until it seemed as if they must die of fatigue. Some watched them with painful, pitying interest; others declared that

it was a common thing, and that the birds enjoyed it, and knew what they were about. Very soon, however, they became a part of the voyage, and speculations were indulged in concerning their power to keep up the flight across the ocean. Those who had keen sight and sensitive apprehensions saw that the birds were tired and that an end must come. They made occasional feints of alighting upon the steamer, and then flew away, evidently afraid of the tempting resting place.

On the day after the first appearance of the strange steamer, Mr. Benson sat alone upon the deck, occasionally raising his marine glass to look at her. Others were not far off; but, at the time, no one was with him. Miss Larkin and Miss Bruce were on the other side of the deck in their usual place, and the other passengers were promenading, or grouped here and there in conversation.

As he withdrew his glass from his eyes, he saw one of the birds fall into the water. It was dead. The other circled once around it, then made for the steamer, and alighted at Mr. Benson's feet. Whether it was from a feeling that the bird was unclean and might harm him, or whether it was from a sense of sudden annoyance, or whether it was from a superstitious impulse, it is probable that Mr. Benson himself did not know; but he kicked the half-dead, helpless little creature away from him. Many had noticed the fall of the bird, and its violent and ungracious repulse, and the exclamation: "Oh, don't!" went up on every side.

Nicholas started from Miss Larkin's chair upon a run, reached the bird before half a dozen others who had started for it under the same impulse, lifted it tenderly in his hands, and bore it to Miss Larkin, who took it in her lap, covered it, and poured out upon it a flood of pitying and caressing words.

It is curious how superstition springs into life at sea. Of all the monsters that swim the deep, or haunt the land, there is none so powerful as this, and none like this that is omnipresent. It can be fought or ignored upon the shore, but at sea it looks up from the green hollows of the waves, and lifts its ghostly hands from every white curl of their swiftly-formed and swiftly-falling summits. It is in the still atmosphere, in the howling wind, in the awful fires and silences of the stars, in the low clouds and the lightnings that shiver and try to hide themselves behind them. Reason retires before its baleful breath, and even faith grows fearful beneath its influence. It fills the imagination with a thousand indefinite forms of evil, and none are so strong as to be unconscious of its power.

Here were two steamers and two birds. One bird had sunk in the sea, the other was saved. The same thought flashed through a dozen minds at once, but no mind was quicker to seize the superstitious alarm

than that of Mr. Benson. He cursed the bird in his thought. He was tempted to curse himself for having repulsed it. It was a bad omen. He felt, too, that the deed was unlike him—that he had compromised his character for kindness and steadiness of nerve with the passengers. He felt this so deeply that he apologized for it, on the ground of sudden fright, and went over to Miss Larkin and inquired kindly for the little creature. He fought with his own unreasonable alarm. He put his strong will under his sinking heart and tried to lift it. He walked the deck, and threw his coat open to the cool wind, as if that might have the power to waft away the feeling that oppressed him, but the haunting shadow would not leave him.

His feeling was shared, in a degree, by the other passengers, and all mentally looked at him askance. He had been the author of the mischief, whatever it was. Was he a Jonah? Would the elements take revenge upon him for his cruelty? Were they to suffer for it because caught in his company?

From that moment the strange steamer became more an object of interest than before. Somehow she had united herself to their fate. That which had seemed a pleasant companionship was changed to a haunting spectre. The constant vision, the gradual approach, the even, unvarying progress, oppressed them like a nightmare. They wished that she would run away from them or fall behind. The lively promenading was stopped. The singing in the cabin was still. All amusements were set aside, as if by silent, common consent. There were no more groups engaged in lively conversation; but all day long men and women stood alone at the rail watching the companion vessel, that seemed less like a ship than the shadow of their own, only the shadow was shrunk in size and hung off in distance, as if afraid of the form of which it was born.

Mr. Benson retired into himself, and hardly spoke to any one during the day. It was reported among the passengers that the captain had said that he had never known such an instance of even sailing in an experience of thirty years, and this was fuel to the general superstitious feeling.

The bird, however, thrived. After a period of rest, it fed greedily from Miss Larkin's hand, and then tried to get away. It was restrained for awhile, but at last it grew so uneasy that she released it. Contrary to the general expectations, it did not leave the ship, but flew into the rigging, where it sat looking out in the direction in which the steamer was sailing, or preening its feathers, or casting its little pink eyes down upon passengers and crew.

The long day wore away, and still the bird remained upon its perch, and still the steamer hung upon the horizon, looking larger than before. As the passengers, one after another, left the deck for their state-rooms,

they went down with heavy hearts, dreaming of collisions, and wrecks, and strange birds, and filled with fears that they did not undertake to define. But the night passed away without disturbance, and when they went upon the deck the next morning it was to find the steamer nearer to them than on the previous night. It was a wonder of wonders; and there was the bird still in the rigging! Why did not the bird fly away?

But the bird did not fly away. He found himself safe, and he was refreshing himself after his long flight, with rest. Food was elevated to him, and he ate, much to the delight of everybody. Toward night, however, it was seen that he was becoming uneasy. He flew from perch to perch, and finally took up his position upon the top of the foremast. Here he rested for a few minutes, in a fixed lookout, and then spread his wings and flew away from the vessel, easily outstripping her in her own appointed track. As all eyes followed the retreating form, they saw in the distance, hull down, a full-rigged ship. The wind was on her quarter, all sails were set, and as she gradually rose, it was perceived that she was coming straight toward the steamer. The continued speed of the two vessels would bring them to a quick meeting and a quick parting. The bird had evidently seen the vessel, and, by its own instincts, had determined that it would be its guide to the land that it had so hopelessly left behind.

Mr. Benson was nervous. He looked behind him, and saw the ocean all aflame with the reflection of the reddest sun he had ever beheld. How could a pilot see in the face of such a fire? he questioned. He thought of the hundred stories he had read of mysterious wrecks from more mysterious blunders, and felt that he should be relieved when that vessel were once left behind.

The strange steamer was at once forgotten in the presence of a more immediate object of interest. Some of the gentlemen left their positions on the after-deck, and went forward, in order to rid themselves of the obstacles to close and constant vision which the upper works of the steamer interposed. All watched her with a strange, silent interest, as her great black hull was lifted more and more into view, and her magnificent spread of canvas grew rosy in the rays of the descending sun. It was not until the sun hung but a few minutes above his setting that her bow showed itself plainly, parting the waves before it as if her bowsprit were a wand of enchantment.

She was a beautiful vision, and many were the exclamations of admiration that went up among the passengers, but all had a secret feeling that her course was too directly in the path of the steamer, and watched her, momentarily expecting her to change her course. The steamer blew a warning signal. Whether it was wrongly given, or mis-

understood, nobody, in the absorbing excitement of the moment, could understand or remember; but both vessels turned in the same direction, and both were under a full spread of canvas. Collision seemed imminent. Every excited witness held his breath, and steeled his nerves to meet the impending consequences of the blunder. The steamer blew another warning signal. A terrible, insane confusion seemed to have seized the minds of those in control, for both vessels were again turned in the same direction. Then the steam was shut off, and for a moment that awful silence came which wakes the soundest sleeper at sea, when, after days of ceaseless crash and jar, and forward push and plunge, the great fiery heart of the steamer stands still. Then the screw was reversed, and slowly, at last, the huge bulk yielded to the new motion, but it was too late. A few seconds passed, during which three hundred aching hearts stood still, and then there came a crash so deafening, deadening, awful, that many swooned, and yells and screams and curses and prayers were mingled in a wild confusion that neither words can pourtray nor imagination conceive. The steamer was struck diagonally upon her bows. If she had been a living thing, and the ship had been a missile hurled at her, she might be spoken of as having received a wound in her breast.

The backward motion of the steamer and the recoil of both vessels from the cruel blow, dragged them apart, amid the crash of falling spars and the snapping of strained and tangled cordage; and then the ship, with the most of her sails still spread to the breeze, raked the steamer from stem to stern, and passed on. As she went by, the little crowd of pale-faced, trembling men and women, grouped upon the after-deck, a dozen eyes caught a glimpse of the well-known bird, flying in the face of the ship's pilot, as if protesting against his carelessness, or as if it had foreseen the danger of the accident, and had left the steamer to avert it.

There was running to and fro, shouting, praying, confusion everywhere, on board the steamer. Steerage passengers came out of their hiding places, and many of them were with difficulty restrained from throwing themselves into the sea. Stokers—begrimed, besooted, bathed in perspiration—climbed from their Plutonian depths, with ghastly eyes, like so many walking deaths, and wildly gazed around them. The captain, smitten with confusion at first, was the first to gain self-control. His voice was heard above the din, and men tried to be calm, and to fasten their hopes upon him. He sent the carpenter and some officers below to examine into the nature and extent of the damage. A long, impatient, murmuring silence followed, and then the men returned. It was not needful to ask what they had found. It was imprinted upon their faces, which seemed to have grown old and withered while they were gone.

Command was at once given to lower the boats from their davits. Then apprehension gave place to certainty, and all was confusion again, though here and there, there were men and women who rose from their fear into a calmness, such as only comes to some in the presence of death.

It was Mr. Benson's trial hour. He was then to show exactly what he was worth. Thus far, his life had flowed on calmly and undisturbed. Armoured all over with the pride of integrity, of self-sufficiency and self-control, he and all those who knew him were to learn whether his armour, like that of the steamer, was to be broken through, and he left to sink or float a hopeless wreck on the ocean of life. He realized this in such a degree as was possible to him under the circumstances; but even here his mind went to work automatically, as it were, to construct his duties. He owed his first duties to himself and the great army dependent upon him at home. It was for him to save his life. He could not forget Miss Larkin, however, if he would. There she sat in her helplessness —pale, anxious, looking at him with a mute appeal, but breathing not a word.

Mr. Benson's face was like that of a dead man. He started to go to Miss Larkin. Then he paused. Then he went over and wrung her hand.

"Poor child!" he said; but he did not say, "I will try to save you."

He was watching the boats as they were lowering to the water, and the frenzied crowd that were trying to get into them. Then, as if seized with a frantic impulse to save himself, he darted from her side, rushed into the thick of the struggling crowd, parted a way for himself with muscles that seemed hardened into iron, and as the first boat touched the water, precipitated himself among the struggling, cursing, men, who, wild like himself, had forgotten all the helplessness they had left behind them. The disgraceful flight and plunge had been effected within sight of Miss Larkin.

"Dear God!" she exclaimed. "How I pity that poor man!"

When Mr. Benson had righted himself, after his dangerous leap, and before the boat was entirely clear of the steamer, he came to himself, but it was too late. He looked up and saw Miss Larkin. From that moment of ineffable anguish and humiliation the Mr. Benson whom he had known and believed in, had honoured and been proud of, was dead. He had lost himself. His long self-circumspection, his careful preservation of his integrity, his unconscious nursing of self-love, had culminated in a sudden, stunning act of dastardy. He saw, in one swift moment, as in a vision of God, Mr. Benjamin Benson as a loathsome, painted sepulchre. Swift into the foul enclosure, swarmed a thousand fiendish

forms, against which he fought, and ground his teeth until he groaned in anguish. What if he should be saved? What if Miss Larkin should die? How could he manage to get the most out of her estate for himself? These thoughts were interjected between those which related to his own safety as if they had been darts fired at him from the damned. He could not quench or repel them. Wild, staring men were around him, struggling in the waters. The impulse came to cast himself among them, and share their impending fate, in the hope to hide himself from himself, in the depths that could so quickly quench his life; but the instinct of self-preservation was too strong for the impulse, and held him to his seat. He tried to believe that he had done his duty, but he was unsatisfied. The devil furnished him with a thousand apologies, that limped into his mind, and limped out again, as if ashamed of themselves, or disgusted with the place into which they had been sent.

He did not look at Miss Larkin again. The shame, the humiliation, the sense of immitigable disgrace, the discovery of his own hollowness, selfishness and cowardice, the realization of his loss of the estate of manhood, held down his head as if it had been transmuted into lead.

But strong men were at the oars, and helped by the wind, the boat rounded the prow of the sinking steamer and disappeared from Miss Larkin's sight. She caught one glimpse of his white, despairing face, saw him wringing his impotent hands, and in her heart bade him an eternal farewell. She saw it all without a throb of resentment. She had read, through her instincts, what the wise and experienced world had never been able to see—what Mr. Benson himself had never seen until this moment—and she was not disappointed.

The boats were quite incompetent to hold all the life upon the steamer, and one was swamped in getting of. The excitement attending their launching was uncontrollable, and helplessness had no chance within its circle. Meantime, the captain, notwithstanding his inability to quell the frenzy that reigned around him, had not only regained but kept his head. He had fired signals of distress. As the sun went down, he let off rockets that called for help. He had watched the ship that had collided with the steamer, and seen her rounding in the crimson track of the dying daylight, with the purpose of offering assistance. The companion steamer that had excited so many superstitious fears, had changed her course and was making for the wreck. All looked hopeful, and he went around, cheering the passengers with the intelligence. If the steamer would only keep afloat for half an hour, all would be saved. Courage sprang up on every hand. The boat in which Mr. Benson had embarked on was seen going with the wind towards the approaching steamer, and its inmates would doubtless be picked up.

Nicholas was on the alert, and saw that the wreck was sinking forward. He was hopeful and cheerful, and found, in the pale and frightened group around him, his lady acquaintances. He provided them all with life-preservers, gave them such directions as he could, in preparation for the anticipated emergency, cheered them with brave words, and behaved, much to his own surprise, like a brave and self-poised man.

Mrs. Coates went over to him, as he knelt by Miss Larkin's side, and with lips livid and trembling said:

"Mr. Minturn, save Jenny. Don't mind me."

"Bless you, my good woman, for that. If I live, I shall always remember it. I'll do what I can to save you both."

The women around were tearfully shaking hands with one another, or embracing each other silently.

Nicholas turned to Miss Larkin, whom he would not leave, and said:

"Miss Larkin, can you die?"

"Yes, if God wills."

"Can you die, Miss Bruce?"

"Yes, if I must."

"So can I, and by these tokens we shall all live. The calmness that comes of resignation will help us to save ourselves, and I believe we shall have need of it."

At that moment the incoming water found the fires of the steamer, and a great volume of hot vapour shot up through every opening and enveloped the ship. Men rushed aft, as they saw the bow hopelessly settling, until the deck was covered with a motley crowd of steerage passengers, engineers, stokers and sailors. Among them came the captain. People seized upon chairs, settees, everything that would float. Some brought doors with them, that they had wrenched from their hinges. One wild man, black with the dust of coal, among which he had spent the voyage, found nothing on which to lay his hand for safety, and advancing to Miss Larkin, sought to wrench the chair from under her. Nicholas felled him to the deck with an impulsive blow. The wretch picked himself up, apparently unconscious of what had stunned him.

The scenes that accompanied the few which have been depicted were too painful and too confused for description. The struggle of helpless lives in the water; the men and women who stood apart, stunned by the imminent calamity, and prayed; the swooning forms that lay around upon the hard planks of the deck; the fierce eyes that tried for the first time to look death in the face; the selfish, brutal struggles for the means of safety; the tender farewells, given and received, formed a scene to linger forever a burden of distress in the memory, but one which the pen is impotent to pourtray.

Nicholas looked up and saw the captain.

"My good fellow," said the latter, "you are all right. I am going down near you, and we'll do what we can to save these women."

There was something very hearty and reassuring in his tone, and the ladies gathered around the pair. The captain saw plainly that help could not reach them before the final catastrophe, which seemed to be rapidly approaching.

To those who have spent many and happy days upon a steamer, she becomes, or seems, a living and sentient thing. Her steadily beating heart, her tireless arms, her ceaseless motion, her power to buffet the waves, her loyal obedience to orders, form so many analogies to life that the imagination readily crowns her with consciousness, and endows her with feeling. To those who watched the "Ariadne," as her bows settled hopelessly in the water, she seemed reluctant to leave the light of the stars, and take up her abode in the awful profound whose depths awaited her. In the sore pity of themselves was mingled a strange pity for her. No power was strong enough to save her, and they might be saved. It was like parting with a friend who had sheltered, fed and served them.

She paused for a minute as if holding her breath; then as if her breath were all expired in a moment, and hope had taken its flight, she went down, amid shrieks and prayers and wild bewailings, that at one moment were at their highest, and at the next were as still as if every mouth had been struck by a common blow. In the sudden immersion in the cold element, many a heart ceased to beat forever, and many a life went out. Those who retained their consciousness, felt themselves going down, down, among eddies that twisted their limbs, wrenched their bodies, tossed them against each other, bruising and benumbing them, until all was still, and they felt themselves rising, with a delicious sense of buoyancy and triumph.

They emerged, some of them wholly conscious, some half conscious, and some unconscious, and without reason, but answering efficiently to the dictates of a blind instinct of self-preservation, each to appropriate the help of such pieces of drift as were within reach. The first voices heard were those of the captain and Nicholas, cheering the weak and struggling men and women around them. The first effect of the immersion soon wore away, and, under the awful stimulus of the moment, thought was active and expedient almost miraculous.

Miss Larkin had gone down just as she sat. Without concert or calculation, Nicholas and Miss Bruce had gone down on either side of her, and her chair, lighter than herself, had remained under her and buoyed her throughout the awful descent and the long passage to the surface. Nicholas found himself, on rising, with one hand grasping her chair,

and the other her arm. The young woman and her companion were both alive, and both could speak.

A huge piece of drift came near Nicholas and he seized it. It was not only large enough for three, it was large enough for a dozen. When the two immediately under his care had secured firm hold upon it, he and the captain gathered others to it. Nicholas was not a swimmer, but he swam. The emergency developed both power and skill. He had the unspeakable satisfaction of gathering to his buoy several of the ladies whom he knew. The action wearied him; but his long unused vitality stood him in good stead. He had resources that labouring men never possess in such emergencies. He assured them that the boats of the rescuers were close at hand, and all they needed for safety was to keep their heads above water. All grew wise and calm with every passing moment; and, in the common calamity, brave and mutually helpful. The selfish greed for safety disappeared. Twenty minutes—it seemed an age—passed, and then, while Nicholas and his group were deep down in the hollow of a wave, a boat appeared upon its crest above them. Oh! the fierce shout that rose, and the answering cheer! Soon the boat was near them, and strong arms were ready. It was difficult to lift in the poor women, amid the rise and fall of the waves, without bruises; but one after another was carefully raised from her hold, and placed in the boat, where they swooned or cowered together for warmth. Soon another boat appeared, and another, and another. Torches were flaming here and there. Reassuring shouts went up on every hand. Both the steamer and the ship were represented among the rescuers, and not a single life that could hold itself above the surface was suffered to go down.

The captain was lifted into one of the steamer's boats, while Nicholas, and those immediately around him, were rescued by one of the boats from the ship. They went different ways and were parted forever.

During the absence of the boats from the ship, she had drifted nearer to them, and sent up signals and hung out lights to guide the weary boatmen back to their vessel. The steamer's boats had the wind with them, and, as she, too, had crept nearer, their shivering, half drowned freight of men and women had but a short passage from their benumbing bath to the light and warmth of the cabin, and the ministry of tender and efficient hands. The steamer was at once transformed into a hospital, in which extemporized physicians and volunteer nurses spent the night in the long and tedious work of resuscitation.

Among those who stood upon her deck, as one after another the boats came in, and the victims of the great catastrophe were lifted through the gangway, was Mr. Benson. He watched with awful interest every face and form; and when the last boat-load was discharged,

he turned away with a pitiful groan, and laid his face in his hands and wept like a child. He had hoped she would come. He had hoped that she would help to save him from himself. Do what he would however his pecuniary interest in her constantly obtruded itself. He tried to get away from it and shut it out; but it would not leave him. After learning that the boats of the ship had rescued quite a number of the passengers, he wondered if Nicholas had saved her. If he had done so, and also saved himself, what would be the result? Then he felt a curious enmity in his heart springing up against Nicholas. All the forces, plans, purposes, prides of his life, were in wild confusion. Like a great god in marble, he saw the deity he had made of himself tumble from its pedestal, and broken into a thousand fragments.

He would forget. He would win back his self-respect. In deeds of mercy, in acts of service, he would spend his life to atone for the past. Impulsively he sought the cabin, and there, with strong arms and tireless hands, he devoted himself to the sufferers. When others slept, he watched. When others were weary, he supplemented their feeble efforts with his own frenzied strength.

The steamer only paused to start her boats toward their davits, then the engineer's bell rang, the sails were hoisted, and the great creature went booming across the waves into the night, to complete her five hundred leagues before she should again stand still.

Nicholas and his party were lifted on board the ship, more dead than alive. They found rougher hands to tend them, among the emigrants that thronged her decks, but they were moved by hearts as warm as those that throbbed under finer vestures in the cabin of the steamer. Though chilled and bruised, not one of all the rescued number failed to respond to the means of recovery.

A few pieces of drift, scattering every moment, and lifting themselves upon the waves that swept the great solitude, were all that was left of the huge organism that so lately carved her way across the all-embracing element. She went down with all her cunning machinery, her gigantic power, her burden of wealth, to sleep a mile below the waves, and wait until some convulsion of reforming or dying nature shall lift her from her bed,—but not a soul was lost!

Not a soul was lost. There must be somewhere, some One, who looks upon what we call calamity with a different eye from ours. The life beyond must be so much brighter than this that those who suffer death find payment for all their pain, and terror is forgotten in an overwhelming joy. Many went down and their bodies never rose; but something rose. No one saw the meetings in the air. No one witnessed the transition from pain to pleasure, from slavery to freedom, from darkness to

light; but he whose faith clings to the risen Master believes that because He lives, all these live also.

No pity for these, but pity for him who found in his selfish and cowardly experience a terrific meaning in the familiar text; "He that saveth his life shall lose it!"

(*To be continued.*)

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

In the starlight
And the far light
Of the dawn,
Glad bells ring it,
Nations sing it,
Christ is born.

King by weakness,
Lord in meekness,
This is He.
Heir to anguish,
Born to languish
On a tree.

He, the lowly,
Pure and holy,
Born to-day;
Let us greet Him,
Loving meet Him,
With a lay.

LYD.

EVENINGS IN THE LIBRARY.

No. 2. EMERSON.

THE next evening the little club met bright and early. There was a roaring fire on the hearth, and the snow was coming down handsomely. Baker's portrait of Bryant had come in from the bookseller's, and the trio expended much admiration over it. Certainly it is a clever performance. The portrait almost speaks. The expression is magnetic and attracts at once. Mr. Baker is a thorough artist, and his work always leaves his hands in a finished state. His Longfellow last year was very faithful; his Bryant this Fall is no less so. He seems to catch his subjects in their best moods, and his pictures resemble a perfect crayon. Every line is drawn with exquisite taste. "I wish," said the Professor, as he laid the print carefully away, "that Baker would give us Emerson next year. What a splendid face is his for a picture! So full of intelligence, so thoroughly human and sincere."

"Yes," said Charles, catching the old man's fervour, "Baker could do him full justice. I think, however, it is the intention to include him in this gallery of American poets. I am not quite sure, but I imagine Dr. Holmes is to be the one next Fall, and, after him, we may have Emerson. When the series is completed, it will form a very delightful set of portraits."

"We were speaking," said Frank, "at our last meeting, of Carlyle and Emerson. Do you believe that Emerson copies Carlyle, as some say he does?"

"No," said the Professor, "Emerson is an independent thinker. He has nowhere copied Carlyle, but has thought for himself; and though sometimes his ideas appear similar to the Scotch Thinker, on certain subjects, the analyst will find a wide difference when he comes to make a critical examination. Emerson's imagination is more delicate, his language is less harsh, his imagery is more rounded, more perfect. He is never common-place nor coarse. He never offends. He is never boorish, nor vulgar, nor ridiculous. His sentences are always carefully turned, and he never shocks us with a ribald jest. Like Higginson, he thinks that an essay may be thoroughly delightful without a single witticism, while a monotone of jokes soon grows tedious. Mr. Emerson is a philosopher,—a rapid thinker, not quite as deep or as ponderous as Carlyle, and a keen analyzer of the myriad works of nature. His is a

speculative mind, and his temperament is sanguine and warm. He is too fervent for some minds; and the man who reads Herbert Spencer looks coldly down on Emerson. He is not congenial in his atmosphere. The sun is too bright, and with a growl he hastens away, and seeks the shady side, and finds solace in the study of sociology and kindred topics. It is different with the ardent admirer of Swinburne, with his thousand graceful, glowing, floating images, for he meets with a responsive soul in the Concord dreamer. And yet Swinburne is in nowise like Emerson. They differ widely, rather. The Victorian poet is all sensuality, and his heroes and heroines are clothed in the thinnest gauzy fabrics, and his poetry is of the age of Edmund Spenser and the matchless 'Faerie Queene.' Emerson, on the contrary, exhibits no such traits in the witching verselets he has written. Then why should the same minds find so much that is common between them? Why do they yearn for each other?"

"Because, I take it, both men are so sincere in their work. Both present their own individuality in every page. Both are equally warm, hot-blooded if you will. Both treat their subjects with the same degree of vigour. They lift them up till they stand out boldly and prominently on their mental canvasses, like a portrait of Raphael's or a face like Rembrandt's. They stay in the mind. They remain fixed. We cannot banish them from our thoughts. 'Atalanta' lives in our memory like a pleasant, delightful dream, and we feel all the satisfying ecstacy which sweet music gives, as the mellow strain floats all round us. When Michael Angelo struck the marble block in historic Florence three centuries ago, and a figure filled with life sprang into existence, and astonished even old Rome itself, all the world proclaimed the tidings that a great genius was born among men. In a lesser degree that genius enters largely into Emerson's composition. His mind is surcharged with it. It must have vent. It must find an outgoing channel. If it be true that, according to Rahel, the world can be astonished by the simple truth, then Emerson has long ago accomplished this feat. He has astonished the world, for the simple truth, charmingly told, delights the reader of his voluminous works at every turn."

"I grant you Emerson has genius, but he has no passion. Swinburne possesses both genius and passion, but his passion is much the greater force. They differ too, in the mode of construction, in the building of those edifices which charm mankind. Emerson's structure is filled with libraries and quaint books. Swinburne builds only spacious halls and pretty alcoves; and rare bits of statuary meet the eye at every turn, and curious bronzes of curious pattern cunningly hid in nooks and out-of-the-way places, appear in view only at odd times. Emerson is

an instructor—an educator. Swinburne is only a sweet singer, a graceful bard, a nineteenth-century Minnisinger."

"Emerson mistructs a good deal. I think more so in his poetry than in his prose, though it deadens the pages of his otherwise beautiful essays somewhat. He is often hopeful, never quite gloomy, though many times distrustful, and I think suspicious. It is the one thing from which I would have his works free. He has no right to demolish the fanciful castle or the rich vase his delicious imagination conjures up for our enjoyment. He destroys the illusion at a blow, and the reader, after being lifted up almost to the very heavens, is let down again, not easily, but with a thud that knocks all the sentiment out of him for a twelvemonth at least."

"You think there is too much romance and reality about Emerson, then."

"Not too much, but enough. Emerson is in every respect a genuine American author,—the first to set at defiance Sydney Smith's query, 'Who reads an American book?' the first to direct his thoughts to his own country; the first to lay the foundation of a new English literature; the first to write about the things of his own land. He astonished everyone, and provoked some sharp ridicule, when he published his modest lines to a 'Humble Bee.' The subject and treatment were laughed at by the same people who giggled over Wordsworth's homely verses—by those who took Scott as their model, and recognized no one else. Emerson, however, whose mind was not as weak as Keats' or as sensitive as Byron's, heeded not his critics, nor the advice of Sir Fretful's good-natured friends, but continued elaborating and dressing up home incidents, home skies, home sky-larks and home nightingales, and home life. He did not expect to find in a new country those romantic and classic spots which abound everywhere in the three kingdoms beyond the sea, by the dull Rhone or sparkling Rhine. The rich scenery of the Hudson was as dear to him and to Irving as the legendary water of the great German river is to the Teuton. He took the commonest things which he found by the wayside, or the riverside, or the brookside, and he was artist enough to know how to lay on his colours with the best effect. It was hard to change the old ideas about poetry. It was difficult to upset the old theories about such things. Everyone read Byron and Scott. Few had known Washington Allston as a poet. Some remembered him as an artist, and all looked to the mother country for their reading. Even Irving is more of an English author than he is an American. Cooper's Indian tales were new, and had little acceptance at first. It took years to change the minds of the people; but a change did come at last, and then Emerson began to be understood. His readers caught his meaning. They realized all at once Emerson's position. The

half-forgotten 'Humble Bee' became an idyl; and if, as Halleck says, 'to be quoted is to be famous,' Emerson soon got to be famous, for the 'Humble Bee' was quoted from one end of the land to the other. Its position in literature to-day is undeniable."

"Have you ever seen that other poem of his, 'The Snow-storm?' I think it is singularly beautiful."

"Yes," said the Professor, "I once heard the poet Longfellow recite it. It was in the early autumn and the leaves were just turning, and the wind rustled the half-brown, half-green maple leaves across the lawn, in old Cambridge. The poet was sitting in his library, and the talk had been of Emerson, when the 'Snow-storm' chanced to be mentioned. The old poet leaned back in his library chair, and seemingly inspired, repeated slowly the marvellous lines in a rich, clear voice. The effect on us both was electrical, and for some moments afterwards neither of us spoke a word. It seemed to me like a new reading of an old familiar passage from some well-thumbed page. I saw new beauties that I had not perceived before, and even now I never look upon a snow-storm, as it comes down in its fleecy folds, whirling lightsomely through the air in delightful uncertainty of destination, but Emerson's grand words ring into my ears like the sound of silver bells, and I find myself going softly over the metrical numbers:

"'Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end;
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come see the north-wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry, evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake or tree or door;
Speeding, the myriad-handed; his wild work
So fanciful, so savage; naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world

Is all his own, retiring as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.' "

"It is indeed gorgeously set, and I do not wonder at your enthusiasm. Emerson appears to say more in a little space than any other American poet. Look for instance at his short poem of 'Letters.' The whole story is told in six brief lines. I admire that other bit of his, 'Brahma,' very much. It is fantastic, but very pretty."

"He never writes unintelligently or incomprehensively. His system precludes his doing so. He prunes and prunes, alters, amends and corrects. He labours hard to make himself thoroughly intelligible. He is a man of unwearied literary industry, of tremendous endurance and untiring patience. Thoughts which may have reached the public before, and through other channels, become new and piquant after they pass through the mental filter of Emerson. He adds a bit here, he lops off a bit there, and then develops the whole, till the thought becomes unmistakably Emersonian. He has been known to re-write a single sentence twenty times before he was satisfied with it. He retouches as much as Tennyson, and works as hard as Bulwer used to do in his young days. Everything which he publishes, therefore, is complete."

"He differs from Tennyson in that respect then, for the *laureate* is never complete. He is constantly altering, and every new edition of his poems is like an entirely new work."

"Though I have great admiration for Emerson as a poet, I think that it is in the capacity of an essayist that his fame will rest. He has been called the American Carlyle. This is unjust to Emerson, and hardly fair to Carlyle. Both, however, have been called Pantheists, and perhaps that is the similarity people affect to see in them. For my part I see a considerable difference."

"There is width in Emerson's thought, wisdom in the bent of his mind, and his style is epigrammatic and beautiful. He is not quick in humour, and he often appears listless and dreamy. This is more noticeable in his essays, which are models of elegant writing, and condensed thought. A good deal of discussion has arisen regarding Emerson's religious belief. He has been misrepresented a good deal, and some persons unhesitatingly charge him with being an unbeliever and little better than an infidel. He is a Transcendentalist, is he not?"

"Yes, he is a professor of the New Faith, a strong apostle of Transcendentalism in its wider sense. He was one of the famous circle of Boston scholars who followed the teachings of Kant and the German philosophy. They often met at good old Dr. Channing's for intellectual

intercourse, but the great preacher's health was breaking up, and he felt unable to take the lead in this "newness" of thought movement. He gradually yielded to the bolder students and scholars, and the sessions were then held at George Ripley's house. Ripley soon became prominent as a leader in Transcendentalism. His mind was acute and liberal. He was fettered by no dogmas or creeds. His culture was unquestioned, and his literary power was considerable. A good digester of books, he was an able and fearless critic, and his reviews were always distinguished by their comprehensiveness and breadth. He understood thoroughly the canons of criticism, and his opinions of men and books always ranked high. Ever kindly towards authors, he was just to his readers, and never uttered an uncertain sound. This humanity gave him power, and helped to make the fine reputation which he holds to-day among literary men of every shade. Ripley was the originator of the Brook Farm project. The plan was conceived in his library. Among the actual members was Nathaniel Hawthorne, who speaks of the Arcadian experiment somewhere in his note-books, and refers to it slightly in his delicate *Blithedale Romance*. Emerson visited the company frequently, and often talked over topics with them; and in almost every way he gave the idea countenance, but he never was a regularly enrolled member of the organization. He was *with* it, but not *of* it. Even Theodore Parker, whose sympathies were entirely with the Farm, belonged not to it, and Margaret Fuller was merely a guest."

"Poor Margaret Fuller! I remember once seeing a portrait of this ill-fated and brilliant lady, the most delightful conversationalist of her time. She was a friend of Carlyle, and for many years held the post of reviewer for Horace Greeley. The picture represented her as extremely haggard and worn. Her intellect was too soon developed; she was a prodigy in her early days, she grew to womanhood shattered in constitution and broken down in health. The likeness was a good one of the woman as she was, but it gave no idea of the fine mind which she possessed. Mr. Geo W. Curtis gave the portrait to Dr. Holmes, who knew Margaret Fuller well. She was thoroughly acquainted with Greek, Latin, and German, and her papers about Goethe won universal admiration. A wonderful mimic, she gained the applause of children, and the terror of grown persons. Her peculiar manner made a disagreeable impression on strangers, and she had many jealous rivals. Mr. Emerson's first meeting with her is described as curious. He was instantly repelled, and thought he could never like her. He was disappointed. As soon as the first impression wore off, and he began to perceive her extraordinary powers of mind, and intellectual superiority over other women, he was gradually drawn towards her, and for ten years their friendship remained firm and unbroken. She formed conversation

classes in Boston in 1839, and the most intellectual women of the city regularly attended. Miss Fuller, as president, opened every meeting with an extempore address, and then the conversation followed in the form of a discussion. Miss Fuller entertained lofty ideas of her own abilities. She once said, 'I now know all the people worth knowing in America, and I find no intellect comparable to my own.' For two years she edited *The Dial*—a quarterly journal devoted to recondite and transcendental literature—and then resigned her post to Mr. Emerson. She afterwards went on the *Tribune* as book reviewer."

"I always understood that Margaret Fuller was unfitted for that position, inasmuch as she could only write when she felt like it, and needed ample time for everything she did in a literary way."

"She was unfit, so far as rapid work was concerned, but she always wrote with a degree of polish and finish that was the delight of all readers, and her estimates of books were generally correct in the main. Horace Greeley knew she could do nothing hastily, and he humoured her accordingly, and allowed her to work in her own leisurely way. Emerson always maintained a profound respect for her, and wrote a life of her some years ago, in conjunction with Channing and Clarke."

"We were speaking of Emerson's religion, and you began by saying he was a Transcendentalist. There are several forms of this belief. What does he believe?"

"Emerson's religion is what might be called a 'reasonable' religion. It is severely intellectual, yet founded on a simple faith. He investigates the miracles of the Bible, and finds them to be merely a compilation. He takes nothing for granted, but examines everything for himself. He believes man's nature to be good, and only sometimes bad. He believes in the elucidations of science. His religion is partly scientific, but not altogether. He believes with Octavius Frothingham, that infidels of all times are earnest men, are conscientious students, are zealous inquirers after truth, and not merely scoffers at religious teachings. He is a liberal thinker. He loves the good which he finds in Voltaire, and in Paine, and in Carlisle, and in Bolingbroke, and rejects that which is not good in them. He does not worship the rising sun. He has praise and help for *endeavour*, if the *endeavour* be rightly-conceived. He admits with Talleyrand, that 'nothing succeeds like success,' but he has a good word to say to him who tries to do right, though he fail in the end, and fall by the way-side. The wish to do well receives his encouragement. He is a helper. He does not keep to himself his vast learning, but he opens wide the intellectual door of his mind, and gives freely to all who seek him, the great glorious truths and thoughts which come rushing from the teeming stores of his brainshop. He gives out what he

has taken in. He has digested the crude thought, and now it comes out and goes forward into the world, clad in the warm Emersonian garb. He has marked it for his own. It is bright in the wonderful colouring it has received. It is strong in a marvellous individuality. It is simple, for he has told the story in simple though earnest language. Emerson does not believe in infallible dogmas, nor the iron sways of any creed. He bases his faith upon knowledge, and motive forms a part of his religion. He ranks with those who believe in a rational religion, not an authoritative religion. He is as firm as Carlyle in his hatred of hypocrisy, deceit, and insincerity, and is as vigorous in denouncing every form of vice and fraud. He cultivates Sociality, and would form brotherhoods among his people for the development and fosterment of homelike meetings, where all could gather round the board and feast on intellectual preserves. He would impress all with the golden truth, 'love one another.' He respects the old theology because of its antiquity, but he does not believe in it. He holds Advanced ideas. And yet Emerson's ancestors for many generations, were sternly and inflexibly orthodox. He was the last one, and he broke away from the old school. He looked for 'more light,' he sought out new truths, he has discovered a new way, an untrodden path. He is the apostle of a new Faith."

"But wasn't Emerson a Unitarian Minister?"

"Oh, yes. That was in 1829. But he resigned his charge in two or three years. He differed from his congregation, and his views underwent a change on some points. He considers the whole theory of revelation to be incorrect. He is not dogmatic, narrow, or exclusive. He believes the world began at the beginning, and that a gradual development has year by year taken place, till events took a new shape. The seed grew into a plant, the plant put forth buds, and the rose blossomed and sprang into life in all beauty, loveliness, and strength. Supernatural interposition he considers obsolete. He wants in the place of old mysteries, darkness and superstitions, light, order, righteousness, goodness, and, as near as possible, perfection in individual man. He would have no one bigoted or dogmatic. He would have boundless charity and openness of heart for all. He would have liberality in its ample sense. He would nail down the prejudiced impressions of the narrow-minded Zealot who deemed every one who differed from him to be a scoffer and an infidel. He even places his faith before charity, for charity *is* secondary, and a man's charity sometimes is confined solely to his own Church. Out of that pale, his charity is uncharitableness itself. He cherishes the sentiment of brotherhood, and guards it with a jealous care. He takes every man at his best, and always looks at the motives which actuate the being. He does justice to all. He would put God in their

hearts. He believes in a bright religion. He peoples his faith with beautiful, delightful things. His imageries are always fanciful and pretty. He would not follow a man that was all sadness and sorrow. He wants *life* in the Church, LIFE in the sermon, LIFE in the preacher's life. He detests religious controversies. There is no christianity nor religion in them. They are only petty squabbles, and they breed malice and hatred."

"He holds high ideas regarding man and his future, too, I believe, and no religion, no matter what its tenets are, is infallible? All creeds are the necessary and structural action of the human mind. A new faith, purer than any which exists with us now, is to come, and in time will supersede all others. The French Transcendentalists admire Emerson very much, and some of his works have been translated into French, and circulate widely in France. I have even met some people who would not read Emerson, because they were told he was an unbeliever."

"The world is full of such people. Most of them are beings who are afraid to think for themselves; who must keep on in the old beaten track; who denounce every one who believes differently from them. They are generally ignorant men, who are filled with superstition. Some few, however, boast of a pretty fair education, and love the Georgics of Virgil and revel in the adventures of the pious Æneas, and the songs of the blind Greek, and yet reject Shelley because he was frail in his religious belief; because some who knew no better, called him an Atheist."

"Perhaps," said Charles, smiling, "they affect to read Homer in order to be counted among the learned men of the time. I once knew of a man who bought all the old classics, Æschylus, Thucydides, Sophocles, Euripides, Plotinus, and the like, and had them all bound uniformly, merely for show; some of them he did not even open after they came home from the binder's, and of the contents of those which he did open he knew absolutely nothing. He had Pope's Homer and Derby's Iliad in his case, and when Bryant's Translation came out, it remained for days on his library table, for visitors to look at. Some of the leaves were even turned down in places. He once imported an expensive set of Balzac, in antique French, but he was laughed at for his pains. It is fashionable, perhaps, to assume a virtue if you have it not; and it may be the correct thing to speak slightingly of Emerson, if you don't quite understand him. It *is* fashionable to call him an unbeliever and a sceptic. Even the great humanitarian, Charles Dickens, did not escape in this respect. His religion troubled a good many people; the beautiful prose poem of 'The Christmas Carol' did not make them quite change their mock devout views. They knew so well that he was not a Christian. And yet Dickens lived a pure, guileless life. The story of Tiny Tim and old Marley's Ghost, and the loving words in which Dickens speaks of

his Saviour, stand as proof against the aspersions of hypocritical howlers who helped so much to embitter the declining years of his life. No one escapes these 'goody' persons. Genial, whole-souled Thackeray suffered, Hazlitt was traduced, and some have been found who even doubt gentle Greenleaf Whittier, a man whose whole life is blameless. They are the insects who hide themselves in the blankets of society, and, in the words of the Satirist, 'feed upon better flesh than their own."

"Apart from his religious teachings, Emerson is a very pleasant Essayist. He delights in picturesque phraseology, and he seems to love to watch the growth of thought, as with exquisite fancy he develops his subject. I know of no book that pleases me more than the series of essays called 'Society and Solitude.' Emerson's most felicitous thoughts are here. His article on *Eloquence*, his paper on *Books*, his elegant treatise on *Art*, are of themselves gems of literary composition. One never tires of reading them. They are so thoroughly finished, and come with such grace and ease from the author, that to peruse them is like reading some favourite poem, Wordsworth's *Excursion* for instance, or Goldsmith's *Traveller*. His lecture on *Eloquence* concludes thus grandly."

'Eloquence, like every other art, rests on laws the most exact and determinate. It is the best speech of the best soul. It may well stand as the exponent of all that is grand and immortal in the mind. If it do not so become an instrument, but aspires to be somewhat of itself, and to glitter for show, it is false and weak. In its right exercise, it is an elastic, unexhausted power,—who has sounded, who has estimated it?—expanding with the expansion of our interests and affections. Its great masters, whilst they valued every help to its attainment, and thought no pains too great which contributed in any manner to further it;—resembling the Arabian warrior of fame, who wore seventeen weapons in his belt, and in personal combat used them all occasionally;—yet subordinated all means; never permitted any talent—neither voice, rhythm, poetic power, anecdote, sarcasm—to appear for show; but were grave men, who preferred their integrity to their talent, and esteemed that object for which they toiled, whether the prosperity of their country, or the laws, or a reformation, or liberty of speech or of the press, or letters, or morals, as above the whole world, and themselves also.'

"Doesn't Emerson resemble Thoreau a little?"

"Thoreau resembles Emerson you mean. He was brought up alongside of Emerson and Hawthorne in Concord, and his writings at first were undeniably cast from the Emersonian mould. They were a good deal like the philosopher's; they ran in the same groove, and appeared to be similar in every way. Unpleasant people said he borrowed largely from Carlyle and Emerson, and did so without credit. Any way he

did write remarkably like his neighbour; so much so indeed, that Mrs. Thoreau, the mother of the hermit, once said to a lady friend that "Mr. Emerson wrote very much like her son." This was exceedingly delicious, when it is remembered that the reverse of this was the case. Thoreau was something of a pretender, a semi-charlatan in literature. He was a good deal of the showman, and there was a vast amount of pretence about him. His life was a sham—a mockery. He essayed to be a hermit, and went off into the woods to reside. He wanted to study nature, away from the haunts of men. He wanted to commune with himself, so he shut himself up in the woods, and waited daily the hamper of toothsome provisions which his kind mother sent him. He had thus the life of a hermit without any of its inconveniences or discomforts. While in the woods he made some wonderful discoveries, some of them quite equal to Mr. Jack Horner's; the most notable of these were, the habits of the squirrel, which he was foolish enough to print. Thoreau, however, before his death, published some clever things, but few people believed in him, and he was always looked upon with suspicion. He held some 'advanced' views, and possessed some originality, but he was so affected and unreal with it all, that few were found willing to believe in him, or in his philosophy. He left behind a few admirers, and they pretend to think Thoreau was ill-used and misjudged, but the circle is very small indeed."

"He was a fair essayist, rather smooth in his composition, not always original, and a somewhat soured thinker. I cannot believe he was ever really in earnest in his life. He was a very insincere man, full of vanity and self-conceit. He was cynical and unjust, peevish and morose by times. He has done some pretty fair work I'll admit, but he has also done some things that are positively injurious as well."

"Now I rather like Thoreau, and think you are too severe on him, because he committed a few errors in his youth. He did not steal from Emerson, but only borrowed some of his thoughts. The language in which he framed them was his own. He had an original mind, and the writings of his latter days are exceedingly happy. His thought, too, is vigorous, and his style is certainly terse if not delightful. I think you are hasty in denouncing Thoreau in so wholesale a manner. He was a man of good parts, and he will be remembered as one of Concord's great men."

"Well, have it as you will, perhaps I am a little prejudiced, but I hate plagiarism in any form, and more particularly when the pirate brazens it out. And next to that, sin, I detest affectation, and Thoreau had that fault if he hadn't the other. In England Thoreau has few readers, while Emerson is almost as much appreciated as Carlyle and Matthew Arnold. Indeed the men of the Carlyle school of thought

rank Emerson as one of themselves. They hold some, though not all, characteristics in common. A few years ago Emerson went over to England, and visited a number of his old friends. His health was not good, and he appeared jaded and worn. His manner was still sweet and gentle, however, and his conversation was as brilliant as it was a quarter of a century before. He was with Thomas Hughes a good part of the time, and when the author of those glorious Tom Brown books was made President of the London Workingmen's College, Mr. Emerson attended the inauguration and made a short speech. He was greeted with a burst of applause so hearty and genuine that the building fairly shook. In the course of his remarks he made some excellent hits, and these were well taken by the audience. Here he met the sturdy stroke-oar of the Oxford crew, Mr. Darbishire, who pulled against the Harvards, and worsted them. This gentleman pleased Emerson very much. He was frank, off-hand, and highly cultured, and good-humoured withal. By a happy quotation in resonant Greek, he won at once the esteem of Emerson, who appreciated the saying, 'neither a ship nor a tower was strong unless there were men in it.' Mr. Darbishire was the Professor of Physiology of the Workingmen's College at this time. Hawthorne was the other great American who had visited this seat of learning with Mr. Hughes, during the Presidency of its founder, the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, brother-in-law to Mr. Hughes. The story-teller's speech on that occasion was in his felicitous style. Indeed he was more unreserved than usual, and spoke with epigrammatic pungency and fullness. He quite warmed up before his hearers, and every one seemed greatly pleased with him and his effort. His fame was then at its height, and his books were beginning to be read in England. When it was known that he was the author of the charming pen pictures which had interested so many, there was much enthusiasm, and the novelist received a perfect ovation at the close of his address."

"A little over three years ago Mr. Emerson returned home from his European trip, refreshed in mind and in body. A few days after his arrival he gave an informal reception at his pleasant home in Concord. The attendance was large, for all wanted to do him homage. All wanted to welcome the kindly poet, whose big, throbbing, generous heart took them all in. Little children sat upon his knee, and others played about him on that genial day in June. Boys and girls romped before him on the fresh grass, and happy men and women vied with one another in paying their respect. They saw not the philosopher and bard, but one of themselves only. A simple-minded man and true friend. It was a day not to be forgotten, but always to be remembered."

"On the lecture platform Mr. Emerson is sometimes eccentric, and his manner is apt to startle the stranger who is not familiar with his

peculiarities. If his audiences know him, it is all right, but if they do not, he very soon drives them into little fits of impatience, and every one speedily grows nervous and excited, not so much from what he says, but on account of the way in which he says it. His lectures are usually prepared on small slips of paper, and occasionally these become separated or entangled in some way. The lecturer, nothing daunted, stops short and deliberately proceeds to sort his papers out. When they suit him, he goes on with his discourse until another mishap occurs. This happens quite often, but no one seems to mind it, and the audience waits patiently till he is ready to continue on again."

"I should think an accident of this kind would bother him greatly."

"It does not appear to. At all events he keeps right on, just as if nothing had gone amiss. I love to hear him lecture. His voice is full and round, and his utterance is distinct and musical. He has always a pleasant way with him on the platform, and he is so earnest and real and convincing, that he has the audience with him from the start, and he keeps them till the end. He never gets flighty, nor soars upward with a burst of eloquence like Carpenter or Chapin, but is rather measured in his style, and depends more on his sincerity or the elegance of his phraseology than upon oratorical tricks. His lectures are properly talks, and are effective from their very simplicity. He is one of the most popular platform celebrities in New England, and his addresses at the Boston Radical Club are models in their way. Emerson's reasoning faculties are very great. He has many friends and disciples among all classes of society, and his influence in both hemispheres, among educated people particularly, is wide-spread. He holds liberal views on all subjects, and the vast amount of learning which he is able to bring to bear on them gives weight and effect to his opinions. He is one of the American authors who will live. He has such a happy way of saying charming things, that he is endeared to every heart, and every one loves him for the good and noble deeds which he is always doing. He is almost as many-sided as the wit, humorist, essayist, novelist and logician, Wendell Holmes."

"Let us consider Holmes at our next meeting. I have just been reading for the third time his 'Guardian Angel.'

"And I, his Autocrat, for the fourth—by all means let us have the Doctor."

"Very well, Holmes will occupy our third evening."

GEO. STEWART, JR.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

Canada to Her Children.

Hearken, children, to my greeting,
Borne upon the wild winds beating
Onward now, and now retreating
Back and forth o'er sea and strand ;
Listen to the words they bring you,
Listen to the songs they sing you,—
Songs I taught the winds to wing you,
Bring you, sing you, through the land !

Floating o'er each frozen river,
Where the sunbeams glance and quiver,
Do the wild winds wail, and shiver
Out my greeting unto thee ;
And across the misty meadows,
Shrouded now with snowy shadows—
Over mountains, moors, and meadows,
Do they sing this song for me.

Soft at first and sadly sighing,
While the old year, fainting, dying,
Gasps the last few moments flying
Ere it sinks among the dead !
Then with joyous notes outwelling,
Over hill and valley swelling,
Trills the wind triumphant, telling
Forth the greeting that I said :

" Gone the old year is forever,
Floating down Time's rapid river,
Back unto its ghostly giver,
With its freight of joy and woe
Printed plainly on its pages,
To be read throughout the ages,
By the criticising sages,
To the great world as they go.

And the new year now is living,
And its new-born moments giving
Unto ev'ry mortal living
Chances to redeem the past ;
Let each one be up and doing,
And some noble cause pursuing,
That this year may bear reviewing,
Better far than did the last.

All and each of ev'ry order,
Dwelling now within my border,
Do I call to quell disorder,
With a never-failing aim ;
Though your hair be gray or golden,
Though your heart be young or olden,
Unto you I am beholden
For the honour of my name.

And the floating of my banner,
All depends upon the manner
That throughout my mighty manor,
You my children fight for right.
And my honour, and my glory,
And the glory of my story,
When the present time is hoary,
All depend upon your might.

Onward, upward ever going,
With my flag above you flowing,
Bravely on the breezes blowing,
Press your steadfast way along.
Armed with strong determinations,
High among the highest nations,
There to vent your aspirations
With the noblest of the throng ;

'Till a beacon, brightly beaming,
Of a rare and radiant seeming,
May Canadian glory gleaming,
Spread its splendour o'er the world ;
And with England upward scaling,
In the fight for right unfailing,
With a courage never quailing,
May my banner be unfurled !

And when life at length is ended,
And your bodies have descended,
And your dust with dust has blended,
May the New Year's Day above,
From all sin and sorrow riven,
Unto each and all be given,
Of the endless year of Heaven,
With a greeting full of love."

C. E. Jakeway, M.D.

Stayner, Ont.

TURKEY IN DIFFICULTIES
WE WONT GO HOME TILL MORNING
A CHRISTMAS CAROL
THE MISTLETOE "BOUGH"
WAES HAEL
AND
A CHRISTMAS PIG
BONED TURKEY
OH! PRESERVE US
PLUM
CURRANT
EVENTS

CHRISTMAS
A BUMPER AT PARTING
TURKEY RHUBARB TO FOLLOW
A PAIR OF GOBBLERS
A STIRRING EVENT
NEW YEAR
ALONE IN THE DESSERT
CHRISTMAS CHEER
DRESSING A GOOSE
DESIGNED AND LITHOGRAPHED BY ROLPH, SMITH & Co, TORONTO.

WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY WALTER BESANT & JAMES RICE,
Authors of "Ready Money Mortiboy," "The Golden Butterfly," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

RELEASE.

A CONVICT! That is what I was in the year 1851—a convict, with a sentence on my head of twenty years' penal servitude, fifteen of them still to elapse, for forgery and embezzlement, the crime having been committed under circumstances (as the Judge remarked) of the most revolting and exaggerated ingratitude—a convict in New South Wales.

It seemed to me at the time, and it seems to me still, but a small thing for which I received a remission of the unfinished term of years, compared with the thing for which I was found guilty and received my sentence. There was a rising, a sudden and purposeless rising, among the convicts, and, at a critical moment, Heaven in its mercy put into my head to do what they called an heroic deed. It saved the lives, they said, of the governor and one or two prison-wardens, and it gave me my freedom. Let us say no more about it.

My freedom! What did that mean to me? Let me try, bitter as is the recollection of that time, to recall something of what it meant, something of what my prison-life had been.

I was in prison for five years and three months. When my servitude began, I used to lie sleepless at night; sometimes stupidly wondering; sometimes moaning in agony of misery; sometimes praying for swift and speedy death; sometimes asking bitterly if prayer were any use, if there was anyone at all to hear and pity outside the white stone wall; sometimes meditating on some possible mode of suicide to end it all—because, you see, I was innocent.

At the beginning of my imprisonment, when I slept, my thoughts would fly back to the happy days of liberty. I saw myself at school; I was visiting my patron, master, and benefactor, Mr. Baldwin, to whom my dead father had been a faithful and trusted servant. He questioned me, according to his wont, on my progress in the classes; he patted me on the head when I showed him my prizes; and when, at sixteen, he took me away from the school, where he had paid for my education, it was to give me a desk in his counting-house, with the promise of advancement should I deserve it. As the years went on, I saw myself pushed up with as much rapidity as was fair to others. Responsible work was

put into my hands. At twenty I enjoyed such confidence as the head of a great City house could bestow on a young clerk, and I was allowed such a salary that I could live comfortably, and have my little sister Ruth—my only sister—to live with me. When my dreams reached this point I generally awoke with a start and a rush of thoughts, confused at first, but swiftly resolving themselves into the ghastly truth. For then followed the dreadful end—my good old master in the witness-box, telling, with sobs of a broken voice, how he had loved and trusted me; the immediate and unanimous finding of the verdict; the voice of the judge—cold, stern, never to be forgotten—stating that, in the face of the facts before him, he must make a signal example of as black a case as had ever been revealed in a court of justice. The sentence of the court would be twenty years of penal servitude. And after that my little Ruth—oh! my pretty, innocent, helpless little sister of ten—weeping before me, when she came to take her leave of me, and I not able to do anything—not the least single thing—not able to say any word, not the least single word of comfort—too miserable even to assert my innocence! I cannot bear even now to think about it. For I was innocent.

After a few months of prison-life I left off dreaming of the past. Then the present was with me, night and day—a present without joy, hope, or uncertainty; a present without pain, shame, or suffering, save for the leaden weight of degradation which never leaves a prisoner. Yet no open sense of disgrace, because there were none to look in my face and shame me with a glance. You do not feel disgrace before a warder or an official, and yet the shame is that part of the punishment which the judge always forgets; it comes after the sentence is worked out. There was no suffering, because the day's work brought the night's fatigue, aud there was no one at fall of evening in my solitary cell to keep me awake with reproaches; but always that heavy load upon the brain, and the present, monotonous and dreadful as it was, with me night and day. I ceased in a very few months to think, to feel, to look forward. I became a machine; even the thought of my innocence died out of me by degrees. I supposed that, somehow, I must have done it—perhaps in madness, perhaps in a dream; or rather I accepted the present, and forgot the past. I even forgot poor little Ruth, and ceased to wonder what had become of her; I forgot what I had been. I was a convict; there was nothing before me but prison all my life.

The seasons rolled on; the bright sun overhead beat down upon the bare prison yards; the moonlight streamed through the bars of my window. Summer followed winter, and was followed by winter again. Outside the prison, the world went on in its quiet colonial way. No doubt, within a stone's throw of my cell, women were wooed, children

were born; there were rejoicings and thanksgivings in families, with mirth of boys and girls, and smiles of mothers. Inside, I for one thought no more of such things as love and happiness; I thought of nothing. But for one happy change in my work, I think I should have drifted downwards slowly into that dismal slough of stupid madness, once plunged in which the patient can no longer think of anything, not even his own sorrowful life, or do anything, save sit and watch vacuously the hands of the prison-clock creep round, the shadows shift across the stone floor, and the whitewash grow dull as the night creeps through the bars. That change came when I had been at Sidney a twelve-month. They put me, because I was well-educated and intelligent, into the apothecary's room. There were a few medical books of reference, which I was allowed in the intervals of work to read. And so by degrees, a new interest was awakened in my brain, and in a draggled, broken-winged fashion, I began to live again. What I read in the day I thought over at night, until I knew all that the books had to teach me. The doctor brought more books, and I read them, and he taught me things not to be learned in books. Thus I became in some sort a physician and a surgeon. Once, when I showed the doctor what I knew he startled me into a long-forgotten hope. "When your time is out," said he, "you might become an apocethary, they always want them in the coolie ships."

Time out! I felt a sudden giddiness, as the blood rushed to my head. Time out! Ah! When? For there were fifteen years yet to serve; and even with a ticket-of-leave there were nine years before me. Twenty years of age when I was sentenced; twenty-five when the doctor spoke those kindly words of forecast; I might be forty before my release could be counted on, for they are hard on forgers. What sort of a life was there beyond that fortieth year, for a man who has to begin over again, and carry such a burden of disgrace as mine.

Enough about the convict-time. I received in due course a full remission of the remaining period. When I came away, the governor offered to shake hands with me, because he said I was a brave man. I asked him to shake hands with me because I was an innocent man, and he shook his head; then I thanked him, but refused to take the proffered hand. For the sense of my innocence came back to me strong and clear, on the morning of my release. Then the chaplain rebuked me, and rightly. Why should the governor—why should anyone—believe me innocent? Only the doctor stood my friend. "I have read your case," he said, "and it's the clearest case I ever did read; either you are the forger or the devil; and since you have worked for me, Warneford, I believe upon my honour that it was the devil. But no one else will ever believe that. Good-bye, my lad, and may God prosper you." So

that I had my little mite of comfort. In all this great world there was one man who thought my assertion true. Stay—there was another man; one who not only believed, but knew me innocent. The man who did it. But who was he? For I had no enemy in the world, and there was no one whom I could reasonably suspect.

I left the prison with an angry heart where I ought to have been most grateful, for I realized more bitterly when I breathed the free air again, that, for the rest of my miserable life, I was to be a marked man. Go where I would, fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, there was no spot so retired, no place so remote, but that some echo of the past might visit it, breathing my name and my story; there would be no moment when I should feel safe from the fear that some finger might reach forth from the crowd, and point me out as Warneford the Forger—Warneford the Convict. Why, the governor said that the papers were ringing with my "heroic deed." So much the worse for me, because it would make concealment more difficult. Grateful? Why should I be grateful, I asked, for being delivered from an unjust bondage, with the stigma of dishonour branded on my brow, plain for all men to read? Time enough to think of gratitude, when I could plead before the world a proved and manifested innocence.

The city of Sydney in those days was a quiet and peaceful place, not on the way to get rich, and with little to talk about. They wanted to make much of me and my exploit; offers of employment came in; people reasoned with me that, if I stayed there, I should certainly get on; they pointed out other men who had worked their term, and stayed in the settlement, and were now flourishing and respected citizens. But I could not stay; there was no rest possible for me till I was back in London. I wanted to see the old place again. I though if I could have a quiet three months on board a ship, I could put things together in my mind better than I could do in the prison, and perhaps get a clue. Because, you see, I never had been able, from the very beginning, to put things clearly to myself. Before the trial, I had but one thing to say—I did not do it; of that alone I was certain. When my case came on, I stood like one in a dream, while the circumstantial evidence piled itself up, and even my counsel could find nothing to say for me. After the sentence, I was as a man who is stunned.

And then another thought came over me as I stood outside the prison-wall, a thought which should have softened any heart—the thought of little Ruth. She was ten years old when I left her—fifteen now. What was become of her? It had been my earnest wish that I might bring her up to be a gentlewomen like her mother before her—a sweet Christian maid as her dead mother was before her—and strong in goodness, as her dead father had been. Now—what had become of her?

And whose fault—whose fault? It was mocking grace of sunshine and sweetness of spring, it was bitterness of beauty in flowers and tender grasses wet with dew, that I saw for the first time for many years. The free air that I felt around me could bring no salve or comfort to a ruined life; it could not drive away the thought of another whose wreck was due to my own.

So the freedom which was restored to me threatened to become a curse, and, with angry heart, I shook off the Sydney dust from my feet, and started for Melbourne. I would go there; I had a little money, which I had earned by my apothecary work. I would take the cheapest passage home under another name; it might be that no one would know that a convict was on board, and so I could sit quietly during a long three-months' voyage and think. Just then I could not think clearly, because I was mad and blind with reawakened rage; and in my bitterness, I cursed the day that gave me birth. A convict released before his time! Why, if people looked at me, I knew in their heart that they were saying, "That is George Warneford, the famous forger, let off for courage in the mutiny. But anyone can see that he is a convict; that is apparent from his face." "And whose fault?" I cried in my blind anguish; "whose fault?"

As I strode along the faintly-worn tracks and silent paths of that lonely country, there grew up in me a purpose and a hope. The purpose was to hide myself when I arrived in England—to get, if possible, some sort of occupation which would leave my evenings free for thought, and to devote all that thought to the steady following up of every clue that might present itself. My hope was to stand one day before the world—my prisoner in one hand, my proofs in the other—and demand revenge.

And all that follows is the history of how this purpose got itself carried out, in what manner my hope was achieved, and what sort of revenge I perpetrated at last.

CHAPTER II.

"MURDER ON BOARD!"

I WORKED my way to Melbourne on foot, hoarding my money, as if in some vague way it was going to assist me in my purpose. Heaven help me with my purpose! In the morning I was resolute and confident. I would get back to London; on the voyage I would set down all that I could remember, to the smallest detail—every little fact of that happy, bygone time before this evil thing fell upon me. No doubt I should find

a clue at last; somehow I would follow it up, step by step, till my proofs accumulated to irresistible evidence. I pictured myself, under the glamour of that bright sunshine of Australia, standing before the prosperous devil who had done the deed—he was always prosperous and happy in my dreams—and dragging him before justice. I was myself standing before the old man—my benefactor—denouncing his readiness to believe, his unrelenting persecution when he did believe; always hurrying onwards a full and complete revenge, till not one of those who had had a hand in my unmerited ruin, should remain without his share of a cup of bitterness.

In the night I saw things in their grim reality; I saw how weak I was; I saw the hopelessness of my task; and I foresaw how I was to creep back to my native country, pardoned, it is true, for good conduct, but branded till death with the gallows tree mark of forger and thief. And at such a time I was willing to go back to my prison, and serve out the rest of my life in the apothecary's room.

Lurid hope that seemed golden, or dark despair, it mattered nothing, because, in hope or despair, my miserable life was before me—life stretches long before the eyes at twenty-five—and it had to be got through somehow.

Always, in those days, the thought of myself and my wrongs! The wrong was so great, the ruin so overwhelming, that there was no room left in my mind for any other feeling. For instance, I arrived in the colony of Victoria in the days when the whisper of gold was running like wild-fire through its scattered hamlets, and along its giant sheep-runs; but when other men's nerves thrilled at the chance of boundless wealth waiting to be picked up, I listened coldly. Again, to this day I have no sense or recollection of what the country was like through which I toiled alone, from station to station, in my resolution to get to the place where my face at least, if not my name, should be unknown. I know I walked through wild and savage districts, where there were dangers of thirst, dangers of reptiles, and dangers of treacherous natives. I believe that I sometimes slept out for days together. I know that I was always alone, except that sometimes a friendly shepherd in an up-country station gave me tea and damper. What it was like, that great continent through which I journeyed on foot, I cannot say, because I walked along with open eyes which saw not, ears which never heard, and senses which never felt anything. Only, as I said before, the light and sunshine witched me into confidence, which the darkness tore away. And the agony was like the agony of Prometheus when the eagle tore away his liver.

I think in those days I must have been mad, for, if I had not been mad, I must have known that there was still one heart, somewhere in

England, beating with love for me, one voice going up in prayer for me day and night. But if I thought of Ruth at all, it was to remember how my ruin was hers, and it made me more fiercely mad.

It was not difficult at Melbourne to get a ship bound for London. The harbour was full of ships, whose crews had deserted and gone off to the gold-fields. Now and then the captains had deserted their ships as well. They all seemed bound for London, because the port of Melbourne was then a very little place, and its trade was small; the trouble was that there were no crews to carry back the ships. I had to cast about and wait. I was the only man, I believe, in all that colony who neither looked to find gold for himself in the diggings, nor tried to make money out of those who were starting for the diggings.

After a few weeks of restless waiting—each day that kept me from a visionary revenge was a day lost—I discovered that a vessel would probably sail immediately. I got this information, in an indirect way, from a man whose business it was to plunder the diggers at starting. He was a great scoundrel, I remember, and I used to compare him piling up money hand over hand by dishonest tricks and cheatings, with myself, the released felon of a blameless life. He asked me no questions, either where I was from or whither I was going. He took the money for my board, and he bade me hold myself in readiness for a start; and one day I got the word and went on board the clipper sailing vessel Lucy Derrick, bound from Melbourne to London. I was a steerage passenger, the only one, because no other poor man in his senses would leave Melbourne at such a time. There was only one saloon passenger, and she, was a young lady; of course no one but a lady would leave Melbourne when the very air was dry with thirst for gold. She was under the charge, I learned, of the captain, and was sent home in order that her father, a lawyer by profession, might go up to Ballarat and make his fortune in the gold-fields.

The captain was a gray-headed man of sixty-five or so, a man with a face scarred and scored in a thousand lines. It was a hard and stern face. This was well, because he had hard, stern work before him. The chief officer, a young fellow of five-and-twenty, on the contrary, showed in his face, which was mild and soft-eyed, that he was not the man to command a crew of roughs and rowdies.

I say nothing against him, and in the end he fought it out to the death. There was a second and third mate too—one was a boy of sixteen, not yet out of his articles, the other was a rough, trusty fellow, every inch a sailor. As for the saloon passenger—she was to be my queen and mistress. Helen Elwood was her name. Her father brought her on board half an hour after I embarked, and took a hasty leave of her. I noticed neither him nor her, because, in truth, I was still dazed

by the long dream, in which I had walked all the way from Sydney to Melbourne—my dream of a purpose. I sat in the bows, with my bundle beside me, hardly noted when the anchor was weighed, and presently the ship spread her white sails, and we slipped away out to sea.

Then I began to look about me. The first thing I noticed was that the men were drunk; and I learned afterwards that if they had not been drunk they would not have been got on board at all. Then I saw the captain and officers drive them to work with blows. The men were like brute beasts, but I never saw brute beasts so knocked down and belaboured; they were drunk, but they understood enough to turn round when the officer was past, and swear savagely. On the quarter-deck, clinging to the taffrail, and gazing at the receding shores, was the young lady, all alone. At the wheel stood a man with his legs wide apart, his eyes screwed up, and his head on one side; he was an oldish man. I put him down as the quartermaster or boatswain, and I was right. Every now and then he jerked his head in the direction of the young lady, and I knew that he was encouraging her, but of course I could not hear what he said, if, indeed, he did say anything.

All that first day the captain and the officers drove and ordered the men about as if they were so many negro slaves. When night fell things were a little ship-shape, and the men seemed gradually coming round. When I turned in the watch was set, and though neither the captain nor the chief officer left the deck, it was manifest that some sort of order was established, and that the captain meant to have things his way.

His own way it was for a month or more.

I suppose there was never got together, since ships first began to sail the ocean, a crew so utterly blackguard as the crew of the Lucy Derrick. As a steerage passenger my place was forward, and I sat all day close to the forecastle, listening perforce to the oaths with which they interlarded their language, and the stories they told. Now, as an ex-convict returning from Sydney, there ought to have been nothing in the whole scale of human wickedness unfamiliar to me. Truth to say there was very little. He who has been in a convict-ship and has made the dismal voyage across the ocean with Her Majesty's felons, has had every opportunity of learning what a hell might be made of this fair earth, if men had their own wicked way. Somehow it might have been that my abject misery at the time blinded my eyes, and stopped my ears. The voyage, with its sufferings by night, its despair by day, and the horror of my companionship, was all forgotten; so that, as I lay upon the deck, the imprecations and foul language of the crew of the Lucy Derrick, as they got together on the forecastle, awakened me from that stupor of thought into which I was fallen, as some unexpected noise at night falls upon the ears of an uneasy dreamer, and awakens him to reality. No

one in the ship said anything to me, or took any notice of me. "It is because I am a convict," I whispered to myself. It was not. It was because no one took the trouble to ascertain who and what the only steerage passenger was. I took my meals with the second and third mates, and we exchanged little conversation. I suppose they thought I was sulky. Between meals I went on deck, and stayed there; and for want of anything to do looked about me, and watched the men.

In a few weeks after leaving land I became aware of several significant things. The first was that the officers never went forward alone, and that they were always armed; then that they were gloomy, and seemed to be watching the men. I noticed too—being so to speak, among the sailors—that they whispered together a good deal. Among them was a young fellow of five-and-twenty or so, who seemed the leader in the whisperings. He never passed another sailor without saying something in a low voice; and when he passed me, he had a way, which exasperated me, of grinning and nodding. He was a smooth-faced man, with what seemed at first to be an upward twist of the right lip. This, which was the scar of a knife-wound, caught probably in some midnight broil, gave him a sinister appearance. His eyes were close together, and bright; his forehead was high, but receding; and he looked, in spite of his sea-going dress, less like a sailor than any man I ever saw afloat. Yet he was handy aloft, or on deck; and I have seen him on a windy day astride on the end of a yard, marline-spike in hand, doing his work as fearlessly and as well as the best of them. Whatever the men whispered together, I made up my mind that this fellow was the leader; and I read, out of my convict experience, in his face, that he was as reckless a ruffian as ever shook an unchained leg outside a gaol. Other things I noticed. The boatswain, who at first seemed to spend his whole time at the wheel, sometimes gave up his post to the fourth officer, and came forward. Then there were no whisperings; but the men kept aloof from him, all but Boston Tom, which was the name of the smooth-cheeked villain. Boston Tom always spoke to him, and spoke him fair, addressing him as "Mister Croil." Ben Croil, as I afterwards learned to call him, was a man of five-and-fifty or sixty years of age; short of stature, thin and wiry; his hair cropped close, and quite gray; his face covered all over with crows'-feet; his eyes, which he had a trick of shutting up one after the other while he looked at you, of a curiously pale and delicate blue. As a young man, Ben Croil must have been singularly handsome, as indeed he was proud of telling. In his age he had a face which you trusted; and as for his mind—but we shall come to old Ben's inner-self presently. For his sake I love and respect the race of boatswains, quartermasters, and non-commissioned officers generally of Her Majesty's navy, and of all the ships, steamers, and ocean-craft afloat. For if Mer-

chant Jack is rude and rough, drunken and disreputable, his immediate superior is, as a rule, steady as a lion, temperate as a Newfoundland dog, and as true as the queen of my heart.

There was a ship's boy on board—there always is. I have heard it stated that the bodies of ships' boys are inhabited by the souls of those who were once cruel ships' captains; other people think that they are possessed by the souls of ships' provisioners, ships' outfitters, pursers, navy agents, and crimps. I do not know which is the true theory. Both sides agree that the lot of all ships' boys is miserable, that none of them ever arrive at years of maturity, and that their sufferings, while in the flesh for the second time, are regulated by the evil they wrought in their former lives. Our boy was a curly-headed youngster of twelve; not a nice boy to look at, because he never washed, and was ignorant of a comb. I soon found out that he not only knew what was going on in the forecastle, but that he went aft, and told the boatswain everything he knew; so one day I got that boy alone, while he was coiling some rope, and I said to him: "Dan, tell Mr. Croil that he may depend upon me. I know what you pretend to be so busy at the wheel for; I guess what you tell him; and I have seen you listening among the men. You tell Mr. Croil that he may depend upon me if he wants me." The boy fell to trembling all over, and he looked around carefully to see if any of the men were within hearing. As there was no one, he told me in a quick, hurried way, that if he was found out he would be murdered; that there was a plot among the men, headed by Boston Tom; and that he told everything—that is, as much as he could learn—to the boatswain, also that the men knew perfectly well that the captain and the officers were all armed to the teeth; but that they were waiting for an opportunity, and would make or find one before long, for they were all mad to be back at the gold-fields.

Now this information, which corroborated my suspicions, served to rouse me altogether from my brooding, and I began to think what a selfish, heartless creature I must be to sit in the corner, and mope over my own misfortunes, when there was this danger hanging over ship and cargo. And being, as one may say, wide-awake again, of course I remembered the young lady we had on board; and my heart grew mad to think of her falling into the hands of Boston Tom and his gang of ruffians. So I was glad to think I had sent that message, and resolved to do my own duty. However, there was nothing to do just then but to wait until I should have a message from the boatswain; so I sat in my usual place and waited.

The boy took my message, but no answer came that day at all. In the night a strange thing happened. It was fair-weather sailing, with the trade-wind blowing nearly aft, so that all sails were set, and the ship

slipped through the water without so much as rolling. I was sound asleep in the bunk, when I heard voices, as it seemed, in my ear. They were brought to me, I am sure, by a special act of Providence, for I never could understand, otherwise, how I managed to hear them. First, there fell a faint buzzing on my ear, which I, being drowsy and heavy to sleep, did not much listen to; then I heard words plain, and I listened; the conversation came to me in bits, but I made out enough. It was evident that the crew intended to mutiny—to choose the very next night, as I gathered (but I was wrong), for their purpose, and to carry the ship back to Australia, when they would scuttle her, and land as near the gold-fields as possible. Once there they would separate; and so, every man for himself. And then I heard my own name mentioned, but I could not hear what was to be done with me. After that the voices were silent, and I lay awake thinking what to do next. Now, this sort of talk was not likely to make me sleep, therefore I got up, dressed quickly, and was ready, as well as broad awake, when, half an hour later, just after one in the morning, I heard steps and a whispering of men outside the door of my cabin, which was unlocked. "I'll do it at once," I heard a voice say, which I thought I knew for that of Boston Tom. "I will do it at once; and if anybody asks after him, say he must have fallen overboard. Where's the spike?" One of the two went away; I heard his bare feet on the boards. I stepped lightly out of the bunk, and put my hand upon my knife—such a knife as diggers and up-countrymen used to carry—a knife that would do for any purpose; at all events, I would sell my life as dearly as I could. The door opened, and I slipped to the side of the cabin, which, as in most old-fashioned sailing-ships, was of a good size, though, of course, not a state cabin. I could feel the breath of the murderer, as he pushed his head in, and called me. It was afterwards that I remembered how strange a thing it was he should know my real name, because I had shipped under another. "You, Warneford," he said, in a hoarse voice, "get up and come on deck. Wake up, do you hear? Come out, forging convict, and see the captain. Sulkin', are you? Then this will wake you up." I heard a blow—two blows—on the pillows of the bunk, and stepping swiftly behind him, I found myself on the forward companion in total darkness. I knew where I was, however, and the way. As quick as thought I ran up the ladder and over the deck, breathing more freely. Here I was safe, because it was not the watch of the men below, and at least there were three hours left for consideration.

There was nothing unusual in my appearance on deck at night. The air was hot and oppressive below; on deck it was cool. I had often stretched myself on such nights on the tarpaulins, and slept as soundly upon them as in my cabin; no one among the conspirators would think

it strange to find me thus. Presently I pulled myself together a bit, and made up my mind, things being as they were, to go straight to the officer of the watch. He was walking up and down, a boatswain's whistle hanging round his neck. When he saw me, he held it in readiness.

"Murder on board, sir," I reported as calmly as I could.

"Ay, ay," he replied. "Very like; go aft and see the bo's'n."

It was a strange reply, but I understood, later on, that it had been already resolved to accept my services, and to trust me with firearms. So when I went aft, the boatswain pulled out a revolver, a knife, and some ammunition, which he had ready for me.

"There," he said, "do your duty by the ship, young fellow; we shall want you to-morrow night belike, or maybe sooner. But go below and turn in."

This I would not do. I waited for the officer, and begged him to listen to me again, while I told him my story.

"I take it, sir," said the boatswain, "that they may try it on to-night. It isn't a bad dodge, you see, to get the day altered a bit in case of treachery; and if you'll allow me, sir, I'll tell off the passenger for the young lady."

"Six pistols against twenty-five men," said the officer. "I think we can fight it out without waking the young lady."

But the boatswain urged that he had got everything ready for her; that she would be frightened down below, and might come up on deck in the thick of the fight, and get harmed; so that it was finally resolved to awaken her, and bring her up on deck.

"Now, mister," said the boatswain to me, "you look like a man who's got his eyes open, and his head set on right end up; you listen to me. When the young lady comes on deck, I shall put her in this boat.' There was a gig hanging to the stern davits; these were turned round in readinesss for the boat to be lowered. "If things go wrong, as they will sometimes go in this world's gear, lower away," (he showed me the rope) "and sling yourself in after her; then, if no one else comes, cut her adrift, because we shall be dead. When I whistle, or the chief officer whistles, don't wait not even for a parting shot, but lower yourself away with her, and take your chance."

The prospect of a fight steadied my nerves, and, after a careful examination of the rope, on which all might depend, and looking to my revolver, which was fully loaded and capped, I began to feel excited.

All this took time, the fourth officer was giving orders to the men on watch, which prevented them noticing me talking at the wheel; and it struck six bells, which was three o'clock in the morning, when I saw the young lady dressed, and on the deck.

"What is it?" she asked; "tell me what is wrong, Mr. Croil."

"Be brave young lady," he said; "nothing is wrong, I hope, but plenty may be. Here's the captain."

I noticed the captain's stern face as he came slowly aft, and I thought that, if the attack was made that night, some lives might be sent to a sudden reckoning. He was as steady as a rock.

"Miss Elwood," he said, "we expect a little mutiny, and we are quite ready for it; but we have asked you on deck to keep you as safe as possible. They have got no firearms, but we may have an ugly tussle. Let me help you into the boat—so. There are rugs and wraps, and you must make yourself as cosy as possible. To-morrow morning, if we get safely through the night, we will have them in irons; but if they try it on to-night, we must fight them."

The young lady obeyed with a shudder, but said no word. The chief officer with the third officer, was forward; with himself was the second mate, and behind him was the boatswain, steering the ship.

"How's her head, bo's'n?"

"Nor'-west by west, sir."

"And the trade straight as a line; the ship may navigate herself for half an hour. What's that, for'ard?" he asked, pointing.

"Mutineers," said the boatswain quietly.

"Steady all," said the captain. "You, sir"—he turned to me—"remember your post."

In the dim twilight of the starlit night, for the moon was down, I saw creeping up the companion for'ard, one, two, three, half-a-dozen black forms. With the others I watched and waited, my pulse beating quicker, but my nerves, I think, steady. Then there was a shout and a rush. We heard the crack, crack of the pistols of the two officers forward, and we saw them retreating before the twenty desperadoes, who, armed with knives stuck on sticks, marline-spikes, and hatchets, pressed onwards, with a roar like so many escaped devils. The boatswain pushed me back as I made a movement with the captain.

"To your place, sir," he said, "and remember the whistle;" but I fired my pistol once—for in the darkness I saw a figure creeping under the shade of the taffrail towards the helm. Perhaps it might be the leader, Boston Tom; but I could not see. I fired and he dropped; a moment after I heard the whistle of the boatswain. In an instant I let go the rope, and the boat dropped swiftly into the water.

In all my life I shall never forget that scene on the deck which I caught as I sprang over the side and lowered myself hand over hand, into the boat. The pistol-shots were silent now, and it seemed as if, with a mighty stamping and mad shouting, there were a dozen figures fighting one, while the battle raged over the agonised forms of the dying.

and the dead. Like a photograph the image was painted on my brain, and has remained there ever since. Sometimes still, after all these years, I awaken at night to hear the cries and oaths of the sailors, the crack of the captain's pistols, and to reproach myself for not having done more to save the ship. But I did my duty.

The young lady was crouched, trembling, in the stern of the boat. I reassured her with a word—there was no time for more, for almost as soon as I reached the boat another form came hand over hand down the rope, and I sprang up, pistol in hand, to meet him. But it was the boatswain; he had a knife, as he descended, between his teeth, and he held the rope for a moment in his hand. Half-a-dozen faces appeared in the blackness peering over the taffrail at him. The night air was heavy with oaths, shrieks, and groans. "Villains, murderers, cut-throats!" he cried; "you shall be hanged, every mother's son. I know your names—I've got your record in my pocket." He severed the rope with a dexterous sweep of his knife; instantly the great ship seemed half a mile ahead of us, as she slipped through the water before the strong trade-wind. The boatswain shook his fist at her, as if the men on board could see and hear.

"There goes the Lucy Derrick," he said, "as sweet a clipper as ever sailed the seas, lost through a crew of mutineering, cut-throat villains. They shall hang, every one—that's settled—they shall all hang, if I hunt them round the world."

"Where are the officers?" I asked.

"Brained, all of them—knocked on the head, and murdered. There, my pretty—there, don't cry—don't take on. If the captain's gone, he died in defence of his ship—gone to heaven the captain is, with his three officers. In heaven this minute. They've no call to be ashamed or afraid. Done their duty like men. No call; else what good expecting of a man to do his duty? And as for us, we've got a tight little craft, in the track of the clipper ships, or near it, with a supply of provisions and water, and plenty of room on this broad ocean, in case bad weather comes on. Now, mister—what's your name, sir?"

"My name is Warneford."

"Good, sir. You'll allow me to command this craft, if you please, through my being bred to the trade—not a gentleman, like you."

"Yes; but perhaps I am not a gentleman," I replied.

"Then you are a brave man!" cried the girl. "I watched you from the boat. I saw you shoot that man creeping along on the deck like a snake. And I owe my life to you, and to Mr. Croil. But, oh! it seems a poor and selfish thing to thank God for our lives, with all those good men murdered."

"Look!" cried Ben—I shall call him Ben for the future—"they're

'bout ship, the lubbers! Who'll teach them to navigate the vessel? Well, they can't sail over us, that's one comfort."

It was too dark for me to see more than the shape of the ship herself, standing out a black mass, with black masts and black sails, against the sky; but Ben's practised eye discovered that they were endeavouring to alter her course, for some reason of their own.

We were tossing like a cockleshell on the water, which was smooth, save for a long, deep swell. We were all three very silent; and presently I heard a noise.

"They are cruising in search of us," said Ben; "see, they've reefed all. Well, it is too dark for them to see us before daybreak, and if they cruise about till then—Mr. Warneford, you have your pistol!"

There was but one chamber discharged in mine; Ben looked to his own. "We shall be able to speak a boat," he said after awhile, "at far-off quarters or close; and speak her we will to a pretty tune; but, on such a night as this, they might as well look for King Pharoah's chariot as for the captain's gig. Heart up, my pretty! We'll stand by you; and in the morning we'll be off on another tack. Heart up!"

Then a curious thing happened—unlucky, as it seemed then. I have learned since—for my dear girl has taught me—to look on it as a special grace of Providence. Suddenly—having been before in a black darkness—we became as it were the centre of a great light; all round the boat there burst from the darkened bosom of the water lurid flashes of fire, the short, crisp waves, as they rose to a head, broke not in white sea foam but in liquid fire; the swell of the ocean was like an upheaval of dull red lava; the sea was crossed and seamed with long lines of fire-like lightning, but that they remained or seemed to remain constant. As the boat rocked on the heaving deep the flames, red and blue, shot from her sides; the skies, which were now overcast, reflected the light; the winds had dropped, and nearer and nearer still we could hear the dropping of the oars from the boat in search of us. It was the phosphorescent light of the Indian Ocean.

"Seems as if the Lord meant to have another life or two out of them murdering mutineers," said Ben. "Kind of beautiful, too, ain't it, miss? Lord, I've seen it off Peru, when there was no pirates and mutineers in chase, as bright as this! That was on board the Conqueror, hundred-and-twenty-gun man-o'-war; and the chaplain preached next day on the Lord's handiwork. Here they come, Mr. Warneford. Steady, and aim at the bow-oar; I take the stroke; fire when I give the word, and get the sculls ready in case of a miss."

They were about a quarter of a mile astern of us, pulling up hand over hand; because we never attempted—being in such bright light—to escape by rowing.

I sat in the bows, pistol in hand, Ben was in the stern, and the young lady amidships.

They hailed us to stop rowing. We were not pulling at all, so that no answer was necessary.

"A hundred yards, as I judge. Sculls out, and pistol ready in hand, Mr. Warneford. Don't let them run us down. Now give her headway; so, when I say 'Port,' pull with your left as hard as you know, ship the sculls, and let the bow-oar have it. Sit down, my pretty, shut both eyes, and say your prayers for me and Mr. Warneford, 'cos both on us needs them badly this very moment."

"Boat ahoy!" It was the voice of Boston Tom. "You, Warneford! You, George Warneford, convict and forger; 'vast rowing, and give us up the bo's'n and the girl, then you shall go free; if you don't, we will murder you as well as him."

We made no answer.

The boat came near. It was rowed by four oars, and—as I supposed—Boston Tom was in the stern.

"Run them down!" cried one of the crew, with an oath. All the time I was pulling quietly, so as to keep a steady way upon her.

"Port!" said Ben, suddenly.

I obeyed orders, and pulled my left. Instantly the gig swung round, and the heavy ship's boat shot past our stern; and, as she passed, Ben's pistol fired once, and a yell of anguish told that the shot had taken effect.

As for myself, I could not recover in time; but one of the four oars was disabled.

"Surrender!" shouted Boston Tom. "Easy, bow; pull, two; we'll run them down. Surrender, you convict Warneford! If you won't take those terms, I'll give you better. Come on board with me, and I'll show you who really done it, and put you ashore safe and sound. I'll give you your revenge; I'll establish your innocence; I'll——"

This time, as they were turning, I let fly without orders, aiming at the bow-oar; and I hit him somewhere, because there was another yell.

They were within three-oars' length, but lying broadside on.

"Pull back to your ship," said Ben, "pirates and murderers, lest we take more lives! We've shot enough here for all your crew. Leave us, and wait for the time when I will hang you all!"

In their haste, they had forgotten to bring the officers' pistols with them. Perhaps they could not find the powder and shot. Anyhow, there was not a sign or sound from the other boat, but the groaning and cries of the wounded men; and, after a pause, we saw the two who were left row back in silence towards the ship. That fight was over, at

any rate. They passed away from the circle of phosphorescent light in which we lay, and so into outer darkness.

Then we were silent for the space of an hour or more. The phosphorescence died away, and the stars came out again. Presently in the east appeared the first faint streak of dawn, and Ben Croil broke the silence.

"What was them words as Boston Tom addressed to you, Mr. Warneford!"

"He called me convict and thief; and he said—— No!" Here a sudden rush of thought filled my brain as I comprehended, for the first time, all the force of what he did say, and I could speak no more.

"Convict! Thief!" Ben cried. "And you as steady as the best man of us all! Done your duty like a man! Well—after that—— theer——"

Miss Elwood raised her head, and looked round in the gray of the dawn. She saw my shameful head bowed between my hands. Convict and thief!

I felt her gentle hand in mine as she murmured, "The night is far spent and the day is at hand; let us thank God for our lives, and for His great gifts to man of courage and fidelity. Let us pray to Him never to let us forget this night, to forgive us all our trespasses, and to help us to forgive them that trespass against us."

So, in the lone waters of the Southern Indian Ocean, when the sun climbed up the rosy waves, the light fell upon a group of three in a little boat, kneeling together, and glorifying God through the mouth of that innocent girl; and of the three there was one at least whose heart was humbled and softened.

"Amen!" cried Ben Croil, clearing his throat. "And now we will look about us."

CHAPTER III.

ST. PETER'S ISLAND.

We looked about us. The day was upon us, and the sun, just risen, was already hot in our faces. The sea was calm, with a light breeze blowing from the trade quarter. The ship had disappeared.

"No sail in sight, nor any shore," said Ben Croil, looking at a pocket compass. "Heart up, pretty." That was what he always said. "There's water on board, also provisions, though not what we might wish for the likes of you. I thought it might come to this, and I victualled her. There's land on the weather bow, if the Lord let us reach it. Land—an island. St. Peter's Island, where we'll be picked up when we get

there. Mr. Warneford, sir, help me hoist the sail." We carried a mast, and one small sail. Ben managed the ropes, while I steered under his orders. But first we rigged up, by means of the spare oar, some rough kind of covering to protect our passenger; and then we sailed on in silence, wrapped in our thoughts, while the boat danced upon the waves, leaving its little track of white foam behind it. A peaceful, quiet, and happy day. Helen tells me that she was not afraid all that time, nor was I. We were in a little open boat on the open sea; we were dependent for our safety on the continuance of calm weather; we were dependent for landing anywhere on old Ben's knowledge of the seas, and recollection of the chart. He knew the latitude and longitude of the boat, making allowance in dead reckoning for the time when we left the ship, and he knew the latitude and longitude of the nearest land. I drew a rough chart from his information on the back of a letter which Helen had in her pocket. It had two places marked on it—the position of the ship Lucy Derrick at noon, September 15th, 1851, and the island of St. Peter.

It was a rough-and-ready way of reckoning, but I managed to place the position of the ship as near as possible where we left her, and Ben began to study the chart.

"Now, whether to put her head nor'-west by nor', or give her an extra point in a northerly direction, beats me quite. And there's currents which, in these little, fair-weather crafts, we ain't able to guard against, and the wind, which beats her on and off like. But St. Peter's lies over there. Heart up, pretty. We'll fetch land to-morrow, with the blessing of the Lord."

It was Ben who served out the rations and the water, of which we had a keg, besides a bottle of rum, and two or three bottles of wine, which had found their way among Ben's stores.

The sun went over our heads, and began to roll down into the west, but there was no life upon the waters except ourselves; no birds, no great or little fish, nothing to break the solitude. At a little after seven the sun went quite down, and in half an hour we were in darkness. The breeze freshened, but Ben kept up the sail, till I told him that I was dropping to sleep from sheer weariness. Then he took in the canvas, and resumed his place in the stern. Like a thoughtless and ungrateful wretch as I was, I threw myself into the bottom of the boat, and should have been asleep in five minutes, but for our passenger, who called the crew to prayers.

She was our chaplain, as well as our guardian angel; her sweet voice went up to heaven for us all as she sang the evening hymn. Then came over me—the first time for five years—that old feeling which is always new, that whether I lived or whether I died, all would somehow be

well; and with the feeling upon me I laid my tired head upon the boards, and was asleep in a moment.

It was far advanced in the night when I awoke to relieve Ben. He had stripped himself of his coat, and laid it over the shoulders of the sleeping girl, and was sitting in his shirt-sleeves. As I stepped lightly over her form to take the strings from his hand, he whispered me:

"Mate, was that true—them words as Boston Tom spoke in the boat?"

"I have been a convict," I replied.

"How did he know that?"

"I cannot tell you; I wish to Heaven I could."

"What did he mean by saying he would tell you who really done it? Done what?"

"Done the forgery for which I was condemned. I am innocent, Ben Croil. Before God, I am innocent."

He was silent awhile.

"I can't see my way plain. One thing's got to be said. We may toss about in these seas till our water's gone; we may get cast away; we may be wrecked. I ain't so old but I can make a fight for life yet; and I ain't so young but what I may look to be called first. You may be innocent of that there forgery, or you may be guilty. No concern of mine. Innocent or guilty don't matter now; and whichever way it were, Mr. Warneford, the guilt of puttin' another man's name to a bit of paper is like the guilt of a baby crying at the wrong time, compared to the guilt of ill-treating the sweet young lady."

"I pray God," I returned, "that He will deal with me in His wrath if I should deal with her unworthily—that He will punish me afresh for the deed I never committed, if I prove myself unworthy of this charge."

"That will do," said Ben; "and now we understand each other, I think I'll turn in. Keep her head so. Steady."

I let him sleep till the day was high. When the first cold breeze of the morning touched our lady's face, she opened her eyes, and presently sat up beside me, and we talked.

That is to say, she talked. She told me about herself, how her mother was dead in England, and her father had taken her out to Australia five or six years ago. He was a barrister by profession, but he had no practice, and a very little money. So he went to Melbourne, bought a little piece of land with a log-house on it, and tried to practice there; only no clients came to him, or very few, and it was an uphill battle he had to fight, then came the gold fever, and, like the rest of the world, he would be off to the diggings to make his fortune, while his child was sent off home out of the way.

All this history took a length of time to tell, and before it was done old Ben woke up with a start. He looked round the sea, as if to make quite sure that we had not gone to the bottom in his sleep; and then nodding cheerfully to his charge and to me, began to scan the horizon to the north and north-west.

"Land!" he cried, pointing to what seemed a little bank of cloud, as big as a man's hand, rising out of the circle of which we were the centre. "Land ahead of us. Land thirty miles off. Heart up, my pretty, and a double ration for breakfast. Now, Mr. Warneford, the breeze is light, but we'll up sail and make what running we can. Maybe by noon we must get the sculls out."

Our captivity in the boat had been too short for us to feel any of the sufferings or disappointed hopes, which make the story of a shipwreck so often tragic. We had suffered nothing beyond exposure on a summer sea for four-and-twenty hours. But the certainty of a speedy deliverance paled my cheek, and brought the tears to Miss Elwood's eyes.

"Let us have morning prayers," she said; "and thank God for this deliverance."

Ben Croil nodded. At the same time he cut an inch or so of tobacco for a fresh filling, and winked at me as much as to say that we were not out of the wood yet.

We were not, indeed.

The land, as we drew nearer, seemed a long and low islet, without any hills, and covered with some sort of low-lying vegetation. It was less than thirty miles from us, because while it was seven in the morning when it became visible, by ten we were within a mile, beating about for the best place of landing.

"The island of St. Peter?" said Miss Elwood. "I never heard of that island; tell me about it, Mr. Croil."

"No one ever heard about it," said Ben, "except them as made the charts, because no one never goes there. But they pass by, do the ships, and they will pick us up. It may be to-morrow; it may be in a year's time. It may be in ten years. The whalers have been known to touch there, so there must be water; and where there's water there's birds, and where there's water there's fish; and so what I says again is, Heart up, my pretty. Luff, Mr. Warneford."

There was a little creek, up which Ben steered the boat; it opened into a round bay or harbour, capable of holding half the ships in the world. On either side was the land, not in cliffs or hills, but in a low table-land. In one place a little cascade, ten or twenty feet high, fell into the blue water, with a rainbow hanging over it, and in another we saw the remains of a rude log-house, built out of boat-planks. To this spot

we steered, and landed on a point of gray sand, up which we two men pulled the boat high and dry above the tide. There we disembarked our young lady. The first thing was to visit the log-house. The door had fallen from its rude hinges, which had been of leather; there had been a rough kind of window-shutter, which now lay on the ground; and the roof, which could never have been weather-tight, was built up with planks, of which half-a-dozen had been blown off.

We looked inside.

On the floor lay a skeleton. Dressed in rough sailor's clothes, the hands in gloves, the feet in great boots—a skeleton. He lay with his head upon his arm, as if he had given up the ghost painlessly. Beside him were a chair, a rude sort of table, and a bed. Shelves had been rigged up in the walls of the house, and on these stood stores. There were bottles still full of rum, tins of provisions, cases of biscuits, cases of candles—all sorts of things.

We stood looking in horror at this spectacle of death, which greeted us on our landing, as if it were a bad omen.

"Dead," said Ben Croil. "Dead this many a day; and no ships touched here all the time. Well he's left his house to us, Mr. Warneford; we must bury him somehow."

"And are we to live here—here—in the same house?" cried Helen. "Oh, it will be like living in a charnel house."

So it would; but what were we to do?

Finally we hit on a compromise. We would take down the framework, when we had buried the skeleton, and rebuild the house farther off. We looked in the dead man's pockets—there was not a scrap of paper to identify him by, not any morsel of writing anywhere, to show who he was, and what had been his history.

Ben Croil took the boots, the overcoat, and the gloves, as well as a watch and a purse, containing some English money. Then we dug, with the aid of a two-inch board, in the sand, and laid the poor bones to rest until the Last Day. When we came back from our dreary job we found that Miss Elwood had been weeping; at least the tears stood in her eyes; but she brushed them away, and made herself helpful running backwards and forwards to the boat and bringing up everything that she could carry.

Our house was not finished for several days; but we made a tent for her, and slept in front of it ourselves, so that no harm might come to her except over our own bodies. In the day time we were busy building. We found a bag of tools, part of the bequest of poor Robinson Crusoe, which came in handy, as you may believe; and on the fourth day we had as neat a house, twelve feet high, and in the inside fifteen by ten, as you could expect to find. There was but one room; but we made

two at night, by a curtain made out of the boat's sail. And when the house was finished, we sat down, and asked ourselves, What next.

Miss Elwood, while we were building, explored the whole island. There was not much to explore. It was, as near as we could make out, a mile long by half-a-mile broad. There were two springs in it, one of which formed the little stream which poured its water into the bay where we landed. There were multitudes of sea-birds running and flying about the place, whose eggs we took for our food. There was a sort of wood in one place, the trees of which were so blown down and beaten about by the wind that none of them were more than ten feet high, while the branches were interlaced and mingled together in inextricable confusion. The middle part of the islet was, in fact, lower than the edges, and covered with grass ; and at the western point there stood, all by itself, a rock, about forty or fifty feet high, round which hovered and flew perpetually myriads of birds.

I found a way to the top of the rock, and planted there our signal of distress—a long white streamer flying from the mast of the boat, which we managed to stick pretty firmly into a cleft of the rock.

This rigged up, we settled down to our new life.

The manner of it was as follows :

We began with morning prayers, said by our chaplain. Then breakfast. Then in fine weather, Ben and I went fishing in the bay—not far from the land, you may be sure, because Helen begged us, with tears in her eyes, not to risk being carried out to sea, and leaving her alone upon the island. When we had luck, we would bring home enough fish for dinner and breakfast too. On such days we were sparing with our stores. Then for dinner, besides the fish, we had sea-birds' eggs, strong in taste but not unwholesome, boiled or fried ; and sometimes, to vary the diet, we knocked down the birds themselves and roasted them. For firewood we had our little coppice to hack at. Our supper was the same as our dinner ; and, as the evenings soon grew cold and chilly, we used, after supper, to sit all three together round the fire of logs, and talk till Ben gave the word to turn in. Then evening prayers and sleep till dawn.

Sitting before the fire in these long evenings of winter, when we did not care to waste our little stock of candles, it was natural that we should get to know each other, and it stood to reason that I should be asked to tell my story over and over again. At first I could see that old Ben distrusted me. A convict, he thought, must needs be a thief. Else how should he be a convict ? He trusted me, however, with the young lady ; he could depend upon me for my share of duty. But that story of innocence was, for a long time, too much for him ; and it was a joyful moment for me when, one evening, Ben held out his hand to me.

"Theer," he said, "I can't help it; I've tried hard to help it, but I can't. My lad, you are as innocent as I am. You could not steal if you were to try. Show me the man as says you could!"

I went through it all from the beginning, picking up a thread here and a forgotten detail there. Miss Elwood, listening, was putting it together, until she knew as much as I knew myself.

Ben Croil, taking small interest in the details, contented himself with the main facts. It was enough for him that a great crime had been committed, and the wrong-doer never punished. While we talked in those long winter evenings, he sat silent in his own corner, with his head against the wall, until the time arrived when he could smoke the one half pipe which he allowed himself for a daily ration.

And the story came to this. I tell it here because it was told so often during our stay on the island.

On Friday morning, August 18th, 1846, I went as usual to the office in Lower Thames-street, being then a clerk in the firm of Batterick & Baldwin, of five years' standing, getting on for one-and-twenty years of age, in the receipt of a salary, handsome for my age and standing, of a hundred and twenty pounds a year. I lived just south of the Borough, between the church and Kennington-common, having my little sister Ruth with me in lodgings. Ruth was at school all day, but had tea ready for me when I reached home, which happened, unless a press of work kept me longer, not later than six. After tea I went through her lessons with the child, and at nine o'clock she went to bed. In those days it was reckoned a bad sign for a young City man to be out late at night, or to smoke, or to frequent taverns; and there were no music-halls or such places. Day after day that was my simple life. A week's holiday in the autumn gave me a run with Ruth to Herne Bay or Gravesend, just to smell the sea. There were a few old friends of my father's whom we visited at regular intervals. I knew nothing of the dissipations and vices of the great city, and was as unsuspicious of them as if they did not exist. That was my life. The life of a hard-working City clerk, hoping by long years of patient work to rise to the higher levels of good salary and complete confidence. As I have said above, I had already risen above the heads of some, my seniors in point of age.

Friday morning, August 18th, 1846, I was at the office door when the City clocks began striking nine. I was at my desk before the last stroke of the last clock had ceased. At ten I was sent for; Mr. Baldwin, the chief partner, wanted me. He was busy when I went in, and hardly looked up. He had a message of some importance to give me, which it would have taken time to write. He explained the circumstances at full length, and instructed me as to the form in which I was

to set them forth. He was a precise gentleman, and liked to have things put in language as definite as possible. When I quite understood what I was to say, and how I was to say it, I asked him if there was anything else I could do for him. He looked round, and taking an envelope which lay at his elbow, half opened it and handed it to me.

"You may cash that little cheque for me, Warneford, if you will be so kind," he said. "I will take it in gold."

I took the envelope, without looking at the contents, and went away.

After executing my first commission, and receiving a satisfactory answer, I returned to the office, and my foot was on the threshold when I suddenly remembered the cheque. It was lucky, I thought, because Mr. Baldwin was in the clerks' office, and with him a gentleman, who I remembered afterwards was one of the partners in the firm of Sylvester, Cayley & Co., our bankers. I ran to the bank as fast as I could, threw the envelope across the counter, and said, "Gold, please," as I pulled out my handkerchief and wiped my forehead, for the day was hot.

The clerk opened the cheque, looked at me with surprise for a moment, and then left the counter, while he went first to the door, and said something to the porter, and then walked into the inner room. He came back to me after two or three minutes, and said, "You must go inside, please; go quietly. It's all up at last."

Now I declare that I knew no more what he meant than a child, but I supposed there was some message for Mr. Baldwin, and I went into the inner room, filled with clerks, where the real business of the bank was transacted. Everybody looked at me oddly, as I walked to the end at which the partners and managers were to be found. One of them seemed to be waiting for me; he pointed to a chair.

"Sit down," he said, "and wait."

The tone of his voice was not encouraging, but I obeyed and waited. Not a thought crossed my brain that there was or could be anything wrong.

In ten minutes or so a policeman appeared, and I understood I was to go with him.

I thought it must be as a witness, and it was not till I was at the Mansion House that I knew I was arrested on a charge of forgery.

I laughed; it was so absurd that I laughed.

"Send for Mr. Baldwin," I said.

They put me in the dock for the preliminary examination. Mr. Baldwin gave evidence. He was shaken and agitated; he would not look me in the face. He broke down once or twice with emotion, but his evidence was clear. It had been discovered a day or two before that a system of embezzlement, by way of forgery, had been in practice for

some months. The signature of the firm had been forged by some one who knew how to imitate the handwriting of Mr. Baldwin. A sum—in all amounting to upwards of nine hundred pounds—had been thus fraudulently obtained. To stop the forger, Mr. Baldwin had been asked by the bank to add a private mark to his name. On this morning he had placed in my hands, he said, an envelope containing a cheque for twelve pounds, with his signature having the private mark, and he had asked me to cash that cheque at the bank. He swore positively that he had drawn that cheque, and no other, the day before—the counterfoil proved that—yet the cheque I presented was for eighty pounds, and it had not the private mark.

Observe, now, how the evidence grew more and more circumstantial. I had one cheque given me; I presented another. Doubtless I must have torn up the first on the way. . Then an important circumstance. I came back from executing my commission, but did not cash the cheque. I got as far as the door of the office; I was seen to look in and retreat hurriedly. Mr. Baldwin was in the clerks' room, with one of the partners of the bank. I walked fast, or rather ran, to the bank. I presented the cheque for eighty pounds in a quick, anxious way, and I asked for the whole amount in gold. Naturally it was assumed that I was going to abscond with the proceeds of my last forgery. In fact, no question at all was raised as to my guilt; that was concluded from the very beginning. The Lord Mayor refused bail, and I was sent at once to the prison, which I only left in order to be tried and convicted.

That was the story. I told it again and again, while the wood fire crackled on the hearth. Miss Elwood asked me for every detail; she talked the matter over and looked at it in all its lights, but she always came back to one point.

"Mr. Baldwin gave you a cheque which he had drawn the day before. How could he swear that the envelope had not been changed by someone else?"

And there was another point. It was assumed, though the charge was not pressed, that I had been the forger in the preceding frauds. Now no clerk could swear that I had presented any other of the forged cheques. Also it was proved in the defence that my life was quite quiet, innocent, and simple. Every hour of my day was laid open for the jury. No motive was discovered for the circumstance, no secret source of extravagance was ascertained; and it was found that the frauds had been committed by means of a cheque-book—got Heaven knows where—not that in the possession of Mr. Baldwin. No attempt was made to find out how I could have obtained another cheque-book.

But these were trifles light as air in comparison with the weight of the circumstances against me.

Always Miss Elwood came back to the same point.

"Who could have changed the envelope with Mr. Baldwin's cheque?"

I do not say that the discussion of my story occupied the whole of our time on the island of St. Peter. We had work to do all day, and were often glad to turn in soon after dark. In the summer we walked and talked outside, and we were always looking for the ship that was to give us our release.

At first we looked with certainty. Every morning I climbed up the rock, and looked round on the broad bosom of the sea. Every morning I made the same gesture of disappointment. In a few months we got to look upon deliverance as a thing possible, indeed, but far off. After two years we no longer dared to hope. In the third year we sometimes looked at one another with eyes which said, what the tongue dared not utter, "We are prisoners here for life."

Our stores by this time had well nigh vanished, save a few bottles of wine kept for medicine, the only medicine we had. Old Ben was fain to smoke a tobacco compounded of herbs which he gathered and dried. We had learned by this time the resources of our island, and knew exactly what variety it afforded, and what was best for us to eat. There was plenty, such as it was. The birds did not desert us, nor the fish; there were eggs, there was a kind of wild lettuce, there was an abundance of fresh water, and there was still a tin of biscuits for Miss Elwood in case she might take a dislike, as happened once, to the simple food of our island life. We fell into the way by degrees of arranging our days, as if there was never to be any change. For myself I almost think now that, but for one thing, I did not want any so far as I was concerned. The one thing was that I had come to an understanding with Miss Elwood. It grew up by degrees. It was long before I ventured to tell her what I felt. The words were forced from me one night when, old Ben being asleep on his stool, with his head against the fire, my sweet mistress was more than usually kind—if it were possible for her to be kinder at one time than at another—and I was more than usually forgetful of my condition. I remember—as if I should ever forget that moment!—that I took her hand as it lay upon her lap, and held it in mine while I looked in her soft, sweet hazel eyes. I saw by the look in those eyes that she knew what I was burning to say, and I waited for the least token, any hint, that I was not to say it. It was a night in our winter, the English July; outside the hut, the wind whistled and the rain fell.

I told her in three words what I had to say, and I was silent again. She said nothing, and I kissed her hand.

"Speak to me, darling, speak!" I whispered; "if it is only to forbid me ever again to tell you what I feel."

"George," she replied, bending low towards me, so that I felt her

sweet breath, and caught the glow of the fire upon her blushing cheek, "we have been together more than two years; we have learned to read each other's souls. My beloved, if you have learned to love me, who am I that I should not learn to love you in return? Tell me what is right to do. No, not now—not to-night; think it over and tell me to-morrow."

I passed that night in sleepless thought. Had I done wrong in speaking my mind? And yet if we were to spend our lives in this forlorn and castaway condition! Could Helen marry me, if we were back in Melbourne or in London? With what face could I ask it; how go to her father; how dare even to lift my eyes towards her? But here it was different; and in the morning I came to some sort of conclusion. I told her what I thought was right for us both to do. I would not accept the great sacrifice of an engagement from her. I had been wrong, perhaps, in telling her my love, but it was too late to retract that. If relief came to us speedily, she should be free; if none came within a year, we would marry on the island; but should we before that time be taken from the place, we should only marry should it please God to make my innocence plain before all the world.

She accepted my conditions. She said that she would marry me when and where I pleased, but for the sake of her father. If we got safe to England my character should be cleared, if that might be, for my own sake. She knew me, she said, and that was enough.

We were happier, I think, after that. I began almost to hope even that no ship might come before the end of the year; but one day—it wanted but a month of the time—I saw, with a heart full of conflicting emotions, a whaler steering straight for our island. Ben Croil rushed up to the signal-rock, and began waving his streamers with frantic shouts.

Helen and I looked at each other, and the tears came into my eyes.

"Helen," I said, "I am going back again to the world as a returned convict. I have lost you for ever."

"No, no!" she cried, throwing herself into my arms. "Never, George. We will work together to solve this mystery; and if it is never solved, my love and my husband, the Lord will find out a way. Only wait and trust; and if the worst comes to the worst—if we are never to marry—we shall be brother and sister always. But in all this wide world, do not forget that there is only one man whom I can ever love."

And here I lay down the pen, and leave another to tell the story of how the sword of honour was restored to me.

CHAPTER IV.

DANCING AND DEPORTMENT.

So far in the heart of the City as to make one doubt whether it has not got clean beyond the heart, and gone over to the other side, stands a street of private houses, at sight of which the rare and casual stranger wonders what manner of people they be who dwell therein. Their only knowledge of London squares and the aristocracy must be derived from America-square, to which the street is a near neighbour. Their knowledge of life must be taken from the Docks hard by, and from the Thames, which bears, within a stone's-throw of their doors, its fresh freights from India and far Cathay. They have the Tower of London for a subject of perpetual contemplation; and by penetrating Thames-street they may sometimes make acquaintance with the exteriors of those who come from the unknown glories of the western land—from the golden Belgravia and the ducal meadows of fair Tyburnia. But wherever they fare in search of the unknown and the picturesque, their lives are settled where there is a steady calm in the midst of turmoil. The outer world seems not to belong to them, nor its troubles; its fiercer joys they know not; the battle rages round them, but not in their midst; and the citizens who dwell in Yendo-street are a peaceful folk, mostly poor, and nearly all contented. Half way up the street, on the left-hand side, is a house which, exactly like the rest in all other respects, differs from them in a look of extreme cleanliness, which, with a freshness of green paint, makes it stand out from the neighbours as a house which claims the attention due to respectability of a high order. On the door is a large brass plate, on which is inscribed, "M. Lemire, Professor of Dancing, Calisthenics, and Deportment;" and on a large card in the front window appears the same statement, followed by the daring assertion that "References are permitted to the highest Nobility, Gentry, and Proprietors of Schools in the Kingdom." Side by side with this placard was another of smaller dimensions, with the simple word "Lodgings" upon it; for Professor Lemire added to his artistic pursuit the business of letting lodgings, whenever lodgers should be induced by the voice of fame, or by a calm consideration of the advantages of the situation, to settle for a time in the neighbourhood of America-square. It is proper to explain that hitherto—that is, since the hoisting of the placard, which was in a manner a flag of distress—no lodger had yet knocked at the door except one, and he had been, financially speaking, a failure. So the professor, albeit retaining the placard, thought little of his lodgings, and looked to his art for daily bread.

Art, however, at the East-end of the City makes a precarious liveli-

hood; there were a few private schools, where the professor's services were required at a very moderate remuneration, and a sprinkling of pupils could be got together to form a winter class, to which he yearly looked forward with hopes always doomed to disappointment. The dapper little dancing-master made out of all a very slender income indeed, and the family table was frugal all the year round. The professor was, in this year 1855, of which we write, between forty and fifty years of age. His father and his grandfather had been dancing-masters before him, in the same neighbourhood, when there were yet wealthy merchants living there, and dancing was a serious accomplishment. His son Rupert, he said, should try other fields; but for him—his lines were fixed. Professor Lemire was of Huguenot descent, and among the family treasures was the old sword which had been drawn at the great siege of La Rochelle; but all the warrior blood must have been exhausted at the period when the professor saw the light, for a more soft-hearted, tender, and sympathetic creature did not exist. He was a small, thin, and wiry man; he had a clean-shaven face, bright black eyes, and black hair; he dressed in black too, with clothes fitting tight to his elastic limbs; and he had one pet vanity—he was proud of his irreproachable linen. Madame Lemire was an Englishwoman, who had conquered the youthful professor's heart by an extraordinary devotion to his own art, in which, however, her success was but moderate. She was taller, and a greater deal heavier than her husband, whose genius she worshipped; she was also as tender-hearted. And she was prolific; no fewer than twelve children graced the board on which the family meals were spread, and often spread in a unsatisfactory manner. The children were all named in accordance with ancient Huguenot custom—either after old leaders of the cause, or after the Bible. The boys were Rupert, Gaspard, Moïse, Elie, and so on; the girls were Antoinette, Charlotte, Rebekah, and Marie. They were carefully instructed in the religion and language of their ancestors, so that they were bilingual, and talked French as well as English. They were also trained to consider that the queen and empress of all arts was the art of dancing; that to dance well was a gift given to few, but to be aimed at by all; and that their father was the greatest living master of the mystery. The eldest of them, Rupert, promised to surpass his sire. Before he could walk he could dance. Before he could talk he showed capabilities with his legs, which brought tears of joy to his father's eyes. Long before he knew that speech may be represented, for purposes of persuasion, history, deceit, or love-making, by certain symbols called the alphabet, Rupert Lemire could reach a foot and a half above his own height with either toe, right or left; could lift either leg—not one leg only, mind you—over the head of every boy his own height; and could treat every limb in his body as if it were an independent organ; free to

act exactly as it pleased, and unfettered by any of the ordinary laws of anatomy. He was taller by four or five inches than the father. He was eighteen years of age. There was nothing in the whole mystery of dancing which his father had to teach him; there was no harlequin at Christmas pantomimes at whom he did not secretly scoff in considering his own powers. He regarded dancing as the highest of all the arts, as has been said; and yet there was one thing wanting. Much as he loved the art, he loved the ocean more—that is, he burned to love it more, because he had never seen it; and it went to his parents' hearts to see the boy of so much promise rejoice in putting off the tight professional pants, and rush to the docks among the ships and sailors, clad in a suit of blue flannels, trying to look like the oldest of salts.

The second in order to Rupert was Antoinette. If it may be spoken of Mademoiselle Lemire with all respect, she was for elasticity and mastery over her joints almost the equal of Rupert. She was seventeen, and her function was to go to the lady's school with her father, and help in teaching the girls. She was a great favourite, because, when she could get a clear stage, and no eyes but the girls' to watch her, she would execute all sorts of impossible things in dancing by herself. A clever girl, she had received from nature a mobile and sympathetic face—a face which exactly reproduced that of the first Lemire, hanging on the wall, the banished Huguenot; this old fellow, with the face which tried to be grim and was brimming over with fun. In fact Antoinette, who was like Rupert, a dancer born, resembled Michel Lemire, formerly merchant of Saintes, as much as a daughter can resemble her father. As for the other children, they were like each other, in being one and all passionately fond of dancing. When ordinary children would have played games, the little Lemires played at dancing. When there was no school, the professor taught his children; all day long the sound of the kit was heard from the class-room, and the beating of the childish feet upon the floor, as one after the other practised, and was instructed.

There was one other inhabitant of the house, a young lady, a girl of Rupert's age, that is one year older than Nettie Lemire, and three years older than poor little Charlotte—the cripple of the family—a bright-faced, brown-eyed, brown-haired maiden, of tall and lissom figure, bright of eye, ready with speech and smile, happy in little things, the real sister of the children, the real daughter of the professor, the hand of madame. Her name was Ruth Warneford. Eight years before this date, when she was a child of ten years old, she was brought to the house by a servant, who said he came from the house of Batterick and Baldwin, that this was the child about whom the correspondence had taken place, and that the box contained all her things. So she was left. At that time a dreadful thing had happened to the child, but she was too young yet

quite to realize how dreadful a thing it was. She had lost her only brother. When she grew older and began to understand things, she comprehended that he had disgraced himself and was sent to prison; but no one told her the story. It was Mr. Baldwin, the man whose name George Warneford had forged, who took her, friendless and deserted, from the lodgings in Kennington, and sent her to Professor Lemire to be brought up with his children. He left her there because he found she was well treated and happy; and when she grew older he gave her a caution, which appeared to the little girl harsh and stern—never to breathe a word of her brother, never to think of him, and never to hope to see him again. The child obeyed, and among the other children only spoke of her brother, if she spoke of him at all, as one who had "gone away." She was grown up now, and she knew, alas! whither he had gone. He had not passed away from her heart, but he was become a name, the mention of which touched some forgotten chord, and brought a feeling of ineffable sadness upon her soul. But that was seldom.

Ruth was at work now. She was a governess, earning her own little income, and paying the good people who were her second parents her own share of the household expenses. Mr. Baldwin wished her to be independent. "You will be happier so," he said; "work is good for the soul. I hear nothing but good of you, young lady; work hard, and eat the bread of industry. If you fall into ill-health, if you meet with any bad fortune, if you fail through any misfortune, come at once to me. I wish to help you, for the sake of your father, and of one"—here the old man's voice faltered for a moment—"one who was dear to me years ago, and who promised great things; but the promise was not kept. God bless you, Ruth Warneford!"

The girl understood that it was her brother—he who was gone—whom Mr. Baldwin had once loved, and she went away shamefaced. So that the shadow of this crime rested on many hearts. The wreck of one poor human ship upon the ocean of life sometimes drags down with it so many others; the sudden storm in which George Warneford went down disabled half-a-dozen gallant craft.

So Ruth Warneford became a visiting governess. The neighbourhood of America-square would not at first sight appear to offer the most desirable opening for such a profession. But then, if your ambition is bounded by the sum of eighteen pence an hour at the outside; if you do not mind trudging a mile or two from house to house; if you are ready to begin work at eight, and to leave off at six; if you do not look for pupils more genteel than the children of respectable tradesmen; and if you have youth and hope;—you may find America-square by no means a bad place as a base of operations. Ruth not only toiled all day

when clients came, but, when business was slack, filled up her time by teaching the younger members of the Lemire family; and the earnings of the girl were useful, and helped out the income of the family. Indeed, had it not been for Ruth, the dinner of soup and vegetables must have been exchanged for the dinner of dry bread; for times were growing very hard with the professor. A dreary life for the girl! hard work from morning till night; and yet she endured it, and was happy. She had no holidays, and never went anywhere; still she was happy—happy until one day which shattered her little Castle of Delight.

It happened through her taking the post—which she thought great promotion—of organist to St. Ethelred's Church.

CHAPTER V.

MY BROTHER'S SIN.

As organist of St. Ethelred's, Ruth had the privilege of practising in the church on such afternoons as were available. She used to secure the services of one of the younger Lemires, generally Charlotte, as blower; and it was at such times her rarest pleasure to sit before the grand old organ for long hours, playing till the evening shadows turned the obscurities of the old church into deep blackness, and softened the stiff outlines of the kneeling marble figures. St. Ethelred's is a church spared by the Great Fire, and half forgotten when it was a mark of grace to destroy the images of the dead. Here lie the mortal remains of many a dead lord mayor and alderman; here, kneeling gravely opposite each other, are the effigies of knight and dame; here is a crusader with his legs crossed; here is the mitred abbot, the crozier turned away from his face to mark that he was no bishop, but greater than bishop in the administration of his immense revenues; here are monuments of all the centuries, from the fourteenth, stiff and mannered, but with lace-like delicate tracing, and once with bright colours, now all faded and forgotten, to the sprawling, tasteless tomb of the last century. There will be no more monuments in the old church, and, in course of time, the desecrating hand of the City architect will remove the venerable stones and the monuments, to make room for a new street, or to build new city offices. But foremost among the tombs at present, is that of old Alderman Sowerbutts. St. Ethelred's is, as an uneducated describer might fairly put it, two churches side by side. The scanty congregation sit in the right-hand church, which faces the altar, and in the north side stand the tombs, except a few of the older ones, which are in the south wall. The tomb of Alderman Sowerbutts occupies a large part of the

north aisle to itself. It is a striking monument, containing many tons of marble, and surrounded by gilt railings. The worthy alderman died in the year 1691, just about the period when benevolence, as shown in the establishment of almshouses and institutions of charitable education, was invented. By his will he directed that the bulk of his fortune should be expended in the maintenance, first, of houses for the reception of twelve widows of liverymen from his own guild ; and, secondly, of a school where twenty boys and twenty girls, born in the parish of St. Ethelred, should receive a sound Protestant education, free of all charges. This was very noble, and pleased everybody, except the lawful heirs of Alderman Sowerbutts, who, for some generations afterwards, gnashed their teeth when they passed the church of St. Ethelred. There was another provision in the will of the testator, by which it was directed that the rector of the parish, accompanied by his churchwardens, one of his trustees, the clerk, the schoolmaster, and six of the boys, should, once a year, visit the church, open the tomb, and satisfy themselves that he—the deceased alderman—was actually there in the flesh, and not removed. Why this mortal dread of being taken out of the grave assailed the alderman, it is impossible to explain. But the fact is so, and until a very few years ago the annual procession was made with great solemnity.

The church, old as it was, standing two feet below the street level, and four feet below the level of its little churchyard, piled high with the dust of five-and-twenty articulately speaking generations, was Ruth Warneford's private sanctum, when she could spare an hour. She and little Charlotte, the lame girl, would sit in the quiet old place by themselves, alone and silent, watching the light from the painted windows play upon the deserted aisles, or talking in whispers, or the child would pump the bellows while Ruth played. They let themselves into the church by the vestry-door, and were secure against any chance visitors, while the busy city rushed to and fro among the alleys outside. No rural corner of green England, no country churchyard in the wildest country district could match the solitude and loneliness of this old City place of worship, on any afternoon in the week.

Stay, there was one visitor. Ruth Warneford kept her Saturday afternoons for organ practice ; any other day's freedom was a holiday, to be sure, but a holiday which made an inroad into her slender purse. Twenty years ago the Saturday half-holiday was a thing just beginning to be talked about. Shops would not hear of it ; merchants, as a rule, thought it a robbery of time due to them. Clerks hardly hoped to get it. But there was one clerk at least, John Wybrow by name, a member of St. Ethelred's choir, who must have got his Saturday half-holiday regularly. He never missed looking in at the church at four o'clock on

that day, when Ruth was playing over the hymns for the next day's service, and poor little Charlotte sat behind, plying the pump-handle, with an attentive eye to the position of the little ball at the end of the string, and listening while the roll of the mighty music echoed along the walls, and high in the rafters of the roof.

John Wybrow came every Saturday for nearly a year. It was natural that he, being a member of the choir, and their most useful tenor—in fact their only tenor—should like to try his part over beforehand; and who so able to help him as the organist? The visit might therefore be regarded as official, and performed in the discharge of duty. So far it was praiseworthy. Ruth, who was not yet eighteen when she became organist, at a salary of twenty pounds a year, at first regarded the appearance of the tenor, who was then about twenty-two, entirely in this light, being in no way put to confusion by the fact that he was young, good-looking, and of the opposite sex. Ruth had nothing to do with the foolish thoughts which such a fortuitous concurrence of qualities too often engenders. Her life was full of real business. Then, when the exercises were finished, when Ruth had played over two of her pieces, while John Wybrow sat beside her and listened, what could be more in accordance with the dictates of natural politeness than that he should walk home with her, and help little Charlotte, who had to walk with a crutch, across the streets? It was not far to the professor's, and John Wybrow having succeeded somehow in getting inside the house, grew to abuse this privilege, by staying to tea every Saturday evening. The whole family of the Lemires liked him except one. Rupert, the eldest, for some reason of his own, chose to take offence at his coming, and in confidence to Antoinette, expressed his conviction that Mr. Wybrow was a puppy.

On those evenings this simple family got through their bread and butter and tea with mirth and merriment.

And after the tea, of course, they would have a dance.

None of your meaningless scampers à deux temps, as was then the new fashion in frivolous England. Not at all. The professor, with grave air, assumed a violin in place of the usual kit, took up a position in the corner, and looking solemnly round, named the dances and the dancers.

"Minuet de la Cour—Mr. Wybrow and Miss Warneford."

Then would John Wybrow, with Castilian courtesy, lead Ruth, as grave as if she were dancing before a court, to her place, and with her go through the stately steps, while the children seated round criticised, not unkindly, but with severity. This was not a rehearsal, but a performance, and the professor permitted himself no observations. The minuet concluded, the performers sat down, amid a chorus of remarks and commentaries.

"Pas de fascination—Mademoiselle Antoinette Lemire."

Then would burst upon the ever-delighted gaze of the children, their eldest sister, in a miraculous robe of white muslin, clad in which, as in a cloud of glory, she displayed miracles of art. There were no criticisms upon her, only a rapturous round of applause, when, with parted lips, bright eyes, and panting breath, she finished the last pirouette as gracefully as Fanny Elsler herself.

"La Tarantula—Monsieur Rupert Lemire and Mademoiselle Antoinette Lemire."

"Danse des Exilés, Souvenir de la Rochelle."

This was a dance invented by the first Lemire who took to the dancing profession. It was executed first in solo, and then in full chorus, by the family altogether, assisted by Ruth and John Wybrow. Perhaps this finished the performance; perhaps there was a simple waltz; perhaps, too, at this juncture John Wybrow remembered that he had taken the liberty of ordering a few oysters for supper, and so on; the party finishing, as it began, in simple mirth and happiness, for Ruth was yet in that dreamy state of uncalculating happiness—a happy Fool's Paradise of innocence—to waken out of which is to realize one's humanity, with all its complicated forces of past, present, and future, its dangers and its passions. John Wybrow, during all these times, never told the girl that he loved her. Yet his hand-pressure grew always warmer, his voice grew always softer, his eyes rested always longer upon Ruth's fair head, and he became every week more and more the brightness and joy of her life. If this does not constitute love on both sides, what does? Yet the girl never thought of anything being said to alter the sweetness of this innocent pastoral; and the young man, for some reason, refrained from speaking the word which should break the spell.

But the spell was broken, and rudely.

It was a Saturday afternoon in early autumn. The splendour of the season showed itself on country-sides in waving fields of ripened corn, in apple orchards ruddy with their fruit, in woods where the trees seemed to hang down their heavy foliage in the still heat, as if weary with excess of pleasure. In London it showed itself by hot and glaring streets; by announcements of cool drinks in public-houses; and by a smell as of an immense bakery, where all the children's mud-pies, the cabbage-stalks, the orange-peel, and the general refuse of a great city were being cooked in one large oven. In the church of St. Ethelred it showed itself by an unwonted splendour of the painted glass. The colours which fell on the tombs and monuments were brighter than usual; the knight and dame who knelt opposite to each other, with hands clasped at head and foot of their common grave, received the crimson rays upon their heads, and lost for a while the rigidity by which

their sculptor had tried to represent dignity. The sunlight played upon the organ beside the altar, and fell in a cloud of colour upon the patient face of poor little Charlotte Lemire, who was left there alone thinking On the steps of the organ-loft sat, side by side, John Wybrow and Ruth Warneford. Mark, that he has not spoken a word of love; nor has she thought of love; yet they sit like lovers, only not hand-in-hand.

The young man had been telling the girl of places which he knows, not far away, where stretch meadows, covered with flowers from spring to late autumn—the golden buttercup, the meadow-sweet, the wild convolvulus, and the cowslip—where there are woods, and streams, and corn-fields.

"Some day, Ruth, we will go and see them. Some day, when I am my own master." He added the last words under his breath.

"Ah!" she sighed, "I have no holiday. It is wrong to be always wishing for things; but, oh! John, I do sometimes long for a little change—just a few days in the country, such as I used to have when I was a little girl, before——long ago. It would be something to think of in the winter evenings, you see, especially if I thought I could go again."

"Poor Ruth! poor child! I wish I could do something for you; but I cannot——yet. I am only a clerk now. Will you have a little more patience?"

"Now, you will think I am complaining. But indeed, indeed, I am not. I am very happy. I am sure I ought to be. Only now and then, when the sun is hot and the streets are close, and when young gentlemen like Mr. John Wybrow tell me of beautiful places, where rich people can wander and see sweet things——why then, you see, it is hard not to feel a little, just a little discontented. And if I am discontented what ought poor little Charlotte to be?"

"Poor Charlotte!"

"Look at her, John. She will sit there as long as I let her. To be in the quiet church soothes her nerves; she cannot bear the noise of the other children—she is happiest here. If I were a cripple, do you think I should be as patient as that poor child?"

Ruth shook her little head with a gesture of self-reproach.

What further line the conversation might have taken cannot be safely asserted, because it was then interrupted by a great trampling of feet, and noise of men in the church porch.

"It is the alderman's day," said Ruth. "Let us sit here quietly, and we shall see it all. The railings of the tomb are opened."

The doors were flung open, and there marched up the aisle a procession. First came the beadle, with the gold stick of office. He was followed by the rector in full canonicals. After him, somewhat mar-

ring the effect by an ignoble limp came the clerk. After the clergy followed the laity, consisting of two trustees, the schoolmaster, and a tail of six boys. A stray gentleman, not belonging to the procession, came in after the rest, and at sight of him both the spectators on the steps of the organ-loft started, and one of them, the young man, changed colour.

"There is Mr. Baldwin, my benefactor," said Ruth quietly. She did not look up, or she would have seen John Wybrow turn pale and then flush crimson.

Mr. Baldwin, leaning on a stick, seemed to be watching the ceremony at the monument. This took ten minutes or so, when the procession re-formed, and marched solemnly out of the church again.

An old woman, one of the almshouse widows, left the doors open for the stranger who remained behind.

Mr. Baldwin, who did not appear to be in any hurry, began to look round the church, taking the monuments one by one.

"I must wait till he comes this way and speak to him," said Ruth.

John Wybrow bit his lips, but said nothing. He stood upright, arms folded, in an attitude which might have meant defiance.

The old gentleman, adjusting his glasses, came slowly along the north wall, reading the inscriptions, and looking at the tombs. Ruth watched him with a smile of amusement.

"How surprised he will be to see me here," she whispered.

He was surprised. In his surprise he looked, when he came upon the pair, from one to the other, dropping his glasses.

"John! Ruth Warneford!" he said, "what is this? what is this?"

Ruth stepped forward with a pretty laugh. "You are in my church, Mr. Baldwin," she said, "I am organist here."

He looked more surprised than ever. Angry too.

"Explain this, John," he said, without answering the girl.

Then Ruth began to feel that there was something wrong.

"There is nothing to explain, sir," said John. "This is Miss Warneford, whom you know. She is organist at St. Ethelred's. I sing here in the choir."

"So," said Mr. Baldwin, "that is all, is it?"

John Wybrow hesitated for a moment. Then he stepped forward to where Ruth was standing.

"No, sir," he said, "this is not all. This young lady knows me by my name, but she does not know that I am your nephew—that fact I have never told her. She learns it now for the first time."

"You learn it," repeated Mr. Baldwin to Ruth, "for the first time?"

The words rang in the girl's ear like a warning.

"In your presence, sir, and in this sacred place, I venture to tell her, also for the first time, that I love her."

"That you love her!" repeated Mr. Baldwin. He took a seat on the steps of the pulpit, and looked at the girl with eyes of pity. "That you love her! Poor girl! Poor girl!"

"And in your presence I ask her if she will marry me. Ruth, dear Ruth, forgive this rough speech, but my uncle forces it upon me. I know your goodness, your patience, and your trials. Come to me, my darling, and forget your trouble in a husband's love. Ruth, come!"

He had taken her by the hand and would have drawn her towards him, but she looked in Mr. Baldwin's face.

"Your nephew?" she faltered.

"My nephew," he replied.

"Ruth, my darling, come!"

She might have gone—she might have taken that single step, and fallen upon the breast that was yearning for her, but for the look in the old man's eyes.

"Remember!" he said solemnly.

Ruth snatched her hand from her lover.

"Do not remember," cried John passionately. "You have remembered long enough. It is cruel to remember longer. What has the past to do with the present?"

"Everything," said Mr. Baldwin, sadly—"everything. Ruth Warneford, I do not blame you. It is not your fault that my nephew has met you. It is his that you did not know what kind of conduct his has been towards you."

"What conduct his has been!" repeated the young man fiercely.

"Ask that in ten years' time, if I am living, and if you have found time to reflect. Girl! between you and my nephew there stands a ghost—the shadow of a great wrong."

"Alas! I know it," sobbed Ruth, "I know it."

"There is no ghost. It is the dream of a morbid brain, dwelling too much on things long past and forgotten," said the young man. "Ruth, come out of the shadows into the light."

"What was done by one of your blood eight years ago, separates you from me and mine unto the third and fourth generation," said the old man.

"What was done yesterday matters nothing to-day," pleaded the young man. "Ruth! do you think that I have not known your story? Long the tale of George Warneford has been familiar to me—since I was a boy at school. What has it to do with you and me, and with our love?"

"It stands between you," said his uncle.

All the time Ruth looked steadily at the old man. There was no hope there, only a stern justice, before which she trembled.

"I have been kind to you Ruth Warneford," he said; "what the world calls kind. But let that pass. Remember, however, that it pains me, even to hear your name pronounced. I shall not relax in whatever help you may want; but, I ask you in return—it is a little thing—to send this young man away."

A little thing! Why, all in a moment, when John took her hand in his, she knew that it was her life, her happiness, her all, that she was asked to give up.

She made no reply.

"The idle attachments of youth," Mr. Baldwin went on, still sitting judicially on the pulpit stairs, while the guilty pair stood before him, "the idle attachments of youth are quickly made and quickly forgotten. You will laugh at this in a month, Ruth."

"Ruth!" the other pleaded, "Ruth! remember our happy days together in this old church; our evenings at your home; the sweet talk that we have held together—are these to go for nothing?"

"What is love," asked the old man, "that is to override the most sacred obligations, and make duty a mockery? Children, could you prosper with the memory of the past ever before you?"

"The past! Oh! the past! Let the dead bury its dead," cried John. "Ruth! if you will be mine, we will turn our backs on this city and its hateful memories; we will go to a new country where no one can reproach us; we will live where the firm of Batterwick and Baldwin is not known."

"Think of it, young lady," Mr. Baldwin said bitterly. "He is prepared to sacrifice his future and his own happiness—to say nothing of me—in order to gratify his whim. Yes, sir, a whim; the fancy for a pretty face. Pshaw, sir! what do you know about goodness? Do you think I don't know that this is a good girl! Do you think I should treat her like this if I did not know it?"

Ruth took the old man's hand. He stood up as if to receive her, and she laid her head upon his left arm; perhaps it was to hide her tears.

"My mind is made up," she said; "John, Mr. Baldwin is right. I can never marry you. Heaven knows that until this day, even when I did not know that you were his nephew, I never thought of marrying you or anybody. What I feel now—that matters to no one;" she stopped herself proudly. "The disaster that fell upon me, eight years ago, is between us; we can never pass that barrier. Farewell, John, and try not to think about me any more—never any more."

"Ruth," he said, "hear me again. It is not my fault that this disaster fell upon you. It is not yours."

"No," she cried; "it is the will of heaven, and we must bear it."

He turned fiercely upon his uncle.

"You have robbed me of my wife, sir," he said, "and you have lost your nephew. This day I leave your firm. The partnership that I was to have had on my next birthday—that partnership, on which I hoped to marry the sweetest and noblest girl in all the world, you may give to whom you please. Leave your money where you wish. I will never see you nor speak to you again, unless it be to take my bride from you." He walked half down the church, leaving the girl clinging to his uncle's arm.

Suddenly a thought struck him, and he returned.

"Ruth," he said, with softened voice, "in this sacred place, before this altar, I have one more thing to say. In the years to come I shall wait for you. This foolish fancy, the persuasion of this selfish old man, who would keep alive the miserable past to poison the present, who sacrifices two lives to gratify his revenge, will pass. I shall wait for you alone, till I hear that I may come. Remember, I can marry no one but you."

He waited a moment for an answer.

The girl left her hold of Mr. Baldwin's arm, and moved to the altar. There she fell upon her knees and prayed. John Wybrow still waited. When she rose again her face was lit up by the light of the western window, which poured full upon her, by her hair lying loose about her head like an aureole, so that she looked as a saint might look.

"When what is impossible becomes possible, John; when George Warneford's guilt is changed into innocence, I shall be free to marry you. And not till then."

John Wybrow knelt at her feet and kissed her unresisting hand. Then he turned and strode out of the church.

"Brave girl! brave girl!" cried Mr. Baldwin.

"Leave me in the church," she replied faintly. "I go in and out of the vestry door. Leave me here. I have to think—to collect myself a little."

The old man looked at her with eyes full of pity.

"Forget that headstrong boy," he said; "he will be sorry afterwards for what he said to you as well as to me. We cannot undo the past, Ruth, but we may fight it down. We must bear our punishment, but we may bear it worthily, until it becomes a crown of glory. You are a good girl."

He left her. And as he walked down the aisle Ruth might have noticed, had she looked up, that his form was bowed, and that he trembled as he went. But she did not look up. She stood still, clasping her hands before her; and, when the church-door shut with a clang, she fell down upon the steps weeping and sobbing aloud. The echoes of the many-raftered roof took up her crying, and from among the silent

tombs, from the dim recesses of the darkening church, there arose a voice and a whisper as of the dead, who weep with one that weeps.

Then little Charlotte Lemire, who had been forgotten all this time, crept sorrowfully from her nook within the organ-rails and sat down beside Ruth's head, waiting.

Presently Ruth felt her little fingers about her, soothing and petting, and she looked up.

"Ruth, dear Ruth; oh! Ruth, what can I do?" cried the child.

"Nothing, Lotty." Ruth arose and put on her hat. "Let us go. Please tell nobody anything at home, only that Mr. Wybrow will not come here any more, and that I have got a headache and am gone to bed."

That Saturday night there was silence at the professor's. The violin was not brought out; nor was there any dancing; and the children were sent to bed early. Also Nettie and Lottie spent the evening, as did their mother, in tears.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PROFESSOR LETS HIS LODGINGS.

It was almost two months after the dreadful day in St. Ethelred's, when the quiet of Yendo Street was disturbed by the clattering of a cab on the stones. It stopped at the professor's, and the occupants, consisting of a lady and gentleman, with an old man of seafaring aspect, knocked at the door.

To Madame Lemire's intense surprise they asked for lodgings.

Lodgings! She remembered their first venture in that line of business, and went in search of the professor. The professor, then engaged in teaching the youngest, aged two and a half, his earliest steps, also remembered that disastrous episode in their life, and hesitated.

The lady, who was a young lady, spoke for the party.

"We are easily satisfied," she said. "We shall want three bedrooms and a sitting-room, but we require very little attendance. We will give you a reference to a respectable lawyer, and we will pay you the rent for three months in advance."

The professor looked at his wife—here was a chance—and the rent three months in advance! In five minutes the party was upstairs, and madame, with Nettie, was devising means of stowing away the displaced children.

Meantime the professor went in search of the lawyer referred to. As for his lodgers—who gave the name of Mr. and Miss Elwood and Mr. Croil—the lawyer knew all about Miss Elwood. The young lady's father

had died in Australia, at the diggings. But his little house and garden, now in the centre of a city, suddenly became great, and sold for a large sum. Yes, Mr. Lemire might depend on Miss Elwood. It was odd that he named Miss Elwood and never spoke of her brother; but that, after all, was nothing; and the professor went back with a light heart, and a full assurance of his rent for a whole year to come.

He found Miss Elwood sitting among the children, and at home with all of them; and it was very funny, the children said, that wher Ruth came in she knew her at once, and said, "You are Ruth Warneford," and then shook hands with her. Because, they said, how should she know Ruth when she did not know Nettie.

In a few days the new lodgers were so far settled in the house, that they seemed to form part of the family. The elder man, Croil by name —who slept on the second floor, and took two of the boys to share his room, when he found that they would otherwise have to sleep on the landings—was clearly an ancient mariner. He dressed in navy blue, and wore a fur cap of curious and sea-going cut. He was a little man, with soft and dreamy eyes, of a light blue; and with a very quiet manner of speaking. He generally carried in his left hand a cake of tobacco, with an open knife in his right; and he cut the tobacco slowly as he went.

At regular intervals he smoked: once before breakfast, once after, once on the point of eight bells, once after dinner, once towards tea-time, and once after. "But not," as he remarked to young Rupert Lemire, the eldest-born, "not to be for ever with a pipe in your mouth—as if you might be the stove of a lighter. That's not the way, my lad, for them as earns their bread upon blue water."

He used the pavement of the street—at such times as it did not rain —for a promenade or smoking-saloon; when it was wet, he betook himself to his own room—a place which the children soon learned to regard as the home of all unimaginable delights; and they called him, after the first day, Ben, by his special request. The last pipe of the day Ben took in the first floor front, with the other new members of the party.

They were a quiet pair. The man, about thirty years of age, looked older, by reason of the scattered grey hairs in his full brown beard, and the crow's-feet round his eyes. Across his forehead nature, or some trouble, had drawn a long deep line; the hair had fallen from his temples, leaving a wide and open brow; his lips were flexible and mobile, but they were hidden by his heavy moustache and beard; his eyes were hazel, and had a dreamy, far-off look, with a gaze as of one who waits and expects; his voice was low, and he spoke seldom.

His sister, unlike him in face—so much unlike him that you would not have been able to trace even a faint family resemblance—resembled

him in one respect, that her eyes, which were large, and of a hazel tint, had the same far-off look, and in repose gazed out upon space like her brother's, as if waiting and expecting. She was tall, and of such a figure as the Graces love; her head, crowned with its glory of brown hair, was of such a shape as Canova would have desired for a model; her face outlined as if by some poet inspired with the sister art of painting.

It was a face born for mirth and gaiety; but the gaiety had gone out of it, and left it prematurely grave. A look of care dwelt upon it forever, save when she turned her eyes upon her brother, and then the sweetest smile lit up her features, and effaced the lines of trouble round her mouth.

Observant members of the Lemire household made out, in addition to their personal note, a few other prominent facts as regards their lodgers. One was, that they seemed all three utterly careless as regarded their food. On washing days, that is, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, when the mother of the family and the maid-of-all-work were engaged with the linen of the household, they accepted, not murmuring, as weaker brethren murmur, cold boiled mutton, with or without potatoes; they drank nothing but tea, coffee, or milk, except Ben, who, once a day, towards the evening, visited the nearest public-house, with an empty pannikin, which he brought back full. They went out, the brother and sister, a good deal in the day-time, and at night they always sat side by side, with joined hands before the fire, looking into it. Ben Croil at such times sat with them, his legs gathered up under his chair, his head against the wall sound asleep. Sometimes in the morning too, the pair would sit silently for hours together. Once Rupert Lemire, the eldest son, heard the lady say, after one of their long silences:

"George, if Boston Tom is living anywhere in the world, we must find him. If he is dead we must find who and what he was."

And on another occasion, Nettie Lemire, going to make the lodger's bed, saw her on her knees by the bedside, in an agony of tears, crying passionately, "Oh Lord! how long?"

There was only one other thing remarkable about the new lodgers, which was the way in which Miss Elwood sought Ruth Warneford's society. Now, at this time Ruth was melancholy, by reason of her shattered love-castle, and would fain have sat in silence; but she could not decline the invitations which Miss Elwood showered upon her, to dine with her, to take tea with her, to sit with her, to walk with her. And it was difficult to resist the kindness with which these invitations were offered, and the sympathy with which the girl was gradually encouraged to respond to these advances. Little by little Ruth found herself talking with Miss Elwood—Helen as she called her—as if she had been her oldest friend. Besides, the room upstairs was a retreat

from the chatter of the children, and a quiet evening with her new friends rested her after a day's hard work at teaching.

They got into the habit of sitting together, talking in a low voice to each other, while Mr. Elwood, a restless man, paced up and down the room in silence; and they talked as if he were not there, because he never spoke, and never seemed to listen.

And one Sunday afternoon Helen Elwood told the girl a thing which made her heart leap up, and brought such joy to her as she thought could never come again.

It was a very quiet Sunday afternoon. After dinner old Ben might be heard marching up and down the pavement of the street, on the sunny side, where the east wind was not felt. With him was Rupert Lemire, and they were discoursing—that is, Ben was discoursing—on ships, and storms, and sailors' lives afloat. Helen and Ruth sat by the fire, the latter lying with her head on the elder girl's knees. Mr. Elwood sat in the window, silent and grave, looking at the group of two.

"And you are quite alone, poor child?" Helen asked. "No brothers, no sisters?"

"I had a brother once," said the girl, colouring painfully. "But he he—went away eight years ago, and I have never seen him since. Poor George—poor dear George!"

She laid her cheek on the hand of her new friend. Helen felt the tears fall fast.

"Do not speak of it, if it pains you," she went on, glancing at her brother, who sat rigid, pale, and with trembling lips.

"Yes, let me tell you all, and then you will not say that I have deceived you. Listen. We were so happy, George and I together—only we two, you know. In the evening he came home from the City and I used to make the tea, though I was such a little thing. There never was so kind a brother, nor such a good man; because now, you see, I know what young men sometimes are. Oh, me! How cruel it all is to think of! For our happy life was suddenly stopped."

She paused a moment while Helen soothed and caressed her.

"They said he forged Mr. Baldwin's name, and robbed him of his money. How can I believe it, Helen? If it was true, what did he do with the money? And yet—and yet—I once went to a place I heard of in the City, and looked in a file of *The Times* till I found the report of his trial; and it was all so clear! He must have done it. And still I cannot believe it of my brother; for he was so steady and so true."

"And you have never heard anything of him at all?"

"Never anything at all," the girl said. "I do not know where he is, or if he is living."

"His name was George—George Warneford?" Helen replied slowly. "My dear, I think I can tell you something—not much—about him. And that little is good. There could not be two George Warnefords in Sydney at the same time. It is three years ago and more that I knew of a prisoner of that name—he was a young man of five-and-twenty——"

"George's age—he is ten years older than I."

"A prisoner for forgery——"

"Yes, yes."

"Who obtained his release and a full pardon for a noble deed he did."

"Oh, George—my brother—tell me what he did."

"He risked his life to save the lives of others; there was mutiny in the prison, and murder. Desperate men, made more desperate by the knowledge that their revolt was hopeless, had the lives of the prison warders in their hands; in a few minutes it would have been all over with them. This prisoner—this brave man who was convicted by a unanimous jury, after five minutes' consultation, for a wicked and treacherous act, my dear—faced almost certain death to save them. He did save them, and they released him for his reward."

Ruth seized her hand and kissed it.

"Go on, Helen; tell me more."

"I have very little more to tell you. But if it will comfort you, I can tell you what the prison doctor said to him when he left. He said, Ruth, that his trial showed the clearest case against him that ever was made out against any man, but that his life and character belied the circumstantial evidence. He said he believed him innocent."

Ruth gave a great gasp.

"Innocent? Oh, if it were only so; what would matter all our sorrow and all his suffering, if only he were innocent?"

"Mind, George Warneford always said that he was innocent. The doctor was the first to believe it. Afterwards, I have heard that others also believed him innocent."

"Why does he not write to me? Why does he not come home to me?"

"Perhaps he does not know where you are; perhaps he does not know how you would receive him. For, Ruth, your brother has lost the most precious jewel of life—his honour."

"But since he is innocent——"

"How does he know that his sister loves him still? Who has written to him out there to tell him so?"

"Can I ever cease to love him? Oh, Helen, if he were to stand

before me this very moment, and hold out his arms, I should be more happy than I have been all these eight years that I have lost him."

In the window, in the shades of the early December evening then darkening the room, the very man of whom they spoke sat still and upright. But his hands trembled and his face was distorted by some violent passion. Helen looked towards him and made a gesture of invitation. But he shook his head. Then she spoke again to the weeping girl.

"If he came to you a beggar in reputation, an outcast of society, heavily laden with the weight of these years of disgrace——"

"Unmerited disgrace," she said.

"With nothing to say to you, but that he was innocent—you would love him and cling to him against all the world, against Mr. Baldwin, against the kind people of this house?"

"Ah!" said Ruth, "I have but one brother. You have told me that he is innocent and brave. I am proud of my poor brother."

"And if he came to you, bearing in his hand the proofs of his innocence, what then, Ruth?"

"It would be too much happiness," she sighed. "Helen, why have you sought me out to tell me this story. I know—I know—that you are keeping something back. You have come to this poor lodging to see me—me. I am sure of it. You have come with a message from my brother. Tell me all—tell me all."

"Yes, dear, you have guessed. We have come—my brother and I—from Australia to see you. We come in your brother's name, and in your brother's behalf. We have a task before us—to establish, if we can, his innocence. There is but a slender, a very slender hope, of our doing that. But, oh Ruth! believe it with all your heart; cling to it as to an anchor; thank God for it every morning and every night. He is innocent—George Warneford did not commit this wicked thing. We are trying to prove it, but we may not succeed. And whether we succeed or not, you shall be restored to your brother."

Ruth was silent again—thinking. Then she lifted her eyes, bright with tears.

"You know him, then?"

"I know him, dear Ruth."

"Tell me what he is like."

Helen glanced at her brother.

"He is greatly changed from what you remember him. To begin with, he is eight years older, and he has suffered. You would not know him. Try not to fancy what he is like, but think of him now and always as a good and honourable man, who has had to endure a grievous wrong."

"I will—I will. And, Helen, why do you and your brother do him this great service?"

Helen did not blush as she replied, taking the girl's face in her hands and kissing her:

"Because, my dear, I love him, and I hope to be your sister."

"My sister? You will marry him? And he loves you? Oh Helen!"

"Yes," she replied, looking at her brother; "he loves me. The most patient, the most deeply-injured, the most honourable man, the kindest and most noblest heart in all the world, loves me. Ought I not to be a proud and happy woman, dear? And you must love me too."

Ruth threw herself into her new sister's arms, crying and laughing. It was too much for her, this great and new-found happiness.

"Hush, dear! Hush, my dear," said Helen. "I have told you too suddenly. There—lay your head upon my shoulder and calm yourself."

She went on talking in a soft voice at intervals.

"We must keep our secret to ourselves. Not even the professor must know. Only you and I must work at this difficulty ourselves—you and I, and my brother; we three. I will tell you, to-morrow, what we have to find out, and you must help us. We shall be very happy in the years to come." She looked again at her brother. "You and I and George—all three together. Happy, whatever happens; happy, if we have to keep all to ourselves the knowledge of his innocence; happy, if the world never restores to him his honour again. We must live for one another, dear. You must think of meeting him, Ruth, as if you were meeting a soldier coming home from victory. For he has had a fierce fight, and has escaped unwounded. He has been in the very depths of sin, among the most evil men in the world, and has come out pure of heart. We are here, we three, to win back his honour or to sustain him; and you will do your part?"

As the girl lay with her face buried in Helen's bosom, and her arms round her neck, the man in the window rose and stepped noiselessly to bend over the pair, his eyes full with love. Helen turned her face upwards and met his lips with hers, while with a hand that trembled he stroked the long hair which lay on Helen's shoulder, and belonged, not to her, but to Ruth Warneford.

Then began a cling-clanging of the City bells for evening service. From almost every street there came the ringing, loud and discordant, or sweet and musical, of the multitudinous City churches—a voice of invitation to tens of thousands where there were only hundreds to hear it.

Then Ruth lifted her head, and rose. She looked about her strangely, trying to bring her thoughts back to their usual channel.

"I must go to church," she said, "I play the organ at St. Ethelred's. I must go to church."

She did not look fit to go to church, for her eyes were dazed, and her hands trembled.

"I will go with you," said Helen. "Let me play for you to-night."

"Yes, yes," the girl cried, "we will go together. I shall be able to play as soon as I begin. The organ soothes; and we will pray together, you and I, side by side, oh my sister! for George." She turned to the man. "You will come too, Mr. Elwood, will you not? You know him, and you love him, or else you would not have travelled all this way with Helen. Come with us to the church."

"I will come," he answered. Why did he bow his head, and sink upon a chair?

"My mind is full of my brother," Ruth said; "George is everywhere to-night. I heard his voice in yours, Mr. Elwood; his voice that I thought never to hear again. Let us go to the church."

CHAPTER VII.

THE MISSING LINK.

It had been easy for Helen Elwood to find Ruth Warneford, for happily, the people with whom George Warneford had once lodged were still in the same house, and knew whither the child had been taken. Also the position of the place suited them better than any other could have done, for they were near the Docks, and it was at the docks—either of London or Liverpool—that they hoped to find some clue to the men of whom they were in search. Where Mercantile Jack mostly finds his way, there Ben Croil told them they would some day or other light on one of the mutineers of the Lucy Derrick. "Granted," he said, "that they got safe ashore— which isn't likely for a set of drunken swabs—they would make for the diggings; and, after a spell there, get back one by one to the port of Melbourne, and so on board again, and make their way to London." It was a slender chance, but it was their only one; and so old Ben went down regularly every day, and hung about, boarding the ships as they came in, and stepping forward for a look round; but he never found any of the Lucy Derrick men. When Ben was not hanging round the St. Katherine, the Victoria, or the London Docks, he was to be met with in the neighbourhood of Limehouse, Stepney, or Poplar, and, in the evening, he would be seen as far afield as Ratcliff-highway, always going round with his cake of tobacco in one hand and his knife in the other, whittling away, and looking about with his mild blue eyes, to see how they got along on board without him. On board the ships he always asked after a roll of names,

which he carried in his pocket, but knew by heart. The list ended with the name of Boston Tom. Some of the men were known, but they had not been seen or heard of for years; but no one knew anything of Boston Tom.

One day as Ben was cheapening a bandanna in the High-street of Whitechapel—the part of London where that costly article can be most readily obtained—there passed him a long, lean, and slouching lad of sixteen. The boy was going slowly, with eyes bent on the ground. Ben dropped the bandanna, and seized Rupert, who generally accompanied him in these excursions, by the arm.

"Now," he said, "if you want to do a good turn for Miss Warneford, you've got a chance. Step behind and follow me. I know that boy, and he won't, likely, tell me what I want. If I leave him, you follow him quietly. Find out where he goes, and where he lives. Don't let him out of your sight for a moment; and if it's a week, you go after him; and you stay with him."

"Ay, ay," said the mercantile-marine aspirant; "I understand."

"Got any money?" asked Ben.

"How should I have any?" returned Rupert the penniless. "Did I ever have a shilling in my whole life?"

"Five shillings will do," meditated the sailor. "There would be suspicion if it was more. You follow him up, and stand drinks to the extent of that five shillings; and find out somehow—without asking, you know—where Boston Tom may be. 'Boston Tom,' mind—that's the name you've got to stick to. That's the important thing. Now drop behind, and watch."

The old man hurried after the youth, who was now a dozen yards ahead, and, catching up with him, put his hand upon his arm, holding that limb tight.

"Ship-boy of the Lucy Derrick, Dan'l Mizen. I've lighted on you at last."

The lad turned ashy pale, and tried to drag his arm away.

"You—Mr. Croil! Oh Lord!"

"Ay, my lad, and glad to set eyes upon you again. No, Dan'l Mizen, you don't get away from me. See that bobby over the way? I've only got to call him; and it's murder on the high seas."

"Oh don't, Mr. Croil!" he whispered; "don't talk in that awful way. I was down below all the time, I was; and I give you information, I did."

"You did; and what I always says to myself is this: 'Young Dan'l,' says I, 'give that information, and it come in handy. When the trial comes on, if I'm there I shall up and let 'em know that the information was given, and how handy it came in.' Your neck's safe, my lad, if

I'm there. If not, why, then, o' course you'll have to swing with the rest."

"The rest!" echoed Mr. Mizen, with a half laugh. "There ain't any rest."

"What! All gone but you?"

"All gone but me and Bost—— and one other of the crew."

"Swear to that, boy; and if you tell me lies, I'll rope's-end you till you'll wish you'd never been aboard any ship in all your life; that blue you'll be all over."

The boy, whose face showed him to be what he really was—the most arrant cur and coward in existence—burst out blusterously, "Rope's-end me, will you, Mr. Croil? Wait till you try that game on."

"Ay, will I! And I'll begin on the spot, if you jaw me. Why, you dirty, measly——. There, go on with your story! All the pirates is drownded, then? Pity, too!"

"I'll tell you all the truth, Mr. Croil—s'help me, I will. We lost in the fight—that is, they pirates and mutineers lost—eight men in all, out of five-and-twenty; that left seventeen, and six of them were wounded; that left eleven. Well, they used me orful, they did. All your latherins, Mr. Croil, was pancakes and plum-duff compared to the latherins I got all round from them devilish murderers. Things went bad with the navigation too, and they couldn't keep her no course no-how."

"Lubbers all!" said Ben. "Go on, my boy; steer as truthful as you know."

"Then we got weather; and then, you see, we had to take to the boats. There was two boats, but one stove in; then there was only one left. We hadn't time for any provisions; and after the fifth day they began to eat each other. Gawspel truth, Mr. Croil!"

"Sarved them right! Worse than being hanged, but I'd rather ha' hanged them."

"Last, there was only left four of us."

"One of them four was Boston Tom?" said Ben.

The boy hesitated.

"Well, one was—I remember now—one was; but he was nearly dead when we were picked up; and he was one of them two that died two days afterwards."

"That's a lie," thought Ben; but he said nothing. "So now, only two are left," he asked, after a pause. "Who may the other be?"

"He was Maltese Dick, Mr. Croil," the boy replied, very quickly. "Him with the black hair and the arm tatooed all over; and where he's gone I don't know, and can't tell you."

"Ay, ay! And where do you live now, you Mizen boy?"

"I've left the seafaring trade, sir. I'm just come to London to look round like; got no home to go to yet."

There was a malicious twinkle in the young man's eye as he spoke. Ben looked up quietly—he still held him by the arm—and watched him.

"Then you don't live anywhere handy about here?"

"Laws, no, Mr. Croil! Certainly not, not by no means. Whatever made you go for to think that I would live about here?"

They passed, at that moment, a low sort of lodging-house and sailors' tavern, with a bill in the window: "Lodgings for single men and mariners."

Unless Ben Croil was grievously deceived, the lady at the door of this hostelry made a sign of recognition as the lad passed.

"So," Ben thought, "that's the crib, and that's where Boston Tom is to be heard of."

"Well, Dan'l Mizen," he said aloud, "you'll find me most days down at the Docks. You mind, come to see me, and no harm shall happen to you; you forget to come, and as sure as my name's Ben Croil, you'll swing for your share of the Lucy Derrick mutiny. Swing is the word, Dan'l Mizen!"

He made mental note of the house and number, and turned back.

Mr. Mizen looked after him, with a countenance full of perplexity and dismay; and, after first scratching his tousled head, and then shaking it ruefully, pursued his own way in the opposite direction, with a dejected, not to say a hangdog, expression in his very shoes. Presently there passed him a lad of about his own age, dressed in blue flannel, and looking—although the flannel was shabby—a gentleman. He had long legs and a springy walk. As he went along—sometimes a little a-head and sometimes a little behind Mr. Mizen—he stopped occasionally, and looked about him, as if in search of something. Mr. Dan'l Mizen contemplated this waif—a gift of Providence, evidently fallen quite into his hands—for a quarter of an hour or so; and then, Mr. Croil being quite out of sight, he shouldered up to the stranger, and jerked out, looking the other way:

"Lost your bearin', mate?"

"That is it," replied the stranger; "lost my bearin.' I was told by a party in the country that I was to come to a house in the Whitechapel Road—but I've forgotten the number—where they'd take me in and do for me, and find me a ship."

"That's lucky, now!" said Mr. Mizen. "Why, I'll take you to the very place, and it's close by; you come along o' me."

Daniel Mizen led the way. Oddly enough, his steps took him to exactly the very house where Ben Croil had noticed the lady at the door, and had remarked besides, that she seemed to know his young com-

panion. It was indeed the truth that the ex-ship-boy lived in this place of resort. How he lived, on what honest industry, or by the exercise of what native wit, was not immediately apparent.

He conducted Rupert to the door, and introduced him to the landlady—a woman with a red face, and dressed in a cotton gown, looped up so as to show a rich amplitude of petticoat underneath. She stood, with arms a-kimbo, contemplating human nature as it passed with eyes of hungry defiance. Men and women walked along, children ran by, but they were not her prey. Of all kinds and conditions of men, Mother Flanagan—not an Irishwoman by birth, although of illustrious Irish descent—loved a sailor, and especially him of the mercantile marine. She extended her affection beyond the narrow limits of party and country, embracing in one comprehensive sweep, and gathering to her breast, Englishman, American, Negro, Lascar, Malay, Greek, German, or Norwegian. All alike were dear to her, and she was dear to them—in the long run, very dear. She housed her favourites; she provided them with food, society, amusements, and drink; and when they left her hospitable house, it was, the censorious said, with empty pockets, and with "coppers" so hot, that it took a week of sea-breezes and compulsory temperance to cool them.

"Yes, I can take him," said Mrs. Flanagan, "if the young gentleman will pay a deposit."

"I've got five shillings," said Rupert.

"Hand it over," said Mrs. Flanagan.

"Mrs. Flanagan," called a voice from the inside room, "send that boy in here, five shillings and all."

The voice was hoarse and strained; it was followed by a chest cough which lasted long enough to tear the patient to pieces, and also was followed—a thing which was quite natural in that horrible den—by a volley of oaths.

Rupert Lemire thought himself in very queer company, but he reflected that they would not probably murder him for the sake of five shillings; and he obeyed the invitation to enter the house. By the fire, in a low room, reeking with tobacco, there sat in an arm-chair, a man of singular appearance. He was decorated with a scar on the right side of his mouth, which made it look as if it had been twisted up on that side. He had bright black eyes, very close together, and a long, receding forehead; his face was smooth and hairless, and his cheeks were hollow and sunken. His empty pipe lay beside him on a table, which was also graced by a half-emptied glass of rum and water.

"Come in, youngster. What's your name? Where do you hail from? What do you want? Now then!"

Rupert thought of the initials on his handkerchief.

'My name is Robert Lumley," he replied, with a little hesitation, taking a name which belonged to the family butcher—an importunate person, who was always bringing sorrow upon the household by demanding payment. "I come from—from Manchester, and I want to go to sea."

"How much money have you got?"

"Five shillings."

"Give it to me to keep for you. I live here. This house belongs to me, not to Mrs. Flanagan. I'll take care of your money for you. I hope it's honestly come by. We're very particular in this house, ain't us, Dan'l Mizen?"

Daniel made no reply.

"And if we can't get you a ship all at a day's notice, young shaver, I suppose you could find some more money by writing for it, couldn't you? Guess you'd better come to me for advice. Five shillings, you see, it won't go fur. Two days, or, thereabouts, if you don't drink. To be sure there's the 'long-shore clothes; you can make a good swap out of them, and nick a trifle into the bargain."

He had another fit of coughing, followed by another volley of oaths. Then he proposed a game of cards, and they sat down to a friendly hand of all-fours, in which Mr. Mizen took a hand. Rupert was not astonished when, after half an hour or so, he was informed by the man with the cough that he had lost all his money.

"Five shillings," said the host, jingling the two half crowns. "It's a trifle, but there, it's something to pass the time. Young feller, you've cleaned yourself out pretty sharp, you have. You'd better write that letter for more money at once; nothing like coming to the point. You, Dan'l Mizen, go and fetch the ink, and some paper. S'pose you have got a father?"

"Yes."

"And a mother? Yes? That's good. I like a mother. We'll pitch it strong. You just write what I tell you, and nothin' else."

The paper having been brought, Mr. Pringle—for this, Rupert had learnt in the course of the game, was the gentleman's name—proceeded to dictate: "'My beloved parents.' Got that down? 'Beloved and justly offended.' No; easy a bit. Let me think. Now, then, 'My beloved parents, I made my way up to London after leaving home, and arrived here yesterday. I am deeply sorry for the trouble that I have caused you in running away, which I intended for to go to sea, but am now fully persuaded of the folly of my conduct, and will go back home, to do what you please. I am staying with truly Christian people, and have spent my all. If it were not for their charity, I should now be starving. I owe them two pounds already, and shall want three more

to get my clothes out of pawn, which I am in rags, and to get home again—third class parliamentary—which is better than I deserve. So please send me a post-office order for five pounds, payable to Thomas Pringle, at the Whitechapel post-office, the same to be called for. Your affectionate son, Robert Lumley.' "

This was Mr. Pringle's dictation. The following, however, is what Rupert Lemire really wrote :

" Dear old Ben,—I'm in the queerest crib. They've robbed me of my five shillings, and a fellow here thinks I'm writing for five pounds more to my parents in Manchester. What a game ! My address is 1344a, High Street, Whitechapel, and my name is Robert Lumley, but you must not write to me. The name of the proprietor of the crib is Thomas Pringle. He is a cut-throat-looking villain, with a scar on his right lip, and two eyes close together. If he had any hair on his face he would be like a wolf. I like the fun.—Yours ever, R. L."

" Is it all wrote ?" asked Mr. Pringle.

" Yes," said Rupert, quickly folding and placing the letter in an envelope, the only one on the table.

" Let me look at it."

" Can't, now it's folded and gummed up ; give me a penny for a stamp. I say, Mr. Pringle, what fun it is ; what shall we do with the five pounds ?"

" We'll have a spree, my boy, you and me together, in this blessed little crib. Now go and post your letter, and come back when it's done. You can't get into no mischief because you've got no money."

That was true ; but Mr. Mizen, nevertheless, seemed to think it desirable to attend him, unobtrusively, to the post-office, and to escort him, after the letter was duly posted, back to No. 1344a. There they found some sort of meal in active progress, and two or three other guests, although the appearance of the food did not, as in some circles, cause the disappearance of the tobacco. On the contrary, those who had fed, or were about to feed, went on smoking ; those who were feeding kept their pipes by them, and between helpings attended to the preservation of the spark. The cloth removed, so to speak, every man ordered what liked him best, and the evening sports set in with the usual severity. Other guests arriving, of both sexes, the tables were cleared away, and dancing began.

Rupert sat quietly enough, watching and listening, until the fiddle began. Presently his legs began to twitch. An elephantine performer was occupying the floor with a step made up of the cobbler's dance and the sailor's hornpipe. Rupert stepped up to him.

" Let me show you how to dance," he said, smiling superior.

He did show them how to dance a hornpipe ; then he showed them

the sword-dance with the poker and tongs ; then he executed a figure all of his own invention, in which he lifted his legs over the head of every lady and gentleman present, to their unmixed joy and rapture ; and then, snatching the fiddle from the hands of the inebriate musician, he threw himself into his place, and played a country dance for them till they danced as if they had been the rats of the Pied Piper himself.

Never before had Mrs. Flanagan witnessed such dancing, such excitement, or such thirst.

Said Mr. Pringle to the worthy landlady, upon retiring to rest : "The boy's worth a mint of money. We'll keep him. When he gets an answer to his letter I'll fix him up right away. There shan't be such a house as this not this side of Lime'us. There, old gal !"

CHAPTER VIII.

HELEN PLAYS A TRUMP.

"THERE was a fellow-clerk at the office," said George Warneford, after reading Rupert's letter, "named Samuel Pringle; I remember him well."

"A fellow-clerk !" cried Helen, "and of that name. What kind of man was he ?"

It must be owned that, in the further examination of the Warneford case, by far the most intelligent and active investigator was Helen Elwood. Whether his long confinement had dulled his brain, or whether he despaired of success, George Warneford himself was mostly irresolute, and sometimes, as if a cloud rested over his brain, he was silent and apathetic.

"Try to think, George, what manner of clerk was he."

"We were in the same room," said George. "He was my junior by a few months in point of years, but he had entered later. I do not know what his family connections were, nor anything of his habits, because he lived in a different part of London—somewhere up the King's-road, I think ; but I know his name was Samuel Pringle."

"George, if this Thomas Pringle, whom the men call Boston Tom, knew your face—if he knew your story—if he knew, as he said, who did the thing—what other clue is more ready than the connection of Samuel Pringle with Thomas Pringle ? And if Thomas knows, then Samuel knows as well."

"I believe you've got it, miss," said Ben. "How can we find out about this Samuel Pringle ?"

"They could tell us at the office ; at least they could tell us if he is there still," said George. "But who is to ask ?"

Helen thought a little.

"I will go," she said, "I will go and see Mr. Baldwin myself. George, we had better take Mr. Wybrow into the same confidence as your sister; with Rupert and John Wybrow both working for us we ought to do something."

George sighed.

"Have faith, dear friend"—how many times had poor Helen said these words, as much to strengthen her own faith as to sustain his—"have faith and hope. We are nearer now than ever we were before. We have found out the man who knows, and now we have only got somehow to make him confess."

Rupert's letter arrived of course in the evening. Helen Elwood had a busy time. She had first to represent to the professor and Madame Lemire that their eldest-born, though he would not return for a few days, was in reasonable safety, and might be expected to take care of himself, and was engaged in a matter requiring secrecy and confidence, which might be of great advantage to Ruth. She had to calm down the boiling fury of old Ben, who, now that his enemy was within his grasp, longed to bring him up, and saw himself, in imagination, reeling out the evidence that was to hang him. She had to find a correspondent in Manchester, a matter effected by means of a gentleman of the seafaring persuasion—friend of Ben's—who would send Rupert the five pounds asked for, with a suitable letter. She had to calm the eagerness of Ruth, who wanted a posse of constables at once to arrest the man, and make him confess then and there. Also George showed, when once he was alive to the situation, unusual agitation and excitement.

"I will go myself, Helen," he said, "to Mr. Baldwin."

"No, George, you will stay quietly at home; I can go, because I can talk without excitement. Let me go alone; keep quietly at home."

But all night she heard him pacing backwards and forwards in his room over her head.

The end at hand! It was too much to hope for; it was a thing of which he had never dared in his heart to look forward to. Much as Helen loved him, even she could not altogether understand the revulsion of feeling which the new prospect of his rehabilitation caused him. After eight years of suffering and disgrace—after returning to England with an assumed name, in hiding, so to speak—after the agony of knowing that his sister was suffering with him and for him, and yet he could not take her to his breast, and tell her who and what he was! And then another thing; he had schooled himself to expect disappointment. How was an eight-years'-old crime proved upon himself to be transferred to another man? How could the proofs be collected? From what quarter should they come? And who would put them together?

And now, suddenly, he was asked to face a solution in which the impossible was to be made possible. Within a mile of himself was the man who knew all about it. It only was left to discover if that man would be ready, or could be made to confess.

Towards morning, George Warneford dropped upon his bed and fell into a heavy sleep. Helen below heard his footsteps cease, and fell asleep herself. At nine o'clock he was sleeping still when she set forth with a beating heart on her mission.

She knew the office of Messrs. Batterick and Baldwin so well, through George's frequent descriptions, that she knew the way right through into Mr. Baldwin's private room. She passed, unchallenged, and without hesitation, through the three rooms. The clerks looked up from their work for a moment at the strange apparition of a young lady in the office, but the young lady did not belong to them, and they went on with their writing. Helen turned the handle without knocking, and entered. Mr. Baldwin was alone at his desk.

"I am a stranger to you, Mr. Baldwin," said Helen, in answer to his word of inquiry, "and if I give you my name you will be no wiser. There is my card, however, and I will write on it the name of my lawyers for your reference, if you wish."

"Pray take a chair, young lady."

Mr. Baldwin read the card, and waited for further information.

"I will come to the point at once, Mr. Baldwin. I believe you had a clerk named Samuel Pringle."

"I have still."

"Is he a useful clerk—one whom you could trust?"

"Really, Miss"—Mr. Baldwin looked again at the card—"Miss Elwood, I hardly see the way to giving you the character of my clerks."

"Mr. Baldwin, believe me, I have no idle motives in asking that question; and if you will answer it I will tell you beforehand why I asked it."

"There is no reason, after all," said Mr. Baldwin, "why I should not answer it at once. Pringle has been in my employ for about fourteen years. I once thought he would turn out a smart, active clerk, but he has disappointed me. He is not sharp, and he suffers from fits of nervous abstraction which will prevent his advancement in the world. But he may be trusted."

"Do you know his family?"

"We never take a clerk into this House without knowing his family.

"Then you can tell me if he has a brother."

"I daresay I could have told you years ago, but I have forgotten now."

Helen played her trump card.

"Would you allow me to ask him, in your presence, a single ques

tion? It is not impertinence or curiosity, Mr. Baldwin; indeed—indeed it is not. If you only knew how much depends upon that question!"

Mr. Baldwin touched a hand-bell. "Mr. Pringle," he said.

A moment later Mr. Pringle appeared. He was a tall young man, with stooping shoulders, and a quick nervous way of looking about him. Also, as he spoke, his fingers played with whatever was near them. His eyes were too close together, which gave him a cunning appearance, and his forehead was low and receding.

"Pringle," said Mr. Baldwin, "this young lady wishes to ask you a question."

Mr. Pringle bowed; the lady's face was strange to him.

"I wish, Mr. Pringle," said Helen, "to ask you when you last heard from your brother Thomas?"

The pale face of the clerk turned white, his fingers clutched convulsively at the back of the chair behind which he stood. He trembled from head to foot, his mouth opened but his tongue refused to speak.

Mr. Baldwin looked at his clerk with a kind of distress; what did it mean, this terror at so simple a question?

Helen repeated it, never taking her eyes off his face.

At last he spoke.

"Not for five years or more. Tom went abroad."

"Do you know where he is?"

"No, I do not," he replied firmly.

This was a point gained. The man clearly did not know that his brother was in England.

"Had your brother any distinctive mark by which he might be known?"

The man hesitated.

"I cannot give information which might injure my brother," he said.

"Very well," replied Helen; "there are other people who may be injured by your silence; you had better think of yourself first."

The trembling began again; then he plucked up courage.

"I need not think of myself," he said, "not in that way, but Tom had enemies; however, there was a mark on the right side of his mouth—the scar of a wound he got from a knife; he may be known by that mark."

"Thank you, Mr. Pringle," she replied; "I know all I want to know except your address. I shall perhaps call to see you in the course of a day or two."

"That will do, Pringle."

Mr. Baldwin dismissed him and turned to his visitor for explanation.

"I think it will be best to tell you something, Mr. Baldwin," said Helen. "Do you remember St. Ethelred's Church four months ago?"

"Surely."

"Ruth Warneford told her lover there, in your presence—that she would marry him when the impossible proved possible—when George Warneford's guilt was proved to be innocence."

"What has that to do with your visit to me?"

"Everything! Mr. Baldwin. I am here in England to make the impossible possible. I am here to prove a convicted forger a wronged and innocent man!"

Mr. Baldwin looked at her in silence. It was in a harsh, constrained voice that he answered:

"That is a fool's errand. Time was when I would have given ten years of my life to have proved George Warneford guiltless, but that time has gone by."

"We shall see, Mr. Baldwin," said Helen smiling; "meantime, do you want to know where he is now?"

"In prison, wretched boy, at Sydney."

"You have not heard, then—you have not read in the papers that he has long since obtained his release?"

"No."

"Shall I tell you for what reason?"

Helen told. In her narrative the heroism of her lover lost nothing. Her eyes sparkled, her voice trembled with emotion, her bosom heaved.

The old man, catching little of her enthusiasm, only sighed.

"Why do you come here," he asked, angrily, "to raise doubts when I had certainties? Why, if I had had the least, the smallest spark of hesitation about the lad's innocence, I would never have rested, night or day, till I had proved it."

"You would not," replied the girl. "Oh, I am sure you would not! But there was no room for doubt, and the plot was too deep; the accidental circumstances were too conclusive. But think, Mr. Baldwin, can you wonder, if you would have done all this for a doubt, that I——"

"But what is George Warneford to you?"

"He is to be my husband," she said. "If you, for a mere doubt, would have known no rest till that doubt was cleared, what should I, his affianced wife, do, who have no doubt but a certainty—no hesitation, but a conviction, that my lover is innocent?"

She burst into tears, but only for a moment.

"Bear with me, Mr. Baldwin. You loved him once yourself; you will love him again yet."

She drew down her veil.

But the old man rose before her, his hands out, feeling, as it were, in the darkness for support.

"Tell me," he cried, "tell me—George Warneford innocent? Is it a truth?"

"It is a truth, Mr. Baldwin. It is the whole truth, and in a few days, with the help of God, who has helped us so far, I will give you the proofs of his innocence. Meantime give me, please, Mr. Samuel Pringle's address. Thank you; and help me further by taking no notice of what I have said, and by keeping to yourself all that has passed."

Mr. Baldwin promised.

An hour afterwards a messenger went into the chief. He found him sitting at his table doing nothing, looking straight before him. He spoke twice to him without getting an answer; and then Mr. Baldwin turned to him, and said, in an agitated voice:

"Innocent? Then God forgive us all."

CHAPTER IX.

FULL CONFESSION.

Mr. Baldwin's words were conveyed to the outer office, and, being curious and inexplicable words, were repeated among the clerks. To them the story of George Warneford was an old and almost forgotten thing, so that they did not connect it with Mr. Baldwin's expression, One of them, however, when he heard them trembled and shook. He was so nervous and agitated that he could do no work that morning. His hands could not hold the pen. His mind would not take in the meaning of the words which he had to read, the figures danced before his eyes; and, amid the buzz of those who came and went, he heard nothing but the voice of Mr. Baldwin, which repeated, "Innocent. Then God forgive us all!"

Forgive whom? Samuel Pringle's cheeks were white, when Helen asked him for news of his brother; but his very lips were white when he thought of what these words might mean to himself.

Might mean? Did most certainly mean. There was no doubt in his mind at all that the young lady was come to Mr. Baldwin's about that old business of George Warneford's, a business which had ruined his own life and destroyed his peace. If the innocent man had suffered, much more had he, the guilty, endured tortures of repentance and helpless remorse. There was no way out of it now, except to confess and take the consequences.

He sat out the dreadful hours, full of unspeakable terror, from ten till one, and then, taking his hat, went out when his turn came to take his dinner.

One thought always comes to the guilty—the thought of flight. As he emerged from the office where he had expected all the morning to feel the hand of arrest, it occurred to him that he might escape. He looked up and down the crowded thoroughfare; no one, he thought, was watching him; he would hasten to his lodgings, pack up a few things, and be off, somewhere—anywhere—out of danger.

Excellent thought! He was a thrifty young man, who did not spend the whole of his small salary, and had a little money with which he would pay his fare to America. He would write to the office and say that he was called away on urgent business, but would be back in a week; then he would not be missed. Once in America—once on the way to the West, he would be safe from pursuit, and they might prove whatever they liked about himself and George Warneford.

Excellent thought! He lived at Islington. He took a cab, and drove to his rooms in hot haste, mad to be away from this dreadful fear which stung him like a hornet. And not only to be rid of this fear of detection and arrest, but also of the slow devouring fire of remorse, which had never left him for one moment, since the day when George Warneford was sentenced for a crime which he never committed.

So good and wise a plan did it seem to him, so practical and so original a method of shaking off the inconveniencies of remorse and anxiety, that, when he stepped out of his bedroom, portmanteau in hand, and saw who were waiting there to frustrate his manœuvre, he fell fainting on the floor.

His visitors were John Wybrow and the young lady he had seen in the office. For Helen lost no time. She drove from Mr. Baldwin's straight to John Wybrow's chambers, and, in as few words as she could, told him what was necessary for him to know.

Said John Wybrow promptly, "I know that fellow Pringle. He is a cur and a sneak. I always thought he was capable of villainy, and now I know it. He is the man who did it; not his brother at all. Now, Miss Elwood, the first thing he will do is to run away."

"Run away?"

"Just that. They always do it, fellows like Pringle. He hasn't got the pluck to stay and brazen it out. The mention of his brother's name will make him suspect that the worthy Tom has let it all out. He will run away, and we must stop him."

John wasted no time in going to the office of Batterick and Baldwin, but drove straight to Pringle's address, rightly judging that, if he was going to escape, he would probably take the very first opportunity of getting away from the city. So it came to pass that, when Samuel had finished his packing, and was joyously bringing his portmanteau from

his bedroom, he found his pair of conspirators ready to receive him, and the shock was so great that he fairly swooned away.

When he recovered, he found himself lying on the horsehair sofa which decorated his apartment. His head was dizzy and heavy, and it was some minutes before he remembered what had happened, and where he was. Then he sat up and realized the position.

"Innocent? Then God forgive us all!"

The words rang in his brain. Who were those who chiefly needed forgiveness? And by what suffering was that forgiveness to be arrived at? He clutched the head of the sofa, and groaned in his misery.

Before him stood John Wybrow, looking hard, stern, and pitiless, and at the table sat the young lady he had seen in Mr. Baldwin's private room, and her eyes too meant punishment.

"Now, Pringle," said Wybrow, "you had a fright at the office; you have come here with the intention of running away to escape arrest; we have caught you in the act of packing your portmanteau; and we do not intend you to run away. Not yet."

The miserable man's lips were parted, and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth.

"Not yet," repeated John.

"What—what am I to do? Why do you stop me? What business is it of yours?" asked Pringle, hardly knowing what he said.

"Surely you know what you have to do?" said Helen, in her low, steady voice.

Pringle shook his head.

"Here is paper." John opened a desk and took out some sheets. "Here is ink. Here is a pen. Will you write a full account of it, now, at once, or shall I send for a policeman?"

"Spare me!" cried the abject criminal. "Mr. Wybrow, what business is it of yours? Young lady, what have you got to do with an old story, eight years old? It all happened when I was a boy, very little more than a boy. I have never been happy since, not one single day. Is not my misery enough punishment? Other clerks can go about and be cheerful, and enjoy their victuals. But that thing never lets me alone, not once, not one single day. Why should I suffer more?"

It never occurred to his disordered brain that they really had no proofs of his guilt. He assumed at once that all was known, and they had the power of giving him into custody on the charge of forgery, aggravated by the fact that he had allowed another to be convicted of his own crime.

"We shall not spare you," said John. "We know now the reason of your nervousness and hesitation. Spare you? Samuel Pringle, of all men living on this earth, there is not one who is not worthy to be spared before you. In all the prisons of the world there is not a criminal so

blackhearted as yourself. They have done the things for which they are in prison; you have not only done the things, but you have deliberately sent an innocent man to gaol for your crime."

Samuel buried his face in his hands.

"The convict's dress you have made George Warneford wear, you shall wear yourself; the misery you have brought on him, you shall feel yourself, and worse; the disgrace which lies upon him and his shall be transferred to you and yours. Your name shall be a by-word of execration and reproach. People who bear it shall be ashamed to have such a name."

Then Samuel Pringle cried and wept; he rolled his head upon the pillow and wished he was dead; he moaned and whined; he declared that he repented, that he always had repented, that there was no man in the world more repentant than himself; and then, because no answer came, but every time that he raised his eyes he met the relentless gaze of John Wybrow and the steady look of Helen Elwood, he crawled on his knees to the latter, and seizing her hand, implored her to forgive him, and to let him go.

"You are a woman," he said. "Women are tender and pitiful. They always forgive. What good will it do George Warneford if the story does come out? He is out of prison. I learned that from my brother some three years ago. Tom saw him at Melbourne, walking about. It won't do him any good; and oh! think of what it will be for me!"

Helen drew her hand away, but made no response. What, indeed, could she say.

"Mr. Wybrow is hard and cruel. Oh, much harder than I should be if Mr. Wybrow was in my place." He looked up furtively at his enemy, who stood motionless, with the pen in his hand. "Many a time have I done Mr. Wybrow's work for him in the office, and said nothing about it. Speak to him, young lady. You've got a kind heart, I know you have. Speak to him for me. Tell him that I will go straight away out of London, and he shall never see me again, since he hates me so. Straight away at once I will go; and as for George Warneford, if he has got out of prison, what more does he want? Putting me in won't do him any good. Besides," he threw this out as a last shot, partly, perhaps, as a feeler, "besides, he's dead, I'm sure he's dead. Don't persecute a poor repentant sinner—don't be unchristian. Think of your own sins—not that you've got any, but perhaps Mr. Wybrow has—little ones, not big ones like mine—and then think how you'd feel if you had such a crime as I have weighing on your mind, and taking the taste out of everything you put into your mouth."

"Now, Pringle," interrupted John Wybrow, "we have had enough whining; stand up and write at this table."

Samuel obeyed, so far as standing up went. It was a groggy sort of standing at the best, and he felt, if he felt anything at all, that he hardly looked his best, for his long legs bent beneath him, his thin and sandy hair was hanging over his forehead, his lean arms hung helplessly at his sides, and his eyes were red and swollen. He looked at his portmanteau and at the door, but between the door and himself stood the stalwart form of John Wybrow. Samuel Pringle was neither a strong man nor a brave man. If the thought of forcible departure entered his head it was dismissed at once.

"Sit down," said John, peremptorily.

Samuel sat down.

"Take the pen."

Samuel took the pen, and mechanically drew the paper before him.

"Now write."

"What am I to write?" he asked.

"Write the truth," said Helen.

"Write what I dictate," said John.

Samuel made a last effort.

"If I write," said he, imploringly, "give me a chance of escape afterwards."

Helen looked at John Wybrow. The criminal caught the glance.

"Only a single chance; give me a day to get away if I can," Pringle pleaded.

"Write first," said John Wybrow. "I will make no conditions till I have got a confession."

Pringle dipped the pen in the ink.

John began to dictate.

"I, Samuel Pringle."

"I, Samuel Pringle."

"Will you kindly look over his shoulder, Miss Elwood?" John was trying to frame a form of words which should at least be binding. The difficulty was that he really knew nothing to go upon but his own strong suspicions. After a few moments of hesitation he began again. Helen stood behind the trembling clerk, on whose forehead the beads of agony gathered fast.

"I, Samuel Pringle, now a clerk of ten years' standing in the house of Batterick and Baldwin."

"Batterick and Baldwin," repeated Pringle.

"Declare and confess that the forgery for which George Warneford

was tried, eight years ago, and sentenced to twenty years of penal servitude, was not committed by him at all."

"Oh Lord," groaned the writer, "'not committed by him at all.'"

"That he was entirely innocent of the offence; that it was committed without his knowledge; that he was wrongly found guilty; that the real criminal is still at large."

"Still at large," said Pringle. "Oh, miss, help him to stay at large. Help a poor, miserable, repentant man."

But Helen's face showed no pity. The abject nature of the man filled her with disgust.

"Still at large. That other forgeries and embezzlements laid to George Warneford's charge were one and all the work of the same man, who has hitherto escaped punishment."

"Escaped punishment!" the clerk echoed. "Oh, young lady, help him to escape altogether. It can't do George Warneford any good to see him punished. He's dead now. I know he's dead, else he would have come home."

"I further declare that the real forger——"

"I can't write it!" ejaculated the man. "Mr. Wybrow, let me run away, let me escape, let me go this once. It's pitiful to have a giant's strength, sir, as Shakespeare says, and it's unchristian to use it. Oh Mr. Wybrow! what are we if we are not Christians?"

"That the real forger was myself, and no other."

Helen placed the pen in the nerveless fingers from which it had dropped.

"Write the words," she said.

"I can't, I can't. It's all true, as you know, Mr. Wybrow; but I can't write the words. I feel as if they were sentencing me to a prison."

"Very likely they will," said John. "But confession is better than detection, as you will find. Come, you have no choice."

With a heavy groan he obeyed.

"Myself! Oh Lord! oh Lord! What have I written?"

"Sign it now."

Reluctantly he signed the paper.

"Now, Miss Elwood," said John, "We two will witness this signature."

It was Helen's turn to tremble when she signed her name as one of the witnesses. For what did it mean to her, this scrap of paper? The self-respect of her lover, the restitution of his good name; the recovery of all that made life dear; the bearing back to George of her golden sheaves; a victory worth to her all the other victories in the world!

She sighed. The wretched man went on whining and pleading in

the same key about repentance, about the wicked waste of trouble in raking up old matters, about the certain death of George Warneford; but his words fell unheeded on her ears. She was thinking only about the joy and thankfulness that should be theirs, when she bore back to George the paper so precious to them all.

John folded up the paper and laughed. "We have won, Miss Elwood," he said. "You shall tell me afterwards, if you will, what you have won. You know what is my prize."

Then he turned to Pringle, and his voice changed:

"If I had words—if there were words in the language to express the unutterable loathing and disgust that I feel for you, I would use them. But, there are no words strong enough. You have signed, however. We have you now utterly in our power. If you are to expect anything at all from us—the slightest mercy—you will tell us the whole story without evasion or concealment. Out with it!"

"You will be merciful then?" cried Pringle, as he saw the paper folded in John's pocket-book, and deposited in a place of safety. "If I tell you particulars that you would not get from anyone else, you will have a little pity? Think of it, Mr. Wybrow, a whole life spent in prison. If I thought it would only be ten years, I should not mind so much. But a life! never to go out again; never to be free; never to do what I like; never to be without the dreadful convict dress! Oh, I've dreamed of it night after night, till I know it all by heart, and the misery of it. Oh, Mr. Wybrow, be merciful!"

"Sit down again, and tell us, in as few words as you can, the whole history."

Does the story need to be told at length? The situation is known. A weak and cowardly lad, in the hands of his unscrupulous brother, was made to do anything. A cheque-book was purloined and kept in a safe place by Tom; from time to time, whenever the opportunity seemed favourable, a cheque was drawn with the name of the firm forged so skilfully, that the signature was passed without the slightest suspicion. Detection was difficult, because the crafty Tom took charge of the cheques; Samuel, needless to say, getting nothing of the proceeds, but obedient partly from habit, and partly from compulsion.

"But the cheque, the last cheque; how did that get into the envelope?"

"I put it there," said Samuel. "Tom told me to. I overheard Mr. Baldwin talking to the manager of the bank; I knew that the forgeries were going to be found out; I watched from where I sat; I could see Mr. Baldwin through a corner of the curtain; I saw him draw a cheque and place it in an envelope. That was the day before Warneford was caught. He left the envelope on the table. I put the last cheque I

had forged in another envelope exactly like his own. I made an excuse for going into his office—I changed the envelopes. Tom said it was the best chance to throw suspicion on somebody else. How should we know that George Warneford would be the one on whom it would fall? It was not our fault. We had to look out for ourselves—Tom and I. Mr. Baldwin locked up the envelope when he went away; he clean forgot who had been in his room; he forgot, too, that he left his desk for a moment when I was in his office, and he swore positively that no one could have touched that envelope, except himself and George Warneford. Tom was in court when he swore it, and when Tom told me in the evening, we laughed—that is, Tom laughed, till the tears ran down his face."

Helen made an involuntary gesture of disgust.

"He laughed, Miss, not me. I repented. I repented at once, and the money—hundreds of pounds it was—that Tom had through me, never did him any good. I always told him it wouldn't. Oh, it's a dreadful story; and somehow, Mr. Wybrow, now that I've told you the whole of it, I feel easier in my mind."

John Wybrow whispered a few words to Helen, then he turned to the man again.

"Look here, you have told us, I believe, pretty well the whole truth. Of course we don't believe a word about your repentance, and all that. Repentance, indeed! But you have done us, involuntarily, a service. Now, in return, Miss Elwood, this young lady"—Samuel Pringle bowed, as if he were being introduced to her—"has consented to one act of grace."

"And the act of grace, sir?"

"The act of grace is this. You shall have twenty-four hours' start; after that time a warrant will be taken out for your arrest, and you will take your punishment if you are caught. The punishment will be heavy, and I sincerely hope you will be caught. Now go."

He pointed to the door.

Samuel Pringle seized his portmanteau and vanished. Looking out of the window they saw him running down the street till he caught a cab, in which he drove away.

"There will be no warrant in his case, I suspect, Miss Elwood. We must now——"

"Wait a moment," she cried. "My heart is too full. Tell me," she said, after a pause, "tell me, does this confession quite, quite free George from all suspicion?"

"It does. I am no lawyer, but I am certain that it does. It will at least clear him in the eyes of Mr. Baldwin and the world. Miss Elwood, you have helped me to a wife. Let us go to Ruth."

"Not yet," she said; "I want to get at the other man first, and I must wait. I want your advice and help. My brain is troubled with joy. Let us keep this thing to ourselves for one day yet—only one day. And to-morrow is Christmas Eve. Let Ruth keep that feast with a joyful heart."

"And I must not see Ruth till to-morrow evening?"

"Not till to-morrow evening, John Wybrow. If you cannot wait for four-and-twenty hours, what will you think of me when I tell you that I have waited for three years?"

"You, Miss Elwood!"

"Yes; George Warneford and I. That is my secret. You have won a wife and a sister too, because I am to be married to George Warneford."

John took her hand and kissed it. On second thoughts he stooped and kissed her on the forehead.

"You will be our sister?" he said simply. "I am very glad. Where is George?"

"He is here in London. That is another of my secrets. He is at the professor's with me——"

"In the same house as Ruth?"

"In the same house as Ruth, and she does not know. Once she thought she knew his voice, but it passed off. He is with me as my brother, so that we can travel together. Ruth does not suspect. But to-morrow she shall know."

John took her home. In the front room the gas was lit, for the professor was instructing a select class. Behind the blinds was Ruth, but John did not know this, and went away with a longing, hungry heart.

George Warneford was pacing the room impatiently. He stopped with a gesture of inquiry when Helen returned.

"Yes, George, I have seen Mr. Baldwin, and have talked with him, and—and——Oh! my dear, dear love, we who have waited so long, can we not wait a little longer?"

She fell weeping into his arms. He soothed and caressed her, and presently she lifted her head and raised her eyes.

"Let us remember," she said, "the long and weary time of trial, and, with the remembrance, let us think of all that it has done for us; how it cleared away the clouds of anger and revenge which lay on your soul; how it brought you back to your better self, the man I learned to know; how it made me a little less selfish and a little more careful of others; how it brought me the dearest and best thing that can happen to a woman—the love of a good man!"

"Nay, dear," he said, "but the love of a man who would fain be all that his wife thinks him."

"Why, that is it," she said. "You think me fair and pure, and I try to be fair and pure of heart. I think you noble, and you make your own nobleness out of a love for me. What is love worth, except to lead man and woman upward to the higher life?"

Then they were silent, and presently the old sailor stole in and joined them, without a word.

"George," she said, after a little—they were sitting, according to their old custom, side by side before the fire; Ben Croil was in his place, with his head against the wall—"George, what day is this?"

"It is the day before Christmas Eve."

"I remember that day three years ago, George. There were three people on a little islet together. It was a summer evening there, and they sat on the beach watching the golden sunset, as it painted the sands upon the beach and the rock behind them, where the white streamer floated night and day. They had been four months on that islet, where they were to be prisoners for three years. All their hearts were troubled with a sense of wrong. The older man was yearning for revenge upon the mutineers and murderers who had brought them there."

"He was," said Ben. "He's yearning still; but he's going to have his revenge before long."

"The younger man," said Helen in her soft low voice, "was longing for revenge on the man who had brought him to ruin. Was he not, George?"

"He was," said George.

"What does he think now?"

"He would leave him—to Helen," replied her lover, taking her hand.

"And Helen would leave him—to Heaven," she said. "The day before Christmas Eve, Ben—this is a time when we ought to put away all sorts of revenge."

"Ay, ay, Miss Helen, that's very true; bless you, I don't harbour no malice against no one—except Boston Tom. He's got to swing, then I shall be at peace with all mankind."

"We must forgive, if we can, even Boston Tom," she said.

"What! forgive a mutineer and a murderer, when I've got him under my thumb?"

The old man was inflexible on this point. That Boston Tom should be allowed to escape never entered his head. It was, if anything, a part of the great scheme of Christian forgiveness, that hanging should come first and pardon afterwards. And the knowledge that he had caught him at last, tended greatly to soothe his soul, and prepare him for a

fuller enjoyment of that season when peace and goodwill are specially preached to the nations of the earth.

Helen ceased to urge her point. But another pleader took up the cause of Boston Tom. It was a second letter from Rupert, written in pencil and in haste:

"Whatever you have to do with this man," he wrote to Helen, "must be done quickly. I think he is dying. Last night, after drinking enough rum to float a three-decker, or at least one of old Ben's favourite craft, and after coughing till he shook the walls of the house, he broke a blood-vessel. We put him to bed, and he went on drinking rum. I was with him all night. I think, Miss Elwood, that I am getting rather tired of playing my part. The place is a den of thieves. The five pounds are already nearly gone, and the woman of the house is throwing out hints that more will be wanted before long. Also I am expected to dance all the evening to please the sailors. After all, there is some fun in showing these timber-toed lubbers what dancing really means. But I am afraid that Dan Mizen suspects me; he is always on the watch.

"R. L.

"P.S.—They have had a doctor to see him. He reports that the patient can't last more than twenty-four hours. The woman has carried off his clothes, and I caught her searching the pockets. Also Dan Mizen has been making observations about captures and such things. My own idea is that he is trying to make something for himself out of the man's death. Act at once if there is anything to be done."

Helen read this letter aloud and waited for a response, looking to George first.

He thought for a minute.

"If the man's testimony is to be of any use to us," he said, "it must be got at once."

"We can do without it, George, but we shall be stronger with it."

"Then I will go myself and get it out of him."

Helen turned to Ben. "What do you think, Ben?"

He was putting on his overcoat.

"Think?" he asked, with impatience glittering in his pale blue eyes. "What is a man to think? Here's the murderer going to cheat the gallows, and no one to interfere but me. Think? Why, that we must go to the nearest police-station and arrest him, dead or alive."

"We will go, Ben, you and I. No George"—she put him back gently as he rose to go with her—"it isn't altogether my fancy, but I want to finish this work with Ben and our friends. I want you to remain where you are, unknown and unsuspected till the time comes."

"The time, the time! Oh, Helen, I cannot believe the time will ever come!"

"It has come, George; it is here already. Have patience for a single day—only a single day—and you will find that it has really come for you, and for Ruth and for me. My heart is very full, dear friend; but the work is nearly done, and this night, please God, will finish it. Do not wait for me. I am safe with Ben and Rupert."

It was nine o'clock. As Helen opened the door a van drove up, and a man, jumping down, began to hand out parcels.

"Here you are, Miss," he said. "Name, Lemire."

"I will call Madame Lemire. Please bring in the things."

The professor came, Madame being out on a little Christmas marketing.

"Turkey for Mr. Lemire—sausages for Mr. Lemire—barrel of oysters, Mr. Lemire. That all right? Case of wine, Mr. Lemire—box of French plums, Mr. Lemire—ditto ditto, boxes of preserved fruit—bon-bons—one, two, three, five; that's right. Very sorry, sir, to be so late."

"But these can't be for me!" cried the bewildered professor.

"Quite right, sir—quite right; ordered two hours ago; nothing to pay. Stop a minute! Pheasant for Mr. Lemire—wild duck, Mr. Lemire—cod's head and shoulder, Mr. Lemire."

"But, my friend, I have ordered none of these things."

"Didn't say you had, sir. Friend, I suppose, ordered 'em all. Christmas time, you know. Hamper besides; don't know what's in the hamper. Where's that box Jim? We was told to take very particular care of that box. Here you are, sir—box for Mr. Lemire. Think that's all, sir. You'll have to sign here—so—and here's a letter."

By this time Ruth Warneford, Antoinette, and the children were gathered in the little hall gazing at the treasures which lay piled one above the other, cumbering the way. The professor, balancing himself upon his toes, gesticulated, laughed, and remonstrated. But before they knew what had happened, the men with the van had driven off, and they were left with their boxes.

"But what does it mean? Is it St. Nicholas? Is it the good Christmas fairies? Is it a gift of Heaven?" and the professor was helpless, "My dear young lady," he addressed Helen, "I assure you on the word of an artist, that the resources of the establishment at this moment go no farther than the prospect of a leg of mutton, without a plum-pudding, for Christmas Day. You will hardly believe me, but that is the fact; and my wife has now gone out with Gaspard in the hope of purchasing that leg at a reasonable cost; and here are turkey, sausages, oysters, pheasant, wild duck, wine—apparently champagne, vin d

champagne!—French plums, fruits, cod-fish, bon-bons. Children, children, you are about to taste unheard-of luxuries. It is a return into Egypt."

"And the box, father. What is in the box?"

Ben produced that knife of his, which, when not in active service in cutting tobacco, was useful as a screw-driver, as a crow-bar, or a marline-spike, or a hammer, or as any implement likely to be required on board of a sailing-ship. With the help of this he opened the box. The contents were covered with paper.

"Stop! stop!" said Nettie. "This is too delicious. Let us carry everything into the class-room."

All the things made a gallant show on the bare floor—such a picture as might have been painted and hung upon the walls of some great banqueting hall. It would have been called Christmas Plenty in the Olden Time. The game lay in an inner circle, surrounded by the boxes of fruit, and the cases of wine. The barrel of oysters formed a sort of tower in the centre, and the children were gathered around the mysterious box, over which Helen stood as guard.

All was silence while she opened the first parcel.

It was wrapped in tissue paper, as costly things should be, and on it was a card, "For Nettie." Opened, it proved to contain a winter jacket of the very finest and best. The next was marked, "For Charlotte." That contained a brand-new dress, warm and soft; and so with all the rest. For the girls, dresses; and for each of the boys—the parcels being labelled, "for Gaspard, care of his father," and so on—a bank note, white and crisp.

Never was there such a Christmas present.

"But nothing at all for Ruth?" cried Nettie. "Oh, Ruth, it is a shame!"

"Had you not better read your letter, professor?" asked Helen.

"Ah, to be sure. The letter! the letter! Now it is strange that I should have forgotten the letter. Gaspard, my son, take the violin So. Come, here is a letter, children."

Instead of reading it aloud, and at once, he began by solemnly taking Ruth's hand and raising it to his lips with the courtesy of the "ancien régime."

"Listen, children. This is all the letter:

"For those who love Ruth, and have been kind to her."

"That is all, children, that is all." The professor blew his nose. "Always a blessing to us, from the day when God's providence brought her to our home—always the sunshine of our house."

"No, no," cried Ruth. "You have been my parents, my family—all to me."

"It is from her earnings," the professor went on, "from her poor earnings, that our Christmas fare was to have come, because, I confess to you, Mademoiselle Elwood, that art is not remunerative in this quarter. But, pardon, mademoiselle, you were going out when these grand things arrived. You have delayed yourself on our account."

"Yes, I have to go out for an hour. Come, then, good night, Nettie; good night, children all. I am sure you deserve all the good fortune that can befall you."

Ruth ran after her.

"Helen, tell me what do you think it means? Is it John? Do you think it is John?"

"My dear, perhaps it is John. Do you remember the promise in the church?"

"Do I remember? Ah, Helen, can I forget?"

Helen hurried away, but as she opened the door she heard the professor strike up a cheerful note.

"Now, children all! The joyful dance of the Happy round the Monument of Plenty. Mademoiselle Antoinette will commence. Where, oh where is Rupert?"

And when Madame Lemire returned bringing with her the humble leg of mutton, she found the children executing one of the professor's highest conceptions—a Pastoral Piece—round such a display of splendid things as even Leadenhall market could not surpass.

CHAPTER X.

BEN HAS HIS REVENGE.

OUT in the cold December evening Helen and Ben walked through the streets crowded with the late buyers in the Christmas markets. The old man was silent, thinking over his baffled hopes of justice. It was a bitter pill for him to swallow. After all these years, in which every day brought before him in stronger colours the blackness of the treachery which lost the Lucy Derrick, and destroyed so many lives; and after finding his enemy, the last and worst of the whole mutinous crew, to learn first that Christian forgiveness might have to include even that desperate villain, and then that a more potent hand of justice than even British law was taking him away from his grasp;—all this was too much for the good old man. Helen divined his thoughts, and tried to lead them back to other matters. "You will be rejoiced, Ben, to see Mr. Warneford's good name restored, will you not?"

"Ay, ay, Miss Helen. Not that it makes any difference to him, nor

to you, nor to me neither, in so far as my respects is concerned. Boston Tom is at the bottom of that villainy too."

"He was, Ben, and if he is on his deathbed we must forgive him that as well as the greater crime."

Ben made no answer.

They came into Whitechapel High-street, all ablaze with gaslight, and presently arrived at the house.

The door was open, but there was no one in the front room, where Rupert had been wont of late to entertain roystering Jack and his friends with an exhibition of his art. No one in the passage, no one on the stairs—all was dark and silent.

They waited. What to do next? and where to go?

Presently they heard a voice upstairs, and footsteps.

Ben listened.

"That's Master Rupert," he said. "Follow close to me, Miss Helen."

The room was lit by a single gas-jet, flaring high, like one of those which decorated the butchers' stalls outside. It was an old-fashioned wainscoted room, but the paint was thick with dirt, and the ceiling, which had once, perhaps, been whitewashed, was blackened with smoke and grimed with age. It was furnished with a low, rickety wooden bed, and with a couple of chairs—nothing else, not even a washstand or a table. And on the bed, propped up by pillows, sat Boston Tom. He was dying; his cheeks were white and sunken; the old wound at the side of his lip showed red and ghastly against the deadly pallor of his cheek; his hair lay over his low, receding forehead; round his shoulders was thrown an old pea-jacket; and in his trembling fingers he held a tumbler half full of rum.

He looked round and saw his visitors, with a curious smile.

"Ben Croil, is it?" he gasped; "old Ben Croil the bo's'n. Thought you was dead, mate. Thought you was cast away in the captain's gig—you and the young lady and George Warneford. Glad you're not; that makes three less—every little counts. Three less; bully for you, Boston Tom."

He raised the tumbler to his lips, and would have let it fall in his weakness, but for Rupert, his sole companion, who held it for him while he drank, with a look half of apology and half of recognition at Helen and Ben.

"It is all we can do for him now," he exclaimed.

"Does he know it?" whispered Helen. "Does he know his condition?"

The man, who had closed his eyes for a moment, opened them and bestowed a wink upon her which saved the trouble of speech.

How to address this man? How to touch with the slightest spark of human feeling, a heart so callous and so seared?

Ben Croil saved her the trouble of consideration. He stepped to the foot of the bed and gazed steadfastly in the face of his enemy.

"At last I've found you," he said.

"Ay, mate, you've found me, and none too soon. Guess I'll save my neck yet." He spoke with an effort, but there was the determination of keeping it up to the end in his face.

"Where's that rope you spoke about, bo's'n?" he went on. "Cheated you, after all. Boston Tom's booked. Look ye here, mate, all of them fellows is dead and gone, every man Jack of them. Some of 'em drowned; some of 'em cut up for food when we took to the boats; some of 'em food for sharks. Youngster, give me hold of that bottle." He took a pull at the rum and went on, after a fit of coughing, which might have killed an ostrich. "Ugh, it's this cough that prevents me from talking; prop me up a bit more, boy. So, Ben, you're done this time."

"Say you're sorry, mate," said Ben, in whose mind, touched by the sight of the forlorn wretch, Helen's teaching suddenly sprang up full blown into charity. "Say you're sorry."

"What's the use of that?" asks the impenitent murderer. "That won't bring back the Lucy Derrick. Of course I'm sorry. Who wouldn't be sorry with nothing but the gallows or the black box? Sorry!" Then he turned to Rupert. "See, boy, you're a trump; you've looked after me when all the lot bolted; you're the one as has stuck to me these days, and never let me want for nothing. So I'll give you all I've got left, and that's a word of advice. If you go to sea, don't go mutineering, and keep your hands from slaughtering captains and mates. Then you'll live to be a credit to your family."

"Are you sorry for nothing else, Thomas Pringle?" Helen asked.

"Lots," he replied. "Lots. Buckets full. But then Thomas Pringle is gone for many a year, and Boston Tom's took his place."

"In the case of George Warneford now, the man who escaped with me in the boat——"

"Ay, ay. I remember well; that was a bad job, that was."

"I know all about it," said Helen; "your brother Samuel told me."

"Did he now?" Boston Tom asked the question with an air of keen interest. "Did he really? I did use to tell him that, if he ever split on that job, I'd take him out some dark night—say Hampstead-heath way—and brain him; so I would have done too, three years ago. Suppose it's no use thinking of that now; can't be done."

"All about it," continued Helen. "Samuel forged the cheque at your instigation."

"So he did, so he did; that's a fact. I wanted the money bad, very bad I wanted the money at that time. Warneford got it hot, and I laughed."

"Samuel has written a confession of the whole," Helen went on; "but I want your confession."

"Then, my lady, you won't get it; so you may go away again, and leave me here till the time's up. More rum, my lad."

He lay back after this effort, and closed his eyes, exhausted. He opened his eyes again after a few minutes, and uttered, with great enjoyment:

"Catch a weasel asleep! If Sam has confessed, that's all you want if he hasn't, you don't catch me napping."

"He has confessed indeed," said Helen. "Do you think I would bring you an untruth, now of all times in the world?"

He shook his head.

"There's one thing more to be said, Boston Tom," Ben stuck in. "'Tis a small matter, this old forging business, and if Miss Elwood wants your name at the foot of a bit of paper, you may as well put it there. Murder's different, and, by George, if you don't do what she asks, I'll step out and fetch a policeman. If you can't be hanged, you shall sit in a cell without the rum."

"Give me another drop, boy."

"Let be, let be!" said Ben, interposing and snatching the bottle from Rupert. "Not another drop shall you have until you've made that there confession."

The dying man stretched out his hands with a gesture of despair.

"Not the rum!" he cried, "not the rum. Take anything away, but leave me that. You, boy; you're stronger than him; fight him for it; tear it out of his hands; make him give it up to you. Up, boy, and fight him!"

But to his surprise the boy joined his enemies.

"You shall have your rum," he said, "when you have signed the paper."

Then he lost his courage, and began to moan and whine exactly like his brother Samuel.

"I'll sign anything," he said, "if you will give me the bottle."

Helen wrote rapidly. She had all the facts, and wanted nothing but a simple declaration. In a few minutes she was ready.

"Listen now. Tell me if this is all you have to say:

"'I, the undersigned, believing myself to be dying, solemnly declare that the forgery for which George Warneford, clerk to the house of Batterick and Baldwin, was convicted and sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, was committed by my brother, Samuel Pringle, clerk

in the same firm. I also declare that the whole of the forgeries, of which that was the last, were by the same Samuel Pringle. They were committed at my own instigation, and for my own profit; I had the spending of the money, and Samuel Pringle, my brother, never touched a penny of it. George Warneford knew nothing about it from the beginning to the end.'"

"That's about all," said Thomas Pringle. "I've nothing more to say; it's quite time; give me the bottle."

"Not yet," said Ben. "Take time—so! Now sign as well as you can."

Helen guided the fingers while the signature of Boston Tom slowly drew itself across the bottom of the page; then the pen fell from his hand, and Boston Tom's head fell back upon the pillow. For a while they thought him dead, but he was not; he opened his eyes and motioned for the rum, which Rupert held to his mouth.

"Leave me to the boy," he sighed wearily.

While they thus looked on at this miserable ending of a shameful life, there was a noise below, and steps were heard upon the stairs. The door opened, and Dan'l Mizen appeared; behind him two policemen.

"There he is, gentlemen," said the ex-ship's boy, eagerly. "There he is! That's Boston Tom, the ringleader of the murderers. And, oh! here's Mr. Croil, gentlemen." He turned to the policemen. "Bear witness for me, I'm the first to give information. I'm Queen's evidence. I'm the one that came forward first."

"Thomas Pringle, alias Boston Tom," said one of the policemen, "I've got a warrant for you. It's mutiny and murder on the high seas; and remember, what you say now may be used against you in evidence."

Boston Tom raised his dying head, and looked about him, trying to recollect.

"It's all a dream," he said. "What's gone before in the dream? You're Bo's'n Croil; you are old Ben. I know you. There's Dan Mizen. We're all honest men here, play fair and square, drink square and fair, pay up and play again. Pass the rum, my boy."

And with these words Boston Tom laid his head back upon the pillow and closed his eyes. They waited for five minutes. He did not open his eyes. One of the constables took his hand and felt his pulse. The hand was cold, and the pulse had stopped.

He had gone before another Judge.

CHAPTER XI.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE next day was a day of mystery. Miss Elwood had a long talk in the morning with Madame Lemire and Antoinette. the result of which

was a great crying of all three, followed by mighty preparations, the like of which had never before been witnessed in Yendo Street.

It was holiday with the professor; but he, too, conscious of impending change, roamed restlessly from one of the two rooms to the other.

Ruth stole out after breakfast, accompanied by Charlotte, and took refuge in the church, where she had her organ to attend to till dinner time. When she returned, she too felt that it was a very curious and mysterious day. Old Ben, who, like the rest, was restless and disturbed, opened the door and poked his head in just to say, in a hoarse whisper:

"It is all right at last, Miss. Heart up, pretty," and then he disappeared.

Nettie, too, came rushing up from the kitchen once in every quarter of an hour, just on purpose to kiss and hug her, and then, after a pirouette or two of wonderful dexterity, rushed downstairs again and disappeared.

And then the professor came and sat with her—the kind professor, her devoted friend. He too was silent and restless; he could not sit still, he fidgeted on his chair, he stood on his toes, he danced on his elastic feet from one end of the room to the other, and then, before finally dancing out—which he did after half an hour of this performance—he took Ruth's head in his hands, and kissed her on the forehead.

And when he was gone, Ruth felt that he had dropped a tear upon her brow. For everybody now, except the children and herself, knew the whole story. They knew now what it all meant, the mystery of all this coming and going; they knew now the reason why this mysterious couple, this so-called brother and sister, had sought out these obscure lodgings in the unknown region of America Square. Helen, before going out on her errand of victory that morning, had told Madame Lemire the whole story. Therefore Nettie and her mother had a good cry, and cried at intervals during the whole day, insomuch that the grand culinary operations were as much wept over as if they had been intended for the cold meats of a funeral banquet. They told Charlotte, and Charlotte, after telling Gaspard and Rupert, crept upstairs and sat on a footstool, with Ruth's hand in hers, thinking what a wonderful story it was; and then, because we all want to have a little of our own interest in everything, realized how dull the days would be without Ruth to cheer them up.

"Tell me what it means, Charlotte," said Ruth. "What is the matter with everybody? Is it on account of the mysterious Christmas present?"

Charlotte shook her head.

"Better than that," she said. "That means only feasting. Far bet-

ter than that; something very, very good, Ruth—something that will make us all happy; because it will make you happy. Think of the very best that could happen to you, the very best, you know—not a silly wish, not something, you know, for to-day or to-morrow, but for always—and then be quite sure you will have it; and more—yes, more."

The afternoon dragged on, and the early evening brought blindman's holiday. Then the children came flocking in, to sit round the fire and talk, as was their usual custom, with Ruth Warneford to tell them stories. But she told them none that evening, because she was anxious and disturbed.

Presently, one by one, the rest came in. The professor, without his violin, balancing himself on tiptoe; Nettie and Madame dressed as for some unusual ceremony, and with looks of great mystery. The boys came in too, Rupert and Gaspard—the former with folded arms and a certain melodramatic gloom, the latter bursting with the importance of having a real and wonderful secret to tell.

The elders tried to talk, but it was no use. Conversation flagged, and a damper was thrown on any more efforts by the sudden breaking out into sobs and tears of Madame Lemire. When Nettie and Charlotte followed, and all three fell to kissing Ruth and crying over her at the same time, the professor, followed by his two eldest sons, retired to the class-room, whence presently issued the well-known strains of the violin, accompanied by sounds indicating that, with his two sons, the professor was seeking consolation in Art. As for the children, all this crying, with the house full of the most enjoyable and hitherto undreamed-of good things, seemed a kind of flying in the face of Providence; so that when, at six o'clock, a carriage drove to the door, it was a great relief. The professor returned and lit the gas, and the others formed a group involuntarily.

Helen was the first who entered, and she was followed by Mr. Baldwin and John Wybrow.

John Wybrow? Was it possible? Then this great thing was—was——

"My own dear, dear, dear Ruth," said John, quite naturally, holding her in his strong arms. "Don't cry, my darling. It is all right at last, and here is Mr. Baldwin to tell you so."

"We have done a great wrong, my dear," he said solemnly; "a very great wrong, and God forgive us for our hard hearts, and for our readiness to think evil. I am here to ask your pardon—very humbly to ask your pardon. Take her, John, and make her happy." He spoke as one deeply moved.

"And where, Miss Elwood, where——"

He looked round the room.

"Not here—come upstairs, Ruth dear, with me; Mr. Baldwin and all of you—yes, all of you. Come, kind friends all. Ruth, there is one more surprise for you, and then we shall have finished."

She spoke with quivering lips, and led the way upstairs.

Her brother, standing impatiently before the fire, sprang to meet her.

"Yes, George," said Helen; "It is done. Ruth, dear, this is not my brother, but my betrothed. It is your own brother; your own brother George. Do you not remember him now? Yes, Ruth, your brother restored to you indeed, and his innocence established before all the world."

Then said Mr. Baldwin, who leaned upon John Wybrow while he spoke, and spoke very slowly:

"George Warneford," he said, "I have been thinking in the carriage what I should say to you, and could think of nothing; no, nothing that would express my sorrow and my joy."

George Warneford shook hands with him without a word. He could find no words; his sister was clinging to his neck weeping the tears of joy and thankfulness, and his own heart was overcharged.

"I have sinned greatly," said Mr. Baldwin; "I was too ready to believe evil. I should have known all along that your father's son could not—could never have done that thing."

"Say no more, sir," said George; "let the past sleep; tell me only that you are quite and truly satisfied."

"I cannot let the past be forgotten, George. A great injury has been committed, and a great reparation must follow; the reproaches that I have hurled at you in my thoughts for the last eight years have come back upon my own head; nothing can ever make me forget. You kind friends," said the old man, turning to the professor and his family, who were gathered, not without an instinctive feeling as to artistic grouping, in the doorway, "who have entertained Ruth Warneford as one of yourselves, and have known her story all along, how shall we thank you? To-morrow is Christmas Day, but on the day following I shall proclaim George Warneford's innocence to all the people of the firm, and, in their presence, humbly ask this injured man for pardon."

"No, sir, no. My kind old master, there is nothing to forgive."

"John, my boy"—Mr. Baldwin turned to his nephew—"tell me what I ought to do."

"First ask George to let me marry Ruth," said John, holding out his hand.

"Granted at once," said George; "that is, if Ruth says Yes."

They shook hands, and the audience—the Lemires—clapped their hands and shouted.

"What next shall I do, John?" asked Mr. Baldwin, wiping his eye-glasses with his handkerchief.

"The next thing you must do is to give away Helen Elwood on her wedding-day, which must be mine and Ruth's as well; and you must buy her the very handsomest present that you can think of; no curmudgeonly gift will do."

The audience clapped their hands again, approving this. John Wybrow, who was a practical man, then said there had been enough of tears.

"Ay, ay, John. What next?"

This time it was old Ben who stepped to the front, and touched his gray old forelock.

"Beg pardon, sir, there's one that ought to be remembered. Who found out Boston Tom and sat by him night and day, so that he couldn't escape if he wished, and stuck to him? Stand for'ard, Master Rupert. That's the lad, sir. He wants to go to sea; give him a passage out and back in one of your own ships."

Mr. Baldwin shook hands with Rupert, now of a rosy hue.

"You shall have whatever you like to ask for, young gentleman, if I can give it."

Once more a round of applause from the family. By a dexterous movement of the right leg, Rupert gracefully stepped over their heads, and deposited himself in the background.

"And nothing for you, Mr. Croil?"

"Nothing for me, sir," said the old sailor. "I belong to Miss Helen."

"Anything else, John?" asked Mr. Baldwin, still unsatisfied.

"You ought to give desks in your office to as many of Mr. Lemire's sons as like to accept them; and, my dear uncle, the partnership which you promised to me, and which I threw over with so much bravado in the church——"

"It is yours, my boy, to begin from the new year."

"No, give it to George Warneford, as some reparation for his eight years of unmerited suffering."

"That will not be fair," said George.

"But the audience clapped their hands again.

"Both of you, both of you," said Mr. Baldwin. "The firm can take in both. And what more, John?"

"Why, sir," said John, "I find that Madame Lemire would be delighted if we would all stay and take supper here; and I really think that, if the professor would allow such a thing, we might have a little dance downstairs before supper."

Again the audience clapped their hands, and there was a move to the class-room.

The professor took his violin of ceremony.

"Simple quadrille of four," he announced. "Mr. Warneford and Miss Elwood at the head, Mr. Wybrow and Miss Warneford for vis-à-vis."

He struck the floor with his foot, and began to play. It was a lame sort of quadrille at first, because two of the performers had tearful eyes, and would rather have sat in a corner. But John Wybrow knew what he was about and what was best for everybody.

Then they had a waltz, and Rupert danced with Ruth, while John took Helen.

Then began the dancing of high Art, after this respect to social usage.

"Danse de Foie!" cried the professor. "Pas seul, Mademoiselle Lemire; pas de deux, Mademoiselle Lemire and Monsieur Rupert Lemire."

At eight, Madame Lemire announced that supper was ready, and they all filed in. Needless to tell all the splendours of this wedding feast, only, as they entered the room, an unexpected sight greeted their eyes. Rupert, holding a sword in his hands, was standing on the table and, as they crowded in, executed a grand dance among the dishes, as difficult and as original as any Indian dance among eggs. And such was the love of the Lemire family for Art, that this spectacle gave them more delight and pride even than the pheasants and cold turkey, with champagne, which followed.

Mr. Baldwin, after supper, asked if he might propose a toast.

"Not the health and happiness of George and Ruth Warneford," he said; "that is deep in all our hearts. I propose that we drink the health of Professor Lemire, who is a good and a kind man, that we wish him all the success that he wishes for himself, and more; and that we thank him and his wife, and his children, one and all, for their faithful love and care of Ruth. Let us promise never to forget the great debt we owe him—a debt so heavy, that no service could pay it off; a debt, my dear friends, which we would not pay off if we could. For in this house Ruth was received with love, and brought up, in God-fearing ways of truth and religion, for you, George Warneford, and for us."

* * * * *

My story is told. You will see now, reader, who has told it. The writer is my wife—my Helen. Twenty years have passed since that day, and we are old married people. Some of those who played their part in the drama have departed from us; old Ben is gone, and Mr. Baldwin; the professor, who caught a cold from going into the rain in

his pumps, is gone too ; his wife was not long in following him. The young Lemires, however, have done well. Rupert went out for his voyage, but, once in Melbourne, stopped there, and is there still. He long since married, but he sends Ruth a present every year. His sister Nettie went on the stage as a danseuse, and after two or three years danced herself into the affections of a young fellow, who only wanted a wife to make him the steadiest and best of men. She took care of all the younger branches, except Charlotte, who lives with Ruth Wybrow, and is a second mother to the children.

And as for me, I am at the head of the firm of Batterick and Baldwin, the other partner being John Wybrow. Our chief clerk is Gaspard Lemire. I got the Queen's pardon, which was necessary, Mr. Baldwin said, for my complete restoration to the world ; and I had the temporary annoyance of seeing my story told in the papers, and mangled in the telling too. I can never be too grateful for the recovery of my good name ; but the thing for which I am most constantly and unceasingly grateful is for the gift of a perfect wife—the most divine gift that was ever vouchsafed to man.

To the Reader.—Owing to the length of this story we are compelled to greatly curtail the several Departments following, and to omit our monthly Book List altogether.

Topics of the Time.

THE CHURCH AND THE THEATRE.

Ought clergymen to smile on the theatre? This is a question which Professor Blackie, with characteristic daring, bearding Puritanism in its native home, answers in the affirmative. It is now causing discussion in our own newspapers. The question is one of great interest, and we should be glad if we could say that the problem it involves had been solved by the Greek professor. More than a year ago that great actor, Mr. Irving, invited clergymen to attend the theatre in order that their influence should repress what was bad, and in no special way, as he contended, connected with the drama. It is fifteen years since Mr. Gladstone made a speech, in which he spoke enthusiastically of the educational influence of the theatre. But the drama in the mind of Professor Blackie is the drama of Shakspeare, or a drama inspired by a genius as pure, if not as great. The theatre in the mind of Mr. Gladstone was that theatre in which Charles Kean had beggared himself by his Shakspearean revivals, and that earlier theatre to which the world owes so much—which is connected with the sublimity of Æschylus, the pathos of Euripides, and the greatness of Sophocles.

On the Saturday prior to opening his Greek class, the Professor had witnessed Mr. Irving in two plays, "Hamlet" and "the Bells," both of a high moral character. Does the conclusion follow, that the modern stage is "performing nobly its proper function" as practically as a national pulpit? It does this undoubtedly "on some occasions;" but this is all that can be said. The Professor never saw anything to be condemned, at any of the great theatres, and never found himself in bad company in a pit; and he declares that with regard to public amusements generally, the clergymen of Scotland had taken a false position, and would have to "wheel right about" if they meant to do any good.

We think what Professor Blackie says is worthy of consideration as far as it goes, but he does not cover the whole ground or meet the case. There is undoubtedly a modern drama which is impure in motive and texture, in which the plots and dialogues are as objectionable as one of Wycherly's comedies; there is a comic opera which in matter, and still more in the way it is put on the stage, has the reverse of ennobling influence; there are ballads of which the less said the better, though we are far indeed from saying a ballad may not be a pure and delightful performance; there are the late hours in big cities like Edinburgh and New York; there is the influence of money, to which stage managers have shown themselves susceptible in a way better not dwelt on; there is the peril of a vagrant profession, success in which leads to intoxicating wealth, and still more intoxicating flattery: all this and

more, is in the mind when "the theatre" is spoken of. Professor Blackie, we fear, has not cut the knot; but it may be the knot is to be cut, and whether it can or no, well deserves the discussion alike of clergy and laity. Puritanism went too far; it is possible to go too far in the other direction. Men will have their "cakes and ale," but there is no reason why they should not so have them that the best of divines would find it quite consistent to give his blessing.

IMPERIALISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

A telegram informs the world that a newspaper called the *Empire*, and intended to be published three times a week, has been lately started in New Orleans. At the head of the first page is a medal on which Grant is represented wearing a laurel wreath. Above is the inscription "Ulysses Imperator," beneath the words "The Empire is peace;" words uttered by Napoleon III. in one of his oracular speeches. The thing is evidently an elaborate joke, intended probably to injure the Republican party. But it would have no point unless there had been a good deal of talk about Grant's possible designs to convert the Republic into an empire. It is hard to find any justification in his conduct, for attributing such designs to him. But nothing is more common than to hear Democrats express their fears of "Grant's bayonets." It was the *Herald* first started the idea that Grant wanted to play the part of Cæsar. Even so sage a newspaper as the New York *Nation* called attention recently to the fact that troops were being concentrated at Washington, and that General Grant had begun the preparation of his annual message. Unfortunately some of the party managers on both sides show an unscrupulousness from which anything might be expected. But there is no sign that either the leading men, who in the end control, or the people at large, have in the least forgotten their loyalty to institutions which, after all defects are conceded, must be pronounced admirable of their kind. It may be considered ominous that a fear of Cæsarism should be uttered in any part of the country. But you can hardly conceive despotic power as existing for a week throughout a community so intelligent and so fertile in resource. The natural genesis, however, of despotism, is the subjugation of a whole people by means used to crush a part; the sooner, therefore, the reign of the carpet bagger in the South is brought to a close, the better.

MEDICAL TESTIMONY.

The case of McCrae, who was recently tried in Hamilton for the murder of his wife, brings up the question of medical testimony in its bearing on judicial inquiry, and, we may add, on the character of a great profession as well as on public morality. The scandalous spectacle which persistently disgraces courts of justice—one army of skilled witnesses contradicting another army of skilled witnesses, has before now called forth the eloquent condemnation of the greatest ornament of the English Bench. The medical part of a murder case

is generally of a character to which only a Molière could do justice. Had we amongst us the great ridiculer of the quacks of the seventeenth century we should have a comedy of the "Medical Witnesses," which would soon bring about the needed reform. On the trial of the celebrated Palmer, the poisoner, the present Chief Justice of England, who was Attorney-General at the time, in summing up the evidence, spoke with withering denunciation of the suborned testimony of the medical experts. Yet, so far as we know, no step has ever been taken in parliament to meet the reason of the case.

We are ruled by an intricate system of law; and, as the object of every trial is to ascertain whether an accused person is or is not guilty of offending against its commands, the accused is entitled to the advocacy of persons "learned in the law." All witnesses who know anything of the facts should be at his command. The testimony of persons acquainted with customs bearing on his case is important; and, so long as no abuse follows, each side should be at liberty to call as many medical men as thinks fit. But no feature of judicial inquiry has been so much abused as that of medical testimony. It does not fulfil the purpose of testimony; for, instead of throwing light on the case, it confuses the jury, who have after all to take certain broad surgical facts, and construct their own theory. Nevertheless, for an hour or more the humiliating farce will have gone on; the court contemptuous, the throng laughing, as one file of practitioners declare that a wound could only have been caused in one way, while the opposing file call their Maker to witness, and pawn all their skill in asseverating, it could only have been caused in a manner diametrically opposite. Why is all this? The answer is such as should lead to a loud call to turn the hose on this dirty part of our judicial administration. One side is feed to swear for the accuser, the other for the accused. You cannot prosecute for perjury, and the remedy must be found in the removal of what has been found to be useless.

Take away from each side the power of calling medical witnesses, save only those who apart from their skill have a status as witnesses. Let there be in every district two medical men whose duty it shall be to attend to cases of wounding and murder and the large class of kindred offences, who may be called into court by either party, to enlighten the inquest, but whose fee will come, not immediately out of the pocket of prosecutor or prosecuted, but, out of that of the township, city, or village. This plan would, we fear, diminish the profits of the medical profession, not, however, as professional men but as "professional witnesses." It would add slightly to the burdens in communities, which could be balanced by fees. There would be no loss; the ultimate quotient would, we believe, show a pecuniary gain. But even were there a loss, ample compensation would be found in the clearance from our courts of a great scandal which strikes at the morals of the whole people, degrades the noblest of all professions, and brings into derision the administration of the law.

Olla Podrida.

"To every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under the heaven:" a time for plain fare and a time for plum-pudding; a time to be matter-of-fact and a time to be sentimental. Christmas is pre-eminently the season for plum-pudding and sentimentality, and the considerate reader will, therefore, forgive me if I discover a tendency to moralize a little. How is it, by the way, that an all-embracing charity is most frequently to be found in the atmosphere of good cheer? Suppose, now, that I preach a little homily suited to this festive season! There are sermons and sermons. There are sermons which are "rousing," and there are sermons which are quite otherwise. The author of "*Punch's* advice to those about to marry" made an equally brilliant *mot*, which is still retold by his friends. It was:—Advice to those who cannot sleep—Change your clergyman! I would not, for worlds, preach a Christmas homily likely to disturb the peace of mind of any one, for I would have every reader of this magazine of the opinion that Robin Good-fellow is not a bad fellow. The comic almanacs will tell you that this is the season for making good resolutions. What *I* trust is, that it may prove fruitful of good impulses, for I have no faith whatever in the making of good resolutions. It has always seemed to me that preachers and moralists, in dealing with practical ethics, overlook the value of a good impulse, and over-estimate that of a good resolution. We all know with what the road to a certain place is said to be paved, and the proverb is a satire on the facility with which good resolves are made—and broken. But when we are visited with a good impulse, we are conscious that it is born of something higher than remorse or selfishness, which furnish the incentive to most good resolutions. I believe there is more potential goodness in following out the promptings of one good impulse than in striving to keep a whole Deuteronomy of good resolutions, for a good impulse is fruitful of its kind, while what are called "good resolutions" are only the reaction of individual faults of character.

> "When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
> When the devil got well, the devil a monk was he!"

We can imagine even that personage making good resolutions, but we cannot imagine him visited by good impulses. The application of my little sermon is obvious: I would have us all throw the reins upon the neck of every good impulse, and go confidently whithersoever it leads us, for good impulses are as unerring as are the dictates of the conscience; while the making of good resolutions is a delusion and a snare.

A Canadian newspaper writer recently pointed the moral of his thesis thus:—"but *Tibril dzag dug*, as the Tibetans say." The adage is cribbed from Wilson's *Abodes of Snow*, where, however, the translation is given. There is a tendency amongst a certain class of English writers to use, on every possible occasion, words and phrases which are not English. Of all literary foibles that to my mind is the silliest. It is as if one would impress

his readers with the idea that he (the writer) was *au fait* in all the literary languages, and that it was his very superabundance of learning which constrained him to use a sort of *glossa gentium*. But *simplex munditiis* is as applicable to literary style as to female adornment, and I fail to see the κῦδος of affecting an ignorance of the resources of one's native tongue, or in pretending to a constant subtlety of meaning, in order to express which we must —we must—in fact—*wir müssen uns behelfen*. Any man who had a *scintilla* of νόος about him would know that there was what the Germans call *gefährlichkeit* to vigorous thinking in adopting such *usus scribendi*. *Favete linguis!* ye *gens de lettres*, who can only talk an *olla podrida* of languages.

Not long ago, an English writer said that American authors regarded recognition and acceptance in England as constituting their truest patent of literary nobility. The assertion was challenged and violently repudiated by various newspapers and periodicals in the United States—probably because there was not a little truth in it. What shall we Canadians say, when we find that a book written by one of us, on a subject peculiarly and exclusively Canadian, is classified by no less an authority than the *Saturday Review* as pertaining to "American literature." Yet this is what that periodical does in briefly reviewing Mr. Sandford Fleming's admirable *History of the Intercolonial*, and, on a subsequent occasion, of Mr. Hamilton's *Prairie Province*. We trust the time is not far distant when even the *Saturday Review* may find it necessary to devote some space to "Canadian literature."

It is often said that true art appeals to the boor as well as to the man of æsthetic culture. An experience of my own, during a visit to the Centennial Exhibition, and of which I made special mental note at the time, may serve to illustrate the truth of the remark. It was in the Italian Department, I think, that I came across a tableau of two wax figures, representing a Mary and a dead Christ. The group rivetted my attention. The love, and the anguish, and the reverence imparted to the face of the Mary was more than artistic—it was a triumph of genius. The form of the figures, and the very drapery upon them, were simply perfect, and I (though I have seen Madame Toussaud's), for the first time in my life, realised the fact that a group of wax figures might be made a work of high art. There was the Christ, with the marks of the crown of thorns, with the riven side, and with an expression of inarticulate goodness and departed sanctity that awoke holy memories; there was Mary, too, wistfully gazing upon the dead body with a love more divine than herself might be conscious of. Having noted all this, I raised my eyes in quest of sympathetic appreciation. A respectable-looking workman was standing by my side. He had also been looking at the group, and, in answer to my mute inquiry, he hazarded the remark, in the unmistakeable down-easter' twang:

"Guess he's bin shot."

I solemnly explained to him what I thought was meant to be represented, and while I was still speaking, he said:

"Do tell! Want to know! I guess you're right"—and passed on to look at something else.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Current Literature.

It is impossible to say what revolutions may take place in poetic taste. But it seems to us exceedingly improbable that the heroic couplet will ever again hold the position it once held as a narrative measure. To ears accustomed to the variety of Mr. Tennyson's blank verse, eight cantos of heroic couplets could not fail to sound monotonous, notwithstanding vivid portraiture, rapid action and bright colouring. *Deirdrè [pronounced Deer-dree] does not throughout hold the reader's attention. Nevertheless it is a noble attempt to do for Irish legend what Mr. Tennyson has done for another mine of Celtic poetry. The heroine's beauty is the cause of as many woes as the wrath of Achilles. The poet did well to refine her character in accordance with modern ideas. We think it is a pity he did not vary the poem by giving a more lyrical form to such laments as her farewell to Alba (Scotland), which she regrets leaving as much as Béranger's Marie Stuart fears to visit it, as Queen. Giving the argument of a poem, unless when it is intended to criticise it at length, seems to us a very thankless task. Suffice it to say, that while King Connor is visiting his Story-tellers, Feilimid, a daughter (Deirdrè), is born to the host ; that Caffa, a seer, prophecies her beauty and the evils it would work ; that the nobles counsel the child's destruction ; but the King orders it to be shut up in a gardened building until old enough to be his wife. The description of the growing girl here is very beautiful, and forms an excellent contrast for the scenes of battle which are to follow. Of course she falls in love with another than the King—Naisi—by whom and his friends she is carried away. After much warlike incident, the clan go over to Alba, and accept military service under the Albanian King, who unfortunately falls in love with Deirdrè, whereupon her husband and his tribe escape to one of the Hebrides. They are induced to visit Erin, and go back to Esmania, where they are entertained by the false King.

Alas ! for love, the slayer of brave men,

They are slain while sleeping off the weariness of toil, and the fumes of "ruddy wine," and the three leaders, Naisi and his brothers, are bound and condemned to die. The poem concludes with Deirdrè dropping dead on her husband's breast. The description of his sorrow is pathetic and powerful.

The author's style has been compared to that of Mr. Morris, but there is much less dreaminess about his muse. There are superficial resemblances, but Dr. Joyce's verse has far more life and movement than anything which has come from the pen of the author of "the Earthly Paradise.' Itis of Homer his battle pieces will remind the reader. He has a rich vocabulary. But not only does he weaken his verse by unnecessary amplification—a fault to be expected at times where there's a rich vocabulary—he destroys too often

* *Deirdrè, No Name Series*, Boston ; Roberts Brothers. Toronto : Hart & Rawlinson, 1876.

the magic of poetry by the use of familiar expressions. Nor does he leave enough work for the reader's imagination. The following description of "Dawn" is very beautiful, but it would have been more effective if the lines italicized had been condensed, we were about to add, omitted, but that we were conscious some fine colours would thus be taken from the picture :—

A monstrous wave
Upheaved its broad gray back, and murmuring drave
Along the sound from answering shore to shore,
While clear and sweet, commingling with its roar,
Came sounds of blowing conch and breathing shell
And of all things that on the ocean swell
Follow the mariner's bark with omens glad,—
The wheeling sea-fowt and the Dolphin mad
With the keen zest of life ; then silence came,
And the young Dawn arose in ruby flame !

The suddenness of this dawn is not true to local colour ; such suddenness belongs to this continent, but not to the North of Ireland.

Similes are in some cases worked out at too great length, but, generally speaking, with great felicity. Take the following Maini had diffused through King Connor's Court scandal concerning Naisi and Deirdrè.

Therewith vague hints and nods and looks of bale,
Around bright Eman's green he spread the tale
Full secret, as when, 'mid the forest, gleams
A quiet crystal pool, unfed by streams ;
Silent it lies with all its images
Of painted blossoms and sky-piercing trees,
And reed and rocks, till from its oozy bed
The otter sudden rears his murderous head,
Looks round a moment on the grassy plain,
Then turns, and dives, and disappears again ;
Around the spot disturbing wavelets flow,
And to the banks in widening circles go,
Like the fell otter, Maini crept amid
The palace folk, and in his wiles was hid ;
Like the wave circles widening as they sprung,
Spread the black venom of his bitter tongue !

This is a splendid picture :—

They looked, and saw
The eagle of the golden beak and claw,
And bronze-bright feathers shadowy overhead,
And silent on the elastic ether spread
A space, or with alternative flutterings,
Beating the light air with his winnowing wings ;
While, underneath, the quick hares 'gan to flee
Into the brake, save one that tremblingly
Crouched blind with fear. Then, as when 'cross the heaven
On a wild March day the dark wrack is driven,
And a small cloud-rent sails athwart the sun,
Sudden a bright gleam smites the marshland wan,
Arrowy and swift, so like that flash of light,
The mighty King-bird from the heavenly height,
Shot down upon the shuddering prey below,
With a great whirr that raised the powdry snow
In a pale cloud around, and from that cloud
His piercing mort-scream echoed shrill and loud
Upon the listeners' ears, then with his prey
Up through the blue bright heaven he sailed away,

Leaving upon the snow a broad red streak
Of blood behind him.

In this fine piece of painting there is but one defect, and that is in the line

And a small cloud-rent sails athwart the sun.

Not until the reader has thought a second time does he catch what is meant by a cloud-rent sailing across the sun. When the "wrack is driven" that a cloud-rent should "sail" is inconsistent.

Deirdrè proves that another claimant has appeared for the "crown of song" from this generation.

Everything relating to Britain's Great Eastern Empire,* with its population of 200,000,000, ought to possess great interest for every one who speaks the English tongue. That so vast a country should have become tributary to the "tight little isle," is one of the most remarkable facts in history; and that the connection should exist as happily as it does speaks volumes for the wisdom with which British affairs are managed in these days. It was a "happy thought" to send the Queen's eldest son on a visit to India; and how well he discharged the manifold duties of his somewhat trying position, is now matter of history. Mr. Drew Gay, the special correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, has told the story of the Prince's progress in a manner which brings the salient features of it before the reader with remarkable vividness. With the Prince, he landed at Bombay, and with him he passed from place to place, until the Paris of India, Jeypore, was reached. We have pictured to our minds, the magnificent landscape of Ceylon, and the wonderful festivities at Kandy, where, by the way, is exhibited the Buddah's tooth, worth a million sterling! We have brought before us the charms of Calcutta, and the royal landing on the banks of the Hooghly, the grand military spectacle at Delhi—famed in the Mutiny—when the Shahazsada passed the Jumna Musjid in the sight of a score of thousands of people; the Himalayas of Cashmere; the ascent to Jumna on the hill; the barbaric music, and the strange Asiatic costumes which were to be seen in every part of India. It is a book which, though slightly defective in construction, as all books must be which are made out of newspaper letters, has remarkable attractions. The interest of the letterpress is heightened by several illustrations, pourtraying some of the most remarkable scenes witnessed during the royal tour. It is not only a charming book to read, but will be, to every one who obtains it, a most desirable memento of the Prince's Visit to India.

Though well on in the mellow stage of life, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe evinces no falling off in mental activity. Among the writers of the United States she holds the distinguished position of having written the book which has had the largest circulation. She has never done any literary work equal to her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but though that was her masterpiece, she is

* *The Prince of Wales in India*; Or, from Pall Mall to the Punjaub. By F. Drew Gay. Toronto: Belford Bros., 1877.

never uninteresting, never unpleasing. Her "Footsteps of the Master"* is a venture in a new line—new, not in the sense that appeals to the highest and best instincts of humanity (for all her books do that), but that it is a distinctively religious work. It consists of readings and meditations for different church seasons, following the life of Jesus from Advent to Ascension, though without particular regard to ecclesiastical order. There are numerous poems, carols and hymns, interspersed throughout it. The mechanical portions of the book are admirable. The typography is neat; the illuminated titles very pretty, and the illustrations crisp and bright. It is a beautiful holiday book, as well as a helpful manual of religious teaching.

This is the season for Boys' and Girls' books of every kind "The Prattler,"† something of the nature of "Chatterbox," is excellent, both as to stories and illustrations. It has evidently been prepared with great care, and must commend itself to a large constituency.

How cleverly the art of story-telling is manipulated in "the Golden Butterfly"‡ is realized only when we look back on the unnatural characters in whom the authors have managed to interest us. The principal character, Gilead P. Beck, is intended as a study of the citizen of the United States, who has been in a dozen professions, from newspaper editing to mining, who "strikes ile," and who loses a large fortune in a manner which it is no harsh criticism to characterize as fabulous. But for much that is faulty in the book, the authors could, perhaps, plead Thackeray's excuse for never painting a murderer. A murderer, Thackeray said, he had never had the honour to reckon among his friends, or even among his acquaintances. Yet two such writers could not but give some idea of the type of American citizen they sought to depict, and Beck's hopefulness, his independence, his belief in his luck, as typified by the golden butterfly he carries with him, like the amulet of a Catholic devotee, are true American traits; but to think of a shrewd American who had "struck ile," wishing to give away all the money he could not spend, and ready to entrust it to a financier of the class of Baron Grant! Still more preposterous is it, that an American of forty-five, who had "done everything," had travelled from east to west and from west to east, coming north to "his dominion" to find a fortune and found an oil village, could use such a sentence as: "May be I may run a horse in a trotting-match at Saratoga." The racing men of Saratoga, or anywhere else below the line, would be not a little surprised at seeing one "run" a horse in a "trotting-match." There are many other defects in the local colour, which strike even an eye which has not been over the ground, and in the theatrical business the influence of Artemus Ward is too perceptible. The race with the bear, we must frankly tell the authors, seems to us incredible, and yet it is most interesting, because so well told. But, notwithstanding defects which are inseparable from writing about fields which have been brought

* *Footsteps of the Master.* A series of readings, meditations, hymns, poems, etc., following the course of the Life of Our Lord on earth. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Toronto: Belford Bros., 1877.

† *The Prattler.* A story book for boys and girls. 150 illustrations. Toronto: Belford Bros., 1877.

‡ *The Golden Butterfly.* By the Authors of "Ready Money Mortiboy." Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co. 1876.

before us only through the medium of the reports of others and our own fancy, the novel is an interesting one. It is well written. The authors succeed in winning our interest in the fate of more than one of the characters; but we would warn them against yielding too readily to the temptation to go on producing, without taking care that the store-house of observation shall be full.

It is an accepted truth that we must all have cares, and it seems equally accepted, although not so often formulated, that to talk about those cares, to philosophize about them, to point to possible issues of good from them, and to dwell on sources of emotion outside the mutations which are their cause, is a means of escape from the torture of failure, a salve for the sting of disappointment. The author of "The Cares of the World,"* is evidently a man of a gentle spirit and cultivated understanding who brings to his essays on this thorny subject the well-stored mind of a scholar and the piety of a Christian. There is a true vein of originality running through these essays, but it is the originality of a nature that has lived much apart, and not that of boldness of intellect; the originality which is akin to quaintness; the originality of a nature perfectly sincere. There are sixteen essays and much variety. The first essay is on "The Universality and Sympathy of Care;" the last on "Widowhood and its Hopes;" and throughout the whole, written in a fairly agreeable style, there is a great deal of just observation.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Anecdote Biography of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddart. Sans Souci Series. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

Josh Billings' Farmers' Allminax. For the year of our Lord 1877. Being about one hundred and fifty years (more or less) since George Washington smote the cherry trees with hiz little ax. Toronto: Belford Bros.

Canadian Almanack for 1877. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

Infelice. By Augusta J. Evans Wilson, author of "St. Elmo." Toronto: Belford Bros.

Rose in Bloom. By Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women." With Illustrations. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

The Progress of Science.

The handsome building on Richmond street, which has recently been erected by the Canadian Institute, is now almost ready for occupation; so that the ordinary work of the Society will, in the course of the new year, be transacted in its own rooms.

* *The Cares of the World.* By John Webster Hancock, LL.B., Barrister-at-Law. London: James Spiers. 1876.

Undoubtedly the new building will give an impetus to the Society in the prosecution of the objects which it has in view; for, until now, the library accommodation has been very inadequate, and neither reading nor lecture room was commodious or comfortable. The aims of the Society are not so generally known as they ought to be, or a more lively interest would be taken in its proceedings. First among these is the advancement of science, and in fact the Canadian Institute discharges for Ontario the same function that the Royal Society does for England, although on a much smaller scale. Its machinery is the same; weekly meetings for reading, and afterwards discussing scientific papers, are held; a journal (*) of the proceedings is issued quarterly, and a library and reading-room are provided for the accommodation of members. The journal is exchanged for the published transactions of learned societies all over the world, so that the periodical table, furnished, as it is, with reviews and magazines, forms a source of reference equalled by few cities on the continent.

The Society must bring itself, however, into closer relationship with the people, and this cannot be done better than by organizing courses of popular lectures similar to those which are delivered at the Royal Institution, and which have done so much for promoting scientific knowledge among the Londoners.

At a late meeting of German naturalists it was resolved to ask Government aid to found two new zoological stations in the German Ocean, similar to that which has been so ably conducted as a private enterprise by Dr. Anton Dohrn at Naples. The places selected are Kiel and Heligoland, and it was proposed that England should be asked to take part in the establishment of that at the latter place. It is to be hoped that these will meet with more encouragement than the Anderson School of Natural History, which was in working order for a short time on Penikese Island, but which has now become defunct. Surely there are naturalists enough on the continent to render such an institution imperative; it is rather an anomaly that Harvard has to reserve one of the Naples tables for its young zoologists; if the Penikese station were revived this would hardly be necessary. The policy of the German Imperial Government has been so frequently directed to the encouragement of scientific research, that the project for the new European stations is not likely to be quashed for want of funds with which to start them.

In a paper on the mammals of Turkestan (†) Dr. Severtzoff discusses the affinities of the Persian deer (Cervus maral) with our Wapiti (Cervus canadensis.) He arrives at the conclusion that the animals are not specifically different, although the Canadian animal, unlike the Persian, does not change its coat during summer. He proposes the abolition of the local specific title, and the substitution of the specific name Wapiti or Maral for both.

It is sometimes thought that crystallized nitro-glycerine is more sensitive to shocks than the liquid substance. That this is not true has been demonstrated by M. Beckerhinn (‡), whose experiments prove that if a given weight has to fall through a distance δ before it explodes the liquid substance,

* The Canadian Journal—Copp, Clark & Co.

† Am. Mag. Nat. Hist. Nov.

‡ Chem. Cent. Blatt, pp. 449 and 697, 1876.

the same weight has to fall through a distance 2·7δ before it explodes the crystalline substance.

An explanation of the origin of the manganiferous red clay, which I mentioned last month as occupying such a large tract of the sea-bottom, has been offered by Mr. Hardman, of the Irish Geological Survey (*). The globigerma-shells are formed chiefly of carbonate of lime, but also contain carbonates of iron and manganese, and silicate of alumina. In falling to the bottom the carbonate of lime is dissolved, and retained in solution by the water, the other carbonates are oxydized and sink to the bottom with the silicate of alumina. The red clay is composed of the latter, coloured with peroxide of iron, and the manganese takes the nodular form owing to the same molecular law which determines the form in which the carbonate of iron appears in clay ironstone.

A new enemy to the vine seems to have appeared in the vineyards of the Department of the Côte-d'Or in France. (‡) No traces of Phylloxera have been detected either in foliage or roots, and yet little fruit, and that acid, is obtained, and the plants are rapidly dying off. It has been noticed that this is especially the case in porous soil, whereas plants grown on compact soil have yielded a well-coloured fruit, with plenty of sugar. This has suggested a remedy to M. du Mesnil, which, indeed, he proposed before (†) for Phylloxera. He uses a beetling-machine provided with a flat iron plate, and worked by handles. This is used on perfectly dry soil, the surface of which by light, quick blows is rendered so hard that the insects are arrested in their passage from the earth to the leaves, and thus cannot pass through the transformations necessary for their life. This treatment does not succeed with moist soil, which gives under the blows, and would thus be rendered unfertile.

Notes on Education.

Dr. Dawson, the distinguished President of McGill University, Montreal, chose for his inaugural lecture at the recent opening of the University, the subject of "*Student Life in Canada.*" Dr. Dawson has the happy faculty of combining an earnest and pleasant manner in his address to students. Instead of repelling by a cold and professional style of inculcating "wise saws and modern instances," (which students so instinctively abhor), he seeks to win them by his earnest persuasions. The lecture is characterized by wise practical counsel and suggestions.

The Ontario Minister of Education, by invitation, still continues, with great advantage, his official visits to various parts of the Province. He is to

* Darwin—Insectivorous Plants.

† Comptes Rendus v. 83 p. 813.

§ Ann. der. Phys. v. Chem. No. 9, 7876.

take part in the inaugural ceremony of opening a very handsome and spacious central school building recently erected at Guelph.

The question of superseding rural school trustee corporations by Township Boards of School Trustees, is being re-discussed in the interests of economy and efficiency. The feeling in favour of the change is growing rapidly.

One of the most striking signs of literary activity among the schools for promoting secondary education in this country, is the publication by the pupils of various of these institutions, of a monthly publication, edited by themselves. Thus we have the "*Queen's College Journal*"—a very creditable publication of eight pages—issued semi-monthly, by the "Alma Mater Society" of the College; "*The Quarterly*," a more ambitious, but still excellent, "periodical," of twelve pages, published under the auspices of the pupils of the Collegiate Institute at Hamilton; the "*Literary Journal*," an entertaining sheet of four pages, "published by the Welland High School Literary and Scientific Society;" "*The Boys' Herald*," of eight pages, a fair attempt at journalism, published by Messrs. Bower & Perley, St. John, New Brunswick. Of these juvenile, but nevertheless very creditable publications, we remember the following which had once "a local habitation and a name," in connection with their respective Institutions. The first, we believe was "*The Oasis*," "published by the Literary Society of Victoria College, in 1842 or 1843;" "*The Calliopean*," published by the pupils of Prof. VanNorman, Burlington Ladies Academy, at Hamilton, in 1848; "*The Squib*," published by a Literary Society in Hellmuth College, London, in 1860; the "*College Times*," published in 1870-2 by the pupils of Upper Canada College. The pupils of the Wesleyan Female College in Hamilton, prepare a periodical in manuscript, we believe.

The success of the new University scheme, of Nova Scotia, is yet a question of doubt. At all events, one clause in the Act creating the University of Halifax, has given rise to a good deal of hostile criticism. Prof. Johnston, of Dalhousie College, has called attention to it. The clause forbids "the Senate to do, or cause, or suffer to be done, anything that would render it necessary or advisable, with a view to academic success or distinction, that any person should pursue the study of any materialistic or sceptical system of logic or mental or moral philosophy." Prof. Johnston shows how utterly impossible it will be to determine what is meant by the words in the Act. He says, "Logic is a Demonstrative, not a speculative, science, and admits of 'materialistic' or 'sceptical' views just as much as mathematics."

The version of the school system of Manitoba is a subject which is attracting a good deal of public attention in that Province. At present there are two Administrative Boards—a Protestant and a Roman Catholic. It is proposed to supersede the present system, by one closely allied in its general feeling to that of Ontario.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Stafford Northcote, in distributing prizes at a Literary and Scientific Institution in London, delivered an able and interesting speech, in which he reviewed the educational condition of England during the last century. He regarded the progress made during the last twenty-five years as greater and more substantial than during the preceding seventy-five years.

Of the 2,141 candidates who entered for the last Oxford Local Examination, 1,424 passed. Of these, 421 gained the title of Associate of Arts ; and 1,003, certificates.

Of 660 who offered themselves for examination to the joint Oxford and Cambridge Examination Board, 365 obtained certificates.

At the recent Social Science Congress at Liverpool, the subject of education received a large share of attention. It was the chief topic in the address of the Marquis of Huntley, President of the Congress. The Rev. Mark Pattison, Chairman of the Educational Section, also delivered an address of much force on the defects of primary education.

Cavendish College, so named in honour of the Duke of Devonshire, Chancellor of the University, has just been opened at Cambridge. The Duke and a large array of notables were present. "The College (says the *Educational Times*), is the outcome of several county schools recently established, and is intended to provide opportunities for obtaining a university degree earlier than usual."

An old lady named Mary Datchelor has bequeathed a sufficient sum of money for an endowed school for 350 girls. It is being erected at Camberwell.

Sir J. R. Quain has bequeathed £10,000 to promote legal education in England. It is proposed with this sum to form a professorship of Comparative Law, in connection with some college, university or public institution.

Recent "changes" in the working of the Education Department for Ontario, are thus announced in the *Globe* newspaper :—

"For some time back the Government has had under consideration a question which has given rise in the past to no small amount of acrimonious debate— the expediency of abolishing the Educational Depository. . . . . The Minister of Education, hesitating to abolish the Depository, has recommended, and the Government approved, certain changes which, even if they should turn out to be not quite radical enough, are still in the proper direction. . . . . The Act of 1874 . . . . . gave permission for purchases to be made from the ordinary booksellers, and provided for the refunding in cash of one-half of the purchase-money to the purchasers. Apparently this arrangement was equitable enough, but (the writer says) it has been practically defeated by the action of the Education Department." . . . . "A reduction" (the writer further says) was made by the Department in the price of books, "first to nineteen, and afterwards to eighteen cents. These successive reductions, while they have not entirely prevented trustees and others from dealing with booksellers, have prevented the latter from carrying on this branch of their business except at a loss. . . . . Meanwhile the Government has made a move in the right direction by making it nineteen cents. Should experience show that this is still too low to admit of any other parties besides the Depository participating in the trade, there is nothing to hinder the Government from restoring the original basis of twenty cents." In speaking of the Central Committee of Examiners, the writer adds :—"Recently two Public School Inspectors were added, and, now the Government has decided to add two more—Mr. J. Hughes, of this City, and Mr. G. W Ross, of Lambton.'

Musical Notes.

Mr. Sims Reeves has just concluded a professional tour through the English provinces, during the course of which he has been greatly annoyed by the unreasonable demands of provincial audiences for "encores." The nuisance

culminated at Manchester, when Mr. Reeves, after singing two encores as well as the two which were set down in the programme, declined to sing a fifth time, whereupon a noisy and ill-behaved section assumed the right to command; and, dissatisfied because Mr. Reeves preferred to be prudent, and declined to be coerced into repeating his song, they forgot the first elements of courtesy and politenesss. Madame Cave-Ashton, Madame Osborne-Williams, Mr. Nicholson, and even Signor Foli, were refused a hearing, and for nearly a quarter of an hour such a disturbance as was, perhaps, never heard before in a Manchester concert-room was continued. At length Mr. Pyatt, the manager of the concert, came to the front of the orchestra, and announced that, "in consequence of the disgraceful behaviour of the audience, the concert was at an end." It is to be hoped that there are not many English audiences who would thus insult a public favourite because he refused to sing five songs when he was only paid for two.

The English critics all agree in speaking in the highest terms of Mdlle. Albani's singing at the late Bristol musical festival, though the opinion of connoisseurs seems to be that she fails to excel in *bravura* singing. Her rendition of *cantabile* passages is, however, said to be magnificent.

Miss Kate Field, the well-known American actress and vocalist, made a most successful appearance at the Westminster Aquarium, a few weeks ago. The occasion of her first appearance was at a ballad concert, and although, by reason of her singing in Spanish, all her songs were in a tongue which probably not one out of fifty of her audience could understand, yet her success was undoubted. In some numbers the lady fairly carried her audience with her.

An operatic novelty has lately appeared in England, in the shape of an English version of Nicolo Isouard's opera "Joconde," which was produced for the first time a few week ago at the Royal Italian Opera House, under the auspices of Mr. Carl Rosa. Of the composer, Nicolo (for he is always known by his christian name) we hear nothing at the present day, and we doubt if any of our readers are even aware that he lived between the Battle of Waterloo and the overthrow of the Bourbons, and was at once contemporary and rival of Boieldieu. The opera was produced by Mr. Carl Rosa solely to give Mr. Santly an opportunity of displaying himself to advantage, and has but little merit in itself. A little Mozart, a very copious dose of water, with a dash or two of Boieldieu by way of flavouring, and you have "Joconde." The orchestra is small, and the orchestration is so bald that the opera might almost be played with a pianoforte accompaniment without losing very seriously in interest. So much for Nicolo Isouard.

We hail with much satisfaction the appearance of the following work:—"*Sonatas for the Pianoforte.* Composed by W. A. Mozart. Edited and fingered by Agnes Zimmermann. Novello, Ewer & Co." Hitherto too little has been known, even amongst cultivated amateurs, of Mozart's sonatas.

Herr Wilhelmi, the celebrated violinist, intends to remain in England till Christmas, at least.

M. Anton Rubinstein will undertake a tour this winter through Belgium, Holland, and England. He thinks of making a rather longish stay in London.

The chief event in New York during the last few weeks has been the *début*

in America of Mdme. Essipoff, the Russian pianist, who has made her mark most effectually in England, before coming to this continent. Her success in New York has been most marked, no *artiste*, since Rubinstein, having at once made such an impression.

The Marquis and the Marquise of Caux (*née* Adelina Patti) gave a charming evening party recently in Paris. Of course there was music. The first piece was a trio, sung by Adelina, and her sisters Amelia and Carlotta. Altogether it was a most delightful evening. Amongst those who were fortunate enough to receive invitations were, the Prince of Orange, Prince Galitzin, the Baron de Saint-Armand, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, and Professor Peruzzi, Mdme. Patti's official accompanist.

Offenbach is working at a new opera, to be called *Le Docteur Ox*. The subject is taken from a story by Jules Verne.

The uncourteous and intolerant manner in which Italian opera-goers are wont to express their disapproval of an artist is not confined to them alone. Only a few weeks ago Mdlle. Priola, the well-known vocalist of the Paris Opera Comique, was hissed off the stage at Marseilles for singing while in bad voice. The grief preyed on her mind, she took typhoid fever, and two days after she died.

A very artistic monument has been erected at the Pere-la-Chaise cemetery to the memory of Auber. It consists of a marble pedestal surmounted by a bronze bust of Auber. On the side of the pedestal are cut the names of all the operas of the illustrious composer.

Madame Nilsson has returned to Paris from her successful tour in Sweden, and will next visit Holland, under the direction of Herr Ullmann. Her operatic performance in Vienna will be in January next, and she will sing in German at the Imperial Opera-house, in the "Huguenots," "Lohengrin," "Faust," "Mignon," and "Hamlet."

At a recent dinner, given at Passy, there were present the widows of the distinguished composers, Rossini and Spontini, the latter in her 86th year, and full of vigour. She remained in Paris during the siege and the troubles of the Commune.

Ernest Lubeck died a short time ago, at Paris, aged ninety-seven. He was in his time famous as the greatest pianist in Holland.

Bellini's sister and brothers have presented the City of Palermo with a page of the *Pirata* in their brother's handwriting.

The City of Stockholm recently offered a prize of 5,000 crowns for a Swedish opera. *Mirabile dictu* ! the prize was carried off, not by a professional musician, but by a Custom-house officer.

Our Comic Contributor.

WITH A SPIRIT.

Mediums and spiritual phenomena and communications being the order of the day, I went to test a medium's powers, and, though I knew Josh Bil-

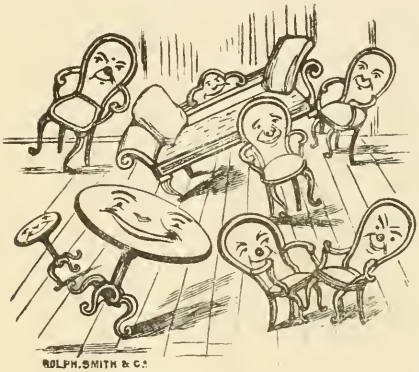
lings wasn't dead, I asked the showman to fetch Josh's spirit up "from below."

"Hish!" says the medium, "we never talk of below. From the "spirit world" is the proper phrase."

"Oh! very good," says I, "have Josh up out of anywhere you like."

Presently all the chairs, and the table and sofa began to dance, a dog barked, and I felt a feeling of a spiritual pin in the calf of my right leg.

The medium said that all these put together, signified "Josh" was "around." Then he asked me for $5, without which no spirit could ever be got to "communicate." I paid the money, and presently the tables, chairs, and sofas executed another waltz, a neighbouring cat mewed, and a second pin went into my other calf. The medium said everything was now properly fixed, and produced a slate with which he went into a corner, and I heard a sort of scratching, which he told me was "Josh" writing.



When he showed me the slate I remarked that the handwriting was not at all like Josh's earthly penmanship. On this the table gave sixteen loud raps which intimated (the medium said) that Josh had re-modelled his caligraphy under a spiritual instructor. I accepted the explanation and the medium allowed me to copy from the slate the following

"Remarks"

Solomon, when I arrived in the spirit world, told me he greatly envied me the parentage of the "maxim" in my Book, that "the fools do more harm than the rascals."

The lavish young fellow who is often heard contemptuously saying: "Pooh! what's a dollar!" will end by saying sadly: "Oh, where's a dollar!"

Anacreon will apostrophise his host: "Thou art a hospitable, cordial soul, and lovest a full goblet, but if thou would'st have me right royally enjoy myself, leave me to fill and drink as I list."

When I was on earth I used to note that the man who was ahead at billiards never found fault with his cue; whereas the other man's cue was too heavy, too light, too short, too long, or had a bad top. Thus in general life, 'tis never men who are in fault, but always the means, or instruments, or else the "luck" is against them.

"YOU ARE RESOLVED, I SUPPOSE, TO BEHAVE AS YOUR OWN MISTRESS."

BELFORD'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER V—(*Continued*).

"THEN you had no business to do anything of the sort," thundered the colonel; "things are come to a pretty pass if a dashed cadet is to take matters in his own hand as though—dash his impudence!—he were an officer of the staff."

"What course then would you have recommended us to pursue?" inquired Landon, with a twinkle of the eye which betrayed that his respectful air was not altogether genuine; and might have even aroused a suspicion, in an ill-regulated mind, that a cadet might chaff a colonel.

"Well, sir," said that officer, suddenly assuming a deadly calmness of demeanour, "I would have ventured to recommend you then, what I recommend now, namely, to go to the devil; and if ever I catch you, or any young vagabond like you, on my premises again, I'll send you there."

"Uncle, I won't have it," exclaimed the young girl, with sudden vehemence; "you are behaving with great injustice and base ingratitude"—it was curious to see the family likeness of tone and manner that came out as she thus expressed herself. "This gentleman——"

"Gentleman cadet, you mean, my dear," interposed her uncle, spitefully; "that's quite a different thing."

"I dare say it was so when you were at the Shop," said Landon, coolly; "but that must have been a long time ago."

The little colonel gave a screech, and snatched at a riding-whip that hung above him on the wall of the little entrance hall.

"If you strike him, I leave your house," exclaimed the young girl, throwing herself between them.

"You'll leave it with him, perhaps," cried the old gentleman, pointing to Landon with the whip, as he stood with folded arms upon the door-step. "A penniless beggar of a cadet!"

"I blush for you, sir, as I never thought to blush for any of my kin," answered the girl, haughtily.

"You had better keep a blush or two for yourself, Miss Ella," rejoined the old gentleman; but bitter as were his words, he laid the whip aside as he spoke them, and there was a manifest lull in the tempest of his wrath. "What is it he wants? What the devil have you brought him here for?" continued he fretfully; "you don't know what these cadets are, Ella."

"I only know, sir, that this cadet has done me a great service. I brought him here—since you put it so—that he might receive the thanks of my uncle and guardian. Instead of which you have treated him—yes—in a manner very unbecoming an officer and a gentleman."

"No, no, no," replied the old fellow, in ludicrous expostulation, "nobody can ever say that of Gerald Juxon; though I may have been a little warm, may I be tried by court-martial if I ever treated man or woman that way. I am sure I am very glad to see Mr. What's-his name at Hawthorne Lodge, just once and away; and I beg to thank him—yes, sir, I beg to thank you, if you have done my niece good service, and I shall take dashed good care that you are not put to any inconvenience upon her account again."

Landon, with a good-natured smile, bowed his thanks for this handsome acknowledgment. The character of Colonel Gerald Juxon was not unknown to him, though he had never before had the privilege of his personal acquaintance. A "smart" artillery officer, and one who had served with no little distinction in the field, the colonel was yet shunned by the more respectable members of the regiment, for his fiendish temper, and reckless tongue. He had served, he was wont to say, "all the world over;" so that he must have served in Flanders, to which therefore may be attributed his inveterate use of bad language. Even in ladies' society, including that of his niece, of whom he was genuinely fond, he was unable wholly to divest himself of this bad habit. His nature was also said by some to be grasping, but this was denied by others; and certainly since Ella had come to reside with him—for whose accommodation he had left his barrack quarters and taken Hawthorne Lodge—this idiosyncrasy was not apparent. The fact was, though greedy after gain, he was lavish rather than otherwise with what he had, and especially lavish with the property of others. His private in come was considerable, and that of his niece still larger, though neither

of these resources would have sufficed him if he had been fined every time he was committed for the offence known as "profane swearing."

Even now the colonel was solacing himself for his extorted civility to his visitor by a volley of expletives against gentlemen-cadets in general, and gentleman-cadet Landon in particular; and for the very purpose of discharging it, he had left the hall, and entered his little drawing-room—a striking example of the ill effects of "temper," for thereby he had given the young people an opportunity—which he would willingly have denied them—of speaking together alone.

"You must not mind what my uncle says," whispered Ella, hastily, "you will not be deterred by his rough ways from—from—letting me know how matters fare with you, and with your friend, of course. We shall be so anxious—Gracie and I—to hear about it; so apprehensive lest harm should happen to either of you through our misfortune."

"Don't think of that, Miss Mayne. But Darall, I am sure, would wish to pay his respects. Would ten o'clock to-morrow morning——?"

Ella nodded in acquiescence, at the same time lifting a warning finger, as her uncle hurried back into the hall.

"What in the name of all the devils is he waiting for?" inquired he, in what might have been meant, perhaps, as a confidential whisper to his niece, but which was distinctly audible to the subject of his inquiry. "Hi, sir! would you like a glass of wine? champagne, or anything you please? Only you had better look sharp and be off home; Sir Hercules is not in a state of mind to be trifled with, I promise you."

Landon declined the wine, and took his leave, with a clinging grasp of his young hostess's shapely hand, which she frankly held out to him.

The decision which Sir Hercules might come to as to his delinquencies, and their punishment—always a very secondary consideration with him—had by this time sunk into total insignificance beside the smile of Ella Mayne.

CHAPTER VI.

A SPARRING MATCH.

Colonel Gerald Juxon and his niece both remained in the porch of their pretty cottage, while Landon walked down the drive and out of the gate; the colonel because he deemed it expedient to see "that fellow" off the premises with his own eyes; the lady because she wished to see the last of that gallant and very good-looking young knight, who had fought, and might have fallen, or at least come to very serious grief, for her sake. He turned at the moment and raised his cap; the colonel

mechanically replied to the salute with his forefinger; the young lady bowed and waved her hand but by no means mechanically.

"Well, upon my soul!" cried the colonel, throwing up his open palms. It was for him a very slight expression of astonishment and annoyance. He very seldom mentioned his soul without condemning it to the infernal regions for an indefinite term of penal servitude, and when excited he generally doubled his fists.

"What's the matter, Uncle Gerald?" inquired his niece, coolly.

"Matter, begad? Well, I think it matter enough, when a young woman of two-and-twenty goes and throws herself at the head of a penniless scamp like that——"

"How do you know Mr. Landon is a scamp, uncle?" inquired Ella, in a tone rather of amusement than indignation.

It is Coleridge, I think, who says that no one can have a firm conviction who cannot afford to laugh at it himself; and this was Ella's case. She felt in her heart of hearts that Landon was no scamp.

"How do I know it? Why, because everybody knows every cadet is a scamp. As to means and marriage, they may have their hands to offer, but there is never a coin in them to pay the parson for performing the service."

"Still they have their honour, and their good swords," observed Ella, gravely.

"Their honour!" shrieked the little colonel; "ye gods, think of a cadet's honour! and as to their swords, they don't happen to wear them."

Ella broke into a long musical laugh, which seemed to disconcert her uncle extremely.

"I know, my dear girl," said he, in what was for him a tone of conciliation, "that you are as obstinate as the gout in one's heel, but it is quite useless even for you to set your heart upon that young vagabond. You might just as well fall in love with a drummer boy—you might, indeed!"

"Well, and why not, uncle? Then I could be vivandière to the regiment."

"That would be a dashed pretty thing," answered the other, scornfully.

"Well, I think I *should* look rather pretty in uniform," said Ella, with an air of reflection. "With a cap with a gold band, and a charming little keg of spirits, instead of a sabretache. Then, if Mr. Landon was wounded—as he would be sure to be in the first engagement, for he is as brave as a lion—I would give him a little glass of brandy, so;" and she turned her little hand bewitchingly in the air, in illustration of this piece of ambulance practice.

"It is deuced hard to be angry with you, Ella," ejaculated the colonel; "but this is a serious matter. You have given such encouragement to this young cat-a-mountain, that I will lay five to one his conceit will lead him to come back again."

"I would lay ten to one, uncle," replied the young lady, coolly, "that his good feeling will cause him to do so—ten pairs of gloves to one odd one, that Mr. Landon will come back. I intend him to do so. I mean to see him when he does come."

"The devil you do! then I'll keep a dog warranted to fly at beggars."

"Mr. Landon is not a beggar, nor a poor man at all, uncle," answered the girl, steadily. "It would make no difference to me if he has not a penny, but, as a matter of fact, he is the only son of a rich merchant; for he told me so himself."

"I should like to have some better authority for that fact than his bare word," answered the colonel, contemptuously. "However," added he, more gravely, "if you are fixed upon this folly, I will make inquiries. You are resolved, I suppose, to behave as your own mistress in this, as in other matters."

"Most certainly I am," returned the young lady, coolly. They had passed into the drawing-room by this time; Ella was sitting on a low chair with her torn bonnet upon her knees, and her splendid hair falling in dark masses about her shoulders; the colonel was pacing the room with measured strides that seemed to ill accord with the vehemence and irregularity of his talk.

"Of course, the whole thing may come to nothing, Ella; you can't compel this young—gentleman—to make you an offer; for that is what I suppose you are driving at."

Here he stopped, for she had suddenly risen and confronted him with a burning face.

"Look you, uncle," said she, "there are some things I will not put up with even from you. The facts of the case are these: this gentleman, as he truly is, whatever you may choose to call him, has done me to-day, for nothing, as great a service as I have ever experienced from anyone for value received. The only payment he has got is a string of insults from the man whose duty it was to thank him for his generous behaviour. It angered me to see him so treated, as it would have done had he been as old as yourself, and as ill-favoured; and I strove to undo the effect of your discourtesy. That is all."

"Well, well, it may be so, Ella," replied the colonel, his wrath appearing to pale before her own like a fire under the rays of the sun; "but I know a girl's heart is as tinder to flint when any chance service is done her by any good-looking young fellow; and I wished to put a stop to what I thought, and still think, to be a dashed impudent thing.

You have thanked the lad, and there's an end; but, of course, if you think proper more should come of it——"

"You are cruel and unkind, uncle," interrupted the girl, with vehemence. "Your words are unjust and unjustifiable, and you know it, and I know why you use them. Yes, since you are so hard, I will be hard, too; you want to keep me and my money all to yourself. You have grudged my making any friend, except Gracie, beyond these doors, for fear I should be enticed away from you; and this conduct of yours is all of a piece with the rest of it."

Strange as a likeness would seem between a tall finely-shaped girl, as dark as a gipsy, with a gray and withered anatomy of a man, it could be seen now, as she stood face to face with her uncle, her eyes flashing, and one little foot fiercely beating the floor. The colonel fairly exploded in a sort of "bouquet" of fiery imprecations—which she bore with as much indifference as summer rain—ere he found articulate speech.

"You ungrateful minx!" "is this the reward I get for making my house your home? When you left your father's house in disgrace, I knew it was useless to expect dutifulness, but I did look for some gratitude, girl!"

"And you found it, uncle," answered she, coolly. "I assure you there was that item in addition to the four hundred pounds a-year that I agreed to pay you for my maintenance. I am obliged to you for the shelter you have afforded me, but the price I pay for it is sufficient. I will not put up with insulting insinuations such as you have just thought fit to indulge in. I had rather leave Hawthorne Lodge, and take up my quarters with Gracie, whose mother, I know, would give me welcome."

It was a very remarkable and, indeed, unparalleled circumstance that, notwithstanding the argument was still hot, and the colonel, undoubtedly, still angry, he here forbore to indulge in very strong language.

"I can't think you will be such a born fool as that, Ella," said he, quietly. "To separate yourself from the only relative, save one, you possess in the world would, in your position, be madness—that would be quarrelling with your bread-and-butter with a vengeance. You would find the commissary's quarters a bad exchange for Hawthorne Lodge, I reckon."

"They would be found capable of improvement, I have no doubt," answered Ella, coolly. "However, as you have stated with such candour, it is not my interest to quarrel with you; and, indeed, uncle—though you are not my 'bread-and-butter' exactly—I have no intention of doing anything of the sort. I think I have shown that since we have lived together. You have a temper like the rest of our family, and I make every allowance for it. I don't mind your bad words, but

I won't stand hard words. And, now, with your permission, I will retire to take off these rags and dress for dinner."

She withdrew with a sweeping courtesy, which would have shown offended pride but for the good-natured nod of the head which accompanied it.

"Did you ever see such an abominably impudent minx?" inquired the colonel, addressing her vacant chair, "Is such conduct credible in a Christian country?"

As the chair was an ordinary chair, and not a spirit-medium—as that article of furniture sometimes is—it did not so much as lift a foot in reply.

In the absence of its negative testimony the colonel was compelled, therefore, to believe the evidence of his own eyes, which he proceeded to objurgate accordingly. Then, pulling out his watch, "It wants an hour yet to dinner," said he, "So I'll just step down to the commissary's, and ask him what he thinks about it."

CHAPTER VII.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

ACTING-DEPUTY-ASSISTANT-COMMISSARY-GENERAL RAY occupied apartments in barracks, which were not more numerous, and much less magnificent than his titles. They were shabbily furnished, and the furniture, even in its best days, had not been good. The look-out of the principal rooms was upon the dusty barrack square; and the quiet of home-life was apt to be disturbed by the sudden roll of drums, the unexpected squeak of fifes, and occasionally, by the quarrels of the soldiers at the canteen. The seamy side of military life was, in short, always presented to the inmates of this establishment; they lived, as it were, inside the Punch show. Fortunately—since their quarters were so limited—the family was small; consisting only of the commissary, his wife—a confirmed invalid, whom creeping paralysis at present permitted to move herself about in a patent wheel-chair, but to whom even that limited freedom of movement was soon to be denied—and their daughter, Grace, whose acquaintance we have already made.

The trio exhibited a marked contrast to one another. The head of the house was a tall, muscular Scotchman, of about sixty years of age, who bore his years, not, indeed, "lightly—like a flower"—but with that comparative convenience which comes of a strong digestion, and absence of fine feelings. He had been a good deal knocked about in his

time, but he was harder than the thing, or people that had hit him; he boasted, indeed, of being as "hard as nails," imagining that to be in a man as moral excellence, which in the rhinoceros he would have only admitted to be an accident of birth. He had at no time of his life been young; that is, he had neither felt himself to be so, nor looked like it; and hence he reaped the great advantage of not perceiving any particular change in himself, nor having it observed by others, now he was old. Everybody who saw him now, and had known him in past days, remarked that Sandy Ray looked much the same. In the cold of Canada he had not shivered, in the heat of the West Indies he had not perspired, but had defied all climates and all weathers. He had never given way to a folly nor a weakness; never experienced the temptation of an impulse of any sort; and hence, upon a very small stock of intelligence, had acquired the reputation of a long-headed fellow. He was also reputed to be wealthy, notwithstanding—or, perhaps, in consequence of—the poverty of his domestic ménage. He had held various semi-military appointments all over the world; and though the "pickings" contingent to such positions are not large, there *are* pickings, and Sandy Ray was supposed to have swept them all up into a very close-meshed net. His Christian name was Alexander, but no one had ever abbreviated that; he was not a man to have his name shortened through affection or familiarity; he was called Sandy from the tint of his hair, whereon the red bristles still contended with the gray for every inch of pate. His features were large and inexpressive, except of hardness; his gray eyes cold and slow of movement; his teeth white and strong as a wolf's. He spoke with an elaborate caution, which was never so marked as when in conversation with his fidus Achates, Colonel Juxon; whose words flowed like a torrent set with crags and rocks, and crammed with imprecations in place of foam.

What bond of union existed between these two men, in most respects so different, it is hard to tell. They had both of them "frugal minds," and it was by some suggested they had private investments in common; others, however, of a livelier fancy, did not hesitate to express their conviction that "Swearing Juxon," and "Sandy Ray," who it was notorious had known one another years ago, in outlandish quarters, shared the knowledge of some secret crime between them, which had probably filled both their pockets.

What was a much greater mystery that how the commissary had secured the Colonel's friendship, was, how he had won his wife. She must have been, when he married her, a beautiful girl; indeed, the remnants of great beauty still lingered about her feeble and shattered frame, and "what she could ever have seen in her husband," was the inquiry every women put to herself when she saw the pair together.

That Mrs. Ray had not married Sandy for his beauty was certain, from the evidence of his contemporaries; nor was it for his mental or moral attractions—because he had none; nor was it for money, since whatever private store he might now possess he had certainly not acquired in those days; it remained, therefore, since all reasonable causes were thus eliminated, that she had married him for love, which was the most extraordinary explanation of all.

It is my private belief that the unhappy lady, being of a nervous and submissive nature, had been positively frightened into wedding him, by which means, perhaps, more marriages are to be accounted for than is generally supposed. However, she *was* married to him, and was being only slowly relieved from that position by the disease which I have mentioned. Her husband was not specially unkind to her, but of gentleness he had not a grain in his composition, and the lack of it—though the doctors did not say so—had helped to bring her to her present pass. He had, it is probable, being proud of her in his way, at one time; had doubtless smiled grimly when it had come to his ears that people said, "What could she have seen in him?" But now he was only proud of the chair in which she sat. It had cost him, being a patent article, a considerable figure; and when folks said (for there are folks who will say anything) that his wife's affliction must be a great trial to him, he would reply, "not only a trial, but let me tell you, a matter of very considerable expense." Then he would point out the advantages of the chair, with her in it; indeed she was made to put it through its paces as it were, moving it hither and thither with a touch of her thin hand; and if a compliment was not paid him—though he professed to despise compliments—upon the consideration for the comfort that had caused him to invest in so expensive an article, he was more bearish than usual for the rest of the day.

What thoughts passed through poor Mrs. Ray's mind as she sat, dying so slowly in that delicate and costly piece of furniture, are too sad for me to imagine. She was not what is called "a great thinker," so let us hope things were better with her than they would have been with some who are; but sometimes in that worn and weary face could be read terrible things; across those still tender eyes flitted, I fear, the ghosts of youth and health, the piteous remembrance of long vanished joys. She had no very earnest religious feelings, and therefore without that hope which sustains so many unfortunates in this inexplicable world; of life, the poor soul had had enough; the best that she looked forward to was eternal rest. Yet no word of complaint escaped her. How strange it is that the fate of martyrs, who do not happen to be saints, should attract so little pity!

Gracie, indeed, was sorry for her mother; but with that exception,

no one seemed to consider her case a hard one. Perhaps, if she had mentioned how hard she felt it, people might have agreed with her, but as it was, they saw her pale face, lit with its sad smile, and expressed their approval of her resignation. She had not much liking for books, but was never idle, working with her needle a little for herself, and a great deal for Gracie. Perhaps the most pressing sorrow she had was the reflection that there would soon come a time when she should still be alive, and yet unable to work ; when the palsy that at present had only reached her lower limbs should attack her diligent fingers. Then, indeed, it would be melancholy to sit at that barrack window with folded hands, awaiting death's tardy stroke. The cares of managing the little household upon the scanty sum that her husband allowed for its maintenance, were, it was true, delegated to Gracie, but she shared the responsibility with her, and took all the blame—and there was often blame—upon her own shoulders. The commissary, who grudged every shilling, however necessarily spent, preferred to find fault with his wife instead of his daughter, because it made the latter cry ; not that he would have been rendered the least uncomfortable by any amount of woman's tears, but because the crying made Gracie's eyes red, and deteriorated from her personal appearance ; and her beauty was precious to him, as likely to prove a marketable commodity. Thus the girl escaped a good many jobations, which she did not indeed deserve any more than her mother, but which she would have gladly borne in her mother's place. The invalid, on the contrary, was well satisfied that any consideration, no matter what, should preserve her beloved daughter from the commissary's ire.

Imagine, therefore, her distress of mind when Gracie made her appearance out of the fly upon that day of the battle of Charlton Fair, with draggled raiment and torn bonnet. In this case Mrs. Ray felt that the dear child must bear her own burden of reproach and fault-finding. And heavy enough she knew it would be ; for Gracie had worn her best attire upon the occasion of that unlucky walk with Ella Mayne, and it would take many shillings to repair its damages.

"My dear child," cried she, as soon as she had assured herself that she had received no personal hurt, "what will your father say ? It was only last week that he paid three pounds on account to Miss Furbelow."

Her head shook from side to side with nervous agitation ; she flapped her poor thin fingers as though she had been a penguin ; it was terrible to see such affliction, about so insignificant a matter, in one so stricken.

"But, dear mamma, papa will understand that it could not be helped.

If it had not been for Mr.—that is, for two young gentlemen from the College—matters might have been much worse."

Mrs. Ray gave a little sigh. She had applied that argument—or had had it applied for her—of comparative degrees of evil, much too often to derive comfort from it. Another philosophic remark that "when things are at their worst they must needs mend," was also inefficacious in her case. Perhaps it was because her powers of perception were dull.

"Change your dress as soon as you can, Gracie, dear, and then tell me all about it. If your papa comes in, and sees you in such a state, oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!" and again she wrung her hands. There was a similitude in the poor lady's speech and action to those of Mr. Punch, when in dread expectation of the policeman, but "the pity of it" prevented the smile that they would have otherwise provoked. Her policeman was a reality, and she, alas! had no stick wherewith to knock him over the head, to the enjoyment of all beholders.

When Gracie, however, presently re-appeared in a dress, less splendid indeed than that which had met with such mischance, but very neat and becoming, it was plain that there was some happiness for the invalid yet. Her daughter looked so blooming that she persuaded herself, "dear Alexander," would not "have the heart" to scold her, and having laid that flattering unction to her soul, she was at liberty to take pride and pleasure in the girl's beauty. In telling her story, Gracie had this difficulty: she had to be careful not to alarm her mother by the account of her own peril, and at the same time not to underrate the services of Mr. Darall, who seemed to her a Paladin. Mrs. Ray listened to his exploits with the attention that the crippled always pay to the recital of any physical conflict. "He must be a very brave and kindhearted young man, that Mr. Darall," said she, when it was concluded, "and his friend also."

"Yes, mamma, he was most kind. It was not his fault that he didn't see us home, as the other did; but it appears that he runs great risk of getting into trouble for having been at the fair at all."

"But does not his friend run the same risk?"

"Well, no; or, at least, if he did it does not signify, because he is very rich; if he was sent away from the Academy to-morrow, it would make no difference to his prospects, it seems, while poor Mr. Darall is—poor."

Mrs. Ray sighed again: perhaps she had permitted herself to entertain the "low beginnings" of a romance for Gracie, and now they were ruthlessly trodden down. Gracie understood the sigh quite well; there was no concealment in that household as regarded such matters. She had been told a dozen times by her father that her future prospects

in life were in her own hands; that is, that they lay in her making a good marriage; and they had been discussed without reserve. She was no flirt, nor even what is called "forward," either in ideas or behaviour; yet, perhaps, no man had ever paid her any marked attention without her having reflected to herself, "perhaps this person will be my husband." It was not her fault that it was so; extreme delicacy of mind was as impossible to one in her circumstances as modesty is to the offspring of some agricultural labourer who has but one room for the accommodation of his grown-up family. What was possible to her of good the girl had acquired or retained; she possessed all its solidities, if circumstances had denied to her those graces which embellish goodness. A dissenting chapel may not have the external attractions of a cathedral, simply from want of funds, and yet be equally sacred. Up to that time, for example, Gracie had regarded the marriage question from a point of view that was, for one of her years and sex, somewhat calculating and matter-of-fact. It was, unhappily, no longer possible for her to do so, now that she had seen Hugh Darall.

For the future something would have to be given up as well as acquired; and that something, for the present, seemed immeasurably precious, not willingly to be bartered for much gold.

"What was he like—this Mr. Darall—Gracie?" continued the invalid, with gentle sadness, but with a touch of curiosity too. Even when a pretty thing is not to be got, one likes to hear all about it.

"Oh, so handsome, dear mamma, and so kind, and I am sure so good!"

Mrs. Ray's pale lips twitched with a painful smile—an accident of her infirmity, perhaps; or was she thinking of some far back time, when she had given some one credit for being "good" upon too short an acquaintance.

"That does not give one a very distinct idea of him, Gracie. Is he dark or fair?"

"Oh, fair, mamma. He has blue eyes."

"Like Captain Walters?" inquired the old lady, with affected indifference.

"Oh, not at all like Captain Walters," answered the girl, in a tone of indignation. "They are beautiful eyes, very frank and——"

"Tender," suggested the invalid, smiling.

"Yes, that is the word—tender," answered the girl, simply. "I don't think Mr Darall would hurt a fly; and yet, when one saw him waiting to meet those wicked men, they looked hard and shining, like drawn swords."

"Do you mean the men did?"

"No, no; his eyes. There were a hundred of them—I mean of the

men, of course—and yet he was not one bit afraid; nor would he have been, it is my belief, if they had been a thousand."

"I should like to have seen Mr. Darall, if it were but to thank him for what he did for you, Gracie," said her mother, after a pause; "but I suppose I never shall. They say all is for the best, and perhaps that is. I don't think your papa would like it, you see, since nothing can possibly come of it after all. Don't cry, Gracie; don't cry, my darling!" and with a dexterous movement of her chair, she brought it close to where Gracie sat at the window. The mother and child embraced without a word. Speech was unnecessary; each knew what the other would have said, and the hopelessness of saying it.

"See, there is Colonel Juxon coming across the square to have a chat with your father," said Mrs. Ray, presently, in her cheerfulest tone. "I wonder what brings him so much earlier than usual."

"He is come to talk about Mr. Landon and Ella," said Gracie, simply.

"Oh, dear, dear! I hope he won't say anything about her torn gown and things, and so set your papa thinking about yours, and wanting to see them, perhaps!"

"It is not likely that Colonel Juxon will mention Ella's gown, mamma; it is not as if it was her only one, you know."

"That's true, my dear; I had forgotten. She has only to take another gown out of her wardrobe; and if this Mr. Landon pleases her, and is agreeable, she can take him as easily. Life must be a fine thing to those that are rich—and can enjoy it," added the invalid, in lower tones.

"Dear Ella deserves all she has, mamma," said Gracie, gravely, as if in apology for her friend's prosperity. "She is not spoilt by her riches, but is generous and gracious too."

"I don't deny it, darling," answered her mother, with a little sigh that had nothing of selfishness in it. She thought, maybe, if these things came by deserving, that her Gracie might have had her share of them also.

CHAPTER VIII.

TWO VETERANS.

"You are come early for your 'crack' to-day, Juxon," was the commissary's greeting to his friend, as the colonel entered the low-roofed little parlour which did duty for dining-room in Officers Quarters, letter Z. He drew up the whole six feet two of him to meet his guest—as a sentry stands at attention to salute his passing superior—and thereby touched, not indeed the stars, but the whitewashed ceiling with his sub-

lime head. This manner of salutation led some folks to aver that Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General Ray had once been a full private, from which rank he had risen to his present position; but this was an unmerited compliment.

"Early, begad! Yes, I have not even dined," answered the colonel sulkily.

"Well, you know, Juxon, we dine early," observed the other, hesitatingly, yet with sufficient distinctness, "that is the rule of our house; but we shall have 'high tea,' as my Gracie calls it; cold things and eggs——"

"Thank you, no, I have not your powers of digestion, Ray. A man who can take 'meat tea' must have the stomach of an ostrich. Dinner's dinner, and it was no light thing that fetched me from home just before feeding time, I promise you. There's the very devil to pay with my Ella, in the shape of a dashed impertinent cadet."

"A cadet!" echoed the commissary, in his slow, reluctant way; "a cadet and your Ella! You really astonish me."

"Maybe I shall astonish you more presently," answered the colonel, coldly.

"My dear sir, you mistake me. I intended to express sympathy," returned the commissary. "That a young woman so gifted by Nature and by Fortune as Miss Ella—should have—and a cadet too—— By-the-bye, you have not mentioned how far the thing has gone."

"It has gone, and shall go, no farther than I can help, sir, you may be dashed sure of that. But my niece, you know, is her own mistress, that's the difficulty."

"Difficulty indeed," said the commissary. "To be too well provided for in a girl's case is almost as bad—and much more dangerous—than not being provided for at all."

"I don't want your philosophical reflections, Ray, but your advice. If a beggarly cadet was to come courting your daughter, for example, what would you do?"

"What would I do?" repeated the commissary, slowly. "Well, the question is, rather, what would I not do?" The probability is, to begin with, that I should wring his neck."

"Quite right," observed the colonel, approvingly. "That is the idea that would first occur to every well-constituted mind; but one can't do it in these times. I can remember the day when no more was thought of what became of a cadet than of a cat, but that's all over now, and the service is going to the devil. A word or two to Sir Hercules, spoken in season, might of course get him expelled from the Academy, but then he would be loose, and so much the more dangerous."

"He wouldn't come to Officers' Quarters, letter Z, twice," observed the commissary, fingering his grizzled moustache.

"Very likely not; indeed, I should say certainly not," replied the colonel, dryly. "But he would come to Hawthorne Lodge as often as you please, and oftener."

"Not unless you gave him victuals," observed the other gravely.

"That is taking a professional view of the affair indeed, commissary," said the colonel, laughing.

"Nay, it is only in accordance with common sense; the young beggar would probably not have sixpence to bless himself. A cadet is not a self-supporting institution, you must remember, colonel."

"That is true in a general way; but I am not certain about it in this case. You make it your business to know everybody's affairs, Sandy, from the commandant's down to the last-joined cadet's—it's all nonsense to deny it, you *do*—and that is why I am come to ask your opinion. You keep your ears open for everything, and quite right too, if it is worth your while. Tut, tut, man, why shouldn't you? Nobody ever heard me say a word against it. Now, do you know anything of a young fellow up yonder"—and the colonel jerked his thumb in the direction of the Royal Military Academy—"called Landon?"

"Well, yes, I do. He is the one that keeps the beagles. An uncommon well-to-do young fellow. He is either independent, or has a fool for a father who is very rich. I never took the trouble to inquire which."

"Just so; matters had not come so near to you as to suggest that. Well, they have come very near to me. Now, put yourself in my place. If this young Landon, being his own master—or who could become so by a little persuasion—and presumably rich, were to come to you and ask for your Gracie, what course should you adopt?"

"Well, I should not put myself in a passion, my good sir; that's not the way at all in arranging preliminaries. I should say, 'Sit down, young gentleman,' or words to that effect, and endeavour to bring him to reason. I should say, 'How much money have you, or will you have when you come of age?' or, 'How much is your father prepared to give you?' as the case may be. Then if he mentioned a proper sum, I should bring out a bottle of wine and treat him, as one gentleman should treat another."

"A deal he'd understand of that," snorted the colonel, "he'd get dashed drunk, that's all."

"I should take care he did not do that till he had replied to my questions," continued the commissary calmly. 'Wine warmeth man's heart,' says the Scripture; the word 'man' is comprehensive, and includes the cadet; besides, I should take care that Gracie poured it out

for him. I should make him feel at home, and on equal terms in short, and then I should say something like this : 'You are a nice young man, as my daughter thinks, and as I for my part have no reason to doubt. But daughters, my young friend, are rather expensive articles.'"

"Ah, you would go into the question of her settlements at once, would you ?" inquired the colonel.

"Not at all, Juxon, not at all," answered the other with a wave of his huge palm ; "that would, of course, have to be arranged by the lawyers. What would have to be settled in the first place would be how much the young gentleman was prepared to give *me*."

"What, as commission on the transaction ? By gad, that's a good idea !" cried the colonel, slapping his thigh and laughing heartily.

"Not at all, Juxon, not at all ; you go too fast," pursued the commissary, gravely. "I don't think a father should take anything in that way, and I should only stand out for my rights as a father. 'Here is this young lady,' I should say, 'a prize in the matrimonial lottery, indeed, my dear young friend, but who has cost me much in the rearing. You see her in a state of perfection : a state, let me tell you, that is not attained for nothing, and up to this moment she has been entirely unremunerative to me. Before I can enter into any preliminaries, therefore, on her account, my own just expectations must be satisfied. I must have—say a thousand pounds down on the nail, to recoup me for expenses.'"

"You are a devilish sharp fellow, Sandy," said the colonel, admiringly. "Your notion is altogether good, though it smacks a little of the savage, don't it ? You and I have been in places, for instance, where a young woman's father had to be recompensed with a cow or a pig, or even a string of beads, before she was allowed to change hands, eh ?" and the colonel dug his companion playfully in the ribs, as though with significant reference to some particular transaction of this nature.

"Tut, tut ; one may learn of everybody," said the commissary. "There's worse people than savages in this world."

"That's true, Sandy, so long as you and your likes are in it," responded the other, frankly. "So, that's what you would say to this young Landon, is it, if the matter really comes to any head—you would make it a question of compensation ?"

"I would make it such a question, undoubtedly," replied the commissary. "I should be a fool to do otherwise. But I don't say that you should make it so. You have not the feelings of a father—how should you have—since you have never had his expenses ? Miss Ella is but your sister's daughter——"

"Who the devil told you that?" interrupted the colonel, snappishly.

"Well, she's your niece, and her name ain't Juxon. So it's clear she must be—unless, indeed—— no, then she wouldn't have any money of her own——"

"There's a nut for you to crack, gossip; only mind you crack it by yourself," said the colonel, with a dash of ferocity in his bantering tone. "Well, whoever she is, this young fellow is after her, and it will take all I know to manage matters, if once she gets the bit between her teeth. I am sincerely obliged to you for your advice and your information, Sandy, and, in return, I will just tell you a bit of news that concerns yourself."

"News, and about myself? You don't mean to say that the master-general has hearkened at last to any word of mine—or, perhaps, to that of a good friend, such as one Colonel Juxon—and is about to remember an old and tried public servant, eh man?" and the commissary's stony face grew for a moment almost conciliatory.

"Old you are, Sandy, and tried you may have been for what I know," replied the colonel, laughing, "but as to your promotion, I have heard nothing. What I have to say is connected solely with your domestic affairs; there's a cadet after your Gracie as well as after my Ella!"

"A cadet after my Gracie!" yelled the commissary, for the moment startled out of his habitual equanimity of manner; "she dare not do it, sir; I don't believe it."

"My dear sir, she has done nothing amiss that I am aware of—nothing more than what you take so coolly in my girl's case. It seems that she and Ella were rescued by this Landon and another cadet from some scoundrels of Charlton Fair."

"Not such scoundrels as themselves, I'll warrant!" broke in the commissary bitterly. "But what was this other one's name? Not that it signifies, for they are all good for nothing alike, except perhaps your man, Landon. It's just like my luck that Gracie should have picked out the poor one."

"Nay, I don't think she picked him out," observed the colonel, with an amused air, "it seems to me that he picked her out."

"Then why didn't he pick the other out—I mean Miss Ella—it would have been all the same to him, and have left Landon to my Gracie."

"I'm sure I don't know, commissary," chuckled the colonel, "there's something of fancy perhaps in such little preferences. You are very welcome to Landon now, if you can persuade him to transfer his affections. But I am bound to say," added he, slily, "from Ella's account, that this other young fellow is a fine, handsome, soldier-like lad, such as

most men would be proud to call their son-in-law, and showed a great deal of courage."

The colonel expected an outburst, but his companion quietly answered : "There was a tolerable scrimmage then, was there ?"

"Scrimmage, I believe you : you have heard of course that the cadets marched down to the fair, and took the place as it were by assault. Then afterwards there was another row, in which these two were alone concerned. To give the devil his due, this Landon seems to have fought like a wild cat, and his friend to have backed him loyally."

"That's good," said the commissary, rubbing his hands, "for from what I know of Sir Hercules, he will not easily look over a first offence, certainly not a second ; so this young blackguard is safe to be expelled. He can't live on here, like a young bear, by sucking his paws, and so we shall get rid of him."

"You're a deuced grateful creature, Sandy, and that's a fact," grinned the colonel, rising and putting on his forage cap. "I only wish Miss Ella was as easy to deal with as your Gracie is like to be ; but you have such a persuasive way with your women-folk."

"I never swear at them at all events," observed the commissary, drily. "Good afternoon to you." And so they parted on the very verge of a quarrel, as the worthy pair had been wont to do every other day for the last ten years. If the colonel was given to use worse language than the commissary, he had not been endowed with a worse temper. In the latter's case, there being no verbal outlet, his ire took the form of moroseness and soured the whole man. The ebullition of rage to which he had given way, when his friend had informed him of Gracie's adventure, had been but momentary, and even now, when he was left alone with that unwelcome piece of intelligence, and was considering it, a shade of yellow that mingled with the brick-dust colour of his complexion alone betrayed his annoyance. It was as sufficient an indication, however, to the members of his family that something was amiss with him, as is a flag upside down to mariners.

His wife and daughter noticed this baleful signal, as the commissary entered what he was wont to call "my drawing-room."

It was an apartment furnished entirely by his own taste, and he was doubtless jealous lest anyone else should have the credit of it. The backs of the half-dozen chairs it contained, and also of the little sofa, were all of mother of pearl, and presented to the astonished eye, each a picture of some famous edifice. Windsor Castle, St. Paul's, and the Tower of London, were all thus portrayed, and if not quite as large as the originals, the effect of them was very striking. The back of the sofa represented Westminster Abbey by night ; the windows were lit up as if by flame, so that nervous ladies with muslin gowns had sometimes declined

to sit upon it. Each picture, the commissary said, had been executed by a first-rate R.A. If it had really been so, the R.A. ought himself to have been executed immediately on the completion of his work, for anything more hideous could not have been imagined. But in this, I think, the proprietor was mistaken; the execution must have been mechanical, and had not been, perhaps, quite so expensive as he would have it believed. The colonel said—nay, swore—that it was "all oyster-shells."

"What nonsense is this, Mrs. Ray, about Gracie and some cadet?" inquired the lord of all this grandeur with stern abruptness.

"It is no nonsense, papa——" commenced Gracie.

"You are not going to venture to tell me, I hope, that there is anything serious?" interrupted he in harsh slow tones.

"No, papa," answered the girl, trembling a little in spite of the courage she always strove to assume in her mother's presence; "I only meant to say that there was no flirtation, or anything that could be objected to. A very great service, and at great risk to themselves, was done to me and Ella by two young gentlemen—cadets—in rescuing us from some very rude people; and I do hope, papa, that you will take some notice of it—I mean in the way of thanks."

"And what is it, may I ask, that you expect me to do? Am I to go and call upon this young whipper-snapper, whose very name you have not yet given yourself the trouble to tell me? Upon my word, Mrs. Ray, I cannot congratulate you upon the manner in which your daughter has been brought up. To dictate to her father, and at the same time to keep him in ignorance of an important fact! Perhaps I am at once to send an invitation to dinner addressed to 'Blank Blank, Esq., Royal Military Academy?'"

"No, no, papa; only, if he comes to ask after me—or anything—as it is only likely he may do——"

"If who comes?" inquired the commissary, growing perceptibly more yellow. "Am I never to hear this gentleman's name?"

"Darall, papa—Hugh Darall!"

"A very fine name, with figure and face to match, no doubt. If I ever catch you asking him to this house, or giving him the least encouragement, Miss Gracie, I do assure you, you will both repent it. Not that you are in the least likely to set eyes on him again, for he is pretty certain to be expelled for this day's work at Charlton Fair."

"Oh, papa, and I shall have been partly the cause of it! How ungrateful and unkind he will think me, never to give him one word of thanks!"

"I'll be sworn you have given him that already, and perhaps a word

or two too much. Let there be no more of them, miss. I happen to know that he's a beggarly fellow, without a shilling."

"I know he has no money, papa, though he can't help that; and he has also a poor mother dependent upon him——"

Mrs. Ray closed her eyes, as it was her custom to do when expecting an outbreak of her husband's wrath, but the evident emotion of Gracie had stayed its torrent. Her father saw that she was crying bitterly, and he remembered that it would disfigure her for the evening party to which she was engaged that night.

"Don't be a fool, Gracie," he said, in a tone which he confidently believed to be a conciliatory one; "I don't want to be unreasonable. So long as it is quite understood that this young fellow is not to be encouraged, I have no objection to your being civil to him. If he calls here within the next few days, I suppose you must see him—of course, in your mother's presence—and get rid of him as well as you can. If he puts off calling to a later date, we may take it for granted that he has some prudence, or thinks nothing serious of the matter; and you will, in that case, instruct Janet to say 'Not at home.'"

"That is all I wanted, papa," sobbed Gracie, softly; "only not to seem discourteous and unkind."

"Very good! Now let us have no more tears. One system of waterworks of that sort in a house"—here he cast a contemptuous glance at the invalid—"is quite sufficient. If your eyes are red when your chaperon, Mrs. Murdock, comes to call for you, I shall be exceedingly annoyed. And mind you are civil to Captain Waters to-night; forget what I said about him the other evening. Circumstances alter cases; and I happen to know that an aunt of his died suddenly last week, and has left him a pretty penny."

Here the commissary stalked out of the room, and, as soon as he had got outside the door of it, winked to himself with great significance. This wink expressed not only general approval of his own persuasive way with womankind, but a certain particular satisfaction. "There is no fear of Mr. Hugh Darall's paying his visit in any particular hurry," he muttered, "inasmuch as I happen to know that the whole cadet corps are confined to barracks till further orders."

The commissary was justly credited with "happening to know" most things, and especially for his possession of the very latest local information.

(*To be continued.*)

"LA ROSE D'AMOUR"

LA RUSE D'AMOUR.

My little Birdie! I've found you at last,
  Hour after hour I've sought for you vainly;
Now that I've caught you the die shall be cast—
  Tell me my fortune, and tell it me plainly.

Half in the sunshine and half in the shade,
  Hiding away and yet smiling to see me;
Knowing the havoc your bright eyes have made,
  Disdaining to hold, nor caring to free me.

Tell me my fortune, it rests in your heart,
  Make it a bright one, dear lady, to cheer me.
Sometimes I think when our souls are apart,
  That heart's not so light as when I am near thee.

Ah! you are frowning—'tis always my fate;
  To-morrow I go—I'm summoned by duty—
Partly resigned, for I've noticed of late,
  The world holds a prize that's better than beauty.

A tear!—and for me! 'Twas only a jest,
  I'd forfeit my life to save you from sorrow;
You know not the weight you have raised from my breast,
  And, love, I'm not sure, I *must* leave to-morrow.

TEMPERANCE BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT—THE GOTHENBURG SYSTEM.

BY HON. W. McDOUGALL, C.B., M.P.P.

It is frequently necessary to remind well-meaning, but inexperienced legislators, that change is not always reform. The ease with which legal experts compress into one or two volumes the unrepealed Acts of half a century of legislation, proves how very few kernels of wheat are contained in whole cart-loads of legislative chaff. But if the Bills, or projects of laws, which have been introduced, printed, and discussed during the same period, and either withdrawn by their projectors, or extinguished by the negative vote of parliament, were added to the list of abortive acts, the enthusiasm of many ingenuous law-makers would be abated, and the faith of moral and social reformers in the efficacy of novel Acts of Parliament, without a corresponding change in the opinions and consciences of the people who are expected to obey them, would be seriously shaken. "Governments," says Mr. Mill, "must be made for human beings as they are, or as they are capable of speedily becoming." In other words, he who proposes new institutions or new laws for any people must be impressed, not solely with the benefits of the institution or polity proposed, but also with the capacities, moral, intellectual, and active, required for working it.

The Temperance movement is one of the great moral reforms of the 19th century. Moralists in every age had condemned excess in the use of stimulants, and individuals and societies had imposed upon themselves, as a religious duty, abstinence from intoxicating drinks. But until 1836, when "The Temperance Union" was formed in the United States, we have no example of a voluntary association organized without reference to sacerdotal or political objects, spreading itself over different countries and imposing its one rule of abstinence upon multitudes of people of every rank and class. The State of Maine, in 1851, made, as some think, an important discovery in legislation, and by the coercive prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors within the State, accomplished a great reform in the habits and morals of its citizens. Five years' experience of Neal Dow's system of legal prohibition induced the Legislature of Maine to repeal it, and re-enact the License system. The usual result followed; the *flow* of the tide was proportioned to the retrogression. "License," says Mr. Stebbins, in his Fifty Years History of the Temperance Cause, "took the place of prohibition, and in every city, town and village, there was the open bar, the

gay saloon, and the less inviting shop. Liquor was flowing everywhere in the State, and so alarming were the consequences, that the philanthropist, patriot and Christian sprang to the rescue, nor did they cease their labours until the law again triumphed in the right." There are those, however, who doubt whether the net results of the coercive system, apart from the voluntary abstinence of anti-drinkers, have vindicated its author's title to the honours of a Solon. No doubt the law has done *some* good, but if we may believe the reports of intelligent observers, and the testimony of reputable citizens, it has also done some harm. That it has entirely prevented either the sale or the use of intoxicating liquor, no one who has lived in the State will affirm. As a model of legislation the "Maine Law" may be considered a failure. Only two or three of the smaller States have adopted it in a modified form, and even Mr. Stebbins admits that "alternate success and defeat have been its history ever since." Dio Lewis, the originator of the "Women's Temperance movement," which produced such remarkable results in Ohio two or three years ago, gives his opinion of legal prohibition as follows :—"The Prohibitory Liquor Law, thoroughly enforced, would, I have never doubted, contribute more to the wealth of the State and the welfare of society than all the other of our Statutes put together. But if this law be enacted *before public sentiment is prepared to enforce it,* it must divert the attention of temperance men from the vigorous and undivided employment of those moral influences which alone can give development and power to public sentiment. *I affirm that its influence in New England has been disastrous up to this time.*" —[*Fifty Years' History of the Temperance Cause.*—p. 477.]

There is, perhaps, no country in the world where "public sentiment" is more potential in legislation, or where the means of creating and directing it are more readily available than in the United States; yet if after twenty years' experience of the system of absolute prohibition, its friends admit that it has proved "disastrous" rather than beneficial, the legislators of other countries may well hesitate to adopt it. A law which prohibits trade; which interferes with the liberty of the individual; which limits the natural right of every citizen to govern his own household, and to supply his table with such aliment, solid or fluid, as he may prefer, can only be justified on the ground : (1) That the health and safety of the community cannot otherwise be preserved; and, (2) That the exceptional law will effect the object. While it is admitted that every man has a natural right to protect himself and his family against personal assaults, against disease, against poisons, against moral pollution, by any means which he may choose to adopt, so long as he does not interfere with the correlative rights of his neighbour, so it must be admitted that communities and nations have the right to pro-

tect themselves by similar means, under similar conditions, against similar evils. But there is this difference : the individual wills, and, having chosen his means, acts. If he do not interfere with his neighbour, he is exercising a right which no one can dispute. The community or nation (if free) wills by the agreement and consent of a majority, and when the mode of action has been determined, the executive authority enforces that will, or not, according to the varying moods of "public sentiment." The minority who were outvoted in the adoption of the mode of action constitute an objecting or resisting force, which, if nearly equal to the majority, will keep alive the sentiment of opposition. Every blunder of the authorities ; every case of individual hardship ; every imprudent word or act of over-zealous partisans of the majority, and every instance of failure in the working of the obnoxious law, will strengthen and extend that sentiment until it dominates in the community, and then the law becomes a dead letter. This is the history and fate of all attempts to prescribe rules of conduct for the individual at home, or in his private or social circle, and which deprive him of his independence, or restrain his personal liberty. It may be laid down as a rule of universal application in all self-governing communities, that no law which interferes with the personal liberty of the individual will be respected, unless it be shown beyond doubt that the public good requires such interference, and it can only be enforced when, and so long as, the public sentiment,—*i.e.* the assent of a considerable majority of the people—approves and sustains it. Can it be proved that a majority in Canada, or in any of the Provinces, desire, or, if it were enacted, would sustain, a law prohibiting the importation, manufacture, and sale of wine, beer, and spirituous liquors ? Until those who approve and desire such a law can answer that question in the affirmative, they are not in a position to ask Parliament to enact it.

But the experience of all countries, especially of those inhabited by the descendants of the Goths or Teuton tribes of Northern Europe, proves that Free Trade in drink—whatever may be the benefits of Free Trade in other commodities—is neither beneficial nor safe ; that even the restricted or licensed trade is in most countries the fruitful cause of evils, which all "philanthropists, patriots, and Christians" desire to prevent, or at least to diminish. How can this be done ? The whole controversy turns on this question. The number of those who believe that nothing can or ought to be done to diminish the evils resulting from the sale and use of intoxicating liquors, is not large nor influential. Even among those engaged in the trade, there are many who deplore these evils, and, as shown in the Women's movement, can be persuaded by moral influences alone, to abandon both the use and the sale. If, then, a great majority in Canada are opposed to Free Trade in drink, as may safely be assumed

—and if a considerable majority are in favour of Legislative interference, so far as may be practicable, to lessen the evils of excess,—which we think may also be assumed—the question is narrowed to the following alternatives :—

1. The amendment, in the direction of greater stringency, of the existing license laws.

2. The direct control by government of the importation, manufacture, and sale of spirituous liquors.

We exclude from our view, at present, amendments of the criminal law, such as providing for the more speedy and certain punishment of acts or instances of intoxication ; of sales to minors, or persons already intoxicated ; of sales to habitual drunkards, &c.

We exclude also, the question of regulating the sale of beer, wine, &c., the use of which, though undoubtedly hurtful if carried to excess, does not in the opinion of most people, produce such injurious consequences as the use of ardent spirits, and therefore may be left in the category of ordinary vices. Will any practicable amendment of the license laws meet the case ?

To answer this question we must trace the history of license laws in other countries as well as our own. In Great Britain, generations of drunkards have lived and died under the license system. Many amendments, sometimes more, sometimes less, stringent than the original law, have been enacted, but with ill success. Drink is still the national crime. A temperance writer in the *Fortnightly Review* of May, 1876, says :—

"In the last three years of great commercial activity, the consumption of excisable liquors has increased 25 per cent., and the reported cases of drunkenness, more than 50 per cent. The expenditure on intoxicants already exceeds £120,000,000 ; it has increased, is increasing, and assuredly ought to be diminished. All past legislation has been ineffectual to restrain the habit of excess. Acts of Parliament intended to lessen, have notoriously augmented the evil ; and we must seek a remedy in some new direction, if we are not prepared to abandon the contest, or contentedly to watch with folded arms the gradual deterioration of the people."

The same writer produces statistics to show that Lord Aberdare's Act, restricting the hours of sale, giving magistrates greater control over licenses, and providing more stringent regulations in respect to licensed houses, "has been a conspicuous failure." One result followed Lord Aberdare's well-meant attempt to diminish drunkenness, and improve the character of public-houses in England, which should be a warning to legislators of other countries who propose to interfere with the rights of individuals under existing laws, and to correct the habits and morals of the people by Act of Parliament. The Government of

which Lord Aberdare was a member, the strongest that had directed the affairs of England for many years, fell helplessly, almost ignominiously, before the assault of indignant publicans and their sympathising customers! A Beer Parliament, as the defeated party designate it, was elected by a decisive majority. Yet it has only slightly relaxed the so-called stringent provisions of Lord Aberdare's Act. It might be argued that while one set of men lost their places, and while their successors were compelled to take a step or two backwards, by "public sentiment," yet an important advance was made, and the ground is still held. If this were true, "the philanthropists, patriots, and Christians" would not, perhaps, regret the loss of Gladstone, or the accession of Disraeli. But statistics show that the gain, in a moral point of view, is not appreciable. The stringent law, which cost the politicians so much, has not lessened drunkenness, nor the consumption of intoxicating drinks in England.

The operation of stringent license laws in the United States is but little more encouraging. That they mitigate, in some degree, the evils which Free Trade in drink, without legal recognition or restraint, would engender, can hardly be doubted. But the zealous advocates of prohibition denounce them as unsound in principle and ineffective in operation. An extract or two from Stebbin's *Fifty Years' History*, will suffice on this point:

"The life of a nation is too short for the art of suppressing the liquor traffic by license. For over two hundred years our fathers tried to perfect a 'stringent' license law, and died without the sight. Their despair may well be crowned when they behold the bungling workmanship of the wise men of to-day. During all these years more than a hundred different laws were passed with reference to licensing and regulating this branch of trade. An attentive perusal of them would constitute a complete demonstration of the inherent weakness of all such legislation."

Some allowance must be made for the zeal of partisanship, and the blindness of advocacy. The *total* prohibitionists can discover no merits in any law that stops short of their own. It must be admitted, however, that American experience has established one point,—no law will effectively prohibit the use, or regulate the sale of intoxicating drinks in any community, unless it is supported by a vigorous public opinion. The "sentiment" or conviction of the people in favour of the law, must not only precede, but follow its enactment.

The case of Sweden—until 1855 the most drunken country in Europe—may be studied with advantage by temperance reformers, as well as by legislators and governments. For some years previous to 1855 there was no license law in Sweden. We have, therefore, in modern times, and among a people of the same race—the Teutonic—as ourselves; cultivated, energetic, inspired with patriotic feeling and a strong

love of liberty; inhabiting a country with climatic conditions similar to our own, and living under a constitutional government, the result of a fair trial of Free Trade in spirituous liquors. The experience of Sweden is instructive. We quote from an article by Mr. Chamberlain, M.P., in the *Fortnightly Review* of 1st May, 1876:—

"Up to 1855 there was Free Trade in liquor in Sweden. Every person in the kingdom had the right of selling spirits in quantities of one *kan* (three-fifths of a gallon) and upwards, and every burgher was entitled to sell in any quantity, large or small. The consequences may be commended to the careful consideration of those who urge the adoption of a similar principle in this country. There existed in 1850 more than 40,000 distilleries of 'brandvin'—Swedish brandy, with 50 per cent. of alcohol—alone, and innumerable shops for the sale of this spirit, and of ale and porter. The consumption reached an average of ten gallons per annum per head of the population, which may be compared with the estimated consumption of $1\frac{1}{4}$ gallons per annum per head of the population of the United Kingdom. So prevalent is still the excessive use of brandvin in Sweden, that the Swedes appear to consider the milder intoxicants unworthy of notice in their legislation for limiting the abuse of strong drinks; and houses for the sale of porter, wine, and beer only, are styled 'Temperance Houses,' in contrast to the spirit shops; but in 1855, the Diet passed a law prohibiting private distillation altogether, fixing the minimum quantity to be sold without license at 15 kans, and authorizing the communal authorities to recommend the number of licenses, if any, to be granted in their respective districts. The governor of each province was empowered to diminish, but not to increase, the number so recommended, which were then put up to auction for a term of three years. In many localities the communal authorities have availed themselves of the discretion vested in them to report against any licenses being granted, and thus the principle of the Permissive Bill has been practically put into operation."

Out of this law of 1855 "prohibiting private distillation altogether," and regulating the traffic, as to quantity and persons, by license, grew the now famous "Gothenburg system." Its success not only in the city of Gothenburg, where it originated, but in all the principal towns and cities of Sweden, and in some of the towns of Norway, has attracted the attention and evoked the admiration of many travellers and observers from other countries. The writer of this article visited Gothenburg in 1873, and having made enquiry into the origin of the system, and witnessed its operation, can corroborate many of the statements and views of Mr. Chamberlain, who has just published the results of a visit to Sweden, undertaken for the purpose of studying the Gothenburg system. Before quoting from Mr. Chamberlain, whose more recent observations give greater authority to his conclusions, it may be useful to explain the distinguishing feature—the essential principle—of the new system. In a single sentence it is this:—*No individual either as proprietor or manager of a public house, or shop, can derive any private gain from the*

sale of spirits, or have any interest whatever in extending their consumption. The shrewd and practical Swedes discovered that the spirit of gain was a more powerful motor of this car of Juggernaut than the spirit of "brandvin." They took away the propelling power, and though the car, moves still, it retains only the impetus of momentum. Those who have deliberately resolved to perish are its only victims. The history of the Gothenburg plan is thus given by Mr. Chamberlain :—

"Taking advantage of some of the provisions of the general law of 1855, a limited company, called the 'Utskanknings-aktie Bolag,'* was formed in Gothenburg in 1865, whose members bound themselves by charter to derive no profit from the trade in drink which the company was instituted to carry on, but to hand over the net proceeds, if any, to the town treasury. At the time of their incorporation there were in Gothenburg sixty-one public-house licenses granted by the Town Council for the sale of any quantity of spirits to be consumed off or on the premises, and fifty-eight retail licenses (or grocer's license, as they would be called in England), for the sale of quantities not less than half a kan, to be consumed off the premises. The latter were excluded from the provisions of the law affecting public-house licenses, and in the first instances the Bolag was only able to secure a transfer of the forty public-house licenses, which were then open for removal. Of this number, they abandoned seventeen at once, and placed managers in the rest, who are paid, partly by salary, and partly by a share of the profits on the sale of beer, coffee, tea, tobacco, and food. In 1868 the Bolag completed the acquisition of the whole of the remaining twenty-one spirit shops, under the control of the Council, and of these they have subsequently abandoned three, having now forty-one in operation. In 1875, by an alteration in the law, they were enabled to obtain possession of the retail licenses also, of which there were then only twenty in existence, the others having been abandoned from time to time by the authorities. Of the twenty so obtained, the Bolag suppressed seven altogether, and transferred the remainder to private wine merchants for the sale of the higher class of spirits, not in ordinary use by the working classes."

On taking to their property, the Bolag seems to have made considerable alterations in the houses, which are now said to be plain and quiet in exterior, with none of the flashy adornment by which the proprietors of gin-palaces, in this country, seek to attract their victims. Mr. Balfour, of Liverpool, who visited Gothenburg in 1875, reports as follows on this subject:—

"We visited numbers of the public-houses, and found they were fitted up comfortably, and more resembled eating-houses than the public-houses of our own country. They were provided with a bar, on which were placed several small glasses filled with spirits. But for this, we probably should not have discovered that we were within a public-house at all ; and there was no such thing as the blazing gas, the mirrors, the brass, and the lines of bottles that so ostentatiously distinguish the gin-palaces of Eng-

* Literally—"Out-pouring Stock Company."

land. . . . We observed a striking contrast between these public-houses and our own in this respect—that at Gothenburg the people were almost all taking food, showing that the purpose steadily pursued by the Company, of transforming public-houses into eating-houses, is being largely accomplished."

Mr. Chamberlain gives a table of the results in Gothenburg, of the new system, based on the yearly cases of drunkenness from 1864 to 1875. The figures show a marked decrease, though from the greater vigilance of the police, the increase in the number of foreigners visiting the port, and of peasants from the country, who purchased in quantity, and drank their spirits in unlicensed places, the arrests for drunkenness are relatively more numerous the last two or three years of the experiment than in the preceding, or earlier part of it. Another fact must be remembered. There were nine spirit licenses granted for life, or in perpetuity, which the "Bolag" were unable to obtain, and 115 licenses for the sale of beer and porter, not within the object, or under the control, of the company. These unfettered agencies, in a sea-port town of 60,000 inhabitants, would be able to impair, very seriously, the influence of any restrictive system upon the calendar of the Police Court. The ordinary level of drunkenness was, nevertheless, reduced 40 per cent. by the operations of the "Bolag" from 1864 to 1875, which seems, under the circumstances, a strong testimony in favour of the system.

Among the causes which some observers, who expected more striking results, have suggested for the partial failure of the "Bolag," Mr. Chamberlain mentions two that deserve attention. He says:—

"It is alleged that the 'Bolag' has not been quite successful in excluding its managers from all pecuniary interest in the sale. An allowance is made to them of three per cent. for leakage and waste, and this, being in excess of the real average, leaves a margin of profit which augments with the quantity sold. Lastly—it is suggested by Bailie Lewis, of Edinburgh, who visited Sweden in 1873 in order to investigate the results of the system, that the profits derived by the town through the instrumentality of the "Bolag," (which were £10,604 in 1871, and have risen to £36,973 in 1875,) have tended to reconcile the community to the continued prosecution, and even to the extension of the traffic. We are said to have drunk ourselves out of the Abyssinian war, and in a similar way the drinkers of Gothenburg provide for many of the expenses of the community.

"This insinuation of indifference to the evil is, however, strenuously repelled by the members of the 'Bolag' and the leading inhabitants of the town, and it appears that with a view of lessening any possible temptation to the municipal authorities to encourage the sale of drink, in order to increase their revenue, the law of 1874 has given two-fifths of all net profits made in the town by the "Bolag," to the authorities of the county or province, for their benefit, and that of the agricultural society. Local opinion seems unanimously in favour of the system after ten years' experience, and similar organizations have been formed on the

model of the 'Bolag' in several Norwegian and Swedish towns, while a Committee of the Town Council of Stockholm has just recommended the adoption of the plan in the capital itself.

"The standing difficulty of the friends of temperance in these countries is the excessive cheapness of spirits, which are, even now, sold wholesale at two shillings and nine pence per gallon, and retailed by the glass at the rate of six shillings per gallon. In Christiana, where the system of letting the licenses to private individuals by auction still prevails, the number of cases of drunkenness is ten per cent. of the population, or more than double that of the worst English or Scotch town, and nearly three times the rate in Gothenburg.

"Whatever, then, may be said against the Gothenburg system, it remains an undisputed fact, that under its provisions, and in the space of ten years, the ordinary level of drunkenness has been reduced by two-fifths, and the number of houses for the sale of spirits by more than one-half. What proposition is there before the English people from which its most sanguine advocates venture to anticipate similar results within the next generation. Surely, it is worth while, in the light of this remarkable experience, to consider if it be not practicable to frame a Bill which should at least render it possible to test, on English soil, the principles which have so generally commended themselves to the Swedish people."

The article from which the above extracts are taken attracted considerable attention in England, and from the discussions that followed, Mr. Chamberlain was induced to pay a visit to Sweden, "to enquire on the spot" into the operation of the new system. The results are given in the *Fortnightly Review* of 1st December, 1876. He returned from Sweden confirmed in the belief that, with some modifications, the Gothenburg system would prove highly beneficial in his own country. A few passages from his *report*—as it may be called—are subjoined:—

"The advocates of the scheme in Sweden—and these are the whole of the educated classes, with the exception of the distillers—say that as they never were sanguine enough to expect the absolute suppression of drunkenness as the result of any practicable legislation, so this is not the test by which their success in more limited aims is to be finally judged.

"'Experience has convinced me,' said one of the ablest supporters of the Gothenburg system, 'that there is absolutely only one way by which drunkenness can be put down, and that is by the entire prohibition of the *use* of intoxicating drinks. But such a measure is utterly impracticable, and you have therefore to consider how the evils attendant on the consumption of liquor may be reduced to a minimum. This is the object which we hope we are gradually accomplishing by our plan. We have done a great deal already, we have secured the possibility of doing more; and, as our experience increases, we are continually trying to supplement and extend our previous efforts.'

"The persons who have so readily convinced themselves of the futility of the Gothenburg system are usually advocates of the Permissive Bill, and it is strange that they should have neglected the evidence, which is also afforded by Swedish experience, of the same kind of partial failure in the practical working of that measure as they trace in the results of the Goth-

enburg system. Each commune in Sweden has the right of fixing periodically the number of licenses, if any to be granted in its district. The governor of the province may reduce, but cannot increase this number. Availing themselves of this power, many country communes have refused to have any licenses ; and thus in the province of Gothenburg, with a rural population of 170,000, there are only ten licensed houses. But no single *town* (and the experience is suggestive of what would happen in England) has ventured to carry restriction so far, as the feeling of the people, and especially of the working classes, will not warrant such an extreme measure."

* * * * *

"In estimating the real value of such a novelty as the one introduced by the Gothenburg Bolag, or Company, it is surely right to attach great weight to the opinions of observers on the spot, who may be supposed to have got over the first shock with which all strange experiments are received, and to be now in a position, after more than ten years' experience, to judge of the results impartially, and without the prejudice of which a casual visitor has not time to divest himself.

"Now Swedish opinion is singularly unanimous on the point. Again and again we were assured that, although there was some opposition at the commencement of the plan, it has long ceased ; and the advantages of the system are now admitted by everybody except the manufacturers of liquor, whose continued hostility may be accepted as a satisfactory indication of the probable diminution of consumption, which cannot be proved in any other way, since the statistics do not give the means of accurately comparing the total sales of spirits now with the sales before the Bolag was started. But provincial governors, the clergy of all ranks, members of municipal corporations, and the press, not in Gothenburg only, but throughout the country, unite in general commendation of the system and the results which have flowed from its adoption. At the present time arrangements similar to those in Gothenburg are in force in fifty-seven other towns, including Norrkoping, Calskrona, Upsala, Jonkoping, and Lund ; and in the capital itself, with a population of 140,000, the Town Council, by a majority of three to one, have determined on the adoption of the system, which is to come into force on October 1st, 1877."

* * * * *

"In walking through the streets, both by day and night, we saw no drunken persons ; but probably should have had a different experience if our visit had coincided with a holiday or fête. The rules of the police are stringent, and all persons seen to be the worse for liquor are summoned, and if necessary locked up till sober. To account for the number of such cases, in spite of the regulations observed, the following reasons were given. In the first place, at least one-third of the drunkenness reported by the police is attributable to strangers and country people coming from outside. Then the food of the working class is so light, consisting chiefly of fish and milk diet, that comparatively small quantities of spirits are sufficient to turn their heads. The old race of habitual drunkards has not yet died out, and their repeated convictions, under the strict supervision adopted, account for many entries in the register of the police. It is hoped that the new generation will show fewer of these victims to a chronic disease."

* * * * *

"Besides the ordinary supervision of the police, there is a special inspector appointed by the Bolag to see that all its regulations are observed, and that there is no fraud on the part of the managers; but since the establishment of the company there has been only one case necessitating the dismissal of a manager. The profits made by the Bolag, and now devoted to public uses, are enormous, and the financial success of the undertaking has actually formed part of the indictment brought against it by the more extreme advocates of temperance. These profits, however, are due in part to the immense saving in the cost of the management effected by the large reduction in the number of separate houses, and still more to a considerable increase in the price of spirits, which has been made chiefly in the hope of restricting the consumption.

"Licenses in Sweden are put up to auction and let to the highest bidder. When the Bolag started in 1865, their tender was 60,000 kronor per annum; but on the last occasion they were driven up by the competition of a Stockholm distiller to 360,000 kronor per annum. The actual profits have been 140,000 kronor in excess of the original tender; and the total advantage of the system to the ratepayer, as compared with the former state of things, when possibly the tenders were let too low in consequence of the absence of free competition, is represented by 440,000 kronor, or nearly £25,000 per annum."

* * * * *

"Putting aside the thorough-going supporters of total prohibition, who would absolutely abolish the sale throughout the length and breadth of the country, there is no other class of temperance reformers who may not hope to gain from this system the objects they seek. Thus the friends of the Permissive Bill would secure the local right of veto, which is the cardinal principle of their measure. The Sunday Closing Association might confidently expect the closing of the houses on Sunday, a result which has invariably followed the adoption of the Gothenburg system in Sweden. A great reduction in the number of houses; the entire prevention of adulteration; the removal of all extraneous temptation, such as is now offered by the garish attractions of our gin-palaces, and by the music, the gambling, and the bad company which are permitted or winked at in so many cases; the restoration of the victualler's trade to its original intention, and the provision of alternatives and substitutes for the intoxicating drinks to which the traffic is now confined; the observance of the strictest order, and the certainty that all police regulations, now too often a dead letter, or enforced only by the employment of detectives, will be invariably obeyed—these are results which all friends of temperance are united in desiring, and which are proved to follow the adoption of the principle that the sale of strong drink is a monopoly which can only safely be entrusted to the control of the representatives and trustees of the community, and which should be carried on for the convenience and advantage of the people, and not for the private gain of individuals."

We have endeavoured by the help of Mr. Chamberlain's published statements of 1st May, and 1st December, to explain the *Swedish* plan for preventing *abuse* in the sale, and *excess* in the use of ardent spirits.

The concurrent testimony of impartial observers establishes its superiority over all other *License* systems. In a few years it has converted a drunken nation into a comparatively sober one. The writer spent a week in Gothenburg, in 1873, and only saw two drunken men. One was a sailor, probably a foreigner, and the other a commercial traveller. He visited Stockholm, and the other chief towns of Sweden, and took some pains to enquire into the habits of the common people. The evidence of a general improvement since 1855, and of a marked change as regards drink since 1865, in all towns where the Gothenburg system had been adopted, seemed to him conclusive. He saw more drinking, and more drunken men, women, and children, on his way to a missionary meeting one Saturday night in Glasgow, than he saw in all the towns he visited in Sweden during a whole month! Was this contrast owing to difference of race, or of climate, or of moral influences apart from legal? We are disposed to think the chief points of difference are referable to the local laws. At all events, like causes produce like effects, the world over, and since we cannot, in a free country, absolutely prohibit men from using the food and drink they prefer—at least until a very clear majority of the electoral body resolve not merely to *pass* the prohibitory law, but to *enforce* it—we ought, as practical philanthropists, patriots, and Christians, to do *the best we can*, by persuasion, by regulation, by official control,—to mitigate the evil we cannot wholly prevent.

A short time ago, in the city of Toronto, a poor woman was found frozen to death a few yards from a tavern door. The tavern-keeper admitted that he knew she was addicted to intemperance; that she had been treated at his bar more than once during the evening, and that he sold her a half-pint of whiskey before turning her into the street. Could anything but the spirit of *gain*, fortified by the *license* of authority, have blinded that man to the cruelty and wickedness of such an act? And, but for that license to sell to any one—to sell spirits as a lawful business—would the authorities of any civilized—not to say christian—country, permit such an act to go unpunished?

We conclude this paper with the expression of our firm conviction, that the true, the rational, the only practicable amendment of our laws regulating the traffic in spirituous liquors is, following the example of Sweden, to place the *sale* in the hands of proper persons who can make *no profit* by it. Whether these persons shall be the official representatives of the municipalities, or of the local or general governments, is a matter of detail which must be settled upon a due consideration of the constitutional relations of the respective bodies, and the adaptability of existing machinery to the object in view.

"VARIUM ET MUTABILE SEMPER FŒMINA."—Virg.

Darkening the God of Day,
While on thy way,
Cold frowning one;
Kissing each zephyr sigh,
That flutters by,
Seeking the sun.

Wooing the howling blast,
That rushes past
Thy mobile form:
Thine eyes a flame of death,
And thy swift breath
A scourging storm.

Soothing the dying west
Upon thy breast,
Sweet blushing maiden;
Weeping for weeping's sake,
With nought at stake,
Nor sorrow laden.

Folding white mantles over
The shivering clover,
Through the cold night
Drifting thy starry graces
On dead men's faces,
Pure, peerless blight.

Weaving the moon a shroud—
O fickle cloud!
Is there aught human
As changeful as thou art?
My throbbing heart
Answers me—Woman.

Barry Dane.

Montreal.

EVENINGS IN THE LIBRARY.

No. 3. HOLMES.

"HOLMES," said the Professor the next evening, as he drew down the blinds and turned up the light, "seems never to grow old. Though he is running past the sixties, and nearing the seventies, he writes as humorously and with as much freshness and vivacity as he did in '32. He is renewing his youth. It was only the other day he gave us the third of his great series, and since then a hundred delightful poems and songs have come from his pen. Nor does he write in the slow and measured style of Tom Campbell, the most musical of all poets, but his verses come like flashes of lightning, dazzling, bright, and lighting up everything around them. Campbell's songs read as if they cost him no effort, the rhythm is so even and smooth; but no poet took more pains with his work than the author of the *The Pleasures of Hope* did. His *Last Man*, one of the most beautiful poems in the language and an honour to any age, cost the bard many hours of hard labour and thought. Holmes writes with a freedom that is surprising. When the inspiration is upon him he can go on and on unchecked, at a fabulous rate of speed. He is the only poet living who can do things to order, at short notice, and do them well. If a grand dinner be given, Holmes must supply the poem. If a banquet be held, Holmes writes the song. If a festival be announced, Holmes furnishes the ode or delivers the oration. And whether it be a poem, a song, an ode or an address, the effort is a noble one, and fit to take its place beside anything which we have in our literature. He is always happy in these. His post-prandial speeches, too, are as elegant as those after-dinner talks across the walnuts and the wine, which Dickens loved so well to deliver, and Thackeray so aptly conceived and failed so often to express. Poor whole-souled Thackeray! What a relish there was to the remark he made to Dickens one evening, when on an occasion of this kind, after several failures, he sat down, not at all discomfited or uneasy, and whispered to 'Boz,' 'Dickens, I'm sorry for you.' 'What for,' said the Novelist. 'Because you have lost, just now, one of the finest speeches you ever heard in your life.' And no doubt he did, for Thackeray could conceive very fine things, even if he was bothered in the uttering of them."

"We have numerous examples in literature, of failures of this kind," said Charles, "was it not Garrick who said of Goldsmith that he wrote like an angel, and talked like poor poll?" What a strange anomaly is

here. *The Vicar of Wakefield* is a model of clear and elegant composition, yet its author could not make so small a thing as an after-dinner speech, in those grand old companies of scholars, wits and authors, which boasted of a Johnson, a Burke, a Reynolds, a Sheridan, and a Garrick."

"Perhaps Goldsmith was awed into silence on account of the brilliancy of the company he was in," said Frank. "A man would require considerable nerve to face such a gathering, and everyone snubbed Goldsmith pretty much as he pleased. He even took slights from so mean a man as Davies. Do you know I think Holmes writes very much like Goldy. The same literary sunshine seems to glow in the pages of both. The broad humanity of the one shines out in the other, and both appeal directly to the heart and common sympathy of mankind. The coarseness of Goldsmith is typical of the age in which he lived, and Holmes reminds us in his writings, of Goldsmith, with the vulgar element left out."

"The only resemblance I can see between them," said Charles, "is that both men have written charming books, as both have an inexhaustable supply of humour. Holmes is so original in himself that he is really like no one but himself. Some one has compared him to Shakspeare's ideal *Puck*, who wanted to put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, and Miss Mitford again likens him to the great catholic John Dryden, or the keen-witted author of *The Dunciad*. For myself I see in him a concentration of all that is beautiful in literature. When I grow weary of trying to find good things in the new works, I turn with relief to Holmes. When old Pepys becomes tiresome, and the old books afford me no pleasure, I pick up an odd volume of *The Autocrat* or *The Professor*, and straightway the worry leaves my mind, and a comforting solace is afforded me. He has been a most careful editor of his own works, and not a line could be expunged from his pages without creating a real loss to letters. He has written three great books. Hazlitt, in his *Round Table* never uttered more felicitous things than Holmes does in these wonderful books, books which go directly to the heart, books as full of dainty things as ever Charles Lamb gave us in his *Elaine*, or Hunt printed in his elegant *Seer*, or Coleridge talked in his *Friend*."

"I must join in your enthusiasm, Charles," said the Professor, "Holmes is more than a pleasant talker. He is a deep thinker, but when he gives utterance to his thoughts he invests them with such healthy and good, natured playfulness, that they are never dull or tedious. He has an exuberent fancy, and the philosophy which he teaches is of the speculative form. One must be healthy and strong to read Max Müller or Carlyle, but you can read Holmes at any time, on a sick-bed or in the convalescent's chair. The delicious raillery, the hundred teasing, playful fancies

the noisy fun and graceful imagery which abound all through his writings, make him a welcome visitor at all times and at all seasons. You never grow weary of Holmes as you do sometimes of Ruskin or Talfourd, agreeable as these essayists are. Holmes popularizes thought. The same easy flowing diction characterizes his work, whether the subject be literary, scientific, or social. The sermons he finds in stones are not common-place or unprofitable to listen to. He clothes everything he touches in his warm glowing style, and the more one reads of this genial author the better he understands and likes him. His sentiment is as tender as Dickens', and his wit is higher and more enduring, and of a superior mould to that of the author of *Pickwick*. As a novelist he is not as dramatic as Dickens is, nor has he as much imagination, but his characters are completer and more perfectly formed, and they grow with ten-fold more naturalness. Dickens' creations in the whole range of his literature, with a few exceptions perhaps in *Copperfield*, are exaggerations, and often caricatures, but one sees nothing of this element in Holmes. If his plots are slender, and the construction of his narratives is not as ingenious as Scott's, his story-telling is as charming, and his individuality is quite as striking. The dash which he has, and which Bulwer has not, makes us forget that Holmes lacks the strong inventive faculty so necessary in works of fiction. His *Elsie Venner* is one of the most fascinating novels of our time. It is even more entertaining as a story than *The Guardian Angel*, and it is a novel with a purpose. One cannot lay it down until he finishes it. The character-grouping is excellent, and the incidents are so intense, the dialogue so sprightly, the humour so keen—at times as grotesque as Hood's—the philosophy so evenly balanced, and the moral so healthful, that no one should miss reading it the second time. Ik Marvell's *Reveries of a Bachelor* is a book which should be read at a sitting, and *Elsie Venner* is a book of that class. It charms, delights, and instructs. It is Holmes' snake story, and much that is curious and debatable will be found in it."

"Perhaps," said Frank "there is more philosophy and depth in *Elsie Venner*, but for my own part I give *The Guardian Angel* the preference. Look at the character drawing in that story. Have you not met a score of "Gifted Hopkins," half-a-dozen "Byles Eridleys," and no end of "Myrtle Hazards." If you haven't, I have. I have mortally offended a young poetic aspirant who sent me some verses of his to read. They were addressed to that very unpoetic subject, the "Fog Horn," and *monotone* rhymed with *ozone*, and it was full of queer metres and strange comparisons. I sent the verses back to him, after keeping them a reasonable time, with the remark that they reminded me of some of "Gifted Hopkins's" efforts in the same line. He asked me who Mr. Hopkins was, and I referred him to the book. He never troubled me again,

so I presumed he discovered the doctor's poets. The book is full of vigorous writing, and Holmes's peculiar humour appears at every turn. That point is irresistible, I think, where the good old man confounds the two Scotts, Sir Walter, who wrote *Ivanhoe*, and the author of the Bible Commentary, together."

"I must, notwithstanding what you say, adhere to the view I have first expressed. *Elsie Venner* is the more powerful tale. I can easily see your reason for preferring Holmes's last story. An incident drew it more near to your heart and mind. "Gifted Hopkins" and the young poet, whom you certainly treated a little ungenerously, made an impression on you, so you never think of Dr. Holmes without thinking of "Gifted Hopkins." Your judgment is influenced almost unconsciously to yourself. The influencing force is of course small, but nevertheless it is quite strong enough to change the bent of your mind. Give the two books to any one who has never read either, or to one who had undergone no experience similiar to yours, and unquestionably he would decide in favour of the snake story. That is my idea about it. Both, however, are capital stories, and illustrate well Doctor Holmes's happy method of telling a story. His breakfast series, however, are his principal works, and they are destined to live a long while."

"Yes, are they not splendid? What a wealth of enjoyable reading they contain, and what a mine of originality do they not develop. The prose is crisp, chatty, and nervous, the poetry is oriental in its magnificence and luxuriance. Though there is much in common between him and Keats in their likes and dislikes, Holmes writes nothing of a sensuous character. He does not *think* as Byron or Sheley, or the florid author of *Endymion* did. His fancies are like mettlesome steeds eager for a wild gallop across country. Keats walked timidly and listlessly along bye-paths and narrow lanes, singing softly to himself all the while. Holmes revels in wide fields, and delights in leaping oceans and foaming cascades. He stops sometimes to pick a flower, or rest by some limpid stream, or bask in some grateful sunshine, but there are oases in his journey. He loves the majestic trees of the forest, and takes delight in painting, in his own grand way, the life of the sturdy oak, the stately poplar, the many-tinted maple, and the noble elm. The trees, those giant sentinels of the wood, are to him, as they were to Irving and Garvie, objects of admiration and love, and he never tires of giving us exquisite and fanciful descriptions of them. What is more charming than his walk with the schoolmistress when they went out to look at the elms, and he talked little bits of philosophy to her, and watched the coming and going of the roses in her cheek Or what is more delicious than that other talk of his at the breakfast-table, about oaks and elms and forest trees? I feel almost like saying that Holmes is greater in

his description of quiet nature than in his other writings; and when I think of what he has done in other walks, I must pause."

"Do you think the last of the set, *the Poet*, is equal to the first two of the series, *the Autocrat*, and *the Professor?*"

"Of course I do. *The Poet* exhibits the doctor with many of his powers wholly matured. His fancy is as rich as ever. I can see no difference. It may be because I have advanced in years, with the doctor, since *The autocrat* was written, and as his mind changed, so did mine, unknown to myself. The change comes gradually in us, and we do not perceive it ourselves. *The Poet*, to my mind, is the riper book. It is disposed to look more charitably on mankind. It dosen't notice little things, and is not so apt to criticise, as Frank, for instance, was when his friend immortalized the "Fog Horn." It is the fashion, you know, this year, to speak of the good old times, and depreciate every thing that is of late growth. There are men who cry out that *Punch* has lost its piquancy, and sigh for the days which gave us John Leech to come back again. They see no genius in Tenniel, no humour in DuMaurier even if all his women do look alike; and they miss the sparkling wit of Jerrold and the pleasantries of Mark Lemon. They want Thackeray's thumb-nail sketches again, and they wish to hear Tennyson call Bulwer the "padded man who wore the stays" once more. But who believes *Punch* has ceased to be witty? *The Autocrat* was published twenty years ago. It was the first of its kind. The idea was new, and it was so good that many people thought Holmes could never equal those bright pages again. Then *The Professor* and the story of Iris came out a few years later. Of course no one said it was inferior to *The Autocrat.* The critics were in despair. The second book was equal to the first. When *The Poet* joined his brethern the same criticism was applied, but I doubt if *The Poet* is at all behind either *The Professor* or *The Autocrat.* All of these appeared originally in *The Atlantic.*"

"I remember once hearing Holmes describe the way in which the first number of that magazine was got up. He and some literary friends met together one evening in the fall of 1857, at a well-known tavern in Boston. The company was a right royal one. It included Lowell, Emerson, Hazewell, Motley, Trowbridge, Holmes, and, if I mistake not, Longfellow. *Putnam*—a once prominent New York magazine—had gone down, and there was no proper vehicle for high-class literature then in existence. Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. were prominent publishers then in Boston, and they were the publishers of *The Atlantic* for two years, when Messrs Ticknor & Fields took charge of it. These eminent literary men of Cambridge and Boston, on that eventful evening, decided to give New England a magazine of which the country should feel proud. Emerson contributed an essay and several short

poems, including "Brahma." Lowell furnished a poem; Trowbridge, an essay, I think; and Holmes, the first number of his splendid creation, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table.* It was a grand success from the beginning. That evening at the tavern was a convivial one, for I understood at the time, that one at least of the married men, after he reached home, remembered nothing next morning, except that he "had asked his wife the same question several times during the night." Holmes and the others have written for the magazine ever since, and in 1867 the year's numbers of *The Atlantic* contained *The Guardian Angel.* Notwithstanding the fact that every number of *The Autocrat* is thoroughly enjoyable, there was one number, the eleventh paper, in which Holmes even surpassed himself. That issue contained three poems which have passed into history, and which will live. Holmes has never been so entirely successful since. At least one poem has been grand; but here were three, and all of them classics, the famous One-horse Shay, Contentment, and Destination."

"I wonder why it is that so many good things have had their origin in taverns. They were wayside inns, I suppose."

"Yes. I can give no reason why the air of the tavern should draw so many literary men together; but it has been the case for many years. Johnson, and even before his time, in the age of Shakspeare, the men of letters met in taverns and talked and drank, and sometimes wrote their best things in them. But those places of refreshment were different from the taverns of our day, and our literary men have their club-rooms now to meet and talk in."

"Holmes's writings are full of quotable passages. He has uttered as many wise saws as George Eliot. A book of proverbs might easily be made from his works. It is a wonder to me he has never turned his attention to criticism. He has all the attributes of a good critic.

"Oh, he is too good-natured for a literary butcher. His mind is so delicate and his judgment so fine that very little would please him. He would see a thousand faults in a book. He dare not trust himself to criticise. He would be too severe. His ideas of the niceties are drawn very delicately, and I think he is wise not to say the cutting things he can when he likes. Leech and the satirists of the street organs have uttered nothing so bitter as this distich on *the music grinders*—

> 'Their discords string through Burns and Moore,
> Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.'

"What gems there are scattered here and there in *The Autocrat.* Listen to this:—'Our brains are seventy-four clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hands of the Angel of the Resurrection.

"'Tic—tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop

them ; they cannot stop themselves ; sleep cannot still them ; madness only makes them go faster ; death alone can break into the case, and seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads.'

How rich Holmes is in thoughts like these. His psychological study on the relations of body and mind is one of the best little treatises on this subject published. It formed the oration before the Phi-Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, in 1870. It is full of great thoughts in a condensed form, and the graceful style in which it is written gives it a hold on the reader. It is a thin volume in bulk, but a deep one in matter. Some pleasant sayings and a few entertaining anecdotes, enliven it somewhat. It contains a great amount of information in a little space. *Mechanism in Thought and Morals* is a popular hand-book of a very pleasant science."

"Yes, I have read it several times. It is a book you cannot read all at once and get the sense of it. You must study it a while, if you would read it with profit. Holmes' quaint humour is very delightful in this book. Witness his telling you to take a few whiffs of ether and cross over into the land of death for a few minutes, and come back with a return ticket, to take chloroform, he grimly adds, and perhaps get no return ticket. I think Holmes in some of these points is very like Tom Noel. The same intermingling of the pathetic with the lively frequently occurs. The grim humour of Noel's Pauper's drive to the churchyard, in the old rickety one-horse hearse, is the kind of humour we often meet in the American poet's books. One can almost fancy them using the same figures and employing the same imagery. Noel has the element of humour only, while Holmes is a wit as well as a humourist. The two qualities are not always identical. Dickens was a humourist. Douglas Jerrold was a wit. Unite the qualities, and wit loses its severity. Divide them, and we find that humour has a heart. Wit has no love for anyone. Humour has a wide, humanity ; but wit is cruel and stabs with a poignard. Some cynics have been great wits, but no cynics have ever been humourists. Swift—deliberate, cold-blooded, and calculating as a literary ice-box. His heart was cold, unfeeling, callous ; but his head was filled with the wildest, strangest, drollest fancies that ever man could have. He was a wit, but no humourist. Thackeray—warm-hearted, big-hearted Thackeray, was a humourist in its amplest sense. The dean of St. Patrick's crushed his enemies with the crudest sallies of wit. The true satirist uses a keen-edged razor. Swift employed a bludgeon. Of the two elements humour is the grandest. It rises higher than wit. We like the one. We are tricked sometimes with the other. Humour is always genial, always gentle, always human. Wit is the

thorn, humour is the rose. We must be careful lest we prick ourselves with the former. It will not bear handling. No man ever made anything by bandying words with Sam Foote, who was graceless enough to wound the feelings of his best friends to raise a laugh. Did he not reply to his mother's request for aid, when she sent him word she was in prison, with a 'dear mother so am I.' The wit respects no one. He is an Ishmael, and his hand is raised against all mankind. He is one of passions; and malice and envy, and sometimes hatred too, clatter and chatter at his heels. He likes to wander into the sunshine, for there his blade becomes brighter. But the warmth of the sun warms his intellect and his wits, but not his heart. Burton was a man of wit and humour. The two elements were united in him, and he was a man of much goodness of heart. Pope and Sydney Smith said sharp things, but they said them good-naturedly, and without malice. The quality of humour dulls the edge of wit and takes the sting out of it. Holmes' wit is genial, the only wit we can all admire, the only wit which does not injure, the wit which consorts with humour, and which forms the pungent faculty which we find in *The Autocrat*, in such large extent, and in such pleasing variety."

"I think the love which Holmes has for Italian poetry and story has had much to do with moulding his taste and shaping his verse. The language of Dante and Angelo is liquid and mellow. Greek poetry glitters like the reflection which snow sends back to the sun, but the poetry of Rome and Florence is soft, low, sweet and musical, like the magnificent peals of some sacred organ. The poetry of the Greek is classic and intellectual, the poetry of Italy is warm and comes from the breast. Homer could not have written *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, nor sung in the strain of the great Tasso. Our sweetest heart-pictures have come to us from lowly poets."

"A good many have, but not all. In support of your argument, you have Ned Farmer, who wrote the tender verses of *Little Jim;* Burns, Tannahill, Hogg, Retafi, the Magyar Hero, and some others; but Longfellow, Tennyson, Aldrich, Lowell, Bryant and many others on the other side, have written fully as many descriptions of humble homes and life as they have. What better heart-picture do you want than Holmes's splendid poem of *Bill and Joe*; it is natural and life-like. And then take his family portrait, *Dorothy Quincy*—a poem with a history. I saw the original portrait of Dorothy Q——, and the cruel hole in the hard old painting, which the soldier's bayonet made almost a century ago. Again, take another of Holmes's fine poems, *The Boys*, in illustration of my argument. You will find it in *The Professor*, at the end of the second paper. It exhibits Holmes's most playful mood, and concludes with this verse:

'Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray,
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May;
And when we have done with our life-lasting joys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, the Boys.'

"And, in the same work, Holmes writes a charming poem of the heart, which he calls, felicitously, *Under the Violets*. The sentiment of it is very beautiful, and it is one of the tenderest poems in the language, and at the same time one of the most graceful.

"Holmes's personal poems, the one to Longfellow, on his leaving for Europe, his tribute to a great man's genius, his splendid lines to Bryant, on the seventieth birthday of that poet, in 1864, are the best efforts of the kind since Ben Jonson wrote his ode to the memory of the Swan of Avon. He is always saying pleasant things about his friends, and writing charming notes to them, as full of humour as his own delightful works. He is a pleasant companion, and his splendid social qualities endear him to every one. Lowell, in a neat distich, says of Holmes:

'A Leyden-jar always full-charged, from which flit,
The electrical tingles of hit after hit.'

"Holmes's lyrical pieces are among the best of his compositions. They breathe the spirit of true minstrelsy, and are full of music. I have not touched upon his contributions to medical science. His works in this branch of literature are numerous, and his books have reached a wide sale among medical men. His Homœopathic war is remembered as a vigorous onslaught on the Hahnemanian votaries, and a total annihilation of the enemies of Allopathy. The doctor is one of the most genial among men, a delightful conversationalist, and quick in repartee. His father was an author before him, and his history of the Rebellion is one of the most exhaustive works extant on the subject. This book is very scarce now, and out of print, but in its day it enjoyed a fine reputation.

"Holmes is a fine lecturer, and a few years ago had no equal on the platform. The boldness of his style, and his happy mode of saying what he had to say, always gained on his audiences; and his popularity remained the same, till of his own accord he gave up platform speaking. Travel and exposure to night air interfered with his health, and he was forced to give up, what to him was always a favourite pursuit. His medical lectures on anatomy and surgery before the students of Harvard are not the least delightful of his literary and professional performances. His students love him, and always speak of him with words of grateful and kindly remembrance. Holmes is liberal in his religious belief. He cannot tolerate cant, deceit, and hypocrisy. He is a man of ever-enduring humanity, and true christian charity. He holds no narrow sectarian

views, and he detests revivals, and considers them the enemies of religion. He believes in no such spasmodic bursts. The revival element thrives only among the weak-minded and the ignorant. His is the elevating christianity which shines out gloriously in such teachings as these :

> 'Yes, child of suffering, thou mayest well be sure,
> He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor!'

or in this,

> "You hear that boy laughing?—You think he's all fun;
> But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
> The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
> And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all."

or in this sweet memorial hymn which he wrote for the services in memory of Abraham Lincoln,

> 'Be thou thy orphaned Israel's friend,
> Forsake thy people never,
> In One our broken Many blend,
> That none again may sever!
>
> Hear us, O Father, while we raise
> With trembling lips our song of praise,
> And bless thy name forever!'

"Oliver Wendell Holmes' religion is contained in those lines, and his principles breathe out in all his works. He is a close reasoner."

"Do you like his style as well as you do Lowell's? You know you are an enthusiast over the New England poet."

"I do like to read Lowell, but not more than Holmes. The two writers differ very materially from one another. One should read both, and he will then have read two of the most charming writers in the world. I think we can hardly do better than discuss Professor Lowell at our next meeting. That is, of course, if it be agreeable to the company."

"Certainly, I'm willing."

"And I too. I must read his *Courtier* over again."

GEORGE STEWART, JR.

"MR. BLUCHER, WHERE'S THE G?"

I JUMPED, as the above startling question was shouted in stentorian tones close at my ear, though not addressed to myself. I was standing by the ward-room hatchway, on the main deck of Her Majesty's ship "Tartar." The men were at quarters, cleaning guns; and, there being great rivalry among the different guns' crews, which of the iron monsters in the battery should look the smartest, they were all rubbing and polishing vigorously their respective pets. Mr. Blucher, the mate of the main deck, and a very zealous young officer, was bustling about the deck, seeing everything put to rights, preparatory to the captain's inspection at "divisions." Blucher started too, on hearing himself thus peremptorily hailed; and well he might, for it was the commander who called him. The commander of a large man-of-war, being the *working* captain, and responsible to the post-captain, who sits in state in his cabin, for the good order, cleanliness, and discipline of the ship, has to see that all the subordinate officers do their duty strictly; and this is just what the commander of the "Tartar" prided himself upon doing.

He was officially styled Commander John Donohue, Royal Navy; but we always called him "Buffles"—more irreverently, and more generally, "Old Buffles." Not to his face or in his hearing, however; had we ventured so far, we might have found it very inconvenient, very much so indeed. How or where he acquired the name of "Buffles" I never knew; but it came to the "Tartar" with him. He was the second commander of the "Tartar" and had only recently joined her. The officer first appointed was not sufficiently strict to suit our smart captain, who wanted a smart ship; so he got a broad hint to invalid and go home, and took it. Then "Buffles" was appointed, at the special request of the captain, who prided himself that the "Tartar" had now got a thoroughly smart officer for commander; so did "Buffles." A short, stout man, with a red face, of which a prominent beak was the reddest feature, a tremendous voice, and a tremendous fondness for using it. Off duty, a thoroughly good fellow; on duty, a martinet, always an irascible, often a noisy one, and sometimes, when in a towering rage, a truly comical one. I once heard him, when the hands were at sail-drill, shriek out an assurance to one of the petty officers aloft, that if he didn't do his work better "he'd bring him down out of that, and make him *sup sorrow out of a bucket!*"

Don't think, therefore, that Commander John Donohue waited calmly, or waited at all, for an answer to his peremptory and mysterious ques-

tion. As I turned my startled head, old Buffles, glaring at poor Blucher with fiery visage, shrieked again:

"Mr. Blucher, *where's the G?*"

Now Sub-lieutenant Blucher was of German parentage, and his ideas were not at all quick or imaginative; he looked both puzzled and scared. Thinking he had not heard aright, he ran up to the commander, touching his cap, and saying respectfully:

"I beg your pardon, Sir."

This made old Buffles furious. He got redder in the face, purple in fact, as he transfixed poor Blucher with his fiery little grey eyes, and cried:

"*The G!* Mr. Blucher! *Where's the G?*"

Blucher looked utterly bewildered. The question was so sharp, and the commander was evidently getting so cross over it, that he was afraid to ask for a further explanation. He looked at the deck above him, the deck beneath him; he looked aft, he looked forward, at the guns, at the men, at the commander again, who vouchsafed not a word to explain his queer question. Poor Blucher was dumb-founded. I was puzzled too, and so were all hands within ear-shot. What on earth, I said to myself, *is* old Buffles driving at? The G! What G? Is it the letter of that name, or is it something else; if so, what? I thought of the "*squee-gee*," which article is used for drying up the decks when wet; but the deck was as dry as a bone, so what in the name of fortune could he want of that? Suddenly a bright thought struck Blucher. The men were at quarters, the bugler at his post; the bugle-call "G" was the order to secure the guns and return the small arms to the rifle-racks. Seized with the inspiration, Blucher turned and ran toward the main hatch-way:

"Bugler, sound the G!"

"No! *No!* NO!" shouted the commander. "Stop, Mr. Blucher! Here! There! That, *that*, THAT G!"

It is a good while ago now, but I always laugh when I think of the scene I then beheld. The gaping men standing at their guns, the bewildered Blucher, and the irate Buffles, who now stood with uplifted finger, pointing melodramatically at *the grog-tub*. Swinging from the beams by its neat white lanyard, the hoops of burnished brass upon its side shone like rings of gold. One of the polished brass letters had fallen off (leaving a gap which caught the commander's eagle eye) from the words of the loyal toast that encircled its brim:

"THE QUEEN, GOD BLESS HER!"

C. C.

HAROLD.

BY A. TENNYSON.

Show-Day at Battle Abbey, 1876.

A GARDEN here—May breath and bloom of spring
The cuckoo yonder from an English elm
Crying 'with my false egg I overwhelm
The native nest:' and fancy hears the ring
Of harness, and that deathful arrow sing,
And Saxon battleaxe clang on Norman helm.
Here rose the dragon-banner of our realm:
Here fought, here fell, our Norman-slander'd king.
O Garden blossoming out of English blood!
O strange hate-healer Time! We stroll and stare
Where might made right eight hundred years ago;
Might, right? ay good, so all things make for good—
But he and he, if soul be soul, are where
Each stands full face with all he did below.

———o———

Dramatis Personæ.

KING EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.
STIGAND (created Archbishop of Canterbury by the Antipope Benedict).
ALDRED (Archbishop of York).
THE NORMAN BISHOP OF LONDON.
HAROLD, Earl of Wessex afterwards King of England
TOSTIG, Earl of Northumbria,
GURTH, Earl of East Anglia,
LEOFWIN, Earl of Kent and Essex,
WULFNOTH,
} Sons of Godwin.
COUNT WILLIAM OF NORMANDY.
WILLIAM RUFUS.
WILLIAM MALET* (a Norman Noble).
EDWIN, Earl of Mercia
MORCAR, Earl of Northumbria after Tostig
} Sons of Alfgar of Mercia.
GAMEL (a Northumbrian Thane).
GUY (Count of Ponthieu).
ROLF (a Ponthieu Fisherman).
HUGH MARGOT (a Norman Monk).
OSGOD and ATHELRIC (Canons from Waltham).
THE QUEEN (Edward the Confessor's Wife, Daughter of Godwin).
ALDWYTH (Daughter of Alfgar and Widow of Griffyth, King of Wales).
EDITH (Ward of King Edward).
Courtiers, Earls and Thanes, Men-at-Arms, Canons of Waltham, Fishermen, &c.

* Quidam partim Normannus et Anglus Compater Heraldi.—*Guy of Amiens, 587*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—LONDON. THE KING'S PALACE.

(*A comet seen through the open window.*)

ALDWYTH, GAMEL, COURTIERS (*talking together*).

FIRST COURTIER.

Lo! there once more—this is the seventh night!
Yon grimly-glaring, treble brandish'd scourge
Of England!

SECOND COURTIER.

Horrible.

FIRST COURTIER.

Look you, there's a star
That dances in it as mad with agony!

THIRD COURTIER.

Ay, like a spirit in Hell who skips and flies
To right and left, and cannot scape the flame.

SECOND COURTIER.

Steam'd upward from the undescendable
Abysm.

FIRST COURTIER.

Or floated downward from the throne
Of God Almighty.

ALDWYTH.

Gamel, son of Orm,
What thinkest thou this means?

GAMEL.

War, my dear lady!

ALDWYTH.

Doth this affright thee?

GAMEL.

Mightily, my dear lady!

ALDWYTH.

Stand by me then, and look upon my face,
Not on the comet.

Enter MORCAR.

Brother! why so pale?

MORCAR.

It glares in heaven, it flares upon the Thames,
The people are as thick as bees below,
They hum like bees,—they cannot speak—for awe;
Look to the skies, then to the river, strike
Their hearts, and hold their babies up to it.
I think that they would Molochize them too,
To have the heavens clear.

ALDWYTH.

They fright not me.

Enter LEOFWIN, *after him* GURTH.

Ask thou Lord Leofwin what he thinks of this!

MORCAR.

Lord Leofwin, dost thou believe that these
Three rods of blood-red fire up yonder mean
The doom of England and the wrath of Heaven?

BISHOP OF LONDON (*passing*).

Did ye not cast with bestial violence
Our holy Norman bishops down from all
Their thrones in England? I alone remain.
Why should not Heaven be wroth?

LEOFWIN.

With us, or thee?

BISHOP OF LONDON.

Did ye not outlaw your archbishop Robert,
Robert of Jumièges—well-nigh murder him, too?
Is there no reason for the wrath of Heaven?

LEOFWIN.

Why then the wrath of Heaven hath three tails,
The devil only one.

[*Exit* BISHOP OF LONDON.

Enter ARCHBISHOP STIGAND.

Ask *our* Archbishop.
Stigand should know the purposes of Heaven.

STIGAND.

Not I. I cannot read the face of heaven,
Perhaps our vines will grow the better for it.

LEOFWIN (*laughing*).

He can but read the king's face on his coins.

STIGAND.

Ay, ay, young Lord, *there* the king's face is power.

GURTH.

O father, mock not at a public fear,
But tell us, is this pendent hell in heaven
A harm to England?

STIGAND.

Ask it of King Edward!
And he may tell thee, *I* am a harm to England.
Old uncanonical Stigand—ask of *me*
Who had my pallium from an Antipope!
Not he the man—for in our windy world
What's up is faith, what's down is heresy.
Our friends, the Normans, holp to shake his chair.
I have a Norman fever on me, son,
And cannot answer sanely . . . What it means?
Ask our broad earl.

[*Pointing to* HAROLD, *who enters.*

HAROLD (*seeing* GAMEL).

Hail, Gamel, son of Orm!
Albeit no rolling stone, my good friend Gamel,
Thou hast rounded since we met. Thy life at home
Is easier than mine here. Look! am I not
Work-wan, flesh-fallen?

GAMEL.

Art thou sick, good Earl?

HAROLD.

Sick as an autumn swallow for a voyage,
Sick for an idle week of hawk and hound
Beyond the seas—a change! When camest thou hither?

GAMEL.

To-day, good Earl!

HAROLD.

Is the North quiet, Gamel?

GAMEL.

Nay, there be murmurs, for thy brother breaks us
With over-taxing—quiet, ay, as yet—
Nothing as yet.

HAROLD.

Stand by him, mine old friend,
Thou art a great voice in Northumberland!
Advise him: speak him sweetly, he will hear thee.
He is passionate but honest. Stand thou by him!
More talk of this to-morrow, if yon weird sign
Not blast us in our dreams.—Well, father Stigand—

(*To Stigand, who advances to him.*)

STIGAND (*pointing to the comet*).

War there, my son? Is that the doom of England?

HAROLD.

Why not the doom of all the world as well?
For all the world sees it as well as England.
These meteors came and went before our day,
Not harming any: it threatens us no more
Than French or Norman. War? The worst that follows
Things that seem jerk'd out of the common rut
Of Nature is the hot religious fool,
Who, seeing war in heaven, for heaven's credit
Makes it on earth: but look, where Edward draws
A faint foot hither, leaning upon Tostig.
He hath learnt to love our Tostig much of late.

LEOFWIN.

And *he* hath learnt, despite the tiger in him,
To sleek and supple himself to the king's hand.

GURTH.

I trust the kingly touch that cures the evil
May serve to charm the tiger out of him.

LEOFWIN.

He hath as much of cat as tiger in him.
Our Tostig loves the hand and not the man.

HAROLD.

Nay! Better die than lie!

Enter KING, QUEEN *and* TOSTIG.

EDWARD.

In heaven signs!
Signs upon earth! Signs everywhere! Your priests
Gross, worldly, simoniacal, unlearn'd!
They scarce can read their Psalter; and your churches

Uncouth, unhandsome, while in Normanland
God speaks thro' abler voices, as He dwells
In statelier shrines. I say not this as being
Half Norman-blooded, nor, as some have held,
Because I love the Norman better—no,
But dreading God's revenge upon this realm
For narrowness and coldness: and I say it
For the last time perchance, before I go
To find the sweet refreshment of the Saints.
I have lived a life of utter purity:
I have builded the great church of Holy Peter:
I have wrought miracles—to God the glory—
And miracles will in my name be wrought
Hereafter. I have fought the fight and go—
I see the flashing of the gates of pearl—
And it is well with me, tho' some of you
Have scorn'd me—ay—but after I am gone
Woe, woe to England! I have had a vision;
The seven sleepers in the cave of Ephesus
Have turn'd from right to left.

HAROLD.

My most dear Master,
What matters? Let them turn from left to right
And sleep again.

TOSTIG.

Too hardy with thy king!
A life of prayer and fasting well may see
Deeper into the mysteries of heaven
Than thou, good brother.

ALDWYTH (*aside*).

Sees he into thine,
That thou wouldst have his promise for the crown?

EDWARD.

Tostig says true; my son, thou art too hard,
Not stagger'd by this ominous earth and heaven:
But heaven and earth are threads of the same loom,
Play into one another, and weave the web
That may confound thee yet.

HAROLD.

Nay, I trust not,
For I have served thee long and honestly.

EDWARD.

I know it, son; I am not thankless: thou
Hast broken all my foes, lighten'd for me
The weight of this poor crown, and left me time
And peace for prayer to gain a better one.
Twelve years of service! England loves thee for it.
Thou art the man to rule her!

ALDWYTH (*aside*).

So, not Tostig!

HAROLD.

And after those twelve years a boon, my King,
Respite, a holiday: thyself was wont
To love the chase: thy leave to set my feet
On board, and hunt and hawk beyond the seas!

EDWARD.

What, with this flaming horror overhead?

HAROLD.

Well, when it passes then.

EDWARD.

Ay, if it pass.
Go not to Normandy—go not to Normandy.

HAROLD.

And wherefore not, my king, to Normandy?
Is not my brother Wulfnoth hostage there
For my dead father's loyalty to thee?
I pray thee, let me hence and bring him home.

EDWARD.

Not thee, my son: some other messenger.

HAROLD.

And why not me, my lord, to Normandy?
Is not the Norman count thy friend and mine?

EDWARD.

I pray thee, do not go to Normandy.

HAROLD.

Because my father drove the Normans out
Of England?—That was many a summer gone—
Forgotten and forgiven by them and thee.

EDWARD.

Harold, I will not yield thee leave to go.

HAROLD.

Why, then to Flanders. I will hawk and hunt
In Flanders.

EDWARD.

Be there not fair woods and fields
In England? Wilful, wilful. Go—the Saints
Pilot and prosper all thy wandering out
And homeward. Tostig, I am faint again.
Son Harold, I will in and pray for thee.

[*Exit, leaning on* TOSTIG *and followed by* STIGAND, MORCAR *and* COURTIERS.

HAROLD.

What lies upon the mind of our good king
That he should harp this way on Normandy?

QUEEN.

Brother, the king is wiser than he seems;
And Tostig knows it; Tostig loves the king.

HAROLD

And love should know; and—be the king so wise,—
Then Tostig too were wiser than he seems.
I love the man but not his phantasies.

Re-enter TOSTIG.

Well, brother,
When didst thou hear from thy Northumbria?

TOSTIG.

When did I hear aught but this '*When*' from thee?
Leave me alone, brother, with my Northumbria:
She is *my* mistress, let *me* look to her!
The king hath made me earl; make me not fool!
Nor make the king a fool, who made me earl!

HAROLD

No, Tostig—lest I make myself a fool
Who made the king who made thee, make thee earl.

TOSTIG

Why chafe me then? Thou knowest I soon go wild.

GURTH.

Come, come! as yet thou art not gone so wild
But thou canst hear the best and wisest of us.

HAROLD.

So says old Gurth, not I; yet hear! thine earldom,
Tostig, hath been a kingdom. Their old crown
Is yet a force among them, a sun set
But leaving light enough for Alfgar's house
To strike thee down by—nay, this ghastly glare
May heat their fancies.

TOSTIG.

My most worthy brother,
That art the quietest man in all the world—
Ay, ay, and wise in peace and great in war—
Pray God the people choose thee for their king!
But all the powers of the house of Godwin
Are not enframed in thee.

HAROLD.

Thank the Saints, no!
But thou hast drain'd them shallow by thy tolls
And thou art ever here about the king:
Thine absence well may seem a want of care.
Cling to their love; for, now the sons of Godwin
Sit topmost in the field of England, envy,
Like the rough bear beneath the tree, good brother,
Waits till the man let go.

TOSTIG.

Good counsel, truly!
I heard from my Northumbria yesterday.

HAROLD.

How goes it then with thy Northumbria? Well?

TOSTIG.

And wouldst thou that it went aught else than well?

HAROLD.

I would it went as well as with mine earldom,
Leofwin's and Gurth's.

TOSTIG.

Ye govern milder men.

GURTH.

We have made them milder by just government.

TOSTIG.

Ay, ever give yourselves your own good word.

LEOFWIN.

An honest gift, by all the Saints, i giver
And taker be but honest! but they bribe
Each other, and so often, an honest world
Will not believe them.

HAROLD

I may tell thee, Tostig,
I heard from thy Northumberland to-day.

TOSTIG.

From spies of thine to spy my nakedness
In my poor North!

HAROLD.

There is a movement there,
A blind one—nothing yet.

TOSTIG.

Crush it at once
With all the power I have!—I must—I wil!—
Crush it half-born! Fool still? Or wisdom there,
My wise head-shaking Harold?

HAROLD.

Make not thou
The nothing something. Wisdom, when in power
And wisest, should not frown as Power, but smile
As Kindness, watching all, till the true *must*
Shall make her strike as Power: but when to strike—
O Tostig, O dear brother—if they prance,
Rein in, not lash them, lest they rear and run
And break both neck and axle.

TOSTIG.

Good again!
Good counsel, tho' scarce needed. Pour not water
In the full vessel running out at top
To swamp the house.

LEOFWIN.

Nor thou be a wild thing
Out of the waste, to turn and bite the hand
Would help thee from the trap.

TOSTIG.

Thou playest in tune.

LEOFWIN.

To the deaf adder thee, that wilt not dance
However wisely charm'd.

TOSTIG.

No more, no more!

GURTH.

I likewise cry 'no more.' Unwholesome talk
For Godwin's house! Leofwin, thou hast a tongue;
Tostig, thou lookst as thou would'st spring upon him.
St. Olaf, not while I am by! Come, come,
Join hands, let brethren dwell in unity;
Let kith and kin stand close as our shield-wall;
Who breaks us then? I say thou hast a tongue
And Tostig is not stout enough to bear it.
Vex him not, Leofwin.

TOSTIG.

No, I am not vext,—
Altho' ye seek to vex me, one and all.
I have to make report of my good earldom
To the good king who gave it—not to you—
Not any of you.—I am not vext at all.

HAROLD.

The king? the king is ever at his prayers;
In all that handles matter of the state
I am the king.

TOSTIG.

That shalt thou never be
If I can thwart thee.

HAROLD.

Brother, brother!

TOSTIG.

Away!
[*Exit* TOSTIG.

QUEEN.

Spite of this grisly star ye three must gall
Poor Tostig.

LEOFWIN.

Tostig, sister, galls himself,
He cannot smell a rose but pricks his nose
Against the thorn, and rails against the rose.

QUEEN.

I am the only rose of all the stock
That never thorn'd him; Edward loves him, so
Ye hate him. Harold always hated him.
Why—how they fought when boys—and, Holy Mary!
How Harold used to beat him!

HAROLD.

Why, boys will fight.
Leofwin would often fight me, and I beat him.
Even old Gurth would fight. I had much ado
To hold mine own against old Gurth. Old Gurth,
We fought like great states for grave cause; but Tostig
On a sudden—at a something—for a nothing—
The boy would fist me hard, and when we fought
I conquer'd, and he loved me none the less,
Till thou wouldst get him all apart, and tell him
That where he was but worsted, he was wrong'd.
Ah! thou hast taught the king to spoil him too;
Now the spoilt child sways both. Take heed, take heed;
Thou art the queen; ye are boy and girl no more;
Side not with Tostig in any violence,
Lest thou be sideways guilty of the violence.

QUEEN.

Come, fall not foul on me. I leave thee, brother.

HAROLD.

Nay, my good sister—
Exeunt QUEEN, HAROLD, GURTH *and* LEOFWIN.

ALDWYTH.

Game[1], son of Orm,
What thinkest thou this means? [*Pointing to the comet.*

GAMEL.

War, my dear lady.
War, waste, plague, famine, all malignities.

ALDWYTH.

It means the fall of Tostig from his earldom.

GAMEL.

That were too small a matter for a comet.

ALDWYTH.

It means the lifting of the house of Alfgar.

GAMEL.

Too small! a comet would not show for that!

ALDWYTH.

Not small for thee, if thou canst compass it.

GAMEL.

Thy love?

ALDWYTH.

As much as I can give thee, man;
This Tostig is, or like to be, a tyrant;
Stir up thy people: oust him!

GAMEL.

And thy love?

ALDWYTH.

As much as thou canst bear.

GAMEL.

I can bear all,
And not be giddy.

ALDWYTH.

No more now: to-morrow.

———o———

SCENE II.—IN THE GARDEN. THE KING'S HOUSE NEAR LONDON. SUNSET.

EDITH.

Mad for thy mate, passionate nightingale.
I love thee for it—ay, but stay a moment;
He can but stay a moment: he is going.
I fain would hear him coming!. . Near me. . near
Somewhere—to draw him nearer with a charm
Like thine to thine.

(Singing.)

Love is come with a song and a smile,
Welcome Love with a smile and a song:
Love can stay but a little while.
Why cannot he stay? They call him away
Ye do him wrong, ye do him wrong:
Love will stay for a whole life long.

Enter HAROLD.

HAROLD.

The nightingales at Havering-in-the-bower
Sang out their loves so loud, that Edward's prayers
Were deafen'd and he pray'd them dumb, and thus
I dumb thee too, my wingless nightingale
[*Kissing her.*

EDITH.

Thou art my music! Would their wings were mine
To follow thee to Flanders! Must thou go?

HAROLD.

Not must, but will. It is but for one moon.

EDITH.

Leaving so many foes in Edward's hall
To league against thy weal. The lady Aldwyth
Was here to-day, and when she touched on thee
She stammer'd in her hate; I am sure she hates thee,
Pants for thy blood.

HAROLD.

Well, I have given her cause—
I fear no woman.

EDITH.

Hate not one who felt
Some pity for thy hater! I am sure
Her morning wanted sunlight, she so praised
The convent and lone life—within the pale—
Beyond the passion. Nay—she held with Edward.
At least methought she held with holy Edward,
That marriage was half sin.

HAROLD.

A lesson worth
Finger and thumb—thus *(Snaps his fingers).*
And my answer to it—
See here—an interwoven H and E!
Take thou this ring; I will demand his ward
From Edward when I come again. Ay, would she?
She to shut up my blossom in the dark!
Thou art *my* nun, thy cloister in mine arms.

EDITH *(taking the ring).*

Yea, but earl Tostig—

HAROLD.

That's a truer fear!
For if the North take fire, I should be back:
I shall be, soon enough.

EDITH.

Ay, but last night
An evil dream that ever came and went—

HAROLD.

A gnat that vext thy pillow! Had I been by,
I would have spoil'd his horn. My girl, what was it?

EDITH.

Oh! that thou wert not going!
For so methought it was our marriage-morn,
And while we stood together, a dead man
Rose from behind the altar, tore away
My marriage ring, and rent my bridal veil;
And then I turned and saw the church all fill'd
With dead men upright from their graves, and all
The dead men made at thee to murder thee,
But thou didst back thyself against a pillar,
And strike among them with thy battle-axe—
There, what a dream!

HAROLD.

Well, well—a dream—no more.

EDITH.

Did not Heaven speak to men in dreams of old.

HAROLD.

Ay—well—of old. I tell thee what, my child;
Thou hast misread this merry dream of thine,
Taken the rifted pillars of the wood
For smooth stone columns of the sanctuary,
The shadows of a hundred fat dead deer
For dead men's ghosts. True, that the battle-axe
Was out of place; it should have been the bow.
Come, thou shalt dream no more such dreams I swear it
By mine own eyes—and these two sapphires—these
Twin rubies, that are amulets against a
The kisses of all kind of womankind
In Flanders, till the sea shall roll me back
To tumble at thy feet.

EDITH.

That would but shame me,
Rather than make me vain. The sea may roll
Sand, shingle, shore-weed, not the living rock
Which guards the land.

HAROLD.

Except it be a soft one,
And undereaten to the fall. Mine amulet. . . ?
This last . . . upon thine eyelids, to shut in
A happier dream. Sleep, sleep, and thou shalt see
My greyhounds fleeting like a beam of light,
And hear my peregrine and her bells in heaven;
And other bells on earth, which yet are heaven's;
Guess what they be.

EDITH.

He cannot guess who knows.
Farewell, my King.

HAROLD.

Not yet, but then—my Queen.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ALDWYTH *from the thicket.*

ALDWYTH.

The kiss that charms thine eyelids into sleep,
Will hold mine waking. Hate him? I could love him
More, tenfold, than this fearful child can do;
Griffyth I hated: why not hate the foe
Of England? Griffyth, when I saw him flee,
Chased deer-like up his mountains, all the blood
That should have only pulsed for Griffyth, beat
For his pursuer. I love him or think I love him.
If he were King of England, I his queen,
I might be sure of it. Nay, I do love him.—
She must be cloister'd somehow, lest the king
Should yield his ward to Harold'd will. What harm?
She hath but blood enough to live, not love.—
When Harold goes and Tostig, shall I play
The craftier Tostig with him? fawn upon him?
Chime in with all? 'O thou more saint than king!'
And that were true enough. 'O blessed relics!'
' Holy Peter!' If he found me thus,
Harold might hate me; he is broad and honest,
Breathing an easy gladness. . . not like Aldwyth,
For which I strangely love him. Should not England
Love Aldwyth, if she stay the feuds that part
The sons of Godwin from the sons of Alfgar
By such a marrying? Courage, noble Aldwyth!
Let all thy people bless thee!

Our wild Tostig,
Edward hath made him earl: he would be king:—
The dog that snapt the shadow, dropt the bone,—
I trust he may do well, this Gamel, whom
I play upon, that he may play the note
Whereat the dog shall howl and run, and Harold
Hear the king's music, all alone with him,
Pronounced his heir of England.
I see the goal and half the way to it.—
Peace-lover is our Harold for the sake
Of England's wholeness—so—to shake the North
With earthquake and disruption--some division--
Then fling mine own fair person in the gap
A sacrifice to Harold, a peace-offering,
A scape-goat marriage—all the sins of both
The houses on mine head—then a fair life
And bless the queen of England.

MORCAR *(coming from the thicket).*
Art thou assured
By this, that Harold loves but Edith?

ALDWYTH.
Morcar!
Why creepest thou like a timorous beast of prey
Out of the bush by night?

MORCAR.
I follow'd thee.

ALDWYTH.
Follow my lead, and I will make thee earl.

MORCAR.
What lead then?

ALDWYTH.
Thou shalt flash it secretly
Among the good Northumbrian folk, that I—
That Harold loves me—yea, and presently
That I and Harold are betroth'd—and last—
Perchance that Harold wrongs me; tho' I would not
That it should come to that.

MORCAR.
I will both flash
And thunder for thee.

ALDWYTH.
I said 'secretly;'
It is the flash that murders, the poor thunder
Never harm'd head.

MORCAR.
But thunder may bring down
That which the flash hath stricken.

ALDWYTH.
Down with Tostig!
That first of all.—And when doth Harold go?

MORCAR.
To-morrow—first to Bosham, then to Flanders.

ALDWYTH.
Not to come back till Tostig shall have shown
And redden'd with his people's blood the teeth
That shall be broken by us—yea, and thou
Chair'd in his place. Good-night, and dream thyself
Their chosen earl. [*Exit* ALDWYTH.

MORCAR.
Earl first, and after that,
Who knows, I may not dream myself their king?

ACT II.

SCENE I.—SEASHORE. PONTHIEU. NIGHT.
HAROLD *and his* Men, *wrecked.*

HAROLD.
Friends, in that last inhospitable plunge
Our boat has burst her ribs; but ours are whole;
I have but bark'd my hands.

ATTENDANT.
I dug mine into
My old fast friend, the shore, and clinging thus
Felt the remorseless outdraught of the deep
Haul like a great strong fellow at my legs,
And then I rose and ran. The blast that came
So suddenly hath fallen as suddenly—
Put thou the comet and this blast together—

HAROLD.
Put thou thyself and mother-wit together.
Be not a fool!
(*Enter* Fishermen *with torches,* HAROLD *going up to one of them,* ROLF.)
Wicked sea-will-o'-the-wisp!
Wolf of the shore! Dog, with thy lying lights
Thou has betray'd us on these rocks of thine!

ROLF.
Ah, but thou liest as loud as the black herring pond behind thee. We be fishermen, I came to see after my nets.

HAROLD.
To drag us into them. Fishermen? Devils!
Who, while ye fish for men with your false fires
Let the great Devil fish for your own souls.

ROLF.
Nay, then, we be liker the blessed Apostles; *they* were fishers of men, Father Jean says.

HAROLD.
I had liefer that the fish had swallowed me,
Like Jonah, than have known there were such devils.
What's to be done! [*To his men—goes apart with them.*

FISHERMAN.
Rolf, what fish did swallow Jonah!

ROLF.
A whale!

FISHERMAN.
Then a whale to a whelk we have swallowed the king of England. I saw him over there. Look thee, Rolf, when I was down in the fever, *she* was down with the hunger, and thou did

stand by her and give her thy crabs, and se her up again, till now, by the patient Saints, she's as crabb'd as ever.

ROLF.

And I'll give her my crabs again, when thou art down again.

FISHERMAN.

I thank thee, Rolf. Run thou to Count Guy; he is hard at hand. Tell him what hath crept into our creel, and he will fee thee as freely as he will wrench this outlander's ransom out of him—and why not? For what right had he to get himself wrecked on another man's land.

ROLF.

Thou art the human-heartedest, Christian-charitiest of all crab-catchers! Share and share alike!

[*Exit.*

HAROLD (*to* Fisherman).

Fellow, dost thou catch crabs?

FISHERMAN.

As few as I may in a wind, and less than I would in a calm. Ay!

HAROLD.

I have a mind that thou shalt catch no more.

FISHERMAN.

How?

HAROLD.

I have a mind to brain thee with mine axe.

FISHERMAN.

Ay, do, do, and our great Count-crab will make his nippers meet in thine heart; he'l sweat it out of thee, he'll sweat it out of thee. Look, he's here! He'll speak for himself Hold thine own if thou canst.

Enter GUY, COUNT OF PONTHIEU.

HAROLD.

Guy, Count of Ponthieu!

GUY.

Harold, Earl of Wessex!

HAROLD.

Thy villains with their lying lights have wrecked us.

GUY.

Art thou not earl of Wessex?

HAROLD.

In mine earldom
A man may hang gold bracelets on a bush,
And leave them for a year, and coming back
Find them again.

GUY.

Thou art a mighty man
In thine own earldom!

HAROLD.

Were such murderous liars
In Wessex—if I caught them they should hang
Cliff-gibbeted for sea marks; our sea-mew
Winging their only wail!

GUY.

Ay, but my men
Hold that the shipwreckt are accursed of God.
What hinders me to hold with mine own men?

HAROLD.

The Christian manhood of the man who reigns

GUY.

Ay, rave thy worst, but in our oubliettes
Thou shalt or rot or ransom. Hale him hence!
[*To one of his* Attendants.
Fly thou to William: tell him we have Harold.

———o———

SCENE II.—BAYEUX PALACE.

COUNT WILLIAM *and* WILLIAM MALET.

WILLIAM.

We hold our Saxon woodcock in the springe,
But he begins to flutter. As I think!
He was thine host in England when I went
To visit Edward.

MALET.

Yea, and there, my lord,
To make allowance for their rougher fashions,
I found him all a noble host should be.

WILLIAM.

Thou art his friend; thou know'st my claim on England,
Thro' Edward's promise: we have him in the toils,
And it were well, if thou shouldst let him feel,
How dense a fold of danger nets him round,
So that he bristle himself against my will.

MALET.

What would I do, my lord, if I were you?

WILLIAM.

What wouldst thou do?

MALET.

My lord, he is thy guest.

WILLIAM.

Nay, by the splendour of God, no guest of mine.
He came not to see me, had past me by
To hunt and hawk elsewhere, save for the fate
Which hunted *him* when that un-Saxon blast,
And bolts of thunder moulded in high heaven
To serve the Norman purpose, drave and crack'd
His boat on Ponthieu beach; where our friend Guy
Had wrung his ransom from him by the rack,
But that I stept between and purchased him,
Translating his capitivity from Guy
To mine own hearth at Bayeux, where he sits
My ransomed prisoner.

MALET.

Well, if not with gold,
With golden deeds and iron strokes that brought
Thy war with Brittany to a goodlier close
Then else had been, he paid his ransom back.

WILLIAM.

So that henceforth they are not like to league
With Harold against *me*.

MALET.

A marvel, how
He from the liquid sands of Coesnon
Haled thy shore-swallow'd, armour'd Normans up
To fight for thee again!

WILLIAM.

Perchance against
Their saver, save thou save him from himself.

MALET.

But I should let him home again, my lord.

WILLIAM.

Simple! Let fly the bird within the hand,
To catch the bird again within the bush!
No.
Smooth thou my way, before he clash with me;
I want his voice in England for the crown,
I want thy voice with him to bring him round,
And being brave he must be subtly cow'd,
And being truthful, wrought upon to swear
Vows that he dare not break. England our own
Thro' Harold's help, he shall be my dear friend
As well as thine, and thou thyself shalt have
Large lordship there of lands and territory.

MALET.

I knew thy purpose; he and Wulfnoth never
Have met, except in public; shall they meet
In private? I have often talked with Wulfnoth,
And stuff'd the boy with fears that these may act
On Harold when they meet.

WILLIAM.

Then let them meet!

MALET.

I can but love this noble, honest Harold.

WILLIAM.

Love him! Why not? Thine is a loving office,
I have commission'd thee to save the man;
Help the good ship, showing the sunken rock,
Or he is wreckt forever.

Enter WILLIAM RUFUS.

WILLIAM RUFUS.

Father.

WILLIAM.

Well, boy.

WILLIAM RUFUS.

They have taken away the toy thou gavest me,
The Norman knight.

WILLIAM.

Why, boy?

WILLIAM RUFUS.

Because I broke
The horse's leg—it was mine own to break;
I like to have my toys, and break them too.

WILLIAM.

Well, thou shalt have another Norman knight!

WILLIAM RUFUS.

And may I break his legs?

WILLIAM.

Yea,—get thee gone!

WILLIAM RUFUS.

I'll tell them I have had my way with thee.
[*Exit.*

MALET.

I never knew thee check thy will for ought
Save for the prattling of thy little ones.

WILLIAM.

Who shall be kings of England. I am heir
Of England by the promise of her king.

MALET.

But there the great Assembly choose their king
The choice of England is the voice of England.

WILLIAM.

I will be king of England by the laws,
The choice and voice of England.

MALET.

[Can that be?

WILLIAM.

The voice of any people is the sword
That guards them, or the sword that beats them down.
Here comes the would-be what I will be, king-like,
Tho' scarce at ease; for, save our meshes break,
More king-like he than like to prove a king.

(*Enter* HAROLD, *musing, with his eyes on the ground.*

He sees me not—and yet he dreams of me.
Earl, wilt thou fly my falcons this fair day?
They are of the best, strong-wing'd against the wind.

(HAROLD, *looking up suddenly, having caught but the last words*).

Which way does it blow?

WILLIAM.

Blowing for England, ha?
Not yet. Thou hast not learnt thy quarters here.
The winds so cross and jostle among these towers.

HAROLD.

Count of the Normans, thou hast ransom'd us,
Maintain'd, and entertain'd us royally!

WILLIAM.

And thou for us hast fought as loyally,
Which binds us friendship-fast for ever!

HAROLD.

Good!
But lest we turn the scale of courtesy
By too much pressure on it, I would fain,
Since thou hast promised Wulfnoth home with us,
Be home again with Wulfnoth.

WILLIAM.

Stay—as yet
Thou hast but seen how Norman hands can strike,

But walk'd our Norman field, scarce touch'd or tasted
The splendours of our court.

HAROLD.

I am in no mood:
I should be as the shadow of a cloud
Crossing your light.

WILLIAM.

Nay, rest a week or two,
And we will fill thee full of Norman sun.
And send thee back among thine island mists
With laughter.

HAROLD.

Count, I thank thee, but had rather
Breathe the free wind from off our Saxon downs,
Tho' charged with all the wet of all the West.

WILLIAM.

Why, if thou wilt, so let it be—thou shalt.
That were a graceless hospitality
To chain the free guest to the banquet-board;
To-morrow we will ride with thee to Harfleur,
And see thee shipt, and pray in thy behalf
For happier homeward winds than that which crack'd
Thy bark at Ponthieu,—yet to us, in faith,
A happy one—whereby we came to know
Thy valour and thy value, noble Earl.
Ay, and perchance a happy one for thee,
Provided—I will go with thee to-morrow—
Nay—but there be conditions, easy ones,
So thou, fair friend, will take them easily.

Enter Page.

PAGE,

My lord, there is a post from over seas
With news for thee. [*Exit* Page.

WILLIAM.

Come, Malet, let us hear!

[*Exeunt* COUNT WILLIAM *and* MALET.

HAROLD.

Conditions? What conditions? pay him back
His ransom? 'easy'—that were easy—nay—
No money-lover he! What said the king?
'I pray you do not go to Normandy.'
And fate hath blown me hither, bound me too
With bitter obligation to the count—
Have I not fought it out? What did he mean?
There lodged a gleaming grimness in his eyes,
Gave his shorn smile the lie. The walls oppress me,
And yon huge keep that hinders half the heaven.
Free air! free field!

[*Moves to go out. A* Man-at-arms *follows him.*

HAROLD (*to the* Man-at-arms).

I need thee not. Why dost thou follow me?

MAN-AT-ARMS.

have the count's commands to follow thee.

HAROLD.

What then? Am I in danger in this court?

MAN-AT-ARMS.

I cannot tell. I have the count's commands.

HAROLD.

Stand out of earshot then, and keep me still
In eyeshot.

MAN-AT-ARMS.

Yea, lord Harold. [*Withdraws.*

HAROLD.

And arm'd men
Ever keep watch beside my chamber door,
And if I walk within the lonely wood,
There is an arm'd man ever glides behind!

(*Enter* MALET).

Why am I follow'd, haunted, harass'd, watch'd?
See yonder! [*Pointing to the* Man at-arms.

MALET.

'Tis the good count's care for thee!
The Normans love thee not, nor thou the Normans,
Or—so they deem.

HAROLD.

But wherefore is the wind,
Which way soever the vane-arrow swing,
Not ever fair for England? Why, but now
He said (thou heardest him) that I must not hence
Save on conditions.

MALET.

So in truth he said.

HAROLD.

Malet, thy mother was an Englishwoman;
There somewhere beats an English pulse in thee!

MALET.

Well—for my mother's sake I love your England,
But for my father I love Normandy.

HAROLD.

Speak for thy mother's sake, and tell me true.

MALET.

Then for my mother's sake, and England's sake
That suffers in the daily want of thee,
Obey the count's conditions, my good friend.

HAROLD.

How, Malet, if they be not honourable!

MALET.

Seem to obey them.

HAROLD.

Better die than lie!

MALET.

Choose therefore whether thou wilt have thy conscience
White as a maiden's hand, or whether England
Be shatter'd into fragments.

HAROLD.

News from England?

MALET.

Morcar and Edwin have stirr'd up the Thanes
Against thy brother Tostig's governance;
And all the North of Humber is one storm.

HAROLD.

I should be there, Malet, I should be there!

MALET.

And Tostig in his own hall on suspicion
Hath massacred the Thane that was his guest,
Gamel, the son of Orm: and there be more
As villainously slain.

HAROLD.

The wolf! The beast!
Ill news for guests, ha, Malet! More? What more?
What do they say? Did Edward know of this?

MALET.

They say, his wife was knowing and abetting.

HAROLD.

They say, his wife!—To marry and have no husband
Makes the wife fool. My God, I should be there
I'l back my way to the sea.

MALET.

Thou canst not, Harold;
Our duke is all between thee and the sea,
Our duke is all about thee like a God;
All passes block'd. Obey him, speak him fair,
For he is only debonair to those
That follow where he leads, but stark as death
To those that cross him.—Look thou, here is Wulfnoth!
I leave thee to thy talk with him alone;
How wan, poor lad! How sick and sad for home!
[*Exit* MALET.

HAROLD (*muttering*).

Go not to Normandy—go not to Normandy!

(*Enter* WULFNOTH).

Poor brother! Still a hostage!

WULFNOTH.

Yea, and I
Shall see the dewy kiss of dawn no more
Make blush the maiden-white of our tall cliffs,
Nor mark the sea-bird rouse himself and hover
Above the windy ripple, and fill the sky
With free sea-laughter—never—save indeed
Thou canst make yield this iron-mooded duke
To let me go.

HAROLD.

Why, brother, so he will;
But on conditions. Canst thou guess at them?

WULFNOTH.

Draw nearer,—I was in the corridor,
I saw him coming with his brother Odo
The Bayeux bishop, and I hid myself.

HAROLD.

They did thee wrong who made thee hostage; thou
Wast ever fearful.

WULFNOTH.

And he spoke—I heard him—
'This Harold is not of the royal blood,
Can have no right to the crown,' and Odo said,
'Thine is the right, for thine the might; he is here
And yonder is thy keep.'

HAROLD.

No, Wulfnoth, no.

WULFNOTH.

And William laugh'd and swore that might was right,
Far as he knew in this poor world o ours—
'Marry, the Saints must go along with us
And, brother, we will find a way,' said he—
Yea, yea, he would be king of England.

HAROLD.

Never!

WULFNOTH.

Yea, but thou must not in this way answer *him*.

HAROLD.

Is it not better still to speak the truth

WULFNOTH.

Not here, or thou wilt never hence, nor I:
For in the racing toward this golden goal
He turns not right or left, but tramples flat
Whatever thwarts him; hast thou never heard
His savagery at Alençon,—the town
Hung out raw hides along their walls, and cried
'Work for the tanner.'

HAROLD.

That had anger'd *me*,
Had I been William.

WULFNOTH.

Nay, but he had prisoners,
He tore their eyes out, sliced their hands away,
And flung them streaming o'er the battlements
Upon the heads of those who walk'd within—
O speak him fair, Harold, for thine own sake.

HAROLD.

Your Welshman says, 'The Truth against the World,'
Much more the truth against myself.

WULFNOTH.

Thyself?
But for my sake, oh brother! Oh! For my sake!

HAROLD.

Poor Wulfnoth! Do they not entreat thee well?

WULFNOTH.

I see the blackness of my dungeon loom
Across their lamps of revel, and beyond
The merriest murmurs of their banquet clank
The shackles that will bind me to the wall.

HAROLD.

Too fearful still!

WULFNOTH.

Oh no, no—speak him fair!
Call it to temporize; and not to lie;
Harold, I do not counsel thee to lie.
The man that hath to foil a murderous aim
May, surely, play with words.

HAROLD.

Words are the man.
Not ev'n for thy sake, brother, would I lie.

WULFNOTH.

Then for thine Edith?

HAROLD.

There thou prickst me deep.

WULFNOTH.

And for our Mother England?

HAROLD.

Deeper still.

WULFNOTH.

And deeper still the deep-down oubliette,
Down thirty feet below the smiling day—
In blackness—dogs' food thrown upon thy head,
And over thee the suns arise and set,
And the lark sings, the sweet stars come and go,
And men are at their markets, in their fields,
And woo their loves and have forgotten thee;
And thou art upright in thy living grave,
Where there is barely room to shift thy side,
And all thine England hath forgotten thee;
And he, our lazy-pious Norman king,
With all his Normans round him once again,
Counts his old beads, and hath forgotten thee.

HAROLD.

Thou art of my blood, and so methinks, my boy,
Thy fears infect me beyond reason. Peace!

WULFNOTH.

And then our fiery Tostig, while thy hands
Are palsied here, if his Northumbrians rise
And hurl him from them,—I have heard the Normans
Count upon this confusion—may he not make
A league with William, so to bring him back?

HAROLD.

That lies within the shadow of the chance.

WULFNOTH.

And like a river in flood thro' a burst dam
Descends the ruthless Norman—our good king
Kneels mumbling some old bone—our helpless folk
Are wash'd away, wailing, in their own blood—

HAROLD.

Wailing! Not warring? Boy, thou hast forgotten
That thou art English.

WULFNOTH.

Then our modest women—
I know the Norman license—thine own Edith—

HAROLD.

No more! I will not hear thee—William comes.

WULFNOTH.

I dare not well be seen in talk with thee.
Make thou not mention that I spake with thee.
[*Moves away to the back of the stage.*

Enter WILLIAM, MALET *and* OFFICER.

OFFICER.

We have the man that rail'd against thy birth.

WILLIAM.

Tear out his tongue.

OFFICER.

He shall not rail again;
He said that he should see confusion fall
On thee and on thine house.

WILLIAM.

Tear out his eyes,
And plunge him into prison.

OFFICER.

It shall be done.
[*Exit* Officer.

WILLIAM.

Look not amazed, fair Earl! Better leave undone,
Than do by halves—tongueless and eyeless, prison'd—

HAROLD.

Better, methinks, have slain the man at once!

WILLIAM.

We have respect for man's immortal soul,
We seldom take man's life, except in war;
It frights the traitor more to maim and blind.

HAROLD.

In mine own land I should have scorn'd the man
Or lash'd his rascal back, and let him go.

WILLIAM.

And let him go? To slander thee again!
Yet in thine own land in thy father's day
They blinded my young kinsman, Alfred—ay,
Some said it was thy father's deed.

HAROLD.

They lied.

WILLIAM.

But thou and he—whom at thy word, for thou
Art known a speaker of the truth, I free
From this foul charge—

HAROLD.

Nay, nay, he freed himself
By oath and compurgation from the charge.
The king, the lords, the people cleared him of it.

WILLIAM.

But thou and he drove our good Normans out
From England, and this rankles in us yet.
Archbishop Robert hardly scaped with life.

HAROLD.

Archbishop Robert! Robert the Archbishop!
Robert of Jumièges, he that—

MALET.

Quiet! quiet!

HAROLD.

Count! If there sat within thy Norman chair
A ruler all for England—one who fill'd
All offices, all bishopricks with English—
We could not move from Dover to the Humber
Saving thro' Norman bishopricks—I say
Ye would applaud that Norman who should drive
The stranger to the fiends!

WILLIAM.

Why, that is reason!
Warrior thou art, and mighty wise withal!
Ay, ay, but many among our Norman lords
Hate thee for this, and press upon me—saying
God and the sea have given thee to our hands—
To plunge thee into life-long prison here:—
Yet I hold out against them, as I may,
Yea—would hold out, yea, tho' they should revolt—
For thou hast don the battle in my cause;
I am thy fastest friend in Normandy.

HAROLD.

I am doubly bound to thee . . . if this be so.

WILLIAM.

And I would bind thee more, and would myself
Be bounden to thee more.

HAROLD.

Then let me hence
With Wulfnoth to King Edward.

WILLIAM.

So we will.
We hear he hath not long to live.

HAROLD.

It may be.

WILLIAM.

Why then, the heir of England, who is he?

HAROLD.

The Atheling is nearest to the throne.

WILLIAM.

But sickly, slight, half-witted and a child,
Will England have him king?

HAROLD.

It may be, no.

WILLIAM.

And hath King Edward not pronounced his heir?

HAROLD.

Not that I know.

WILLIAM.

When he was here in Normandy
He loved us and we him, because we found him
A Norman of the Normans.

HAROLD.

So did we.

WILLIAM.

A gentle, gracious, pure and saintly man!
And grateful to the hand that shielded him,
He promised that if ever he were king
In England, he would give his kingly voice
To me as his successor. Knowest thou this?

HAROLD.

I learn it now.

WILLIAM.

Thou knowest I am his cousin,
And that my wife descends from Alfred?

HAROLD.

Ay.

WILLIAM.

Who hath a better claim then to the crown
So that ye will not crown the Atheling?

HAROLD.

None that I know . . . if that but hung upon
King Edward's will.

HAROLD.

None that I know . . . if that but hung upon
King Edward's will.

WILLIAM.

Wilt *thou* uphold my claim?

MALET (*aside to* HAROLD).

Be careful of thine answer, my good friend.

WULFNOTH (*aside to* HAROLD).

Oh! Harold, for my sake and for thine own!

HAROLD.

Ay . . . if the king have not revoked his promise.

WILLIAM.

But hath he done it then?

HAROLD.

Not that I know.

WILLIAM.

Good, good, and thou wilt help me to the crown.

HAROLD.

Ay . . . if the Witan will consent to this.

WILLIAM.

Thou art the mightiest voice in England, man,
Thy voice will lead the Witan—shall I have it?

WULFNOTH (*aside to* HAROLD).

Oh! Harold, if thou love thine Edith, ay.

HAROLD.

Ay, if—

MALET (*aside to* HAROLD).

Thine 'ifs' will sear thine eyes out—ay.

WILLIAM.

I ask thee, wilt thou help me to the crown?
And I will make thee my great Earl of Earls,
Foremost in England and in Normandy;
Thou shalt be verily king—all but the name—
For I shall most sojourn in Normandy;
And thou be my vice-king in England. Speak.

WULFNOTH (*aside to* HAROLD).

Ay, brother—for the sake of England—ay.

HAROLD.

My Lord—

MALET (*aside to* HAROLD).

Take heed now.

HAROLD.

Ay.

WILLIAM.

I am content,
For thou art truthful, and thy word thy bond.
To-morrow will we ride with thee to Harfleur.
[*Exit* WILLIAM.

MALET.

Harold, I am thy friend, one life with thee,
And even as I should bless thee saving mine,
I thank thee now for having saved thyself.
[*Exit* MALET.

HAROLD.

For having lost myself to save myself,
Said 'ay' when I meant 'no,' lied like a lad
That dreads the pendent scourge, said 'ay' for 'no'!
Ay! No!—He hath not bound me by an oath—
Is 'ay' an oath? Is 'ay' strong as an oath?
Or is it the same sin to break my word
As break mine oath? He call'd my word my bond!
He is a liar who knows I am a liar,
And makes believe that he believes my word—
The crime be in his head—not bounden—no.

Suddenly doors are flung open, discovering in an inner hall COUNT WILLIAM *in his state robes, seated upon his throne, between two bishops,* ODO OF BAYEUX *being one: in the centre of the hall an ark covered with cloth of gold; and on either side of it the Norman barons. Enter a* Jailor *before* WILLIAM'S *throne.*

WILLIAM (*to* Jailor).

Knave, hast thou let thy prisoner scape?

JAILOR.

Sir Count,
He had but one foot, he must have hopt away,
Yea, some familiar spirit must have help'd him.

WILLIAM.

Woe, knave, to thy familiar and to thee!
ive me thy keys. [*They fall clashing.*
Nay let them lie. Stand there and wait my will.
[*The* Jailor *stands aside.*

WILLIAM (*to* HAROLD).

Hast thou such trustless jailors in thy North?

HAROLD.

We have few prisoners in mine earldom there,
So less chance for false keepers.

WILLIAM.

We have heard
Of thy just, mild, and equal governance;
Honour to thee! Thou art perfect in all honour!
Thy naked word thy bond! Confirm it now
Before our gather'd Norman baronage,
For they will not believe thee—as I believe.

[*Descends from his throne and stands by the ark.*

Let all men here bear witness of our bond!

[*Beckons to* HAROLD *who advances. Enter* MALET *behind him.*

Lay thou thy hand upon this golden pall!
Behold the jewel of St. Pancratius
Woven into the gold. Swear thou on this!

HAROLD.

What should I swear? Why should I swear on this?

WILLIAM (*savagely*).

Swear thou to help me to the crown of England.

MALET (*whispering to* HAROLD).

My friend, thou hast gone too far to palter now.

WULFNOTH (*whispering to* HAROLD).

Swear thou to-day, to-morrow is thine own.

HAROLD.

I swear to help thee to the Crown of England—
According as King Edward promises.

WILLIAM.

Thou must swear absolutely, noble Earl.

MALET (*whispering*).

Delay is death to thee, ruin to England.

WULFNOTH (*whispering*).

Swear, dearest brother, I beseech thee, swear!

HAROLD (*putting his hand on the jewel*).

I swear to help thee to the crown of England.

WILLIAM.

Thanks, truthful Earl; I did not doubt thy word,
But that my barons might believe thy word,
And that the Holy Saints of Normandy
When thou art home in England, with thine own,
Might strengthen thee in keeping of thy word,
I made thee swear.—Show him by whom he hath sworn.

[*The two* Bishops *advance, and raise the cloth of gold. The bodies and bones of Saints are seen lying in the ark.*

The holy bones of all the canonised
From all the holiest shrines in Normandy!

HAROLD.

Horrible! [*They let the cloth fall again.*

WILLIAM.

Ay, for thou hast sworn an oath
Which, if not kept, would make the hard earth rive
To the very Devil's horns, the bright sky cleave
To the very feet of God, and send her hosts
Of Injured Saints to scatter sparks of plague
Thro' all your cities, blast your infants, dash
The torch of war among your standing corn,
Dabble your hearths with your own blood.—Enough!
Thou wilt not break it! I, the count—the king—
Thy friend—am grateful for thine honest oath,
Not coming fiercely like a conqueror, now,
But softly as a bridegroom to his own.
For I shall rule according to your laws,
And make your ever-jarring earldoms move
To music and in order—Angle, Jute,
Dane, Saxon, Norman, help to build a throne
Out-towering hers of France. . . . The wind is fair

For England now. . . . To-night we will be merry.
To-morrow will I ride with thee to Harfleur.

[*Exeunt* WILLIAM *and all the Norman barons, &c.*

HAROLD.

To-night we will be merry—and to-morrow—
Juggler and bastard—bastard—he hates that most—
William the tanner's bastard! Would he heard me!
O God, that I were in some wide, waste field
With nothing but my battle-axe and him
To spatter his brains! Why! let earth rive, gulf in
These cursed Normans—yea and mine own self,
Cleave heaven, and send thy Saints that I may say
Ev'n to their faces, 'If ye side with William
Ye are not noble.' How their pointed fingers
Glared at me! Am I Harold, Harold, son
Of our great Godwin? Lo! I touch mine arms,
My limbs—they are not mine—they are a liar's—
I mean to be a liar—I am not bound—
Stigand shall give me absolution for it—
Did the chest move? Did it move? I am utter craven!
O Wulfnoth, Wulfnoth, brother, thou hast betray'd me!

WULFNOTH.

Forgive me, brother, I will live here and die.

Enter Page.

PAGE.

My Lord! The duke awaits thee at the banquet.

HAROLD.

Where they eat dead men's flesh, and drink their blood.

PAGE.

My Lord—

HAROLD.

I know your Norman cookery is so spiced,
It masks all this.

PAGE.

My Lord! thou art white as death.

HAROLD.

With looking on the dead. Am I so white?
Thy duke will seem the darker. Hence, I follow.

[*Exeunt*

(To be concluded next month.)

LITERARY MEN AND THEIR MANNERS.

I READ the other day, in some of the newspapers, that M. Sainte Beuve, the eminent Parisian critic, having had the honour of taking breakfast with the Emperor Napoleon III, committed three frightful mistakes in etiquette: one with his fork, one with his napkin, and the third in some other detail. The terrible event was at once noted by those who were learned in the art of Imperial breakfasting, and it has now been published as a warning to literary men whose manners are not of the first order. I am not going to quarrel with court etiquette—I am a very conservative in this, as in other matters. Etiquette is law, where it prevails, and *ignorantia juris neminem excusat.* If you insist upon going into a Masque with your muddy boots on you are rude. If it is correct to kiss the Pope's toe you are a boor if you refuse. And if M. Sainte Beuve was ashamed of being caught napping in his "form," why all I can say is, what was he doing in that galley? He had no business to be there at all, this *soi disant* Republican, who did not love the Imperial author of the Life of Cæsar in the least. But I do not mean to write an essay upon Sainte Beuve; what I intended doing was to make him and his napkin a peg on which to hang certain remarks upon literary men and their manners. There is always more or less surprise expressed when some man distinguished in the Republic of Letters is discovered to have "committed himself" against the usages of Society, or to have been imperfect in his manners; and it gives more or less of a shock to literary enthusiasts of immature age to find that their idols have not bored their way through life like Sir Charles Grandison, and have not moved in grace and dignity on the high-heels of the old *régime.* The culture which is supposed to attach itself to the literary life is culture of mind, not of manners; and though a Tennyson may tell us that "manners are not idle, but the fruit of loyal nature and of noble mind," it is nevertheless matter of common learning that an enormous degree of literary ability and genius is quite compatible with the manners of Alsatia and the appearance of a boor.

The social position of literary men as a class has always been of peculiar character. In no age have literary men held such good places or been so much respected as in this age; yet even in this age there is still surrounding them a little of the atmosphere of Bohemia, and Prague is dimly imagined to be the city of their fondest recollections. The precariousness of the literary life, its general poverty, its disappointments, its quarrels, its scandals, the eccentricities of its professors, their startling

theories, their assaults on traditional customs, established usages, accepted doctrines, formulated creeds, and so on, have all tended to surround the literary guild with an atmosphere of its own, in which those who are not of the order do not breathe freely. So if the order is not so highly considered as it ought to be, it is itself a good deal to blame. When Pope published his incendiary "Dunciad" he inflicted a deep and deadly blow at his own class. Grub street was bad enough perhaps, but he painted it worse than it was; and somehow while Grub street has disappeared, with its people, the "Dunciad" remains, and the heirs of the literary labours of the men so derided, though they are very respectable people, good citizens and worthy fathers of famillies, have to bear the reflected disrepute of the lampoon. With which of the great literary men of past times, that is the times with which your and my limited knowledge is familiar, would you have liked to live? Do you think there are many of them that would have pleased you? Take the Queen Anne circle, for instance. Swift would not have been a very pleasant companion I fancy. Among all that he met and mixed with he kept but few friends. Even women, the most faithful of all, gave him up, and in his old age he felt his loneliness keenly. *His* manners were not very good. He was rude; he was savage; he was domineering; he was unscrupulous; he hated so much and so many that he must have been hated a good deal. Mr. Thackeray says that he must have been loved a good deal; but in all his life we read more of hate than of love, of ill-will and uncharitableness rather than kindness and charity. Pope's manners were not very nice. How could they have been so? He was peevish; he was a little envious and a good deal malignant, as too many deformed people are in all ages. A week in a country-house with such a man might well have cured a sensitive person of a taste for genius-worship. Would you have liked to follow Sir Richard Steele from tavern to tavern, and slept in the bed with him with his boots on? Mr. Joseph Addison's manners must have been calm and correct, and like a gentleman's, I think; but then he had a little trick of sneering, which is quite out of place in good society or in any ideal state of perfect manners. Would you have liked to sit opposite Dr. Johnson at dinner while he ate with the veins of his forehead swelling with his eager voracity? "He ate," Macaulay says, "like a man who had lived on fourpence a day." Would you have cared to walk along Fleet street with him, and have him turn back to touch a post that he had neglected in passing? Would you have cared to have that angry old man stamp and scowl at you for daring to hint a difference of opinion with him? The old giant's manners were very bad indeed; and those of his Biographer were not improved by his dancing attendance on the giant. I remember reading somewhere in the "Tour to the Hebrides" how Boswell was put by the Earl of

Errol, I think, into one of the finest bed-rooms in his Lordship's residence; and how the grumbling wretch not only writes down in his journal the annoyance he felt at the good fire, his disgust at the sea-smell of the feathers in his pillow, but publishes the whole account in the volumes which afterwards came out. I think a horsewhip would have properly rewarded such manners as this.

Later generations did not improve very much the manners of many of the literary class. Charles Lamb was a very engaging man, but a very dangerous one too. Did you ever read of how he took up a candle and wanted *to examine the bumps* of a man who at table had made some remarks he did not like? Did you ever read how he and Coleridge and Hazlett and some others, after a rather wet night of it I expect, solemnly flung their punch-glasses, full to the brim, out through the glass of the closed windows, no doubt to the terror of their neighbours? This was not the kind of conduct we would like to think of in connection with men to whom the world owes so much of pleasure and of profit. I read in the "Greville Memoirs" how Mr. Greville, the dainty, was miserable for a considerable period, because at Hallam House he was placed beside a dull, vulgar man whose manners were not perfect. By-and-by the vulgar man began to talk, and proved to be—Macaulay! The late Joseph Howe once told me that he had met Thackeray in London, and that the great author was a "detestable man." Can we blame the fashionable world, the world of refinement—to sneer at which is usually the mark either of inferiority or anger—if it sent some of the old Frazerians to Coventry? They did not conduct themselves with propriety, the Maginns and Prouts and others. The world owes nothing to a man for simply being a literary man. If a literary man gets drunk, he must be content to lie in the same gutter and be taken to the same watchhouse with his illiterate fellow-drunkard. If a literary man gets into debt he must suffer as others suffer from the same curse. If a literary man is immoral, and is discovered, he must go down like other men. If a literary man has a bad temper, bad manners, or bad habits; if he is vulgar and spiteful, he must not expect to enter into the higher and rarer regions of social life, any more than another man with similar bad habits. The world is on the whole very kind to men who live by their pens; and it would be infinitely better for the literary class, if it conformed with a tenfold greater strictness to those unwritten social laws which are so binding and so necessary to be observed. Men who move, in their books, with the noblest society in the world, with the great, the wise, the beautiful and the sainted of all ages and all nations, should "think foul scorn" of themselves to be wanting in the least propriety required by the lettered and prosaic society of these degenerate days.

MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

"DO YOU SUPPOSE I DON'T KNOW THAT I AM A NUISANCE?"

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER V.

NICHOLAS and those who had been rescued with him learned, on the next morning after the disaster, that they were on board the ship "Jungfrau," from Bremen, bound for New York, with half a dozen cabin passengers and a large number of emigrants. The vessel was crowded, but everything was done that a sympathetic and helpful benevolence could devise to restore them from their nervous shock and their harsh exposure, and to make them comfortable. Nicholas and a few of the ladies found themselves suffering only from mental sadness and bodily lameness, while others, and among them Miss Larkin, rallied less readily, and were held to their berths by a low fever whose awful depressions, waking and sleeping, were haunted by dreams that made their lives a perpetual torture.

The captain of the "Jungfrau" found his vessel as sound in the hull, after her terrible collision, as she was before, and enough of her spars left standing and uninjured to insure a safe, if not a speedy, passage into port. This information he was careful to impart to his new passengers, in such English as he could command. Those among them who had lost friends held to the hope that they should find them again among those who had been rescued by the boats of the two steamers; and it was curious to witness the reactions towards joyfulness and hopefulness which took place among them. In the midst of their fears and forebodings there was many a merry laugh over the strange disguises with which their humble, borrowed clothing invested them. Mrs. McGregor, who went down with her diamond knobs in her ears, found those brilliants flashing above a rough emigrant's cloak, and laughed with the rest over the grotesque figure which she presented. A strange feeling of sisterly regard which, in some instances, rose into fondness, was developed among women who had hitherto looked upon each other with jealousy. A common calamity, a partnership in trial, brought proud hearts together in marvellous sympathy. A few minutes spent together in the presence of death wove bonds which only death could break.

It was curious, too, to witness the disposition of every woman of the rescued number to attribute her safety to Nicholas. The young, particularly, had all been saved by him,—a fact which they laid up in their

memories, to be recounted in future life, and to furnish a foundation for romantic dreams. The young man found himself, very much to his embarrassment, a hero, idolized, courted, petted, praised, thanked and overwhelmed with feminine devotion. They talked about him among themselves. They poured their acknowledgments into his impatient ear. They harassed and humiliated him with their gratitude. There were only two of the whole number who did not distress him with their praises, and they were the ones, of them all, whom he most sincerely respected.

Miss Coates, with her splendid vitality, rallied among the first, and became the ministering angel of all the sufferers of her sex. As Miss Bruce was almost equally disabled with her charge, Miss Coates became Miss Larkin's constant attendant. She was with her by day and by night, or always within call. She kept up the young woman's communications with Nicholas, and in this service, tenderly and earnestly rendered, endeavoured to embody her thanks.

The weary days wore slowly away; the convalescents, one after another, sat up in the close cabin, or appeared upon the deck, and one morning Miss Coates went to Nicholas, and invited him into the cabin. Miss Larkin wished to see him. The young man went down with a throbbing heart, and found Miss Larkin reclining in a chair. They took each other's hands without a word. It was long before either of them could speak. At length Miss Larkin said:

"I am very glad for you. You have done a great deal of good."

"Don't speak of it."

"I am not going to tell you of my gratitude for my own safety. That is of small account; but, I am grateful that you have helped to save my faith in human nature. I thought I would like to tell you that."

"Thank you. You were surprised?"

"Not at all. I believe in you."

"Thank you again. The others have treated me as if they were surprised to find that I was a man."

"Don't blame them, after their suprise at finding other men cowards."

"But it is so humiliating to be flattered and fawned upon. It makes me wild."

"There is, at least, one woman who has not flattered you, or fawned upon you; yet you have no more hearty admirer upon the ship."

"Miss Coates?"

"Yes."

"She is a true woman, worth all the rest of them put together, old and young."

"Yes, and I cannot be too grateful for being brought into her com-

pany. The life before me all looks brighter in the prospect of her friendship. She is so helpful, so cheerful, so self-forgetful, so courageous, that I look upon her with constant admiration. Her presence is always an inspiration."

"Thank you," said Nicholas.

She looked questioningly into his face.

"Why do you thank me?"

Nicholas smiled in her upturned eyes, and said:

"Because the unstinted praise of one young woman by another helps to save my faith in human nature."

Miss Larkin did not smile at his answer, for her heart was visited at the moment by an old pang that had come upon her many times during her recovery. She was thinking of Mr. Benson, and she sighed as if the pain were more than she could bear.

"I know what that sigh means," said Nicholas," and where it came from."

She was startled, and said:

"Mr. Benson?"

"Yes."

"I cannot tell you how I pity him," she responded. "I'm sure he is alive. If I could only think of him as dead, I should be strangely comforted; yet until the accident, he was always very considerate of me. I know that he is forever humiliated, and that he can never come into my presence again without pain. He has received a lesson concerning himself that must demoralize him. His pride is fatally wounded. His character is overthrown. I'm afraid he will hate me, and hate you too; for generosity is as foreign to his nature and character as love or enthusiasm."

"Well, I'm not afraid of him, at least," Nicholas responded; "and, besides, I don't pity him. Men and women must look upon such things differently. I like to see a conceited and pretentious man taken down, and placed exactly where he belongs. Let us hope that what has happened will make a better man of him."

"He will never build up again. He is too old;" and Miss Larkin shook her head.

Nicholas saw that it would be difficult for him to divert her thoughts from the unhappy channel into which they had fallen, and rose to bid her good-morning, and send Miss Coates to her. He took her hand, which he found to be cold, and, apologizing for staying so long, hurried to the deck, where Miss Coates was engaged in conversation with her mother. The former rose and left the deck at once, to attend her friend in the cabin.

Since the appeal of Mrs. Coates to Nicholas to save her daughter,

even at the cost of her own life, the vulgar little woman had appeared to him most worthy of his respect. He greeted her cordially, and sat down beside her.

Nicholas had already learned that Mrs. Coates was a member of that somewhat widely scattered sisterhood that report conversations which have never taken place. She was without culture, and had nothing to talk about but personalities of which she was the centre; and she had acquired the art, or the habit, of attributing to others the sentiments and opinions which she wished either to controvert or approve. She was, in this way, enabled to give a dramatic quality to her conversation, and to find suggestions for continuing it *ad infinitum*. Not that she intended to lie. For the moment, she supposed that what she reported had actually taken place. Nicholas, however, had learned to separate the chaff from the wheat, and to detect the lie whenever it was broached. He knew the daughter, at least, well enough to know that certain conversations which the mother reported in detail were pure fiction. Otherwise, he would have refused to listen to them.

But Mrs. Coates was good-natured, and she adored her daughter. She intended, too, that she should have all the advantages that the maternal ingenuity could devise for getting a good position in the world. Her teachers had taken care of her education, and she had determined to look after the rest. Her manœuvers, however, were very clumsy. She had conceived the most "honourable intentions" in regard to Nicholas; but the poor, well-meaning little woman was obliged to use a poker in the place of a gilt-handled, glittering scimiter, wielded so deftly and delicately by the ladies around her. Insensitive, resting upon her wealth as a sure foundation, she never hesitated for a moment, in any society, to express her sentiments, or to absorb the conversation; and she never forgot the one great object of her life—to push Jenny.

As Nicholas took a seat beside her, she said:

"Now this seems real good. I've been a-talking to Jenny about improving your examples. 'Wherever you see a shining example,' says I to Jenny, 'seize upon it. Now, there's that young man, Mr. Minturn,' says I. 'Who would have thought it was in him? But he has given us a shining example,' says I, 'and shining examples aint so thick nowdays that we can afford to make light of 'em.' I've said the same thing to Mr. Coates, often and often. 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'embrace all your opportunities to watch shining examples. Wherever you can find one, lay hold of it,' says I, 'and bring it home.' Perhaps you've noticed that Jenny is an uncommon girl, Mr. Minturn?"

"Yes, I have," replied Nicholas, uneasily stroking his whiskers.

"That's just what I told her," said Mrs Coates. "'He sees your worth,' says I. 'He's not much of a fool, to speak of, says I.' 'He

knows who has had advantages, and who hasn't had them. Hold up your head,' says I to Jenny. 'Take your example in this case from your mother, and not from your father,' says I; 'for your father's head is not a shining example, unless it is for baldness, which comes of his forever wearing his hat against my wishes,' says I. I've said the same thing to Mr. Coates. 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'you're as good as the best of them. You've got a good house and a respectable wife, if I do say it; and you've been able to give the best advantages to your offspring, and there's no living reason why you shouldn't hold up your head.' But Mr. Coates he laughs, and says he isn't good for nothing but making money, and that I may hold up my head till it snaps off of my shoulders if I want to; and Jenny and he are as much alike as two peas. I get out of all patience with her."

Nicholas bit his lip, to hide his amusement, and said:

"It seems to me that you are a little rough on the young lady."

"Well, I don't mean to be rough," said Mrs. Coates, as if the asperities of her character were a source of profound grief, but were, nevertheless, ineffacable. "I don't mean to be rough on my own offspring, but I'm made so that I can't bear to see the opportunities of young girls slip by without being embraced. 'Here is Mr. Minturn,' says I to Jenny, 'apparently attached to a young woman afflicted with what isn't a speck better than numb-palsy, if it is as good. I'm sorry for him from the bottom of my heart,' says I, and I'm sorry for her too; but she's a shining example of patience and chirkness, and I want you to take that example and make the most of it. Wherever you see an example,' says I to Jenny, 'improve it. Let nothing be lost on the way.'"

If Nicholas had not entertained the sincerest respect for the young woman, and known how offensive this kind of talk would have been to her, he would have excused himself from further conversation, and retired in disgust; but the clumsy manager amused him, and Miss Coates was out of the way, and could not be pained by her mother's talk. So, as he had nothing else to do, he was willing to hear more.

"I says to Jenny," continued Mrs. Coates, after a moment of thoughtfulness, "'Jenny,' says I, 'do you remember what Mr. Minturn said about his mother?' 'Yes,' says she, 'I noticed it.' 'Mark my words, Jenny,' says I, 'mark my words: a good son is a good husband.' How often I've said the same thing to Mr. Coates! 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'our offspring are to be husbands and wives. Let us give them all the advantage we can, and make good children of them, and then they'll be good husbands and wives. I s'pose I try Jenny a good deal. I wasn't raised as girls are now-days, but she's been an obedient child. Whatever happens to her, I shall always remember that she's been a

healthy child, too; and Mr. Coates and I have often said that if we were thankful for anything, it is that we've been able to give good constitutions to our offspring. Whatever is laid to Jenny's door, there's no numb-palsy about her."

Mrs. Coates laughed, as if she thought she had said a good thing. Nicholas laughed too, and then she was sure of it.

"'Yes,' says I to Jenny," Mrs. Coates reiterated, by way of lifting her climax, or enjoying it a little longer, "'whatever is laid to your door, numb-palsy isn't the name for it.'"

She felt now that she was making genuine progress, and went on:

"Jenny is unaccountable strange in some things. I own up that I don't see into it. I've said to her often since that night, you know," —and a painful shiver ran through her fat little person,—"'Jenny,' says I, 'have you ever thanked Mr. Minturn for what he done for you? Let us be grateful for all our mercies,' says I; 'for if we forget 'em, they may be took away from us.' All I can do and say, the only thing I can get out of her is, 'Mother,' says she, 'I've thanked God on my knees for it; but Mr. Minturn is a sensible man, and he don't want no women purring around him."

"She's right," said Nicholas.

"I don't know about that," responded Mrs. Coates, shaking her head doubtfully. "You may think I'm a strange woman,"—and Mrs. Coates paused to give Nicholas a moment for the contemplation of the profound enigma before him,—"you may think I'm a strange woman, but *I* think there *is* such a thing as numb-palsy of the heart, and that it *may* be just as bad as numb-palsy of the feet. 'Whatever is laid to your door,' says I to Jenny, 'let it not be said that you have numb-palsy of the heart, for out of the heart the mouth speaketh,' says I; 'and perhaps that's the reason you don't speak to Mr. Minturn,' says I."

She would have gone on with her talk as long as Nicholas would have listened to it, for her resources were unlimited. What she had said to Mr. Coates and Jenny, and what Mr. Coates and Jenny had said to her, constituted a circle like that defined by the revolving horses at a country show. When her nag was in motion, those which bore her husband and daughter were in motion too; and she was always in a chase after them, and they after her.

But the machine was stopped by the approach of Mrs. Ilmansee and her pretty sister, who, notwithstanding their losses, had managed to keep up a fair appearance and a jaunty air.

"O Mr. Minturn!" broke in the young married lady, utterly ignoring the presence of Mrs. Coates, "I wanted to say to you that I shall expect you, on landing, to go directly to my house. You will need to

stop in New York awhile to replenish your wardrobe, and you are to make my house your home as long as you will. Mr. Ilmansee will be delighted to see you, and to have an opportunity of thanking you for the great service you have rendered us all."

Mrs. Coates was taken aback. In her greediness to make the most of present opportunities, and to embrace the privileges of the moment, she had forgotten to offer her hospitalities; but she was equal to the emergency.

"Share and share alike," said she, interrupting Nicholas in his attempt to reply to the invitation. "How many times I've said to Mr. Coates, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'whatever you are, don't let it be laid to your door that you are greedy, and take advantage of your fellow-men. Entertain angels unawares,' says I, 'whenever you get a chance. Whatever you are, be hospitable,' says I. 'You are not required to be extravagant, and spend so much money on luxuries that you can't give the best advantages to your offspring; but you *are* required to entertain angels unawares, and furnish them the best that the market affords.' Often and often Jenny has said to me, 'Mother, you entertain more angels unawares than any woman I know of, and you are wearing yourself all out.' 'Jenny,' says I, 'I shall keep on doing so until I drop in my tracks, and open the best room to them, too. Mr. Minturn will stay with us a part of the time, of course. Share and share alike is a good rule, with all them as mean to be fair and aboveboard.'"

Mrs. Ilmansee had stood and heard this long speech in ill-concealed disgust. There was no stopping it, and no getting away from it. Miss Pelton, her hand on her sister's arm, pressed that arm a good many times in her amusement, bit her rosy lips, and appeared strangely pleased with something she had discovered far off at sea. Poor Nicholas blushed, without knowing what to say.

"I suppose Mr. Minturn is at liberty to take his choice," said Mrs. Ilmansee, spitefully.

"Yes," said Mrs. Coates, blandly, "he can go to your house first, and then he can come to mine. Turn about is fair play. How often I've said to Mr. Coates, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'stand by your own rights, but don't never let it be laid to your door that you deny the rights of others, for they have their feelings as well as you, says I."

"Moving about from house to house is such a pleasant exercise!" said Miss Pelton, pertly.

"Yes," responded Mrs. Coates, "how often I used to say that to Mr. Coates before he got to be forehanded! Why, we used to move every first of May, as regular as the year come round; and them was my happiest days. I've often said to Jenny, 'Jenny,' says I, 'you'll miss one thing in your grand house that isn't subject to a dollar of mortgage;

and that's ripping up, and carting off, and starting new.' Children that begin where their fathers and mothers leave off, lose some things;"—and Mrs. Coates sighed as if there came to her ear, across arid tracts of prosperity, the musical rumble and the refreshing vision of an overloaded furniture-wagon.

"Ah! And what is the absorbing topic of conversation this morning?"

It was the voice of Mrs. Morgan, who had entered the group with her tall and comely daughter.

If the curious reader should wonder just here, or has wondered before, why so many ladies should be together on a foreign voyage, without their acquired or natural protectors, let it not be supposed that those protectors had been separated from them by divorce or drowning. They were only journeying after the manner of many American ladies, when they undertake a European trip. It is a little bad for their husbands and homes, perhaps, but it is their pleasure. At this moment, those upon the deck of the "Jungfrau" were returning to them unexpectedly, to find their husbands at their business, probably,—possibly at the club, —possibly anywhere but where they ought to be. But that, in turn, is their husbands' pleasure, which preserves a pleasant balance in what are by courtesy denominated "the domestic relations."

Mrs. Morgan's stately inquiry was met with silence, which grew awkward at last, and then Nicholas told her that he had been kindly invited by the two ladies to be their guest while he remained in the city.

"Have you accepted their invitation?" inquired Mrs. Morgan.

"I can hardly accept them both," Nicholas replied, with a show of embarrassment.

"Then let me help you, by asking you to be my guest."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Ilmansee, sharply. "I believe I have the first claim."

"Oh! you have a claim, have you? Excuse me! I really did not know that the matter had gone so far."

And Mrs. Morgan made a bow in mock humility.

Mrs. McGregor, who had been sitting on the opposite side of the deck, but beyond hearing of the conversation, saw an excitement kindling in the group. So she, with her buxom little daughter, came over to learn what it was all about. The diamond knobs were still dancing in her ears, but the emigrant's cloak interfered somewhat with the elegance and impressiveness of her bearing.

"We are having claims here this morning!" said Mrs Morgan, in a tone that was intended to be bitterly scornful.

"Why, you are not getting ill-natured?" said Mrs. McGregor, deprecatingly.

"Not in the least! Oh, not in the least!" responded pretty Mrs. Ilmansee, turning up her nose.

"What is it all about?" inquired Mrs. McGregor, looking doubtfully from one to another.

"Oh, nothing," replied Mrs. Morgan; "next to nothing at all. I invited Mr. Minturn to be my guest after our arrival in the city, and Mrs. Ilmansee says she has a claim upon him. It's nothing, nothing at all, I assure you."

"Well if it comes to that," said Mrs McGregor, whose arm had been suggestively pinched by Miss. McGregor, "I think I can make him as comfortable as any one, and my house is quite at his disposal, now, or at any time when he may visit the city."

This was the highest bid that had been made, and the evident air of superiority with which it was made did not tend to allay the jealous feeling prevalent in the group.

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Mrs. Morgan.

"I should like to know ladies," said Mrs. Ilmansee, her black eyes sparkling with angry annoyance, "why I am treated with so little consideration? I gave the first invitation, and I think it would be proper to wait until I have my reply, before you give yours."

"I have no words to bandy with any one," said Mrs. McGregor, with dignity; but I see no reason for withdrawing my invitation."

Out of the best of kind feeling, the shower had risen quickly. It was nothing but a scud, that so often overspreads the sweetest sky, and Nicholas, getting his chance at last, and determined to stop the conversation, said:

"Ladies, you are all very kind, but you have embarrassed me, and given me no chance——"

Mrs. Coates thought matters had gone far enough, and felt as if Nicholas would make them worse. So, in the goodness of her nature, she interrupted him before he had completed what he had proposed to himself to say.

"Stop, I beg you," she said, laying her hand persuasively on the arm of the young man. "Stop, and let me pour some ile on these troubled waters. If there's any claim here this morning, I have one. Number two is my number, but I give it up cheerfully for the sake of peace. Mr. Coates has said to me, often and often, 'Mrs. Coates you are the greatest woman for pouring ile on troubled waters I ever see.' Says I, 'Mr Coates, I shall always do it. So long as the Lord lets me live, I shall make it a part of my business, whenever I see troubled waters, to pour ile on 'em. Blessed are the peace-makers, says I, 'and that's just where I want to come in; and it does seem to me that for women who have just been snatched from the jaws of destruction, we are not im

proving our judgments as we ought to. I have often said to Mr. Coates, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'let us improve our judgment as well as our privileges, for then,' says I, 'Mr. Coates, we shall stand some sort of a chance for more privileges than judgments. Never let it be laid to our door,' says I, 'that we quarrelled in the midst of our judgments and our mercies.'"

There was no resisting this homely appeal, and the hearty laugh that followed broke the spell of ill-nature that had gathered upon the group. Of course, nobody was ill-natured, or had dreamed of any such thing All were complaisant and self-sacrificing at once.

"I was just going to say," Nicholas resumed, "when Mrs. Coates interrupted me, that I am much obliged to you all, but I have a very dear friend in the city who would never forgive me if I were to accept an invitation which would take me away from him. I shall see you all many times, I hope."

The ladies knew that Nicholas was to be a crowned hero, and the younger ones particularly were desirous to have, as a guest in their houses, the young man who had saved them. He would be a nice man to talk about, and to show; but Nioholas had settled the matter, and they would be obliged to get along without him. It is possible that they were the more readily reconciled to the disappointment from the fact that the young man's friend might enlarge their circle of acquaintance. But who knows? Girls have many thoughts of which they are not more than half conscious themselves.

Just as the group was separating in the best of good humour, the Captain approached, and, touching his cap, informed them that they were not more than a hundred and fifty miles from land, and that if the wind held they would find themselves in port the next day. This gave them a united opportunity to express their thanks to him, for the humane and gallant service he had rendered them, and they quite overwhelmed the rough old fellow with their thanks.

Then they all went below, under the impression that they had immense preparations to make for the landing, which consisted, when they arrived there, of a simultaneous attempt to impart the glad intelligence to those passengers who were still in confinement.

CHAPTER VI.

It is probable that no company of passengers ever approached the much longed-for land with more solemnity than that which oppressed the returning group upon the "Jungfrau." They realized with a fresh impression, the dangers from which they had escaped. They dreaded to hear of the number who had not shared their own good fortune. They

could not doubt that the steamer which had saved so many had already reported herself from the other side, and that they had all been the objects of the most painful and sickening anxiety. After the long strain upon their nerves, and their efforts to keep up their own and each other's courage, the reaction came; and weeping groups thronged the little deck all day, and few slept during the night which separated them from their homes.

Early on the following morning, the "Jungfrau" was boarded by a pilot, who brought with him a large bundle of papers. Already the land was in sight, and lay like a dim cloud on the edge of the horizon before them: but the passengers were too much absorbed in the news from home to give it more than a single glance. The rescuing steamer had arrived at Queenstown, three or four days before, and her sad news of the collision had been spread all over the country. New York was throbbing with excitement. The full list of passengers upon the "Ariadne" was published, side by side with the list of those who had been saved by the reporting steamer, and all hearts had turned to the strange vessel that had been the cause of the mischief and had assisted in the rescue. If she had been fatally damaged, it was supposed that she would hardly have thought of anything but taking care of herself. This fact, in the abounding speculation that the papers indulged in, was regarded as favourable to the safety of such of the passengers as she had picked up. But all was uncertainty, anxiety, and foreboding.

A single item of intelligence interested Nicholas profoundly, and he made haste to communicate it to Miss Larkin. A somewhat extended paragraph was devoted to Mr. Benson who, it was stated, became hopelessly separated from his ward, a helpless invalid, during the confusion which attended the collision. The boat in which he endeavoured to secure safety for her was pushed off without her, and the probabilities were that she was lost. It was almost impossible that, in her circumstances, she could have been saved. As for Mr. Benson himself, he had been a ministering angel throughout the voyage to the sufferers, sparing neither labour nor sleep on their behalf. The English papers were full of his praise, and crowned him the hero of the whole affair. New York was proud of him, and promised him a befitting welcome whenever he should return. His self-sacrificing devotion to others, in this terrible emergency that had deprived him of one of the loved ones of his own household, had woven a becoming crown for a life of eminent integrity and conspicuous usefulness.

When Nicholas had read the paragraph to her which contained all this fulsome praise, Miss Larkin's eyes filled with tears.

"It is just as I told you," she said; "he has lied to cover his cowardice and treachery. The story of his separation from me came only from

him, and was told under the belief that it could never be contradicted."

"What will you do about it?" inquired Nicholas.

"Nothing. I shall never betray his falsehood; but sometime he will know, not only that he forsook me before my conscious eyes, but that I know that he lied about it. There is no point now at which he can pause. No temptation will seduce him from rectitude at which he can hesitate. I believe I would have been willing to die to save him from his irreparable loss."

This one shadow darkened all the sky for Miss Larkin. A thousand times glad to get home to her multitude of friends, she looked forward to their minute inquiries with shrinking apprehension, and to her future meeting with her guardian with unspeakable dread. Every grateful joy that sprang within her faded and fell before the breath of this monster grief. She could not lie to shield her legal protector. She must refuse to talk about him and the circumstances of her rescue. Even this thought was embittered by the belief that he had coolly calculated all the chances in the case, and had relied on her forbearance in the improbable event of her rescue.

Winds were baffling and unsteady, and the progress toward the city was slow. It was not until mid-afternoon that the "Jungfrau" reached Quarantine. A dispatch for the city had already been prepared, announcing the arrival of the ship and the names of the rescued passengers whom she had on board. Half an hour only was necessary for the dispatch of a tug-boat, with a dozen enterprising reporters, bound for the vessel. Extras were at once issued, announcing the glad event, and the universal excitement of a few days before was renewed. The friends of the rescued passengers rushed to the dock to which the tug was expected to return, and waited there for long hours, their numbers constantly augmented by idlers and by sad men and women, who clung to their last hope that at least one name had been omitted by mistake from the list of the saved.

When the tug arrived at the vessel, the reporters sprang on board note-books in hand, to glean every item from every lip that could be pressed or coaxed into conversation; and every reporter was over-loaded with the praises of Nicholas. He had saved a great number of lives, and he was followed up, looked at, questioned in regard to his home, his age, his adventures and experiences, his height, his weight, his profession, and even his relations to the young ladies on board. They penetrated the cabin, borne on the wings of their fluttering little note-books, like bees into a parterre of flowers. Mrs. Coates had half a dozen about her at once, who became the readiest and most absorbent audience she had ever enjoyed. She assured them that Nicholas had proved himself to be a perfect windfall, which in her simple mind and scant vocabulary

was equivalent to pronouncing him a providence; and she expressed a hope, with a warm thought of Jenny in her heart, that he would prove to be so in the future. Miss Larkin would say nothing, but they all took pen-portraits of her. It was a lively time for these professional news-hunters, and they made the most of their opportunities, according to their habit.

At last it was concluded to send the "Ariadne's" passengers up to the city on the tug, as the formalities connected with the reception and dismissal of the immigrants promised to be tedious. They renewed their tearful thanks to the good-natured captain for all his humane service, not forgetting the sailors who had assisted in the rescue, and then, stepping on board the tug, bade farewell to the staunch craft which had borne them so safely and comfortably back to their homes.

The scene which followed their arrival at the dock was vividly represented in the papers of the following day. Women fainted in each other's arms. Husbands and fathers embraced wives and daughters in an indescribable delirium of joy, unmindful of the curious witnesses of their transports. Nicholas was pulled from one to another, to be introduced to home friends. He was covered with praises, and overwhelmed with thanks. He found it impossible to leave until every lady was dispatched. Carriages were in readiness from every house whose returning treasures were represented among the group, and with waving of hands and handkerchiefs, and tossing of kisses, and responses to invitations, Nicholas saw them all pass off, with sadness, and almost with envy in his heart.

During all this scene, which probably lasted half an hour, there were silent witnesses around, who, after anxiously scanning every face of the returning passengers, went away one by one, in silence and bitter tears, to desolated homes. Among the members of this outside group, watching everything with keen and tearful eyes, there was a young man whom Nicholas had been too busy to see. As the latter, with a group of open-mouthed boys around him, started to leave the dock, his arm was quietly taken and pressed by some one who said in the quietest way:

"Hullo, old boy! Glad to see you!"

Nicholas stopped as suddenly as if he had been shot.

"Glezen!"

"Hush!" said Glezen. "We are observed. There is a reporter sitting on your head this instant."

"But, Glezen!" exclaimed Nicholas, endeavouring to shake off his friend, in order to give him an appropriate greeting.

His friend would not be shaken off. He pressed his arm closer, and pulled him on. He marched him straight up Cortlandt street into

Broadway. He led him up Broadway to a clothing-house, and then passed him into the hands of a clerk, with directions to dress him according to his best ability. After this process had been satisfactorily accomplished, he took his arm again and conducted him to a restaurant, where Nicholas, with a huge appetite, ate the first good meal he had seen for many days. Then he took him to his office, and throwing himself into a theatrical attitude, said :

"Dearest Nicholas, come to my embrace !"

The performance was absurd enough, but it was hearty and characteristic.

"Now sit down," said Glezen, "and let me look at you, and talk to you. I'm not going to cry"—blowing his nose and wiping his eyes—"for I don't believe in it. I've been mercifully preserved from making an ass of myself, so far, and I shall go through all right; but I want to tell you that, as a father, I am proud of you. Your life is safe and I am everlastingly glad. I'm glad, too, that you have been through all this, and found out something about yourself. I've heard all about it. You've nothing to tell. I looked on to one of those reporters while you were seeing your friends off, and he told me everything. What are you going to do now ?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Nicholas.

"Will you try another voyage ?"

"No—certainly not, until I feel like it. I believe I am about done with travelling under advice and directions."

"That's right. Now you talk like a man; but what are you going to do ?"

"I don't know ; but something."

"Then you'll find something to do."

At this moment the latch of the office door was raised, a head was thrust in whose features were instantly recognized, and the anticipated word "pop !" was uttered in a startling, guttural voice.

"Come in," said Glezen.

The one-armed pop-corn man entered. He was dressed in shabby blue, wore on his head a military cap, and in his only hand bore the basket that contained his modest merchandise. He had never come to Glezen's office before, but had evidently remembered the two young men.

"Say !" said he, "I've seen you before."

"Yes !" said Glezen, "I remember you."

"And one of you bought a paper, and the other said 'Get out,'" responded the pop-corn man ; "and here, gentleman, is the last opportunity ! Here you have it ! Pop-corn just salt enough ! Each and every individual kernel has a jewel and a drop of blood in it for you."

"Look here," said Glezen, "you've said that before. Give us something new."

"Pop-corn, gentlemen, is a balm for wounded hearts, a stimulant to virtuous endeavour, a sweetener of domestic life, and furnishes a silver lining——"

"Old, old, old!" exclaimed Glezen.

"It adds a charm to the cheek of beauty when applied upon the inside, cures heart-burn, tan, freckles, stammering, headache, corns, and makes barks to dogs. Five cents a paper, and just salt enough! How many papers will you have, gentlemen?"

"Look here," said Glezen, with a mirthful, quizzical look in his eyes, "did you ever suspect that you are a nuisance?"

"On the contrary," said the pop-corn man, "I happen to know that I am a balm and a blessing."

"And a bomb-shell and a cotton-mill," added Glezen.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever, gentlemen. Here's your picture—a one-armed soldier with a basket of pop-corn. Look at it, gentlemen, and let it linger in your memory. How many papers did you say?"

"See here, my man," said Glezen, "do you know you can do something a great deal better than selling pop-corn, and putting yourself into places where you are not wanted?"

"Open to conviction," said the pop-corn man.

"Sell yourself for old brass," said Glezen.

The man looked up to the ceiling, while an expression of pain crossed his features.

"I suppose," said he, "that I could tell you that there was evidently no market for that article here, and hold my own, playing the blackguard with you for the rest of the evening; but I don't feel up to it. May I sit down?"

"Certainly, if you wish to."

The man set his basket upon the floor, took off his cap, disclosing a handsome forehead, laid aside his professional air, and drew up and seated himself on a chair before the young men.

"Do you suppose," said he, his dark eyes gleaming with painful earnestness, "that I don't know that I am a nuisance? Do you suppose that it is a pleasant thing for me to push my head into other people's doors, and disturb them in their work and their talk? Do you suppose I don't know and feel that it's an outrage? Do you suppose I make a clown of myself, among gentlemen and dirty boys, because I like it?"

"I didn't mean to offend you," said Glezen.

"No, I don't think you did," said the peddler; but once in a while I get tired with carrying my disgusting load, and then I want to be myself for a while. I don't know why it is, but you two fellows, sitting

so cozily here together, and looking upon the poor peddler with such contempt, make me feel as if a little of your respect for the man whom necessity compels to play a part would be pleasant. I'm having a hard life. It's devilish hard to be alone,—not to have a man that I can shake hands with, unless it be some rascal whose touch is a disgrace."

The young men were thoroughly surprised. The changed bearing of the man before them, his well-chosen language, his evident deep feeling and sincerity, impressed them with respect.

"Do you mind telling us about yourself?" inquired Nicholas, whose sympathy had been touched.

"Oh, well, there's not much to tell,—not much that is new in the world. I was afflicted, a few years ago with a disease called patriotism. It was very prevalent at the time and I took it. When I got through with it, or it got through with me, I found an arm gone. I had served my country, but lost the means of taking care of myself, and providing for my wife and children. People rejoiced in the victory I had helped to win, but they forgot me. A one-armed soldier who needed help was a nuisance. I suppose I could have begged, but I had a prejudice against that way of getting a living. I suppose I might have borrowed or hired a hurdy-gurdy, and tormented people's ears, and hung out an empty sleeve as a plea for charity, but I didn't like that. So I took up an old basket, set my wife and children to popping corn, and went to peddling. I don't know exactly how I worked into it, but my tongue was ready, and I found that I had a new way of amusing the crowd. They bought my corn, and I have been able to keep the wolf from the door. The fact is, I saved something at first, while my trick was new, though I can't get that now. It is safe enough, I suppose, but I have sadly needed it."

"Where is it? Who has it?" inquired Glezen.

"Oh, a good man, I thought he was gone once, but they say he is all right. He was on the 'Ariadne.'"

"You don't mean Mr. Benson," said Nicholas.

"Well, I do mean just that man."

"I suppose he is all right," said Glezen.

"Everybody says so," replied the peddler. "You know we poor people are all a little scarey about savings banks, and when we find a straight man who is willing to take our money and take care of it, we let him have it."

"But won't he pay it back to you?"

"He says it is invested for a term of years, and he can't get it."

"Does he pay the interest?"

"Oh, yes! Oh, he's a straight enough man, but I need the money. I'm going home now to a night of watching over two sick children,

whose medicine I was trying to earn when I came in here. I am going home to an overworked wife and a disordered home. To-morrow I shall go out again and make fun for the boys and a nuisance of myself to such fellows as you. There is a life for you, gentlemen: how do you like the looks of it?"

"Is there much of this sort of thing in New York?" inquired Nicholas."

"Much of it?" exclaimed the peddler. "Good Heaven, man! where have you lived? Why, I am a king. I have money with Benson, and the people know it. I am so rich compared with the miserable wretches around me, that I am afraid of being robbed."

You may leave all your corn here," said Nicholas. "I shall borrow money of my friend here to pay for it, for I am just out of the sea myself.

"Did you just come in in the 'Jungfrau?'" inquired the peddler.

"Yes."

"Is your name Minturn?"

"Yes."

The peddler's eyes filled with tears.

"I'm glad to see you," he said. "I'm glad to have a chance to look at you. Do you know that you are the talk of the town?"

"I hope not."

"Well, you are. Will you let me shake hands with you?"

"Certainly," and Nicholas gave him his hand.

"You can't buy any pop-corn of me to-night," said the peddler. "It isn't for sale."

"Will you give me your name and address?" inquired Nicholas.

"My name is Timothy Spencer. People call me 'Talking Tim.' My address I'm ashamed to give you. If ever you want anything of me I'll contrive to see you, but I dont want you to see where and how I live."

Then turning to Glezen, he said:

"This is your place, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Do you want a boy."

"No, I'm just starting, and haven't anything for him to do. I'm in the economical line just at present."

"I've got a boy," said the peddler, stroking his rough beard with his single hand, "who is going to the dogs. I can't take care of him. "He's in the street all day. He's picking up bad companions and bad habits, and I want to put him somewhere. He's as smart as a steel-trap, but there isn't any more reverence in him than there is in a pair of tongs. What will become of poor Bob, I don't know. I have got troubles

enough, but that is the worst one. However, you've had enough of me for once, I thank you, gentlemen. Good evening."

The pop-corn man put on his cap, lifted his basket with a sigh and bowed himself out. The two young men listened in silence as he descended the stairs, and then as he walked off, they heard a shrill cry of "pop-corn," followed by a huge laugh from a dozen voices. Each looked into the other's face inquiringly, and then Nicholas said:

"Is he genuine?"

"I don't know," Glezen answered. "I think he is."

"So do I," said Nicholas, "and I mean to see more of him. Do you know, Glezen," he went on, after a moment of reflection, "that it seems to me that a young man, situated as I am, with nothing under heaven to do, can hardly find anything better in the way of employment than in helping such fellows as these? Where I live, everybody is at work, and everybody seems comfortable, but how a man can enjoy his luxuries and his idleness here, where people are half-starving around him, I can't understand."

"Come down to New York, my boy. You'll have your hands full here," said Glezen, "but where you find one Talking Tim, you'll find a thousand scamps. The lies told here every day by beggars and dead beats would swamp a hundred 'Ariadnes.' If you preserve a spirit of charity here through a single season you will do better than I have done. I can look a beggar in the face now till I look him out of countenance."

"But you can't afford that, you know," said Nicholas.

"I can't afford anything else," said Glezen, laughing, "until the exchequer is a little better supplied."

Glezen closed his office, and took Nicholas home to his room, where they passed the night. The next morning, Nicholas, taking Glezen with him, made hurried calls upon his acquaintances of the "Ariadne" and the "Jungfrau," and excusing himself from the invitations that met him and his friend everywhere, started for Ottercliff and his home, to receive the welcome and the congratulations of his household and his neighbours.

The three weeks of his absence seemed like a life-time. The new relations he had established, the new motives which had been born within him, the knowledge he had gained of himself, endowed his life and his future with a new significance.

CHAPTER VII.

It is a terrible thing for a man of great self-love and self-conceit, or of a pride of character which has been nursed through long years by public

trust and public praise, to discover, either that before certain temptations he is hoplessly weak, or that the motives of his life, which he supposed were high and pure, are base and selfish. The consciousness of that one weak spot in his nature or character is at first a fearful pang, which he tries to forget and tries to hide. He naturally runs into new activities in the line of duty, reaches out for artificial aids, seeks for new indorsements, and strives to maintain his poise by busily building in other directions.

To be tried in a supreme emergency and found wanting, and thus to lose one's faith in one's self, is to suffer the greatest imaginable calamity. So long as a man believes himself worthy of the respect of others, that act is a grateful help to him ; but to know that he is most unworthy of it, and still, as a matter of policy, to be willing to receive and profit by it—to welcome the hands that paint the walls and scatter flowers upon the approaches of the sepulchre, which he knows himself to be ; to be willing and constantly desirous to be thought something better than he is, is to have taken a fatal step towards demoralization and darkness. The alternative is to go back and become a child. It is to pull down, and, laying better foundations, to begin to build anew. The trouble is that when the character falls, the pride is left. The frail walls may be licked clean to the dust by the consuming element that has assailed them, but the ghastly chimney around which they were built, and upon which they were dependent for light and warmth, still stands stark and unhumbled.

Mr Benson's untiring and unsleeping devotion to the sufferers upon the rescuing steamer was something new to himself, and new to his friends. He had never been regarded as a sympathetic man. Indeed, he had, in a great measure, eschewed sympathy as a motive to action. He had not been considered a charitable man. He was known mainly as a just man, who discharged what he supposed to be his duty to those who came into business or social relation with him. What seemed to him to be his duties with regard to the instituted charities on whose lists of benefactors his name might appear with others, and in whose management he might have an official voice, he discharged with becoming self-sacrifice and appropriate dignity ; but he never went out of his way, led by the hand of humanity, into any irregular benevolence. To endanger his health by watching with the sick, even of his own family, was never expected of him.

So, when his ministry to the rescued sufferers was reported to his fellow-citizens, they concluded that they had hitherto done him injustice, or had failed to render to him the full justice that was his due. It was a new and beautiful develpement of character. The just man—the man of dutiful punctillio and routine—had blossomed into a good man—a

man of spontaneous and sympathetic self-sacrifice. The praises that were showered upon him pleased him, although he knew that he was only trying to forget himself, to atone for his selfish cowardice, and to build to his reputation new beauties and new defences.

On landing at Queenstown, his first inquiry was for a returning steamer. Several days elapsed before one to which he was willing to intrust himself entered the port, but he was able to learn nothing of the party from which he had been separated in the rescue, and he sailed at last in uncertainty concerning the fate of his ward. At the moment of his embarkation, the "Jungfrau" was in sight of land, but of this he knew nothing. Day after day, and night after night, he scanned the possibilities and the probabilities of the case, and was shocked into the keenest torture to find how easily he could be reconciled to the loss of a dozen lives, if, by that loss, his own treacherous cowardice could be forever hidden from the world. His mind was in a mad, remorseful turmoil, during every waking moment. He was angry, disgusted, shamed with himself. He tried to fly from his unworthy thoughts. Sometimes he would talk with every person he met. Then he would pace the deck for hours alone, trying to bring on weariness that would insure him forgetful sleep. Those who knew his story—and all soon became familiar with it—pitied him, and tried to comfort him. His grief and distress over the probable loss of one who was not bound to him by any tie of consanguinity, was set down to his credit; and then he was angry with himself because he was pleased with a misapprehension that enhanced his reputation for humanity.

Often when he realized what an unworthy sham of a man he was, the old superstitious fear of danger came back to him. A piece of drift floating upon the waves, a distant sail, an accompanying bird, brought back all the terrors of the wreck, and he wondered if some damning fate were pursuing him, and whether another precious freight of life were to be sacrificed on his account.

On the eleventh day, land was discovered, and just as the sun was setting, he placed his foot on the solid ground. In the haste of embarkation, he had neglected to telegraph his coming, and no one met or definitely expected him. He took a carriage at once, and set off for his home. With a heart throbbing painfully, he rang the bell at his door. The servant screamed as she let him in, and his household was soon about him. His face was pale, and it seemed as if age had planted a hundred wrinkles upon it since he had gone forth from his home. He had not kissed his children for years, but then and there he kissed them all. They stood stunned and wondering around him, trying to comprehend the transformation that had taken place. Mrs. Benson sighed weakly and wept copiously, for she, poor woman, had caught a

glimpse of liberty during his absence, and learned with self-condemnation that she could have been reconciled to the loss of the man who had now returned to her.

"Grace Larkin?" he whispered inquiringly, with blanched lips.

"She is here, safe and well," Mrs. Benson replied.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, and pushing by them all, he sought her room, and closed the door behind him; an act which all understood as a command.

Entering, he prostrated himself upon his knees by her side. He took both hands in his, and covered them with kisses.

Miss Larkin was overcome.

"Don't, I beg you, Mr. Benson," she said. "You see that I am safe and well. Sometime I will tell you all about it. You are quite beside yourself. Please bring a chair and sit down by me."

"My good girl, I am not worthy to be in the room with you," he said, still grovelling at her side, and kissing her hands.

Such abjectness of humiliation disgusted her, for she knew the unworthy source of it. He was afraid of her. Her hands were being licked by a fawning dog, and she pulled them away from him, and wiped them with her handkerchief, as if the slaver had polluted them. She half rose from her cushions, pointed to the chair, and said:

"Bring that chair here, and sit down in it or leave the room until you can control yourself. This is not becoming of you or pleasant to me."

Mr. Benson rose, begged her pardon, brought the chair to her side, and took his seat as if he had been a whipped school-boy.

"Miss Larkin," he said, "I am in your power. Your foot is on my neck. You can save or ruin my reputation. I assure you that I left you in a fit of terror, entirely beyond my control. I did not intend to do it. I have been filled with shame and remorse from that awful moment to this."

"And I have pitied you from the depths of my heart," she said; "but your reputation is no more in my hands now than it has been for some months and years."

These last words were unpremeditated. They had fallen from her lips unbidden; but the man who had roused her long indignation was before her, an humble suppliant for mercy, and the sudden determination came to make thorough work with him.

He looked at her with undisguised surprise.

"What can you mean?" he said.

"Mr. Benson, I have been for a long time a member of your family. Up to the moment when, in a fit of cowardice, you forsook me, you have treated me with as much consideration as I deserve, perhaps. I have no

fault to find, at least so far as I am concerned. Yet I have learned you so well, that when you left me I was not disappointed."

Mr. Benson bit his lip, but remained silent.

"I have never intended," she went on, "to say what the circumstances of the moment have moved me to say; and if I could recall the words that make it necessary to justify myself, I would do so."

She saw the old pride kindling in his face. He had not entered the room to be lectured. He grew angry at finding himself in a position in which such a humiliation was possible; but he received as yet no assurance of safety from Miss Larkin's lips, and he could not afford to resent the affront.

"Go on," he said. "You know that I must hear you."

"You are making it hard for me," she replied, "but you compel me to say that the domestic life of this house has been anything but an honour to you, and that if the friends you have in such numbers in the outside world should know that your wife has been for many years your slave, and that your children stand in constant fear of you, their admiration would be changed to contempt. That is simply what I mean in saying that your reputation is no more in my hands now than it has been for months and years. You have looked for your rewards and solaces outside of your home, and those who have hungered for the love that was theirs by right have been kept at a cold distance and starved. You have given them a comfortable home, I know; you have clothed and fed them; you have educated your children; you have done, I have no doubt, what seemed to be your duty, but you have denied them every grace of love and affectionate communion. They have had no opinions, no liberties, no sentiments. Your will has been over everything,—over me, indeed. We have had pleasant times together, but you have never mingled in them. If you could know how even I have longed for something more than your stately courtesies and the exact fulfilment of your official duties, you would at least know how it is possible for me to say what I have said to you. If I had not possessed the best and sweetest friends God ever gave to a woman, I should long ago have been starved myself.

Mr. Benson rose and walked the room. He had received through the eyes of a woman whom he knew to be pure and true another glimpse into himself, and into his life.

"My God!" he said, "am I so bad?"

A sense of danger had abased his pride, but a reproof had stimulated it into life again. It was something new for a model man to be found fault with, especially by a member of his own household. It maddened as well as humiliated him to be obliged, by what he deemed his necessities, to stand calmly and see his life picked in pieces.

"I think you are unjust, Miss Larkin," he said, at length. "My conscience does not accuse me. I have had no time for sentiment, and you have had no idea of the exhausting nature of my duties. You are sincere, doubtless, and mean well; but you are misled, and I forgive you. Will you forgive me?"

"Yes, I have not harboured a thought of resentment against you."

"Thank you. Bless you, my girl," he responded.

Still he did not stir. There were others who had witnessed his cowardly desertion of his ward.

"Has this matter been talked about?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"By whom?"

"By Mr. Minturn and myself."

"Will he betray me?"

"I cannot answer that, but I do not think he will pain me by doing so."

"Has any one else spoken of it?"

"The others have taken the statement published in the newspapers for the true explanation, I think, and I have made no efforts to undeceive them."

Mr. Benson's pale face flushed and then became crimson. The consciousness that he had originated the falsehood, and that the young woman before him knew it, prostrated his awakening pride in a moment. He sank into his chair, covered his face with his hands, and trembled in every fibre of his frame.

"I have been terribly tempted!" he gasped, "but I have no excuse to offer. I can only ask you to pity my weakness and spare me."

Miss Larkin was overcome by the strong man's humiliation, and wept.

"This is the worst of all," she said, "but I forgive you. The sin, however, was not against me."

"Miss Larkin," said Mr. Benson, rising, "I have disappointed you, and I have disappointed myself. I am not at all the man I supposed myself to be; but I hope to retrieve my character, even with you. Be my friend, and help me. I shall trust you."

"And I shall not betray you," she responded.

Mr. Benson had received the assurance that he wanted, and even as he bade her good-evening, and turned to leave her, she caught the gleam of triumph in his eyes. He had come with one selfish object in his heart, and though he had been humbled for the moment, and grievously distressed, the selfish sense of safety sprang to life, and he left her strong and almost light-hearted. She remembered that he had not once asked her concerning the particulars of her rescue, or the effect of her exposure upon her health. He had been concerned only for his own

reputation. The thought of himself had absorbed him wholly. And then the reflection came to her that she had tied her own hands, and that his faith in her word left him free to treat her and his dependents as he had always treated them. She had, with great sacrifice of feeling, tried to serve his family, but she had given the word that made her labour fruitless.

Mr. Benson went out, where he found his family awaiting him, in the accustomed silence. He took his hat and cane, and said to his wife :

"This is the night of our weekly prayer-meeting. I shall be late, but I must go."

"It seems as if you might stay with us this evening—after so long an absence—and such an escape for yourself—and such an anxiety for us all," said Mrs. Benson, hesitatingly and pleadingly.

"My dear," said Mr. Benson, sternly, "if ever I owed a duty to the church, I owe it now. I could not take a moment of comfort at home, even to-night, with the consciousness that I was neglecting a duty."

And Mr. Benson was thoroughly sincere—or he thought he was, at least. His sense of duty was not at all that sense which springs from the love of doing right. It was just what Nicholas had once declared to be a commercial sense. He wanted prosperity. He wanted to save and to increase his good reputation. He would have liked to place God and man under obligations to him, so that they should owe him a duty. He wanted, at least, to keep even with them, and now that he realized with painful and humiliating certainty that he was not even with them, —that he was almost hopelessly in debt,—he saw before him a life of painful, and, what seemed to him, self-denying service. At the moment, he determined to devote himself to duty, wherever he should find it, and at whatever cost. It seemed to him to be the only way in which he could regain his self-respect. He determined to atone for, and pay up, his terrible debt. He had been made dimly conscious that he owed a debt to his family, and had feebly determined to pay it by new privileges and greater benefactions. But that debt could wait.

When he appeared in the prayer-meeting, all eyes were raised, and the good pastor who presided poured out his honest heart in thanksgiving to God that one of his children, who had been exposed to the perils of the great deep, had been returned to them, safe and sound, to go in and out before his brethren, a shining example of integrity and beneficence, and an illustration of the merciful Providence that follows through every danger those who put their trust in its gracious power. At the conclusion of the prayer, Mr. Benson rose, and with broken words thanked the good pastor for it. The people had never seen him so humble. The man who went out from them so self-possessed, so calm, so strong, was broken down. He spoke of himself as a miserable

offender—as much unworthy his escape from what proved to so many to be the gate of death, of his gladness to be once more in the place where prayer was wont to be made, looking again into the friendly faces of his brethren and sisters, and of his determination to devote himself to duty as he had never done before. He admonished them to redeem their time, for, at longest, it would be short, and assured them that danger thronged every path, on the land as well as on the sea.

His words were very impressive. Many wept, and when the benediction was pronounced, all felt that they had been present at one of the most solemnly impressive gatherings of their lives. They pressed around Mr. Benson to shake his hand and congratulate him on his safety, not only, but to thank him for what he had said. They all felt that he had been down into a deep and fructifying experience, and that he whom they had deemed so cold and calm had been lifted into a warmer atmosphere of feeling, and had received a new impulse in the divine life.

Mr. Benson went home wonderfully uplifted and comforted. He had confessed his sins in great humility, and prayed that they might be forgiven. It is true that he had not called those sins by name, and told his pastor and his brethren that he appeared before them a convicted coward and liar; but he had confessed that he was a grievous sinner, and that had relieved him. He had earnestly prayed for pardon, and that had comforted him. He had exhorted others to a more vigilant and zealous Christian life, and he had won from this act the comfort of a duty performed. He had received the assurance of all whom he had met that he was still held not only in the most respectful esteem, but that the feeling of the church had ripened suddenly into a warm affection. Try to humiliate himself as he would, the old self-love and the old self-gratulation came back to him with their accustomed sense of sweetness. He tried to thrust back his returning pride, as if it had been Satan himself, but it would not away. He knew that his cure was not radical, but he intended in some way to make it so.

He found his family waiting for him, contrary to their wont. He was heartily sorry that they had not retired. The words of Miss Larkin were still sounding in his ears, and when he looked upon the silent, expectant group, and realized not only how repressive he had always been to them—how repressive he was to them at that moment—and how much they longed for his love and confidence, his heart relented. He sat down and looked at them.

"I am afraid," he said, "that we have not always lived as we ought to have lived. Children, you must not think me unkind if I have failed in affection to you. I have been a busy man. My mind and time have been very much absorbed. I have tried to do my duty to you, but we

are all liable to mistakes. I think we will have family prayers to-night."

"Shall we not go into Miss Larkin's room?" inquired Mrs. Benson. "I am sure she would be glad to have us do so."

"No; to-night let us be by ourselves," said the husband and father. He knew that the form of this reply was a practical lie, and that prayer would have been impossible to him in Miss Larkin's presence. Conscious that he had stumbled again, and half in his despair, he took his Bible, and opened to the fifty-first Psalm. As he pronounced with a husky voice its passages of deep and overwhelming contrition, it seemed as if it had been written for him, and for that special occasion.

"Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

"For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me. * * * *

"Hide thy face from my sins, * * * and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

"Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free spirit.

"Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee. * * *

"For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

Covering a falsehood in his heart, glad beyond all expression that his family could not see it, almost madly regretful, yet not contrite and broken-spirited, conscious that he did not possess "truth in the inward parts," and conscious, too, that the very means he had proposed to himself for recovery were swept out of his hands by the declaration that sacrifice was not what God wanted of him, he closed the book with a sigh, and knelt down. His prayer was brief and broken, but when he rose from his knees, there was not one of his family who had not conceived a tenderer regard for him, and was not more ready than ever before to approach him with an open proffer of affection. He kissed them, one after another, as he parted with them for the night, and then went to his library to look over a batch of long-unanswered letters.

Once alone in his accustomed room, where he had so long schemed and counted his gains, he came fully to himself. He was glad to be there again,—glad to be alone, and beyond observation. There, without distraction, he could lay his plans for his future life, that had been so cruelly interrupted in its flow of complacent prosperity.

Somehow, in the presence of his account books, he found his moral purposes weakening. He questioned whether he had not made something of a fool of himself,—whether he had not aroused expectations, in his own home, at least, which would be a sort of slavery to him.

After long reflection, he came to the conclusion that he must be externally consistent with his old self. It would not do to lose his former self-assurance, his heir of superiority, and, above all, his integrity. Whatever consciousness of weakness and unworthiness might harass him must be carefully covered from sight. His struggles should be between himself and his God. With this the public had no business, and of it, it should have no knowledge.

Almost automatically he reached up and took down his blotter. Then drawing out his note-book, he charged to Miss Larkin's estate every dollar he had expended during the absence undertaken on her behalf. Then he reckoned his time, and made what he regarded as a just charge for that. He raked his memory and his note-book all over for items of expenditure that could be justly placed in the same account, even reckoning his own lost clothing that had gone down in the "Ariadne." He did it all not only without the slightest compunction of conscience, but with a sense of duty performed to himself and his family. No generous thought of sharing her loss in a common calamity so much as touched him by the brush of a garment. He felt better when the work was done.

Then he took up and read, letter after letter, the pile of missives before him. The last one of the number had been placed upon the table since his arrival, and purposely put at the bottom of the pile, so that it should in no way come between him and his business. It was in Miss Larkin's hand-writing, and was written after the interview which has been described: He opened it and read:

"Dear Mr. Benson:—Some time, at your earliest convenience, I should like to see you alone again. There are matters of which I wish to talk with you, that concern my future and your relations with me. Do me the favour, and oblige your ward,

"Grace."

Whatever Mr. Benson's thoughts were, there was something in them that moved him to take down his blotter again and look over the charges he had made. Then he put it back, walked his library for a while, and then, with uneasy forebodings, sought his room and his bed.

(*To be continued.*)

Topics of the Time.

AN UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

One of the utopian dreams frequently indulged in is that we shall one day have an universal language. Patriotic Englishmen generally gave the promise of universal dominion to the English tongue. There seems at first sight much to favour this view. Linguistic studies are attracting more attention than at any previous time; and English, for purposes of business and culture, is being more and more acquired by foreigners. Even the isolated culture of Frenchmen has been broken in upon by the Franco-Germanic war. The wide colonization of England and the extent and future of the American Republic were held to favour the theory. But it is directly opposed to the science of language, and notwithstanding the constant inter-communication, and the fact that among the writers of the best and purest English stand Mr. Motley and Dr. Oliver Holmes, the tendency of the spoken languages of England and of the United States is to become distinct. This tendency strikes one even during a flying visit to our neighbours ; and Mr. John Bellows, a competent authority on such a subject, and the author of one of the most complete books ever published, a French and English Pocket Dictionary, says, in discussing incidentally this question, that the language of the United States is destined to become as distinct from the language of England as Spanish is from Italian. Whoever compares French with Latin, or the English of Shakspeare with the English of Chaucer will be able to form some conception of the changes which time will work in our mother tongue. Spoken language is the living language, and never fails ultimately to lead that of the literary class. Hence the importance of the lesson Mr. Bellows would fain teach; to avoid such barbarisms as "reliable" and such meaningless expletives as "awful" and "awfully" which figure so largely in the drawing-rooms of the vulgar rich. The affix "able" cannot be used with a neuter verb. It means "that which can be." But you cannot say "that which can be" relied, as you can say that which can be allowed or which can be permitted. Allowable and permissible are therefore perfectly right, but reliable is as unjustifiable as sleepable would be. The word "reliable" is constantly used in our own press as if there were no such words as "trustworthy" or "safe." Mr. Bellows compares the part played by "awful" in the mouths of the vulgar rich to that which a contraction of the mediæval "B'yr Lady" plays in the mouths of vulgar poor. Such vulgarisms prevail in the drawing-rooms on both sides of the Atlantic, and the true tradition must be found in the simpler and more elegant forms of expression which preceded the advent of the period of slang.

MORALITY AND FINANCE.

We may be sure those qualities which command success in life are consistent with the highest morality. But the crown of successful financing has too often been come to by "bye paths and crooked ways," and perhaps it is as true of it as of the crown that it is apt to sit heavily upon the brow. The death of Commodore Vanderbilt directed attention to a career of extraordinary success. To read his will is enough to set the teeth of poor people on edge. But the greater part of his vast wealth was made by cornering and watering stock, two processes about as moral as picking pockets. The names of Drew, Fisk and Jay Gould kept Vanderbilt in countenance, while at the other side of the Atlantic we have the figure of Baron Grant. True, Baron Grant presents at the moment the edifying spectacle of a Baron who cannot force the gates of society and of a studious millionaire whom more than one Inn of Court has refused to admit to the bar. So far society has done its part. But only that the Baron's transactions were more than usually notorious and open to assault, society, we fear, would have winked at the way he came into possession of the golden keys. No success can alter the eternal distinctions between right and wrong. But when law fails to brand immoral conduct with punishment, there is a danger of a laxity of tone becoming general, and, in fact, we have not been without instances among ourselves which should make us watchful against such deterioration. The contemplation of certain financial careers would have a tendency to beget the feeling that the end justifies the means, and that, if a fortune can be made, people will not narrowly inquire into the process. It is the old story—"Make money honestly if you can, but make it." Society should, however, take care that the esteem in which rich men are held will vary considerably according as wealth has or has not been ill got. Baron Grant has perhaps often wished within recent years that he had been less grasping and more upright. Energy and thrift cannot fail of their reward; and though a fortune due alone to legitimate efforts may be smaller than that which comes of "watering" and "cornering," it should bring more respect to its possessor. Very frequently, however, your financier cares very little so he attains his end. "Law!" cried Vanderbilt, on one occasion when counselled to make his position legally unassailable, "why I have got the power already." One of the secrets of his financial success was that he inherited or early acquired the power of holding on to money. He never gave anything away, and on the eve of his marriage a friend who was not in the secret knew that "something was up" when the Commodore offered him a cigar. He did not like unsuccessful people near him; he thought their society was unlucky; and altogether he could scarcely be regarded as the model of a Christian. Nevertheless his thrift was a virtue, though his want of charity and his unscrupulousness were assuredly the reverse of virtuous.

THE SERMON AND THE SERVICE.

With what object should we go to church? is a question which has often been asked. Of course an object which includes and implies all others is

that we should be better men and women. But there are two distinct ideas in the mind of those who ask the question. Should the primary object be to hear a sermon or to join in a service of worship? There used to be little heed paid to the service and the whole talk of church and chapel-goers was about the sermon. We think we notice an improvement on this state of things not only amongst the people but amongst the ministers; and the critical visitor to most of our churches will at once perceive that there is a unity of purpose and feeling running throughout the whole service which shows that the man conducting it is aware how solemn is its every feature. The service of a Sunday should at once calm and elevate the mind, and above all bring it into conscious relationship with the Absolute. To do this the sermon must not be considered of first importance either by the minister or the people. The importance is not paramount but coordinate, it should bring religious truths home to men's business and bosoms. To do this the preacher must be familiar with the questions of the day; he must be abreast of its thought; else his sermons have an obsolete air and irritate the most active-minded among his hearers. He should be well-read in the Bible; he must be also well-up in the human heart; and if he is equal to the needs of service and sermon, it is morally certain unless he is an exceptional man that he will not have vital force for much else. Yet we know that unreasonable people expect to be visited as well. Several nonconformist churches in England allow their pastor an assistant, and in doing so consult their own best interests and do no more than justice to the ministers. To preach two sermons in a week is an immense drain on any man's nervous force, and where there is nervous irritation there cannot be mental calm. A congregation should, therefore, be thankful if the sermon is fresh, and the service such as lifts the mind to Heaven. They may be sure only the happiest gifts combined with energy and systematic work can produce both results, and they should be proportionately recognisant. There are many ways of showing this. But, after seeking to profit by his ministrations, there is none so important as remembering that the labourer is worthy of his hire, and that it is their duty to secure that his mind shall not be a prey to small anxieties and depressing cares.

Olla Podrida.

A Correspondent asks me how I can reconcile my condemnation of the use of foreign words and phrases in English compositions with my own choice of "Olla Podrida" as the title for these paragraphs. In reply, I can only say that my knowledge of the English language failed to suggest anything which equally well expresses my idea of the incongruous mixture of subjects intended to be dealt with in this portion of the magazine. Besides, *olla podrida* has been so far absorbed into English as to be found alphabetically arranged, in some reputable dictionaries, with the ordinary words of the lan-

guage. There is many a foreign word which has a signification or expressiveness possessed by no one word in English, and when a foreign word of that description is properly introduced, its use is perfectly justifiable. Such words become "properly introduced" when a particular writer, or a particular circumstance, familiarizes people generally with their special signification or expressiveness. The Franco-German war, for instance, popularized the word *élan*, just as Bull's Run did the American word *skeddadle*. We fear that Lord Dufferin is largely responsible for popularizing the word "bull-dozed" in Canada.

You know Finnicky? He *is* a decent little fellow, but I am afraid he has taken to drinking. Well, I was out at a hop the other night—that night the thermometer was ever so much below zero, and as I was going home who should I see reeling along but little Finnicky. Just as I was going to turn off in another direction, he lounged right into the snow-heap at the edge of the sidewalk, and lay there as if he had no intention of rising. I thought to myself it would never do to let the poor fellow be frozen to death; and then I thought of his unhappy wife, who, very probably, would be sitting up anxiously awaiting his return. So I took him in charge, and, after a good deal of trouble, I got him to his own door. There was a light within; I rang the door-bell, and his wife herself appeared.

"Mrs. Finnicky, I have brought your husband ho—."

"Yes, Mr. Goodfellow, you have brought him home after you have made a beast of him! It is you, and the like of you, who are leading my husband astray! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" Thereupon she drew Finnicky in with a jerk, and slammed the door in my face.

The stars, I remember, were shining very brightly in the firmament that night, and as I meandered pensively homeward I thought how very hard it was in this mixed world to avoid the appearance of evil.

Having had occasion, not long ago, to satisfy myself upon a point of Oriental nomenclature, I took up a book which has long been a favourite of mine—Lane's translation of the *Arabian Nights*. Having satisfied myself on the immediate point, I glanced cursorily through the pages. What an enormous number of the characters whose adventures are there described were sons of kings or daughters of kings, or, as we would say, princes and princesses. The natural inference to be deduced from the circumstance is, that there were no end of kings in those days, and that every one of them had a large family. But fiction, like history, repeats itself. Take up the modern English novel, and you will find—not princes and princesses, indeed, but—nobles and baronets, with their wives or widows, to repletion. I have often thought that if some Burke or Debrett were to take in hand the task of compiling the Peerage and Baronetage of English fiction, an ordinary library could hardly contain the volumes that would have to be written. Is it not strange that in our day, as in the days of Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, it requires rank to give piquancy to fictitious narration?

Men, as a rule, notice how a woman is dressed only when she is dressed becomingly. Having a notion that many women look chiefly to the style and

stylishness of what is worn by other women, I recently propounded this question to a lady of my acquaintance: Whether women envied most the woman who was prettier than themselves, or the woman who was more fashionably dressed. She promptly replied, that more envy was evoked by an elaborate toilet than by either a pretty face or a handsome figure. If one were to look for the corresponding weakness in the sterner sex, I suspect it would be found in that insane desire, which even men of more than average intelligence sometimes possess, to figure in what is called "society."

In the December number of this magazine, I suggested the method which would have to be adopted if ever the North Pole problem was to be solved. I see by the papers that the Russian government is about to organize a Polar Expedition on just such a plan. A "colony" is to be established at the most northern point of Nova Zembla—which is said to be some 500 miles from the Pole. From thence it is proposed to proceed by sledges *during the winter* when the ice-floes are fast. It will be remembered that the German Expedition, which tried to reach the Pole from the same point, did so *during the summer*, and it was found that the ice-floe moved southward faster than the sledges travelled upon it northward. There is an inference to be drawn from the respective experiences of the recent Arctic Expedition and of the German one which I am not aware has ever yet been pointed out in a public manner. Nares' Palæocrystic Sea is covered with ancient ice of excessive thickness, which is suggestive of its being land-locked. Not so the floes encountered to the North of Nova Zembla, and which float southward during the summer. It is highly probable, therefore, that land exists in the vicinity of the Pole, on that side of it which lies towards the Northern Ocean. The polar ice-floes of the Northern Ocean must come—judging by the rate at which they travel, and the length of time during which they move, southward—from very near the Pole itself.

I cut my hand. It was an ugly cut—in the left hand, and I had it carefully bandaged and slung in a black silk kerchief. Having a good many affairs to attend to that day, I sallied forth, never dreaming what was in store for me.

"Morning, Goodfellow! Hullo, what's the matter?" It was my friend A——, from whom I had parted late the previous evening.

It is pleasant to be sympathised with, even in a small way; so I told him all about it, with a good deal of circumstantial particularity. The next acquaintance I met was B——. I went over the story again. So with C——, although with him I cut it rather short, as the subject was getting monotonous to me. Then I met D——, and E——, and F——, in succession, and it became a positive bore to have to repeat the same story so often. I turned up a quiet street, hoping to reach home without further interrogation. There was X——, and Y—— and Z—— standing at the corner!

"What have you been doing to yourself, Goodfellow?"

"Cut my hand," I answered, shortly and sullenly, and without stopping.

"Going to cut us because you have cut your hand?" said X——, who was much addicted to making small jokes.

Reaching home, I sat down to my writing. There lay before me an un-

finished lyric poem which I had promised to write for my friend Herr Von Ollerstein, who was going to set it to music. I began where I had left off:

Sweet as love-lorn might desire,
And gentle as—as—

The d——l! A nervous irritability had taken possession of me, and work I could not. I would go down to the Club and read the magazines. But, confound the hand, wouldn't I have to run the gauntlet of innumerable questionings over again? An idea struck me; chuckling to myself, I sat down and wrote out, in small and neat, but legible, caligraphy, a full and particular account of how I had cut my hand. I again sallied forth with my hand in the sling.

"Why, here's Goodfellow again," said Y—— to Z——, at the same time stopping me. "Come now," he continued, "tell us all about this business."

Assuming the air of a martyr, I calmly lifted up the lapel of my coat; and Z—— and Y——, with a puzzled look in their faces, proceeded to read what was written on the paper which I had carefully pinned under it. A great many people perused that document, which mutely but minutely told the story of how I had cut my hand. To be asked what was the matter with that wounded member, became a source of unmitigated satisfaction to me, and should any of my readers ever be unfortunate enough to cut a finger, or get a black eye, I would advise a trial of the same plan.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Current Literature.

WE hail with great interest and pleasure a work from the pen of Alfred Russel Wallace, on the Geographical Distribution of Animals,* which bears as fully on geology and physical geography as on zoology and biology. The author is well known as the friend of Mr. Darwin, and is the joint-inventor with him of the theory of Natural Selection. He is also famous as a naturalist and zoologist, and has given to the world one of the most charming books of travel it possesses, the "Malay Archipelago." The results of his long experience in research and observation appear in the work before us, the importance and value of which cannot be overrated, and in which an enormous mass of new and interesting information is given with a clearness

* *The Geographical Distribution of Animals*, with a study of the relations of living and extinct faunas as elucidating the last changes of the earth's surface. By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, author of the "Malay Archipelago," &c. In 2 vols., with maps and illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

and ease that render the book acceptable to the general reader, as well as to the student. Such a work has only recently been possible, as the present distribution of animals could not throw much light on prehistoric times, until the prehistoric times themselves had been studied. The aim of the work seems to be the tracing of the course by which the existing faunas assumed their present characters by comparison with the extinct faunas of the globe, and further to endeavour to obtain some knowledge of those ancient lands which now lie beneath the sea. It is divided into four parts, which may either be read in their natural succession, or, as the author remarks, for persons not well acquainted with zoology it will perhaps be as well to read Part IV. in connection with Part II., thus making Part III. the conclusion of the work.

Part I., treating of the general principles and phenomena of distribution, opens with a useful chapter in which the old and popular notions that the dispersion of animals is due to diversity of climate and vegetation, and that every species was originally created as they now exist in a particular spot, are rejected, inasmuch as countries exceedingly similar in climate and physical features have yet totally distinct animal population. The view now held by most naturalists is, that all animals have been produced from those which preceded them by some slow process of development, so slow a process indeed, that from the last glacial epoch to the present time, a period of at least 100,00t years, only a few of the higher animals have become modified into differenf species, one additional proof, if any be required, of the immense antiquity o-the globe. The migration of animals furnishes us with a most interesting chapter. The term "migration" is applied to the periodical or irregular movements of all animals, although birds and fishes are the only true migrants. However, some mammals such as monkeys, wolves, antelopes, and the curious lemmings, which during severe winters move down in vast numbers from the mountains of Scandinavia to the sea, have annual or periodical movements of a different class. The movements of fishes are more analogous to those of birds, especially as they are connected with the process of reproduction, but they are of far less interest and importance in the present case. The migration of birds seems to be governed by certain intelligible laws which render it a singularly curious study. The passage of small birds, and larger ones as well, takes place at night, and in the case of the migratory birds of Europe, they will only cross the Mediterranean which appears to be their southern boundary, when there is a steady east or west wind, and when it is moonlight. Again, it is satisfactorily proved that the males often leave before the females, and both before the young birds, which seldom go so far as the old ones. The nightingale has been taken by Mr. Wallace as an example of a migratory bird. In the winter it inhabits the Jordan Valley, Asia Minor and part of Africa; in April it passes into Europe, delights the inhabitants of France, Britain, Denmark and Sweden with its inspired song, and then returns in August or September to the Valley of the Jordan, its breeding place.

A migration of this type points to the time when Britain, as we know, was united to the Continent, and Gibraltar, Malta and Sicily were one with Africa. The submersion of two such tracts of land would occupy some time, and no one generation of birds might ever perceive the gradual change from con-

tinuous land to marsh and lagoon, next, to a narrow channel, and finally, to an open sea. The birds of Eastern North America are pre-eminently migratory ; thus in Massachusetts there are only thirty resident species, while the number of regular summer visitors reaches 106. With regard to Canada, it is a curious fact that more birds breed here than in the Southern States : the number of breeding birds for Louisiana being 130, while for Canada it is actually 160. A gradual alteration in the extent of the migration of certain birds has been observed in America ; these are the Mexican swallow, the rice-bird, and a species of wren, which have gradually spread northward from Cuba, Mexico, and Ohio to Hudson's Bay and the Saskatchewan River. Passing from the migration of animals to their dispersal we find the facts no less interesting and no less graphically communicated. We know that insects have more varied means of dispersal over the globe than any other highly organized creatures. Those that are provided with wings can fly, in some cases, immense distances, locusts having been met with more than 300 miles from land. The eggs and larvæ of insects moreover so frequently have their abode in solid timber that they might survive being floated immense distances, and insects themselves have reached distant countries by means of drift-wood, cocoa nuts, floating trees, even volcanic dust and hurricanes. The dispersal of birds seems to depend greatly on winds, and one is surprised to learn that almost as many barriers to their dispersal exist as in the case of the mammalia. Indeed in the case of some of the largest mammalia, such as the elephant, rhinoceros, lion and tiger, there seems to be no limit to their power of wandering but climate and the change of vegetation consequent on climate.

Having thus attempted to summarise the enormous mass of interesting detail concerning the dispersal and migration of animals, we come to what is probably the most important chapter in the work—the distribution of animals as affected by the condition and changes of the earth's surface, the contours of continents, the heights of mountain-chains, the extent of lakes, deserts, and forests, the direction of currents, winds, and hurricanes, and the distribution of heat and cold, rain, snow and ice. All these have to be considered if we endeavour to account for and explain the puzzling and unsymmetrical way in which animals are dispersed over the globe. One point which Mr. Wallace has carefully elaborated, though not to its fullest extent, is the proportion of land and water. Taking as a starting-point the well-known fact that the mean depth of the ocean is much greater than the height of the land, he shows that in past times the amount of land surface was probably much less than it is now, and that large tracts of land were more isolated then than at present. Again, starting from Sir Charles Lyell's dictum that the shallow parts of the ocean are almost always in the vicinity of land, it follows that changes in the distribution of land and sea were more frequently brought about by modifications of pre-existing land than by the upheaval of new continents in mid-ocean. By these two principles much light is thrown on two frequently recurring groups of facts—the restriction of peculiar forms to areas not at present isolated—and the occurrence of similar or allied forms on opposite shores of the great oceans. The most recent changes in the continental areas have been the elevation of the Sahara with a contemporaneous subsidence in the Mediterranean, and during the Miocene period the existence of

a broad channel between North and South America. Such changes as these, with the great refrigeration of climate known as the glacial epoch, and the consequent intricate organic changes, have all acted and reacted in the most complex manner upon all forms of animal life. The remainder of Part I. deals mostly with the classification of animals and with the choice and nomenclature of the zoological regions or the great primary divisions of the earth as regards its animal life. This seems to have been no easy matter. Mr. Wallace having carefully examined the divisions made in turn by Mr. Andrew Murray, in 1866, by Mr. Blanford, in 1869, by Mr. Blyth, in 1871, and still later, we believe, by Mr. Allen, finally chose, with slight alterations in use of terms, the regions proposed by Mr. Sclates, Secretary of the Zoological Society, in 1857. These are six in number and have the merit of approximating as nearly as possible to the great geographical divisions of the earth. We have first the Palæarctic regions, comprising temperate Europe and Asia, with all Africa and Arabia north of the Tropic of Cancer. It is divided into four sub-regions : the European, the Mediterranean, the Siberian and the Manchurian. The second great division or the Ethiopian region comprehends all Africa south of the Tropic of Cancer, with the southern portion of Arabia and Madagascar. Its sub-divisions are four : East African, West African, South African and Malagasy. The third or Oriental region, though small, is rich and varied, and consists of India and China, the Malay Peninsula and Islands, and Formosa ;the sub-divisions being the Indian, Ceylonese, Indo-Chinese and Indo-Malayan. The Australian region may be called the insular one of the earth ; its sub-divisions are the Austro-Malayan, comprising the debateable islands between Borneo and Australia, the Australian proper, the Polynesian and that of New Zealand. The Neotropical region includes South America, the Antilles, and tropical North America, and possesses more peculiar families of vertebrates and genera of birds than any other region. It is divided into the Brazilian, Chilian, Mexican, and Antillean sub-regions. The sixth or Neartic region comprises temperate North America and Greenland ; its sub-regions, depending greatly on the physical features of the country, are the Californian, the Rocky Mountain sub-region, the Alleghanian and the Canadian. Each of these regions is accompanied by a map beautifully drawn and coloured, showing not only the various sub-divisions but also the terrestrial and marine contours, and the extent of pasture lands, forest and desert.

Part II. treats of extinct animals, and as the subject of Palæontology is so enormous and infinite, only those extinct forms which bear directly on the subject are introduced. These comprise the great fossil mammalia of the tertiary period in both hemispheres, and the study of their distribution is the keynote of the general aim and scheme of the work.

Part III. is confined to the description of the six regions already enumerated, accompanied by twenty plates illustrative of some of the more striking and characteristic forms of life, while Part IV. treats the theme from the very opposite point of view, giving in succession each family and its distribution, geographical zoology as opposed to zoological geography. It is obviously impossible to attempt in so small a space even a summary of these intensely interesting chapters ; the most that can be done is to give some of Mr. Wal-

lace's conclusions, which are, of course, partly speculative as yet, and wait for future corroboration and perhaps modification. It is certain, however, that all the evidence we can possibly gather from palæontological, geological, and physical sources, points to the immense masses of land in the Northern Hemisphere as being of great antiquity. The vertebrate forms of the Tertiary deposits in Europe, Asia, and North America include not only those types now living in that hemisphere, but include also ancestral forms of the types now characteristic of the Southern Hemisphere. The sloths of South America, the lemurs of Madagascar, the elephants of Africa, and the marsupials of Australia were all characteristic of Europe in the Tertiary epoch. The Southern Hemisphere consisted of three great land masses corresponding to those of the present time, which were all colonized, so to speak, from the great Palæarctic region of that epoch. In this way, and not through any centres of creation, Mr. Wallace explains the anomalies and bewildering distributions of the different faunas, but the work must be read carefully and appreciatively before any conception can be had of the difficulties in the way of arriving even at the broadest and simplest conclusions. The claims of Mr. Wallace on the gratitude of all classes of readers are very great, and we may safely predict that even should future research affect materially his views and convictions, the work will still remain a monument of industry, zeal, and marvellous scientific acquirements.

It may be remarked in closing, that the *genus homo* is quite ignored in the present scheme of the distribution of animals, and rightly, for as Mr. Wallace himself says, anthropology is a science by itself.

The history of the life of Marie Antoinette,* by Mr. Yonge, is the most complete account yet written of the frivolous existence, with its tragic close, of the unfortunate Queen. Unlike Mr. Morley, the Queen's College Professor is an enthusiastic admirer of a woman who has been alternately praised and condemned more than she deserved ; nor has the author that picturesque power which would enable him to make out the best case for his interesting client. Marie Antoinette's chief fault was that she was unequal to a great crisis, but it is hard indeed to withhold sympathy from one so young brought into the perilous atmosphere of the French Court of that day, united to a frigid uncongenial spouse. Her demeanour as a wife, however, especially when all the circumstances are remembered, must always challenge admiration. As wife and mother, she may be pronounced a noble woman. That she had not the political insight to see that she was sporting on a volcano can scarcely be made a reason for condemning her, though it prevents her ranking among such political women as her mother. Did we not know the end of her history—if her fate was as hidden from us as it was from her—we should not be so impatient of her frivolity. That frivolity was due in part to the fact that she was conscious of rectitude, in part to her high spirits and wilfulness. A Queen at a critical period, she was surrounded by enemies who exaggerated every fault. But this, which should have made her more careful, seemed only to make her the more determined to gratify

* *The Life of Marie Antoinette.* By C. D. Yonge. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto; Willing & Williamson.

her volatile wishes. The instincts of her heart were good. She was benevolent, and her unfortunate influence on public affairs, and her turn for small intrigue, were due not to badness of character but to want of intellectual grasp. Mr. Yonge has read carefully all the memoirs relating to his heroine, and those who go through his highly interesting book will have the results of the study of a whole library, and of many volumes, we regret to say, not to be met with here in Canada. It is a highly interesting study of the time and of Marie Antoinette, and, as it could not fail to be, is eminently instructive. In our opinion, Mr. Yonge rates the Queen too highly, but he gives the reader facts, and one accustomed to hold his critical faculty free from the dominion of an author could easily form from the data supplied him a more moderate, and as we believe, a juster estimate.

Henry G. Vennor, author of the charming book entitled "Our Birds of Prey, or Eagles, Hawks and Owls of Canada,"† has long been known as a devoted and untiring attaché of the Geological Survey. His reputation has increased somewhat during the past year, owing to the remarkable knowledge displayed by him of wind and weather, which has gained for him the title of prophet, while his researches in Geology and Ornithology have been of immense value to the survey and productive of important results to the cause of science in general. The book before us can scarcely be over-praised, a remark it does not fall to the lot of a reviewer every day to make. It is a great satisfaction to take up a volume like the one under discussion, so very perfect in every particular; the matter important, interesting, and containing much new and curious information; the manner clear, graceful, and forcible; scientific dissertation passing insensibly into bits of homely description or useful anecdote. Canadian Ornithology has not yet received sufficient attention, there being particularly a great lack of well-written text-books, but this might be said likewise of Canadian Botany and Zoology; and although the present work deals with but one order of birds, and may therefore be regarded by some as only a slight contribution to our Ornithology, it is, as we have before remarked, an intense satisfaction to have even that one order so carefully and correctly put before us, and we hope that the perusal of the work may serve to awaken a keener interest concerning the birds and indeed the animal life generally of our country. The order that Mr. Vennor has taken up is that of the *Raptores*, or Birds of Prey, separated into two sub-orders, viz: True birds of prey, and carrion-eaters, and embracing three great families, the Vultures, Falcons and Owls. The work is greatly enhanced by thirty beautiful photographic illustrations by Notman, in which the plumage, form, and attitude of the different specimens are marvellously brought out. Among the Falcons, the most striking specimens are the Gyr Falcon, the rarest of all our birds of prey, only four or five of which have ever been obtained, the beautiful Pigeon Hawk, or "Little Corporal," and the Duck Hawk or Peregrine Falcon which is regarded as the most typical species of the true Falconidæ. Among the Hawks or Accipitrinæ, we have

† *Our Birds of Prey; or the Eagles, Hawks, and Owls of Canada.* By HENRY G. VENNOR, F.G.S., of the Geological Survey of Canada. With 30 photographic illustrations by Wm. Notman. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

the American Goshawk, Cooper's Hawk, comparatively rare, with a number of Buzzards and one Kite or Harrier. The Aquilæ are represented in Canada by two species exclusive of the Osprey, namely the Bald Eagle, and the wonderful Golden Eagle, one species of which to the author's knowledge attained the age of forty, dying even then in the full vigour of his powers. The Owls are represented in Canada by ten species, including the curious Horned Owl, the Barred Owl, and the beautiful Arctic visitor, the white or Snowy Owl which has its head and feet covered with soft, dense white plumage spreading sometimes in old age over the whole bird. We have gone rapidly over the ground traversed very carefully indeed by Mr. Vennor, and although he has done all that can be done in naming, classifying, and describing the birds, much has yet to be learnt respecting their nidification, and the peculiar forms attributed to *albinism*. We hope that Mr. Vennor may not be so absorbed in his chosen pursuit of geology as to neglect his ornithological studies, or rather, to neglect giving the result of them again to the public. Certainly we trust that this is to be the first of a series of works invaluable in their interest, accuracy and clearness to all classes of readers.

No one could read *"The Legend of the Roses," or "Ravlan" without seeing that we have amongst us a poet with a genuine gift of song, whose work is in no place liable to the charge of monotony. All poets who have climbed to the mountain peaks of Song, have had leisure to master by assiduous toil the mechanical part of their art, for though a poet is born not made, only by intensest labour is the mechanism of verse to be thoroughly subdued to his will, until it becomes as spontaneous as the impulse to sing. Mr. Watson has not merely the inspiration, he also has what Wordsworth calls "the accomplishment of verse," though there may be here and there signs that he has not been permitted to court the Muse with undivided attention—but they are only here and there.

In the Legend of the Roses, the author puts into verse a legend which shows how Heaven vindicated innocence, and how the most beautiful of flowers sprang up on a scene meant to be one of destruction and ghastly death. In music and beauty the whole poem running over sixty pages, is worthy of the close.

Then lo ! as if the more to swell
The wonder of the miracle,
And splendour out of Death to bring,
And cause from ashes life to spring :
The burning embers, hissing warm,
  Obeying his almighty power,
Change in a moment, to a form
  Of beauty only seen that hour :
And as the shape of flowers they take,
'Tis as Red Roses they awake ;
And next, the unkindled brands arise
  And a fresh miracle disclose,
Opening, the first time to the skies,
  The bosoms of the fair White Rose.

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* *The Legend of the Roses*, a poem; *Ravlan*, a drama. By Samuel James Watson. Toronto Hunter, Rose & Co., 1876.

We select a few verses at random. A fine passage on miracles thus concludes :—

The one fact
That a stone speaks not, and that a man doth,
Is more a miracle than if the Sun
Changed places with the glow-worm.

The following occurs in Arion's defence of the heroine Cydna, against the charge of idolatry :—

She is pure, true daughter of her race;
The race which, spite of all its foolishness,
Are men in worship, while the world are babes,
A race which serves not Heaven with eyes, but mind;
Which saith not "Let me see ere I believe!"
But which, upon the eagle-wings of Faith,
Wings tested in the winter-gales of Reason—
Stands on the peak of Promise, Confident,
And at the Master's summons "Come!" strikes forth
Into death's darkness, feeling that a Hand,
Reaching from o'er the battlements of heaven,
Holds out both light and welcome.

"Ravlan" is not intended, we fancy, for the stage, Mr. Watson having hosen the dramatic form to give power to a number of lyrical passages, just s Lord Byron did in the early part of the century, and Mr. Swinburne does o-day. Yet there is a good deal of genuine characterization, and more than one scene which would be effective on the stage, as for instance, the return apparently from the grave of Marian. Mr. Watson is at times most happily ententious, thus :—

Danger that warns is never dangerous;
But danger, when it comes unheralded,
Is but another name for destiny.

Again :—

'Tis often found
That a lie and hot haste are fervent friends.

The witch scene in weirdness and lyrical power will bear comparison with he most famous scenes of the kind, and we know that this brings Faust and Macbeth into the field.

Here is a fine piece of painting. A babe is cast away upon the

Chill and oozy sand
From which *the white tusks of the howling sea*
Were tearing ravenous mouthfuls every second.

There is evidence here and there that the file has not been sufficiently used, and one or two careless verses. For example :—

I'll crush him in his slime,
Just as a chariot-wheel would crush a snail
That dared to stop it as it thundered on.

A chariot-wheel crushing a snail may be forcible, but a chariot-wheel crushing a snail "that dared to *stop it*" is grotesque.

The following is likewise forcible, but very inelegant :—

'Gainst gold and place
Few women have been proof, and he who has them,
Were he as hideous as pock-pitted panther,
Would beat Apollo in a wooing match,
Curls face and form and all.

In these lines there is the additional fault of an amplification which adds neither colour nor force. Take away "Curls face and form and all," and the lines are much better. But such blemishes are few and far between. Both poems indicate that Mr. Watson has been a diligent student of the Elizabethan Drama, and many of his lines have something of the breadth and power which men gave to words when Marlowe and Ben Jonson sang. On the 164th page there is a dialogue between a husband and wife, referring to their days of wooing—a dialogue as beautiful as anything of its kind in the language. We wish we could quote it in full. He recalls how

> The apple blossoms fluttering o'er your head,
> Wooed by the purer whiteness of your neck,
> Flew from the parent stems that gave them birth,
> To nestle in your bosom; while the breeze,
> Borne on melodious and amorous wings,
> Toyed with your raven tresses lovingly.

The volume is a most remarkable one to have been produced in so busy a scene as Canada, and Mr. Watson's name is destined to take a permanent and a prominent place among our poets, and a living one amongst the poets of English speech. The "Legend of the Roses" is a pure and beautiful vision, which only a poet's eye could have seen.

Mr. Freeman has done well, just now, to publish these lectures delivered twenty years ago *apropos* of the Crimean War.* He contributes a preface, dealing with the Bulgarian atrocities, in which he expresses himself with great indignation against Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Derby. Mr. Freeman does not think the Turkish Government worthy of the name; nor even does it deserve to be called "mis-government." The Turks are simply "hordes of brigands." Of the lectures themselves, we only repeat an old verdict, when we say, they are a valuable contribution to Eastern History, though they cannot be placed on the same shelf with the author's other writings. He is much stronger on Saxons than on Saracens. The estimate of Mahomet by a writer of Mr. Freeman's power, and one hating Islam so cordially, is worthy of study (p. 45), for it hits at the root of that fallacy which believes that bad men can exercise a great influence in the world's history. In Mahomet, judged by his own principles, there is little to condemn. "As in every one else, a few crimes and errors deface a generally noble career." He substituted Monotheism for a corrupt, debasing, and sanguinary idolatry. He made of his people a nation. He abolished their most revolting practices, such as infanticide, and though he permitted polygamy, he subjected it to stringent regulations. In regard to wine, his teaching was ascetic. "To the world at large, Mahomet has been of a truth the antichrist, the false prophet, the abomination of desolation; but to the Arab of the seventh century he was the greatest of benefactors." He gave them wealth for poverty. He forbade them to bury their infant daughters alive. and, at the most, taught them better than an utterly irregular profligacy,

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* *The History and Conquests of the Saracens.* By EDWARD A. FREEMAN, D.C.L., LL.D. London: Macmillan & Co., Toronto; Willing & Williamson. 1876.

than to be slaves to strong drink and games of chance, than to feast on dead carcasses, and slay, with the view of robbing, their own relations.

Into the controversy whether or no Shakspeare wrote his plays and whether they were not rather written by Bacon* Mr. Thomas D. King has flung himself with great earnestness, taking the side of Shakspeare against Bacon. He goes over the evidence, which will be familiar to most Shakspearean students and to all into whose hands Mr. Holmes' book on the Authorship of Shakspeare has fallen. He also contends that there is a difference in nature between the philosophical and poetic mind. To those who would wish to go over a large, but we must add, rather barren controversy put in a small compass, this book would not be the less pleasant or useful guide because it is made up so largely of quotation.

The Progress of Science.

A SERIES of very interesting experiments has been lately carried on in Germany, with a view to ascertaining the nutritive value of animal food when administered to our domestic Herbivora.† The material selected was fish-guano, which is produced by drying and reducing to powder a Norwegian species of cod. This is admirably adapted for the purpose, for, being inodorous, it is readily eaten by sheep. Chemically, it is composed of about ten per cent. nitrogen, and 33 per cent. mineral constituents, the bulk of which is calcium phosphate (bone-earth). One cwt. of this fish-guano costs 15 shillings in Leipzig. The conclusions arrived at from the experiments are the following :—1st, that the nitrogenous constituents of the food are easily digested and absorbed ; 2nd, that a diet composed of vegetable substances poor in nitrogen (*e. g.*, straw and turnips), with an admixture of the fish-guano, is more advantageous, because more easily digested, than a mass of nitrogenous vegetable material such as meadow-hay ; 3rd. The mineral constituents of the food are at first absorbed in some degree, but the power of digesting them decreases, so that finally they pass off from the body little changed in their amount ; 4th. This is a material advantage, as the yard manure is thus enriched with phosphoric acid.

Some recent experiments of M. Berthelot* are of immense interest from a biological point of view. Plants were formerly assumed to derive all the nitrogen in their composition from the soil, chiefly in the form of nitric acid and salts of ammonia. It is only within the last few years that it has been definitely established† that certain plants use living animal matter as a source of nitrogenous food : and now a third source, viz., the atmospheric nitrogen, which, it has always been taught, plants cannot absorb, is indicated by M.

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* *Bacon* vs. *Shakspeare*—A plea for the Defendant. By THOMAS D. KING. Montreal : Lovell, 1875

† Chem. Cent. Blatt. Nos. 47, 48, 49.

* Chem. Cent. Blatt. No. 44. †Darwin. Insectivorous Plants.

Compt. Rend. V. 82. 1357.

Berthelot. He discovered that different organic substances (Benzol, *e. g.*), absorb free nitrogen at ordinary temperatures under the influence of weak electrical discharges. Most of the absorbed nitrogen remains unaltered, but part enters into combination, so that ammonia is given off on heating. The discharges which take place during a thunder storm bring about this absorption very energetically. This is not entirely without interest, because it is very probable that it is owing to such absorption, by the proximate constituents of the human body, that the curious feelings often experienced during a thunder-storm are brought about. A further series of experiments was instituted with a view to ascertaining whether the very weak discharges constantly taking place in the atmosphere, are also capable of causing the absorption. The result of these is to prove that the absorption is constantly going on, and that consequently the influence of the electrical condition of the atmosphere has never been properly appreciated. Formerly only those discharges, occurring during thunder-storms, and resulting in the formation of ammonia in the atmosphere, and in the consequent increase of nitrates, etc., in the soil, were supposed to be of use to plants. Now, the electrical condition of the atmosphere, as well as heat and light, must be taken into account when we study vegetable physiology; for, under its influence, the uninterrupted fixation of atmospheric nitrogen by the proximate constituents of plants is taking place.

A new form of electric lamp has been devised by M. Jabloschkoff,* which bids fair to supersede those at present in use, not only on account of its greater simplicity, but also on account of the greater brilliancy of the light obtained. The charcoal points, instead of being one above the other, as in the older instruments, are placed parallel, and as these are thus preserved at a constant distance, the complicated regulators usually employed are dispensed with; further, the heat of the voltaic arc, in the older instruments diffused through the atmosphere, is here made use of for volatilising a non-conducting medium which surrounds the double rod of charcoal, and which indeed burns down gradually, exposing the charcoal, just as the wax of a candle exposes its wick. A mixture of powdered glass and sand has been found effective: possibly better non-conducting media may be hit upon. This arrangement has yielded, with the same electric force, double the illuminating power furnished by a regulator.

M. Lissajous' experiments with regard to making apparent vibrations such as those of a tuning-fork in motion, have long been known, but no satisfactory method for permanently registering the tone-curves thus produced has been discovered till lately. Dr. Stein† has succeeded in doing so with the aid of photography. Prof. Vogel, author of a late volume of the *International Scientific Series*, says with reference to this subject:—"Should the problem be solved, one would be in a position to represent graphically a piece of music while being played, a speech while being spoken. This tone-photography would soon render stenography superfluous." Although Vogel's expectations seem rather sanguine, a description of Stein's method may not be out of place. A pencil of rays from a Heliostat is condensed on the end of one limb of a tuning-fork, and is of such diameter that the vibrations of

* Compt. Rend. V. 83, p. 613.

† Poggendorf. Annal. No. 9, p. 142.

the tuning-fork do not carry it beyond the range of the pencil. The limb has a small hole bored through it, which permits only a minute pencil of light to pass, consisting, when the tuning-fork is at rest, only of the most central of those rays, reflected from the Heliostat. If this is conducted through a photographic camera, the result, on a sensitive plate, will be a minute white point. If the limb be vibrating on the other hand, a vertical line will result, and if the sensitive plate, instead of being at rest, be caused to pass rapidly behind the camera, a curved line, of which the elevations correspond to the vibrations, will be produced. This can be effected in a given time, say a quarter of a second, by an electro-magnetic arrangement, and thus the number of vibrations per second of any given tone can be easily reckoned. A similar arrangement can be made with a vibrating string, or with several strings at the same time, each bearing in the centre a light support for a perforated metallic plate.

England has long claimed for Harvey, as Harvey did for himself, the discovery of the circulation of the blood. There seems no doubt, however, that in 1569, Andrea Cesalpino, lecturer on medicine in the University of Pisa, gave in one of his works a very full description of the process. A monument in his honour has recently been unveiled in the University at Rome, the last sentence of the inscription on which shows the jealousy with which the Italians regard their countryman's claims—"Ill-advised was the English Harvey who, in 1626, dared to arrogate to himself the discovery of this mighty truth." There is no question that Harvey was hardly candid enough in acknowledging hints from predecessors, but it may be doubted whether he were acquainted with Cesalpinus' work. Certainly he has the credit of making the discovery generally known throughout the world, and indeed of first making it completely intelligible.

The aquarium which has been recently fitted up in New York promises to be of great benefit to scientific students and teachers in that city. The managers announce that they are anxious to promote and encourage original scientific research, and with this view have established a free library and a naturalist's workshop provided with all necessary appliances, experimental tanks, dissecting tables, microscopes, &c. Opportunities for study during the winter months will thus be afforded, which cannot fail, if properly taken advantage of, to yield important results. We hope to hear that the pecuniary success of the aquarium will be such as to allow of the carrying out of these liberal arrangements.

A young gorilla, an inhabitant of the Berlin aquarium, is attracting some attention just now from his curious habits :—"He nods and claps his hands to visitors, wakes up like a man and stretches himself ; his keeper must always be beside him, and eat with him. He eats what his keeper eats ; they share dinner and supper. The keeper must remain by him till he goes to sleep—his sleep lasting eight hours. His easy life has increased his weight in a few months from 31 to 37 lbs. For some weeks he had inflammation of the lungs, when his old friend, Dr. Falkenstein, was fetched, who treated him with quinine and Ems water, which made him better. When Dr. Hermes left the gorilla the previous Sunday, the latter showed the doctor his tongue, clapped his hands, and squeezed the hand of the doctor, as an indication, the

latter believed, of his recovery. In fact the gorilla is now one of the most popular inhabitants of the Prussian capital."

The *American Naturalist* for the current month contains an interesting and suggestive paper by the editor, Dr. A. S. Packard, jr., on the destructive locust of the west. Dr. Packard points out the causes of the migration of the locusts from their breeding places on the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains. The immediate cause is the unusual abundance of the species during certain years, and this is due to exceptional heat favouring the hatching of the eggs and the development of the larvæ. The secondary cause is the desire for food, carrying them across the barren plains till they reach the fertile valleys of the Missouri and Mississippi, and possibly also the search for suitable places for laying their eggs. The course of the locusts towards the east is shown to be due to the prevailing winds in July, August, and early part of September, and it is this cause also which determines the so-called return migration towards the north-west, in June, of the young hatched in the east, for it is established by meteorological data that while the prevailing winds in June are southerly and south-easterly, they are in the later months from the west and north-west. Dr. Packard insists on the importance of the study of meteorology, with respect to these insect ravages. and thinks that as meteorologists can predict exceptional seasons of heat and drought, so bad insect years may be anticipated and provided for in the preceding years of plenty. Dr. Packard calculates the annual losses sustained in the United States from the attacks of insects on plants at $200,000,000.

A great saving (30 per cent.) was effected during the past summer in watering the streets of Rouen with a solution of calcium chloride, which is obtained as a by-product in the manufacture of pyroligneous acid. The advantages claimed for this are—that the soil is kept moist for a week with one watering, that it is prevented from disintegrating, that used in public avenues, &c., it prevents the growth of weeds, and finally that it is conducive to health, containing appreciable quantities of iron chloride and tarry products.

Fuchsin, or rosanilin is one of the commonest substances used for colouring wine. Its presence can be tested in a variety of ways, the following being one of the simplest :—A small quantity of gun-cotton is heated for a few minutes in 10—20 cubic centimetres of the wine to be tested, and then washed with water. The colour then communicated to the cotton by rosanilin, if present, resembles that of archil (a dye obtained from various lichens, especially *rocella tinctoria*), which is also used to colour wines. The two colouring matters are easily distinguished, as ammonia decolourizes the rosanilin, and turns the archil violet.

Even municipal governments in Germany are alive to the interests of science. It is not long since the Hamburghers offered $25,000 for a young gorilla which they wished to secure for the Zoological Garden, of which they are justly proud, and which now occupies a large glass palace in the Berlin Aquarium in connection with the palm-house. A clipping from *Nature* with regard to the habits of this animal is not uninteresting:—"He nods and claps his hands to visitors, wakes up like a man and stretches himself; his keeper must always be beside him, and eat with him. He eats what his keeper eats: they share dinner and supper. The keeper must remain by him till he goes

to sleep—his sleep lasting eight hours. His easy life has increased his weight in a few months from 31 to 37 lbs. For some weeks he had inflammation of the lungs, when his old friend, Dr. Falkenstein, was fetched, who treated him with quinine and Ems water, which made him better. When Dr. Hermes left the gorilla the previous Sunday, the latter showed the doctor his tongue, clapped his hands, and squeezed the hand of the doctor, as an indication, the latter believed, of his recovery. In fact the gorilla is now one of the most popular inhabitants of the Prussian capital."

Notes on Education.

As an evidence of the increased interest which is taken in the subject of Education in England, it is a noticable fact that the leading Reviews and Magazines regard it as a staple topic. Every month, one or more of them contains an article on the subject, either critical or suggestive.

In looking over the *Fortnightly Review* of last year, for instance, we find Professer Fowler, in an early number, devoting twelve pages to a discussion of the subject of English *University Examinations* during the last twenty years. He makes some valuable suggestions for their improvement. In another number, Professor Max Muller extends his criticism on "The Corrupt State of the Present *Spelling of English*" to twenty-five pages. He advocates the Phonetic method.* In the following number Sir J. Kay Shuttleworth gives twenty-three pages to an historical and statistical *resume* of "some of the *Results of the Education Act and Code of 1870.*" To this distinguished baronet, who was, for many years, the able Secretary of the Privy Council Committee on Education, England is indebted for many valuable and substantial improvements in her School administration. The same number contains "a few words on the *Oxford University Bill*, by James Bryce. His object is "to show that it is impossible for [the proposed executive Commission] to proceed properly with their work until a comprehensive scheme for the reform of Universities and Colleges has been framed." And this number of the Review, under the head of "The Laws on *Compulsory Education*," devotes nearly twenty-three pages to an elaborate examination and discussion, by John White, of the principles of about twenty statutes affecting the question. The article, being local in its application, does not throw much practical light on the general question of "compulsory education." The Editor, Mr. Morley, devotes twenty pages of the November number, to an "*Address on Popular Culture.*" As aids to this culture, he regards the study of history and of the "principles of evidence and reasoning" as important; also, the making of the process of elementary and higher education less "repulsive," and "rigidly ascetic and puritanical." He suggests that we should, "as

* The *Cornhill Magazine* for June has also an elaborate and rather amusing article on *Spelling*.

followers of knowledge," avail ourselves of the "experience" and "wisdom of many generations."

The first number of the *Contemporary Review* contains a short article on "the *Present System of Public School Education*, by Sir John Lubbock. Sir John deals with the subject "with special reference to the recent regulations of the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examination Board." He refers to the Imperial Commissions of Inquiry into Education, appointed since 1861, and deplores that the returns from 120 schools show that in a large number of these schools, science is entirely ignored. A subsequent number has twelve pages on the vexed question of *Religious Training in Elementary Schools*, by Francis Peek. He is in favour of the system adopted in the English Act, (as copied from the Ontario School Law), of leaving the question of religious instruction "in the power of the School Boards," as "it rests with them to determine whether any shall be given at all, and, if given, what shall be its character—provided that every parent is allowed to withdraw his child, should he so desire, for the purpose of receiving secular instruction; and provided that no attempt is made to attach children to any religious denominations." He instances the gratifying fact (which is similar to our experience in Ontario) that in London, "out of 115,000 children, only 90 were withdrawn by their parents, during the year, from religious education; and no complaint has ever been made of any attempt to proselytize! The next number devotes fifteen pages to an elaborate article on *Our Present System of Elementary Education*, by Sir John Lubbock. He discusses "the present code," which he thinks "will, in some respects, have an unfortunate effect on elementary education" in England. From his article, we learn that there are 2,500,000 children in the elementary schools; that "the revised code of 1861 introduced an improved system of "payment by results;" but "it recognized proficiency in reading, writing and arithmetic only;" that subsequently Mr. Forster introduced a system of "payments by results" for history, geography and other branches of knowledge, "at the choice of the local boards;" that "the present code provides that the children examined in Standards II-VI shall "pass a creditable examination in grammar, history (political), geography, and plain needle-work, or in any two of these subjects." He complains that as "two subjects are thus made compulsory, all others are practically excluded," and argues strongly in favour of some of the natural sciences being included in the compulsory subjects, in preference to history, which he regards as "being little better than a list of dates and battles, enlivened by murders and other crimes, with a sprinkling of entertaining stories, most of which are now no longer regarded as authentic, and which we are first taught to believe and afterwards to disbelieve."

The last number of the *Contemporary* contains an article of twenty-two pages by J. C. Fitch, on *the Universities, and the Training of Teachers.* This article deals with a practical question which has not yet had its satisfactory solution in this Province, any more than in England. The public are pretty well agreed that for successful teaching in elementary schools, practical professional training is necessary, yet for the higher schools and those with a university degree, it is entirely unnecessary! The article deals caustically with this unphilosophical and unreal view of the necessities of the case. It also discusses

the whole question of professional training in the universities, with a good deal of earnestness and conclusiveness.

The venerable *Blackwood* and the Quarterlies also contribute their valuable quota to the current educational literature of the day. An early number of "Old Maga" contains two articles—one, of fourteen pages, on *Secondary Education in Scotland;* the other, eighteen pages, on *Eton College.* The first article discusses the condition and prospects of the "burgh schools, academies," and local "colleges"—all of which are designed to promote "secondary education." Hitherto, the writer says (and it is equally true of Ontario), "the universities have been forced to descend below their true function, and do a great deal of work which would have been better done in school." He says, "as things are now,"—notwithstanding recent legislation—"the scholastic preparation so urgently required for the universities, instead of being better, is likely to be worse provided for than before;" the secondary schools, he urges, are "without organization or arrangement. Some [as in Ontario] are *merely primary schools in disguise.* . . . In short, they are insufficient alike in number, method, and means of efficiency." The article on Eton College is a kindly and appreciative review of Mr. Lyte's *History of Eton College.*

The *Westminster Review* devotes an early number to the condition of the *Scottish Universities.* It gives a brief sketch of the four universities in Scotland, viz:—I. St. Andrews, founded in 1411 by Bishop Henry Wardlaw, and containing "the magnificent establishment (by Bishop James Kennedy in 1450), of St. Salvator's College," the College of St. Leonard, founded in 1512, the "New College of St. Mary," the combined work (in 1554) of Cardinal Beaton and Archbishop Hamilton"; II. The University of Glasgow, founded by Bishop Turnbull in 1450"; III. "The University of Aberdeen, the foundation (as King's College) of Bishop Elphinstone in 1494, including also Marischal College founded at Aberdeen in 1593 by Earl Marischal, and which for two centuries had powers as a University to confer degrees; IV. Edinburgh University, founded in 1582 under royal charter by James VI. The writer, speaking of the Scottish universities, says:—"They retain many of the defects and few of the virtues of the original foundations. The tutorial regent, *reading with* a class, has been exchanged for the formal Professor, *lecturing to* an audience. No test is applied at entrance to insure the presence of the most elementary qualification..... While examinations are subordinated to the teaching, the teacher *really*.....fixes the standard of the degree examinations, and prepares the candidates to pass it. Degrees in every faculty, except medicine, carry with them little or no significance throughout the country; and the student fails to see the use of troubling himself to obtain a distinction which, when acquired, will raise him little or no way above his brethren who are without it.* Deprived of social intercourse

* In another part of the article the writer, speaking of the highest degree in Arts, says:—"The elevation of the significance connected with the degree in Arts is another pressing want in Scotland. The badge of M. A. carries with it none of the distinction and importance it conveys in England.... Scotch M. A: degrees bears witness to as respectable attainments as those indicated by the *pass* B. A. degree at Oxford. While, however, the greater proportion of students (really deserving to be so described), at the

with his fellows, influenced little personally by the learning or the talents of his teacher,....the *average* Scotch student may, and sometimes does, leave the University little altered from the state in which he entered it—a man with little learning, less culture, no true education. This is no exaggerated picture."

Macmillan's Magazine in a late number deals with the question of compulsory education in an article by Dr. Jack on "*The results of five years of compulsory Education* in England." The *Telegram* of this city thus sums up the results of the operations of the law in the British Isles:—

"In Scotland, since 1872, universal statutory compulsion has been enforced for children between five and thirteen, with liability to prosecution before the sheriff for neglect. In Ireland, on the other hand, no compulsory law exists. Dr. Jack thus presents the comparative results in the three countries. In Ireland, the increase of average school attendance, has in three years increased by 31,000 children or 8½ per cent., being one to every fourteen of the population. In Scotland, in the same time, the increase has been 90,000, equal to 42 per cent., or one in every eleven. In England, during five years, the average attendance has risen from 1,152,389, being 1 in 19 of the population, to 1,837,180, or 1 in 13—having risen 60 per cent. in five years, as against 8½ per cent., in Ireland in three."

A most valuable official document relating to the promotion of education and knowledge has been recently published in the U. S. It is a special Report (in two parts), on the Public Libraries in the United States of America —their History, Condition and Management." This voluminous and most interesting Report has just been issued by the indefatigable United States Commissioner of Education, General Eaton, from his Bureau at Washington. Through the courtesy of General Eaton these Reports have been sent to the Education Departments of the various Provinces, for distribution to the Colleges and Public Institutions of the Dominion.

It would be impossible in our short notice to do justice to a report on libraries so comprehensive and compact, as this one is. It embraces a discussion, statement, or illustration of almost every topic relating to libraries—their history, management, and usefulness. Its compilation does the greatest credit to the zeal, patience and ability of the Commissioner and his able co-editors, Messrs. Warren and Clark. Many of the papers are written by the editors, but several are contributed by various noted librarians in the United States. The work is divided into forty chapters, embracing among other subjects, a sketch of "libraries one hundred years ago," an account of the School, College, Theological, Medical, Law and Scientific Libraries in the United States. It contains also papers on Libraries of the General Government, Historical, Mercantile, State and Territorial Libraries; those in Asylums, Prisons and Reformatories, as well as papers on Copyright, Distribution, Exchanges; How to make Town Libraries useful; Art Museums and their connection with Public Libraries; Free Libraries and reading rooms;

English Universities take, *not the pass degree*, but the degree with honours, the Scotch student, if he thinks of a degree at all, seldom goes beyond that of the pass examination."

Library Buildings; Organization and management of Public Libraries; College Library administration; Public Libraries and the Young; Library Catalogues and Catalogizing; Book Indexes; Indexing Periodicals and miscellaneous literature; Binding and preservation of Books; Works of References for Libraries; Titles of Books; Library Bibliography; Reports and Statistics, etc. Part II contains an elaborate series of Rules for a printed "Dictionary Catalogue of Libraries," with illustrations of the method. In referring to this Province, the Editors say:—

"A brief account of the excellent school library system of Ontario will be found in chapter II. . . . . An examination of the revised catalogue published by the Department of Education shows that great care has been exercised in the choice of books, and that a judicious selection from it would form an excellent library in all departments of literature for adults as well as for pupils in the public schools."—Page 30.

An Educational Depository for the Province of Quebec, after a model of that in Ontario, has just been established by the Provincial Treasurer (Hon. Mr. Church). In his budget speech he sets down for "a depot of books, maps, globes, etc., in the Public Instruction Department, $15,000." "This," he says, "is a new grant altogether, and is intended to create a store-house, whence schools may be supplied with necessary means and apparatus of a uniform character, and at prices below the present; this is a suggestion of the Council of Public Instruction."

When the House was in Committee discussing this vote, the Hon. Mr. Beaubien, Speaker, "advocated such a depot as tending to prove highly useful to youths at school, by furnishing them with books and maps of a superior character, and cheaper than the inferior ones now distributed. He referred to the advantages which Ontario and several of the States enjoyed in this respect, as manifested at the Philadelphia Exhibition."

The Montreal *Gazette* thus refers to the establishment of this Depository: "The vote of fifteen thousand dollars to establish a book and school apparatus Depository is, if properly applied, a step in the right direction. We are aware that in Ontario there has always been a considerable section of public opinion against the book depository. With some knowledge of its working, we are satisfied that it has been a most important aid in the advancement of the school system of the Province, and we have strong hopes that the same results may follow in Quebec. As an indication of a growing interest in the question of popular education, we hail the establishment of this Depository with pleasure."

The recent discussions in the House of Assembly, Quebec, have not, on the whole, been cheering. When the item of $4,500 addition for the salaries of Inspectors of Schools was considered, 20 out of 62 voted against it, on the ground that as the grant for teachers, salaries was not increased, this grant should not be increased either. As this branch of the educational service in Quebec has always been weak and ill paid, an effort so strongly supported by a large vote in the Legislature to keep it still in its ineffective state augurs ill for the educational public sentiment in the Province. When it is remembered that on a thorough and practical system of school inspection depends so largely the efficiency and success of the teacher's labour in the schools, it was the more surprizing that an effort had not been made to still further in-

crease the stipends of these important school officers, rather than to keep them still so very low. These salaries at the present time are miserable pittances, ranging in many cases from $125 to $500 a year. In Ontario the lowest salary which can be paid to these officers is $500 or $600; while the average salary and allowances of our County Inspectors are no less than from $800 to $1200.

The principal educational grants voted by the Quebec House of Assembly are as follow :—

Superior Education	$ 78,410 00
Common Schools	155,000 00
Schools in poor Municipalities	8,000 00
Normal Schools	46,000 00
Salaries of School Inspectors	30,000 00
Books for prizes	4,000 00
Journal of Education	2,400 00
Superannuated Teachers	8,000 00
Schools for the Deaf and Dumb	12,000 00
Depository of Books, Maps, Globes, &c., in Public Instruction Department	15,000 00
Jacques Cartier Normal School	80,000 00
Three Schools of Medicine	2,250 00
Literary Institutions	2,000 00
Agricultural Schools	3,600 00
Literary School, Montreal	1,000 00

Musical.

It has lately been our good fortune to witness Miss Neilson's charming representation of "*The Lady of Lyons*," an impersonation which, in its unusual combinations of beauty, grace and dramatic force, left nothing to be desired. Apart from this lady's fine acting, however, the play is one that, after Shakspere, commands and engrosses the attention of an audience in a remarkable degree. It is not that the dialogue and situations are strikingly original, and bear the marks of great and imperishable genius; in fact there is scarcely a play put on the stage which is so deficient in speeches and soliloquies. The success which it has always met seems rather to be due to the intense spirit of romance it breathes, its essence, so to speak, which, strictly pure and elevated, is yet free from mawkish sentimentality, and Lord Lytton did wisely in clothing the beautiful story of revenge and love, which did not originate with him however, in language to be characterized as "graceful," "tender," "delicate," rather than "grand" or "sublime." It is this very quality of passionate pureness and elevated romance which would render any tampering with the play somewhat dangerous, and although we are far from character-

izing by so invidious a term the attempt made by Mr. Cowen and Mr. Henry Hersee, to turn "*The Lady of Lyons*" into an opera entitled "*Pauline*," yet until we can see the score, and judge for ourselves, we feel doubtful of the result. The scruples which would have attended us in such a case seem to have also communicated themselves to Mr. Hersee, for, in the preface to his libretto, he writes in the most apologetic strain of the eliminations and reconstructions of the play, "which have been unavoidable in the compression of a five-act play into a four-act opera, with a limited dramatis personæ," and, he adds, "the task was a delicate and difficult one." The opera has been well received, and doubtless Mr. Cowen's first dramatic work of any importance is one on which he may well be congratulated, as far as his musical ability entitles him. The part of Melnotte is assigned to a baritone, queerly enough, a contemporary thinks, and truly; the part of a "premier amoureux," seems to suit a tenor better, only it is remembered in time that Mr. Southey is the chief operatic vocalist of the Lyceum Theatre, where "*Pauline*" was produced, and therefore such a consideration was set aside. The conductor, Mr. Carl Rosa, may be regarded as the prime mover in all efforts of this kind; it is clear that he has English Opera on the brain, and that he will never rest until a long line of operas by native composers exists. In the interim, he is really doing a good work in bringing out the few English operas that are worthy of the name, in most excellent style, and with great success; while an English adaptation of "*Fidelia*," lately given under his direction, may be referred solely to his zeal and enterprise. It is not easy to tell if England is ever likely to produce even one composer of the very highest rank, the equal of Beethoven in chamber-music, or of Rossini in opera,—an originator, not an elaborator, and it therefore behoves us to take the very greatest care of whatever talent, it may be genius, exists in our midst. To return to "*Pauline*," we shall take great pleasure in reviewing, at some future date, Mr. Cowen's musical setting, and should the result be, from what we know of his songs and cantatas it very likely will be, highly pleasing and greatly creditable to his ability and industry, we may be persuaded into forgiving the ravages made on Bulwer Lytton's beautiful play.

"What are we to have this winter in the line of musical treats?" This is a question which is unfortunately only too easily answered. Whatever the reason is, there are comparatively no European or English artists visiting America this year. Having been defrauded of Mdlle. Tietjiens and Von Bulow last season, we sincerely hope that Mme. Essipoff, at present delighting the lovers of good music in the United States, will take pity on our forlorn condition. We are promised Belocca, who we have no doubt would receive a most cordial and even enthusiastic welcome here, although on the other side of the line she has not been altogether successful, owing to other attractions, and the unfortunate season selected for her debut in New York. We do not see how her singing can be characterized other than charming; her rendition of Mignon's song, "Connais tu le pays?" is particularly fine, and, in its peculiar expression of the yearning which must have filled the heart and mind of Goethe's lovely creations, unsurpassed. We are not, however, wholly dependent on foreign or American artists, having such talent, individual and organized in our midst as, we think, has not been equalled for years.

We have often heard, and mentally endorsed, the remark that there is a lack of musical vitality in Toronto, but though we admit the fact, we see no reason to be ashamed of a state of things which is necessarily begotten of the conditions under which we live. In formulated phrase, a community does not turn its eyes to the cultivation of the fine arts so long as its energies are concentrated on the improvement and perfection of its material condition. If, instead of saying, "Money before virtue," Horace had said, "Money before music," the observation would have been at least equally true. It is, however, our opinion that we of Toronto have, so to speak, turned the corner, and are giving indications of the existence in our midst of a taste for higher music, which is destined to make Toronto the musical metropolis of Canada. We would appeal for confirmation of this view to the performance of the "Messiah" by the Philharmonic Society, on the evening of the 21st ult., in Shaftesbury Hall. The day for criticising the "Messiah" itself has long gone by, and the fact that it is so familiar has the advantage of enabling the hearer to devote himself exclusively to noting the rendition. The manner in which the opening solo, "Comfort ye," was sung, had the sole merit of rendering the efforts of the subsequent soloists a cheerful surprise. One of the most satisfactory numbers in the first part was, "Rejoice greatly," which was sung by Miss Hillary with a flexibility and correctness which shew that this lady has taken no small pains to cultivate her voice. Mr. Warrington also deserves a word of praise for the conscientious manner in which he rendered the numerous solos which fell to his share, and, would he only infuse more spontaneity into his singing, he would leave little to be desired. With the exception, however, of Mrs. Bradley's "I know that my Redeemer liveth," which deservedly evoked loud applause, the rest of the solos presented little that calls for special comment. The critical and censorious spirit, which it is the duty of the critic to assume in the case of professionals, is obviously out of place in speaking of the performances of amateurs. The choruses we can praise unreservedly; they were, without exception, efficiently rendered, and without that hesitancy which arises from an imperfect acquaintance with the music, and which we have been pained to notice on previous occasions. But it is of the orchestra that we would more particularly speak, the improvement in which is most marked, and reflects the highest credit on Mr. Torrington. It is easy to see that this gentleman possesses in an eminent degree the power of placing himself *en rapport* with his orchestra, and those who understand music will be the first to assent to the proposition that the state of the band is a much better test of the ability of the conductor than that of the vocalists. The improvement of which we speak was chiefly seen in the intelligent manner in which the orchestra followed the *bâton* of their conductor, and in the fact that, unlike most amateurs, they understood the meaning of the words *crescendo*, *diminuendo* and *piano*. The Pastoral Symphony, which was played throughout *con sordini*, was really a creditable performance, on which we congratulate Mr. Torrington no less than the performers. We take leave of the subject with the hope that the next public performance will be marked by a corresponding improvement.

To show that Toronto is not the only city of our Dominion where music is

assiduously cultivated, and which possesses well-organized musical societies, we beg to submit to our readers the account of a concert recently given in Montreal, by the Mendelssohn choir, kindly sent us by a correspondent. We ourselves look back with great pleasure to a concert given by this same organization, on Mendelssohn's birthday, February 3rd, 1875, when the programme included selections from the oratorios and exquisite part songs of the great composer, all rendered in the most artistic manner, the solos being no less meritorious.

"The concert lately given in Montreal by the Mendelssohn Choir, under the direction of Mr. Gould, for the benefit of the Hospital, was a great success, both in a pecuniary and artistic sense. The Mechanics' Hall was crowded by the holders of reserved seat tickets, and the performance was in almost every respect satisfactory. The chorus, though less powerful than on former occasions, was better balanced, the basses, being weaker, did not overpower the tenors, as they frequently have done, whilst the latter, though apparently no more numerous than usual, were more efficient, and took up their points with greater firmness and precision. Mendelssohn's 'Morning Prayer,' with which the concert opened, was charmingly sung, the discords and their resolutions being well brought out, particularly by the altos. The 'Walpurgis night,' was welcome, as we so rarely have an opportunity of hearing it, but it requires a larger chorus to give it with proper effect; it lacked power, and the choir hardly seemed to know it so well as some of the other pieces. The part song, 'Three fishers.' by Malfarren, is a splendid composition, fully equal, we think, to the 'Sands of Dee,' by the same composer, which the choir sang last winter. It is, perhaps, less effective than the latter for public performance, but is a much more difficult subject for musical treatment, and anyone who has once heard it sung as the choir did on this occasion, would find it hard to forget the weird effect of the wailing of the women brought out by the sopranos and the altos, in ascending and descending passages of 3rds and 6ths, mingling with the monotonous undertone of the tenors and basses, which seemed to bring the 'moaning' of the 'harbour bar' before our eyes as well as our ears. This part song is a wonderful piece of tone-painting, and was done full justice to by the choir. Henry Smart's 'Summer Morning' is a charming composition, but more suited to a small room, and we hope the choir will give it again at one of their private soirees, that it may be more thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated.

"Of course, in a local concert of this kind, the solos, being usually taken by amateurs, are hardly open to criticism, but we must congratulate the gentleman who sang 'If with all your hearts,' on the possession of the most promising tenor voice we have heard for some time. We should recommend him to bestow some cultivation on it, for which it would amply repay him, as at present he is quite incapable of singing such a song as the one he essayed on this occasion, being evidently ignorant of the rudiments of singing.

"The instrumentalists were Messrs. Prume, violin; Jacquard, violincello; Lavallee and H. Bohrer, pianists. Mr. H. Bohrer played Bach's 'Fantasia Chromatica,' the great mechanical difficulties of which were admirably surmounted, and served to show the excellent technique of the performer; but the piece was hardly suitable for a concert, and apparently did not interest the audience. The same remark applies to the pieces played by him in the second part. 'Album leaves,' by Kirchner, and 'Romance and Scherzino,' by Schumann, all of which were well and gracefully played, but would have been listened to with greater pleasure in private than in a concert room.

"Mendelssohn's E minor trio was played in a masterly manner, by Messrs. Prume, Jacquard and Lavallee, and our thanks are due to those gentlemen for presenting a work of a class too seldom heard in our concerts. The only shortcomings worthy of note were in the andante, in which the pianoforte pas-

sages were not sufficiently subdued, and therefore predominated too much over the strings, a mistake by which the performer sacrificed the beautiful effect so peculiar to Mendelssohn's slow movements, of using elaborate though very delicate passages on the piano, as an accompaniment to the melody parts taken by the strings. With this exception we have nothing but praise to accord to the performance of the trio.

"A word of acknowledgment is due to Mr. Prume, who rose from a sick bed in order to play at the concert; his playing, however, showed no trace of the feebleness consequent on illness. His passages came out with that clear firmness with which we are familiar in Mr. Prume's playing, whilst his cantabile parts were as usual his strong point. There are, in fact, few, if any, violinists more capable than Mr. Prume of bringing out the peculiar wailing, speaking effect of the violin in slow and impassioned movements. The truth of this remark was amply proved by his rendering of the *andante expressivo* in the trio.

"On the whole, there was somewhat less enthusiasm shown by the audience than might have been expected. This, we think, was owing to the too great length of the concert, the decrease in power of the chorus, which interfered with the contrast of light and shade, and also to the rather monotonous character of the programme, part songs being apt to become wearisome when listened to for an entire evening, no matter how well chosen and well sung they may be. Notwithstanding this drawback, Mr. Gould is to be congratulated on the success of the concert, and the state of efficiency to which he has brought the choir, and musical people in Montreal are fortunate in possessing a conductor who unites patient perseverance with an artistic appreciation of both words and music, and has the power, not at all a common one, of impressing his ideas on those whom he directs."

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

Words by J. E. W. Music by U. C. BURNAP.

1. A lad with bright black eyes loves me, And last night by the old oak-
2. A youth with deep blue eyes loves me, Loves true and sure and ten-der
3. Which shall it be? Which shall it be? The black eyes or the blue for

tree, He told his love for me, to me, He
ly, His heart is ver - ry plain to see, His
me? Since if I choose the black you see, The

proco rall.

told his love for me, to me.
heart is ver - ry plain to me.
ten - der blue would cease to shine.

colla voce.

capriccioso.

O he is bold, and brave, and gay, With
Love in his eye so soft and true, It
The ten-der blue would cease to shine, And

colla voce.

voice sweet ringing all the day, And shall I dare to say him
lurks and hides, and oft looks thro' With that shy glance so old yet
that would break this heart of mine, While bold black eyes can nev-er

colla voce.

a piacere.

"nay"? And shall I dare to say him "nay"? O
new, With that shy glance so old yet new. And
pine. While bold black eyes can nev-er pine. So

colla voce.

brave black eyes is my heart thine? Oh! bright black eyes are you all
to these eyes can I give pain? And shall I let them plead in
true blue eyes I'll doubt no more. I'll love you best for ev - er-

a piacere. *allargando.*

mine? Oh! bright black eyes are you all mine? are you all mine? are you all
vain? And shall I let them plead in vain? plead all in vain? plead all in
more, I'll love you best for ev-er-more, for ev-er-more, for ev-er-

cresendo.

colla voce. *allargando.*

sempre colla voce.

mine?
vain?
more.

Humorous Department.

BUDGE'S STORY OF THE CENTENNIAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES."

Oh, Toddie,—where *do* you think I've been? I've been to the Centennial! Papa woke me up when it was all dark, and we rode in railroad-cars and horse-cars before it was light; that's the way *men* do, Tod, an' it's lots of fun. My! didn't I do lots of railroad-riding before I got to the Centennial! An' all along the road I saw piles of big sticks laid crosswise ever so nice, so they looked just like the picture in the big Bible of the altar that Abraham put Isaac on, you know, and I thought they *was* altars, an' after I thought about what lots of little boys there must be going to be burned up in that country, and asked papa about it, he said they wasn't altars at all, but only just piles of railroad ties—wasn't it too bad! And I crossed the Delaware at Trenton, too, just like George Washington, but 'twasn't a bit like the pictures in the history-book that papa reads out of, and nobody there had on hats a bit like Washington's.

But I tell *you* the Centennial was nice; every little while we'd come right up to a place where they sold pop-corn balls, and they made 'em as easy—why, a little thing went down, an' a little thing came up, and there was a pop-corn ball all in a second. An' then they made people pay five cents for 'em! I think 'twas real mean; *I* work a hundred times that much for a penny when I keep my clothes clean all day.

But, oh, if you only could see the big engine in Machinery Hall! I don't see how the Lord *could* do more than *that* engine; it turns all sorts of wheels and machines, an' don't make a bit of noise about it, an' it don't ever get tired. An' the water—my! if *we* lived in Machinery Hall I guess papa wouldn't ever scold us for leaving faucets open an' wastin' water, for there's dozens of great big pipes that don't do anything but spout out water. An' there was a whole lot of locomotives, but they hadn't any men in 'em, so you could walk around 'em an' look at 'em without anybody sizzin' steam out at you.

An' do you know, papa says all the steam-engines and locomotives in the world began by a little Watts boy playing with the tea-kettle on his mamma's stove; he saw that when there got to be a lot of steam inside of the kettle, it pushed the top up, an' that little boy thought to himself, Why couldn't steam push up something that was useful? But if we was to go in the kitchen an' see what the tea-kettle could do, then Bridget would say, "Ah, go 'way an' don't ye be meddlin' wid fings." I guess the world was a nicer place for boys when that little Watts boy was alive.

I was awful disappointed at the Centennial, though; I thought there'd be

lots of colour there, cos my centennial garters is *all* colour,—red, an' white, an' blue, an' nothin' else but Inja-rubber, but the houses was most all just the colour of mud-pies, except Aggerycultural Hall, an' the top of that was only green, an' I don't think that's a very pretty colour. It was nicer inside of the houses, though ; there was one of them that papa said had more than twenty-two miles of walks in it ; I guess there was, cos we was in it more than an hour, an' *such* funny things ! You ought to see a mummy, Tod,—I guess you wouldn't ever want to die after *that*, but papa said their spirits wasn't in 'em any more,—I shouldn't think they would be, if they wanted to look nice. You know mamma's opal ring?—well, papa lifted me up and showed me the biggest opal in the world, and 'twas nearly as pretty as the inside of our big sea-shell.

I know what *you'd* have liked,—there was a picture of Goliath, an' David had chopped his head off an' he was a-holdin' it up,—I think he *ought* to have had his head chopped off if he looked as horrid as that. An' I saw Circe, and the pigs all squealing to her to turn 'em back into men again,—I really believe I *heard* 'em squeal,—an' Circe just sat there lookin' like Bridget does when she won't give us more cake. It made me feel *dreadful* to think there was men inside of those pigs.

But what bothered *me* was, every once in a while we would come to a place where they sold cakes, an' then papa would hurry right past ; I kept showing him the cakes, but he would go along, and he did just the same thing at the places where they made candy, only he stopped at one place where they was making chocolate candy, an' grindin' the chocolate all up so that it looked like mud, an' he said, "*Isn't* that disgustin'?" Well, it *didn't* look *very* nice,

There was a whole lot of things from Egypt, where Joseph and Moses lived, you know, and all around the wall was pictures of houses in Egypt. an' I asked papa which of 'em Pharaoh lived in, an' then two or three people close to us looked at me an' laughed out loud, an' I asked papa what they laughed for, an' he said he guessed it was because I talked so loud ; I *do* think little boys have an awful lot of bothers in this world, an' big people are real ugly to 'em ; but papa took me away from them, an' I got some candy at last an' I think 'twas about time.

Then we saw lots of animals, an' birds, an' fishes, only they wasn't alive, an' I was walkin' along thinkin' that I wished we could see somebody we knew, when all of a sudden I saw a turtle, just like ours. I just screamed right out, an' I liked to have cried, I was so glad. That was in the Gov'ment Building, I believe papa called it ; an' I saw all the kinds of things they kill people with in wars, an' a man on a horse that was just like papa was when he was a soldier,—I guess you wouldn't want to run up to *him* an' ask him what he'd brought you, he looked so awful. An' just outside the door of that house was a big god like the heathens make an' pray to. I should think they *would* keep him out-of-doors, he was so awful ugly—why, I wouldn't say my prayers to him if I didn't *ever* get anything. I asked papa if the god was standin' there while he made a heaven for himself, an' papa said I'd have to ask Mr. Huxley about that ; *I* don't know any Mr. Huxley, do you ?

Then we saw the Japanese things,—I knew *them* right away, cos they always look like things that you don't ever see anywhere else. One of the

things was a man sittin' on a cow, an' papa read a card hangin' on it—"Shoki, punisher of imps and bad boys," an' then he said, "You'd better behave yourself, Budge, for that 'old chap is looking for *you*." I didn't think he looked *shockey* a bit, an' I just told papa so, and then a lady laughed an' said I was a smart boy, as if it was anything very smart not to be afraid of a little old iron man on an iron cow!

You just ought to see how people looks inside of 'em; I saw some people that was cutted open, only they wasn't real people, but just made of mortar. You just get tired to see what lots of funny places bread an' butter an' apples have to go in us before they turn into little boy, and how there's four little boxes in our hearts that keep openin' an' shuttin' lots of times every minute without the hinges ever comin' loose an' lettin' the covers drop off, like they do in our toy-boxes.

You never saw such lots of pictures; there was rooms, an' rooms, an' rooms, an' each one of them was as lovely as Mr. Brown's barn was when the circus pictures was all over it. There was one big picture that papa said was all about a lady named Cornaro, that was stole away from her home, and the people that stole her tried to make her happy by givin' her nice things, but the picture looked so much like a lovely big rug that I wanted to get up there an' lie down an' roll on it. An' then there was the *awfullest* picture of a whole lot of little boys—not so very little, either—that was crucified to keep the Lord from bein' angry. I tell *you*, I just said a little prayer right away, an' told the Lord that I was glad *I* wasn't a little boy then, if that was the kind of things they done to 'em. I guess I know what people mean now, when they say they've got the blues, cos that dreadful picture was blue all over.

I think comin' home was about as nice as anything, though, cos boys kept coming through the cars with bananas, an' figs, an' peanuts, an' apples, an' cakes, an' papa bought me everything I wanted, an' a lovely lady sat in the seat with us an' told about a picture of Columbus's sailors kneelin' down an' beggin' him to forgive 'em for bein' so bad, just like mamma reads to us out of the history-book. An' then another lady sat in the seat with us, but she wasn't so nice, cos she said "Soutonnial,"—*I* think big folks ought to know how to talk plainer than that. An' papa said he'd go out a minute or two, an' I was thinkin' what a great traveller I was gettin' to be, an' how I knew most everything now I'd been to the Centennial, an' how I was smart enough to be a big man right away, an' what lots of things I'd do, and how I'd have everything nice I wanted to, like big men do, when all at once I got afraid we'd gone off an' left papa, an' then I got to be a little boy right away again, an' I cried, an' when papa got back I just jumped in his lap an' thought I'd rather stay a little boy.

I'm awful sorry you wasn't there, too, Tod, but papa said such a little boy as you couldn't do so much walkin'. An' I asked papa when there'd be one that you'd be big enough to go to, an' he said, "Not for a hundred years." Gracious Peter! I knew you'd be dead before then. But you'll see a centennial even if you die, cos the Lord has everything nice in heaven, an' centennials are nice, so there'll be lots of 'em there, an' you won't get tired a bit lookin' at 'em, an' I don't believe the *angels* 'll laugh at you when you say things,

an' you won't be dragged past all the cake and candy places, so I guess you'll have a good time, even if you wasn't with us.

"How can i become an adept at picture criticism?" Very easily. On entering the gallery look knowingly round the walls, with contracted brows, and observe in a sad tone of voice—that the pictures are not up to the usual mark. Designate the lower priced pictures as daubs, and wonder why such rubbish is exhibited. If any picture is much admired, you can say it is fairly painted, but not up to the artist's usual performance. Talk a good deal about subdued lights, back-grounds, prospective, tints style, and *chiaro oscuro.* Preparatory to giving an opinion on a picture, carefully observe it at different distances through the half-closed fingers of the right hand, looking all the while apparently intensely thoughtful. Be sure to say that the painters of the present are not at all to be compared to the "old masters." State your opinions in a loud confident voice, and you will be set down as "knowing a thing or two about pictures."

"Grin and bear it" is sound philosophy, yet what balm has even philosophy when in the poet's corner of your local paper, the villain printer and reader, instead of

"My Julia has a sunny glow,
A soft sweet light within her eye,"

conspire to make you say,

"My Julia is a stunning gal,
She oft gets tight, and so do I."

Old Hunks says whenever he does give anything he always gives quickly. For as to "give quickly is to give twice," he has no need to be asked for a second donation.

When a fellow says he intends to achieve some purpose by hook or by crook, there is reason to doubt whether it will be a "straight" transaction.

How easy it is to get up early in the morning—over night!

Pickles are not naturally sour. It's the vinegar.

Endless Amusements—Round games.

A Water Carrier—Milk.

"Apropos of the late trouble on the Grand Trunk Railway:—
Big Boy—"I guess I'll strike here."

"Weepsey and Wopsey."

PASSAGES FROM THE POETS

"Oh Happy time, Art's early days."—HOOD.

"Now is the winter of our discontent."—SHAKSPEARE.

"This faint resemblance of thy charms,
Though strong as mortal art could give."—BYRON.

"But soft! what light through yonder window breaks?"—SHAKSPEARE.

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark."
—BYRON.

"It was an Ancient Mariner—
And he stopped one of three."—COLERIDGE.

"I HAVEN'T STOLEN ANYTHING, HAVE I?"

BELFORD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER VIII.

NICHOLAS having telegraphed his departure for home, was met at the station by his devoted servant Pont, who dropped his hat upon the platform, seized him by both his hands, and shook them until they ached.

"'Pears like you're de prodigal son done come back," said Pont. "I tole de missis she muss git up a fuss-rate veal dinner for yer sho, dis time, and git out yer silk dressin'-gown, an' call in de neighbours, cos you'd been nigh about dead, and come to life ag'in."

When Pont had finished his little speech, which he had been concocting and rehearsing all the morning, the young man's neighbours who crowded the platform, pressed up to welcome him, and congratulate him upon his safety.

It was very pleasant for Nicholas to find himself among familiar scenes and old friends. He wondered why he had ever left them; and between the station and his home, he went through the experience that comes once to every sensitive young man with the first consciousness that he has been forever removed from the sphere of dependence to a life of active and self-directed manhood. For a few unhappy minutes, he was filled with a tender, self-pitying regret that he could never again be what he had been. He shrank from life and its responsibilities. He half wished that he were a woman, in order that he might honourably bind himself to retirement, and evade the struggles with men which seemed so coarse and repulsive to him. But he had learned that he was a man, and knew that the smooth, round shell which had held him could never take the fledgeling back.

He was not in a talkative mood, as his carriage crawled slowly up the Ottercliff hill, but the pressure upon Pont was too great to be successfully withstood.

"'Pears like you's a pretty good Baptiss now, Mas'r Minturn," said Pont, looking back with his good-natured grin. "You done come to't at las'. De' Lantic Ocean done de business for yer dis time, mas'r. I know'd you'd be fotched some way, an' we's got de prodigal son back ag'in, an' had 'im baptize, wid a new name."

"Why, Pont," said Nicholas laughing, "I was baptized when I was a baby."

"Ye didn't need it den, I gib ye my word. Ye was as innocent as a lamb, an' ye didn't need it. It's de old sinners dat wants washin' in deep water. You's only sprinkled, I reckon?"

"I suppose so," responded Nicholas.

"Now, I tell ye what it is, mas'r," Pont went on, as if he were uttering a self-evident theological proposition; "when a man gits mercy, he wants 'mersion. Sprinklin' is well enough for babies; it makes 'em cry, but it don't hurt 'em. 'Mersion goes wid mercy, ebery time wid a nigger, and I reckon it's 'bout de same wid white folks."

"What were you saying about a new name, Pont?" inquired Nicholas.

"Ah! mas'r you got yer new name dis side o' Jordan,—Mas'r Hero, now. Missis read it to me in de papers."

"Well, I hope, you'll not call me by the new name, Pont; I don't like it," said Nicholas.

"I kin talk about it to de horses, I reckon?" said Pont inquiringly.

"Yes, but never to people."

Pont was filled with wonder at this refusal of Nicholas to answer to the name that had been given to him at the time he "administered his baptism," but his young master had always been an enigma to him, and as Pont had relieved his mind, he left him, for the remainder of the drive, to his thoughts.

"Thee is very welcome, dear Nicholas, to thy home again," said sweet and tearful Mrs. Fleming, as he alighted at the door. There was no kiss; there was no profusion of exclamations and questions; there was no effusion of sentiment, but there rested on the face of the placid Quaker lady a deep and tender joy. She led him to his room that spoke of her orderly neatness, pressed his hand and left him. He was once more in the atmosphere of love and home and safety; and the changes and perils through which he had passed came back to him with a power that overwhelmed him. He dropped upon his knees by the side of the bed where he had so often knelt with his mother's arm around his neck, and wept like a child. He rested his head on his hands for long minutes, in a tender and almost delicious swoon of mingled sorrow, joy, and gratitude. His welcome had been sweet, but he missed with a pang of which he did not believe himself susceptible after his long and stupifying grief, the bodily presence of one who he could not but believe still knelt

by his bed in her spiritual form, with her arm around his neck and a blessing on her lips.

The news of his arrival spread quickly through the village of Ottercliff, and he was thronged all day with visits of welcome and congratulation. He had not thought of the old friends of his mother at the Catacombs, or on the Rhigi, but they were apparently as glad to see him as if he had executed their commissions. Such hearty evidences of their friendship were very grateful to him; and the joys of the day quite repaid him for all the hardships he had suffered, and the dangers to which he had been exposed.

During the afternoon he wrote a note to Mr. Bellamy Gold, requesting him to come to him on the following morning, bringing with him all the books relating to his estate, and all the vouchers for his investments. He had determined at the earliest moment to take the charge of his own affairs, and to retain the services of the village lawyer as his adviser. He would assume the cares that belonged to him, and have something to do.

When the lawyer appeared with his huge bundle of books and papers, it was with a troubled look upon his face. He had done his work well and had nothing to hide; but some of his work was incomplete, and he anticipated the loss of a lucrative trust.

"I knew it would come," he said. "I knew it would come sometime,"—and he tried to say it with a cordial smile,—" but I thought I was sure of you for the next two years. However, it is all right, and if you want to take matters into your own hands, you know that I shall not be far off, and that I shall always be glad to serve you."

The day was a laborious one for both, for it took a long time for Nicholas to understand, and the lawyer to explain, the multitude of complicated affairs that came up for consideration. Everything was found to be snug and safe,—everything but one. The lawyer had made a recent investment in bonds, for the registration of which he would be obliged to make a visit to New York. He had not attended to this, because the bonds were safe under his lock and key, and his work had crowded him. As Nicholas desired to go over the business again to make sure that he comprehended it all, the lawyer consented to leave the mass of his documentary materials at the house for the night. Nicholas placed them in the family safe, locked them in, put the key in his pocket, and weary with his day's work, took a seat in the carriage which Pont had driven to the door, and accompanied the lawyer to his home. He was stopped many times on the way to the village by humble neighbours who had had no opportunity to visit him, and he gave them so much time that when he returned, the sun had already set, and the shadows of the evening were gathering upon the river and the landscape.

Mrs. Fleming ordered tea to be served upon the piazza. Although it was midsummer, the air was deliciously cool and refreshing. With only a single question Mrs. Fleming set Nicholas talking, and he told to her, for the first time, the story of his wreck and rescue.

While they sat, the moon came up, broad and full, casting deep shadows far out upon the river, but illuminating the water beyond, and bringing into view the river craft as they passed up and down the beautiful stream. They sat for a long time in silence when they noticed a schooner pointing directly toward the house. The moon lighted up her canvas, and they could see the graceful form of her hull as she came toward the shore. Then, almost in an instant she disappeared, for she had come under the shadow of the bluff.

They waited for a few minutes, catching now and then the reflection of a light. But the light went out, or was put out of sight. The two questioning watchers said nothing to each other for a long time. Then at the same instant they noticed the re-appearance of the light, which remained apparent long enough to show that the schooner had come to anchor, and was still.

"That is a very unusual occurrence," said Mrs. Fleming.

"It certainly is," Nicholas responded. "I never saw a schooner anchor there before. What can they want?"

At this moment, a dark figure approached them, coming up the lawn. They knew that no one had had time to reach them from the strange craft, so Nicholas said:

"Pont, is that you?"

"Yis, mas'r."

"Where have you been at this late hour?"

"Been on de look-out, mas'r."

"Well, what have you seen?"

"I seen something dat don't mean no good, no how, sah," replied the negro.

"Do you mean the schooner yonder?"

"Yis, mas'r."

"Well, what do you think it means?"

"I do' know, sah, but it don't mean no good, no how. Dem men hain't no business dah."

"Suppose you take a boat and row out towards them and find out what you can."

"Will ye go 'long, sah?" inquired Pont, who evidently had no stomach for the expedition.

"Yes, I'll go with you," said Nicholas; and, taking his hat he followed his servant down the narrow path that led to the boat-house. Arriving there, a small skiff with a single pair of sculls was unfastened,

and the two men stepped noiselessly into it and pushed off. Pont rowed close in shore, as noiselessly as if he had been an Adirondack hunter, floating for midnight game. He rowed until they could see the dark hull of the schooner, and detect the lines of her masts defined against the sky. He pulled on until they lay abreast of her. There was no sound on board, and there were no lights to be seen. She was out of the track of all passing craft, and, so far as the reconnoiterers could judge, the men on board had turned in and gone to sleep.

They sat for some minutes in silence, and then they heard a movement; and against the moonlight that flooded the western water and the western sky, they saw three or four figures rise, and slowly disappear. Then they heard the sound of oars, and after a few minutes, a black speck showed itself out upon the gleaming water, moving away from them toward a village on the opposite side of the river.

"Turn about and row back, Pont," said Nicholas. The command was silently obeyed, and when Nicholas reached his house he found Mrs. Fleming awaiting his return, just where he had left her.

"What did you find?" she inquired.

"We found a schooner, and saw her men leave her. They are probably a lot of shirks, who have run in here to get out of sight, and thus to secure an opportunity for a carouse on shore. I don't think we have anything to fear from them."

Although they all went nervous and indefinitely apprehensive to bed, they passed the night without disturbance; but the next day, while the village lawyer and Nicholas were reviewing their work in a state of profound absorption, they were conscious of a movement near them, and looking up, they saw, observing them with wicked black eyes, a middle-aged, rough-looking man, who had entered the house unbidden and unheralded.

"Beg your pardon, gentlemen," he said, scraping his right foot and placing his hat under his arm, "but would you be kind enough to give a poor fellow a trifle to get to New York? I was put off the train here, for the lack of the needful, you know."

The safe stood open by the side of Nicholas, revealing its valuable contents. It was too late to shut it, but Nicholas impulsively rose closed and locked it, and put the key in his pocket, as he was in the habit of doing. The motion was watched with evident interest by the intruder.

The appeal of the tramp was humbly enough made, but both Nicholas and his companion instinctively recognised its insincerity, and felt that the man was a spy.

"What business have you in this house, you dirty dog?" said Nicholas, his anger rising the moment he began to speak.

"Well, it doesn't look as if I had any," replied the man, sullenly,

"and it's very well for you with your money and your fine house, to call a poor fellow like me a dirty dog, but I haven't stolen anything, have I?"

"I don't know," said Nicholas.

"There are two of you: you'd better search me."

The man's eyes flashed as he said this, and he gave a hitch to the sleeves of his coat as if he would like to have them try it.

"Look here," said Mr. Bellamy Gold, "you had better leave the town the first chance you can get, or I'll have you arrested for a vagrant."

"I shall leave town when I get ready, and I shall leave this house when I get ready, too. Perhaps you'd like to put me out, now, come!"

The fellow had hardly time to complete his menace when Nicholas leaped to his feet, grasped the man's collar, wheeled him about, and taking him by his shoulders, pushed him, violently resisting, out of the room, through the hall, and down the steps. The rascal had dropped his hat at the door, and this Nicholas tossed after him.

He was in a great rage and started to come back, but he had felt the force of the young muscles, and saw that Nicholas in the doorway had him at a disadvantage.

"You are a smart boy, you are," he growled huskily, "but I'll get you in a tight place yet! Never you mind! I'll have it out of you—if I ever catch you anywhere," he prudently added.

Nicholas laughed at him and he seemed reluctant to go away, but at last he went off, growling and threatening, and talking to himself. Nicholas stood in the door and watched him until he passed out of sight. The man's features, his figure, his gait, his voice, were as thoroughly impressed upon his memory as if he had known him from boyhood.

Before Nicholas closed the door and locked it against further intrusion, he called for Pont. When the negro appeared, Nicholas asked him if he had seen the tramp. He replied that he had.

"Then," said Nicholas. "take the short cut to the station; get there before him, and see what he does with himself."

Pont started upon a run, and soon disappeared behind the shrubbery. Then Nicholas went back laughing to the lawyer, whom he found very much disturbed.

"I don't like this," said Mr. Bellamy Gold. "You have provoked the man's ill-will, and if I haven't mistaken his character, he would murder you as readily and remorselessly as he would eat a dinner. I don't like it. It's a bad thing."

"Well, it is done, and it can't be helped," said Nicholas.

"It's a bad thing," the lawyer repeated. "He has seen everything.

It's a bad thing and you must let me take all these papers back to my office to-night."

Nicholas was suddenly seized with a thought of the schooner. In the absorption of the morning it had gone out of his mind, and he rose and walked out upon the piazza. There was no schooner in sight, and she had probably left during the night. The fact relieved him.

An hour afterward, Pont returned with the information that the supposed tramp, instead of going to the station, went directly to the river, where a boat with a single occupant awaited him. Then he coolly took off his coat, sat down in the boat, and, together, the two men pulled straight across the stream into a cove, and disappeared.

The fact was not calculated to re-assure Nicholas or his lawyer. Neither was surprised at the news, but both had hoped the fellow would go away.

When Mr. Bellamy Gold left the house that evening, he took all his books and papers with him ; but nothing happened during the night to justify his fears, and several days and nights passed away without disturbance, until the threat of the ruffianly intruder had ceased to be thought of, and life at the mansion went on in its usual quiet course.

After all the excitement through which Nicholas had passed, it could not have been expected that he would settle down contentedly to the old life that was once so dear to him. He felt himself becoming uneasy. He had grown familiar with his affairs, and while the examination into them lasted, his mind was occupied. When the interest connected with this had died away, it reached out for something to do. He devised improvements here and there upon his place. He superintended his workmen, or roamed over his estate, or engaged himself in reading, and at last he began to learn that it was less his mind than his heart that was hungry. The beautiful invalid with whom he had been thrown into such strange associations presented herself more—and still more—frequently before his imagination. If he sat upon the piazza, he found the ocean steamer reproduced in every passing vessel, and beheld her reclining in the old attitude upon the deck. Every book he read was illustrated by his fancy with pictures of which she was always the central figure. He thought of her as an occupant of his home, and dreamed of the sweetness with which she would endow it. He thought of himself as her husband, not only, but as the ministering servant to her helplessness. He found his heart constantly rebelling against the statement of Mr. Benson, that marriage with her was "out of the question."

Yet he did not dare to love her. He knew that she liked him. He knew that she was profoundly grateful to him. He felt that she would sacrifice anything to show her appreciation of him and of his services to her, but he had apprehended something in her beyond this, and he was

surprised to learn how keen a pang the apprehension caused him. He knew that he never could have come to this apprehension had it not been through the subtle stimulus which her own magnetic nature and character had exercised upon him,—the apprehension that she would never permit him to sacrifice himself to her. He felt that if there were anything in him that could inspire her heart with love, the measure of that love would be the measure of her determination never to bind his hands in service to one who could not help but would only hinder him.

He found himself longing, too, for sympathy. He could not unveil his heart to a man. If his mother had been alive he would have spoken all his thoughts to her and rejoiced in the privilege; but he recoiled from speaking a word, even to his friend Glezen. Glezen would only say to him: "Well, my boy, if you want her, go in and win." His friend could not possibly sympathize with his experiences and apprehensions, or comprehend the depth and delicacy of his sentiment; and it would be profanation to reveal them to one who would look upon them only with the eye of a practical, business man.

So it was with a feeling of delightful relief that he heard good Mrs. Fleming say to him one evening, while they were sitting together over their tea:

"Nicholas, thee has something on thy mind. May I share it with thee?"

Nicholas did not blush. He did not hesitate. He knew that a woman could comprehend what a man could not, and he opened his whole heart to her. He told her of a thousand things he had hidden from her sight—of Miss Larkin's helplessness, of her sweetness, of her power to move and elevate himself, and of the delightful possibilities which she had opened to his thought. He was tender and enthusiastic. A boy of fifteen would not have been more so, or more confiding and unreserved.

Mrs. Fleming listened to him with the calm and sympathetic smile of one who had had a sweet experience of her own, and who took a profound satisfaction in being so frankly trusted. If she had not loved Nicholas before, she would have loved him then. He had paid to her the most grateful tribute that man can pay to womanhood—a tribute to the wisdom of her heart.

"I thank thee, Nicholas, for this," she said, and rising she went to him, and bending over him as he sat, kissed his forehead. She had not kissed him before since he was a boy. The spirit of the boy had moved her.

Resuming her seat, she said:

"Thee must follow the inner light, Nicholas. Thee must not enter into calculations, nor weigh hinderances and advantages. The Spirit cannot speak through the lips of human wisdom, for that is full of pride

and full of all selfish mixtures. The pure in heart not only see God, but they feel God, and hear Him. It is the heart that hears the voice which guides aright; and if thy heart is pure—and I believe it is—and if thee has heard a voice in it that bids thee love some one who is pure and lovely, then listen to it and obey it. No harm can come of it. It may bring thee trial, but it can never injure thee. There are many paths that lead to the best that God has for us. Some of them are in the sun, and some of them in the shadow; but so long as thee takes counsel of thy heart, and the light within is bright, thee has nothing to fear and all good things to hope for."

Her words were balm and inspiration to the young man, and they left him more desirous than ever to renew his acquaintance with the girl whose history, as it related to himself, had called them forth. He determined to visit New York, but he would at least have a business errand. He would take down the unregistered bonds, and perfect the arrangements relating to them, and, among his new friends, he would see Miss Larkin again.

He therefore fixed upon an early day for the visit, and on the afternoon previous to his departure, drove over to Mr. Bellamy Gold's office, and, receiving the package he desired, drove back again. He placed his bonds in the safe, locked them in, and, according to his custom, put the key in his pocket.

The night came down dark and gloomy, and the thickening sky gave signs of an approaching storm. The sun had set behind a curtain of heavy clouds that skirted the western horizon, fringed with thunderheads that loomed above the mass like Alpine summits. Behind these the lightning played incessantly as twilight deepened into night. Everything seemed preternaturally still,—not a leaf stirred in the breathless air.

Throughout the brief evening, Mrs. Fleming and Nicholas sat together, saying little, watching the lightning as the distant cloud rose higher and higher, and hoping that the storm would make its onset before the hour of bed-time should bid them separate for the night. But the centre of the storm was far away, and was slow in its approaches. Weary at last with waiting, and drowsy after the fatigues of the day, they closed the shutters and retired to their rooms, where both lingered for half an hour, fascinated by the freaks of the lightning as it threaded the lazily rising clouds; and then they went to bed.

It was after midnight when the tempest burst upon Ottercliff, and both Nicholas and Mrs. Fleming were in their first sleep. Nicholas was a sound sleeper, and the play of the lightning, the rush of the tempest, and the roar of the thunder became the elements of a boisterous dream. He dreamed of the strange schooner. He heard the flap of her canvas, and the noise of the waves beating against the shore. He

saw her deck swarming with villainous forms, and among them he recognised that of the tramp, whom he had so recently repulsed from his house. He was sufficiently awake to know that the expected storm was passing in its fury, and sufficiently asleep to fit its tumultuous sounds into the fanciful scheme of his dream.

The lightning would not have awakened him, but he somehow became conscious of the presence of a steady light. He opened his eyes and saw three men at his side. One held a pistol to his head and told him that if he raised a hand he would blow his brains out.

The men were masked and understood their brutal business; and Nicholas readily comprehended the fact that he was in their power. It was useless to call, for no one could help him. It was vain to struggle, for he was not a match for them.

"Men, you will have your way, I suppose," said Nicholas, "and all I ask of you is that you will not disturb the lady. She cannot harm you, for she is feeble and old. I suppose you have all had a mother, and you must owe something to her memory."

The return for the speech was a harsh slap upon the mouth, and an order to turn in his bed, that his hands might be tied behind him. They then lashed his hands and his feet together, gagged him, and leaving a man to watch him, searched his pockets and went off down-stairs.

"I told you I'd have it out of you," said the man huskily, who stood at his side. "You are a smart boy, you are, but we are too many for you this time."

Nicholas would have been at no loss to recognise his keeper, even if he had not betrayed himself in his language. He could have sworn to the brutal, husky voice, whatever words it might have uttered.

Between the explosions of profane abuse with which the villain poured forth his revengeful spleen, Nicholas lay helplessly, and heard the confederates going from room to room, opening doors and drawers, and talking in low tones, and knew that the house and all its treasures were in their hands. They could murder him and burn the dwelling that covered him. They could and would carry away all that their greedy hands could bear, and do it in perfect safety at their leisure.

His confinement became agony at last, and then he heard a low whistle at the foot of the staircase.

"The game's played," said the husky voice at his side. "You've been a nice boy. Pleasant dreams to you, and a breakfast without silver. Bye-bye."

Nicholas heard the man descend the stairs, then the clink of metal as the robbers shouldered their burdens, and, at last, their heavy tramp upon the ground as they moved off.

There were other ears that heard it all, and in a moment, Mrs. Flem-

ing, white and shaking with terror, entered his room. To undo his fastenings was the work of a few minutes, but Nicholas found himself too much exhausted to sit up in his bed. Mrs. Fleming had locked her door on the first consciousness that the house had been entered, and though it was carefully tried, no violence had been offered to it. She had heard the words, "That's the old woman's room I reckon, and we must remember our mothers;" and this was followed by a low laugh, and retreating footsteps.

Mrs. Fleming brought Nicholas a cordial, and, after an hour, he tottered to his feet, and dressed himself. Then they found Pont who had slept through it all in his distant room, and all descended to the scene of the robbery. The burglars had entered by a window opening like a door from the piazza, and the damp night wind was passing through it into the house. They closed the window and then began to examine into the extent of the spoliation. They first visited the safe. It was open, and the key, which Nicholas had placed in his pocket on returning with his bonds the previous afternoon, was in the lock. As he anticipated, not only the plate but the bonds were gone, and these covered a far greater value than everything else that they could have borne away. After ascertaining the loss of these, Nicholas had no curiosity with regard to the remainder of the booty. Daylight would better reveal the minor particulars, and for this it was agreed to wait. They would not go to bed again, and Pont was consigned to a lounge and ordered to wait with them.

Nicholas went to the window and peered out into the night, which was rapidly approaching a new day. Exactly in the place where the schooner had come to anchor ten days before, he saw a light. While he watched it, it slowly moved out across the stream and disappeared. The river pirates had done their dark work, won their plunder and flown, leaving no clew behind them but the memory of the villain whom Nicholas had once thrust from the house, and who had returned in the character of his captor and keeper. Pont was soon asleep, and Nicholas and Mrs. Fleming, sitting close beside each other and engaging in low conversation, watched until the brightest and sweetest of summer mornings dawned upon them, and then they slowly and regretfully counted up their losses.

CHAPTER IX.

GREAT was the excitement in Ottercliff when it was noised abroad that the Minturn mansion had been broken into and plundered of its treasures. All who could leave their work swarmed to the house, entered it, looked it all through and all over, hung about it, and wearied

its occupants with their inspection and their inquiries. Mr. Bellamy Gold was one of the first visitors, and was profoundly dismayed on finding that his record of the numbers of the stolen bonds, which he had carefully made, had disappeared. This he had learned by going back to his office. He had once shown the record to Nicholas, but when the latter received the bonds, he had not delivered it to him, deeming it wise to hold it. He had rummaged every pigeon-hole, looked between the leaves of his account-books, turned his pockets inside out, and searched all the drawers in his office, with no result but the conviction that the means were gone for stopping the sale of the bonds and the payment of their coupons.

This was the heaviest blow of all to the little lawyer. He felt that his professional honour was at stake, or, rather, his professional trustworthiness. If he had the record, he could make the bonds useless to the hands that held them, and ultimately compel their return at his own price. Without it, he was helpless; and the bonds could be negotiated through the lines of roguery that run very high up toward the respectability of Wall Street.

Nicholas found the robbery a violent interference with his plans, as well as a most unwelcome interruption of his thoughts. He had anticipated his absence from home and his visit to the city with keen delight, and several days passed away before he could bring his mind into the old channel, and up to its old purposes; but, as it had become necessary to replace many of the articles that had been stolen, and it seemed desirable to consult with others besides Mr. Gold, in regard to measures for procuring a return of the missing bonds, he engaged a watch for his house and set off.

While on his way, the promise of Mr. Benson to give him advice whenever he should have occasion for it, came into his mind. He despised the man, but he had no quarrel with him. He knew that his heart was hollow, but he knew also that his brain was keen and wise. If the whole truth must be told, he desired to have a matter of business with Mr. Benson. He wished to be received at his house in a friendly way. He deprecated his enmity, at least, as well as any relation with him which would throw obstacles in the path of his friendship for his ward. So Nicholas determined to tell him frankly of his losses, and ask him for his counsel.

On arriving at the city, and taking a room at a convenient hotel, he went, without calling upon Glezen, directly to Mr. Benson's house. Mr. Benson, for whom he first inquired, was out and would not return until evening. Then he sent his card to Miss Larkin, who responded with a message that she would be glad to see him in her parlour.

As he entered the lovely apartment, his heart warmed with a strange,

delicious joy. Everything spoke alike of happy repose and tasteful activity. The shelves of handsome books, the well-chosen pictures on the walls, the records of ingenious needle-work on chairs and ottomans, the bouquets of freshly-gathered roses, the harmonious adjustments of form and colour, and the one sweet life and beautiful face and figure of her who had gathered and arranged all, and given to them their significance, exercised upon him the charm of a rare poem. His heart, his life, his tastes, felt themselves at home. He would have been quite content, if any necessity had imposed silence upon him, to sit all day in the presence and atmosphere in which he found himself, without speaking a word.

Miss Larkin sat half reclining upon a low divan, and, without attempting to rise, extended her hand to Nicholas as he entered, and greeted him with hearty words and a hearty smile.

"I was thinking of you at the very moment you rang the bell," she said. "It seems a long time since I have seen you; and I had begun to wonder whether you had forgotten us all."

"I can never forget you," said Nicholas bluntly.

"You have a tenacious memory, I suppose?" said Miss Larkin, with mirthful questioning eyes.

"Yes, very."

Nicholas felt himself growing rigid. He could not look at her. The temptation to fall upon his knees beside her, press her hand to his lips, and pour out to her the flood of tender passion rising in his heart, seemed too great to be resisted. He had hungered for her, thirsted for her, longed to be beside her once more, felt drawn toward her by attractions more subtle and powerful than those which invite the steel to the magnet, and borne about with him, through all the days of his separation from her, a sense of exigency. It was enough, or he had felt all along that it would be enough, to be in her presence. He had been like a wanderer in a wilderness, longing for a cool spring at which to quench his thirst,—longing to sit down beneath its sheltering trees for rest. He had not dared to dream of offering his heart and life to her, and he felt himself taken at a disadvantage.

Miss Larkin with her keen instincts, read the nature of the struggle through which he was passing. She had not intended, with her single touch of playful raillery, to invite him to more than he had sought. So she adroitly tried to change the current of conversation, and divert him from his thoughts.

"We have passed through a great deal of trouble since our return," she said. "You have had your share, of which I have heard, and I have had mine, of which you can have known nothing."

With a sigh of relief, Nicholas responded:

"You refer to our little home tragedy, I suppose. It cost me nothing but money, so I don't mind it. Have you anything to tell me of yourself?"

"Oh, not much," she replied. "There has been a single scene in this room on the return of Mr. Benson of which I may only speak to you. It was nothing but what I foresaw. The man is changed, and not for the better. He is winning back daily his old hauteur, his old self-possession, and his old pride. I promised that I would not betray him, and he knows that I will keep my promise. He would secure the same promise of you, or try to secure it, if he did not believe that I would do it for him. I simply told him that I did not think that you would displease me by betraying him, and further than this I shall not go, either with you or with him. I know that the consciousness that he is in our hands galls him to the quick,—that he frets under it, and quarrels with it, and that he can never love either of us. I hope he cannot harm you, but he can make life very uncomfortable to me if he chooses to do so."

"Then I swear," said Nicholas rising from his chair, his face flushing with angry colour, "I will never pledge myself not to betray him, either to you or to him. I see it all. He will trust to your truthfulness and mine, if he can get the promise of us both, and ride over our wills as he rides over the wills of others. You may make no promise for me, for if I find that he is oppressive or unfair to you, I will break it."

The thought that a man could be so base as to take the advantage of a helpless woman's word of honour to distress her in any way, or to impose upon the world around him, raised his indignation beyond the point of continence.

Miss Larkin was not shocked. She was neither grieved nor angered at this impulsive declaration of independence. She found her will strangely acquiescing with a decision which she felt ought to have offended her, and by that token saw how easily she could identify her life with his. The just man had spoken, moved by an honest sympathy for her, and her admiration and respect for him had been augmented. But Nicholas felt that he had been impulsive and rash, if not vindictive and harsh; so, relapsing from his mood, and resuming his chair, he said:

"I beg your pardon, Miss Larkin. I hope I haven't offended you. I am not used to dealing with designing men, and this man makes me wild. To tell you the truth, I did not know there were any such men in the world; but now that I do know it, I should despise myself, if, for the worthless sake of one of them, I were to place my friends and myself in his hands. I am sure you will forgive me."

"I have nothing to forgive. What you have said seems right," she

answered. "You must remember, however, that you can do what I cannot do. You are not in Mr. Benson's hands, as I am."

"Very well," Nicholas responded, "if Mr. Benson asks you to promise anything for me, you can only tell him that you cannot answer for me. I had intended to see him, and ask his advice on a matter of business, as he once invited me to do, but I am tempted to go away without seeing him at all."

"I would not do that," said Miss Larkin, "for you have inquired for him, and it may arouse his suspicions and make another scene between him and myself; and this I know you will help me to avert. Let's talk no more about it. Please tell me how you are passing your time. I see so little of the outside world that any living breath from its affairs refreshes me."

Here was a grateful invitation to confidence, and the heart of Nicholas opened to it at once. It was delightful to sit at Miss Larkin's side, to watch her kindling eyes and earnest face, as he unfolded his changing plans of life to her, and recounted his new industries and his new responsibilities. It repaid him for all his trouble to find that his manly aims and employments pleased her, and that she was sufficiently interested in him to care for the details of his pursuits and to sympathize in his purposes.

"I am greatly interested in what you have told me," Miss Larkin said, as Nicholas concluded. "I cannot tell you how much you gratify me."

Nicholas smiled and blushed, as he responded:

"Now perhaps you can inform me why it is that I am so glad to tell you all this, and receive your approval. I am as much pleased as a child who has had a pat on the head for being good."

"I am so much the person obliged, that I cannot tell you," she answered. "The confidence you have reposed in me and your willingness to entertain me, make me so much your debtor, that I find it difficult to understand your question."

"Well, I've heard," said Nicholas smiling, "that young men of my own age and circumstances look upon me as a sort of milksop. They would probably regard what I feel bound to say as confirmation of their opinion, but to me a woman has always been a kind of second conscience. In truth, I never feel quite so sure of my own conscience as I do of her instincts and her judgment. I ask for no better rule for my life, and seek for no higher approval of my conduct, than her praise. It satisfies me and it makes me strong. To be recognised by her as a true man, and to secure her approbation for my conduct and life, is, it seems to me, to be endorsed by the best authority there is in the world. Women may not be good judges of women, because their instincts are not so keen with regard to their own sex as to ours. Though a good woman

may not read herself very clearly, she sees what she lacks, and recognises the complement to herself, which she finds in the man whom she approves. If she is good, and approves a man, it simply shows that she recognises that which completes herself."

Miss Larkin blushed, and knew that Nicholas did not see, at the moment, how readily she could personally appropriate what he had said, but she was pleased.

"I did not know that you were capable of such subtleties," she responded.

"I was thinking about my mother and Mrs. Fleming," said Nicholas.

"Oh! I see!"

And then they both laughed.

"Now tell me about your associates," Miss Larkin said.

"I have none."

"Does Ottercliff give you no society?"

"None that I care for."

"You will not be able to live there, then."

"That is what troubles me. The summer is well enough, but I see now that I can never be held to my house all the winter. I should die of ennui."

"What will you do?"

"I shall spend the winter here."

Nicholas could not help noticing the flush of pleasure that overspread his companion's face as she inquired:

"And what will you do here?"

"I don't know," he answered. "Glezen and I had a little talk when I first returned about the poor here, and I fancied that I might make myself of some use to them. I became very much interested in a poor man who called at his office, and it seemed to me that I might keep myself out of mischief, perhaps, by looking after such fellows, and helping them along."

"Why, that will be delightful!" said Miss Larkin; "and you can report your work to me, and perhaps I can help you."

At this moment a rap was heard at the door, and the servant announced Miss Coates and Miss Pelton. The young woman evidently felt embarassed at being found with Nicholas, but there was no help for it, and she directed that they should be shown to her parlour.

Nicholas gave her a look of inquiry.

"They have not come together," said Miss Larkin. "They have accidentally met at the door. Both have called upon me frequently since our return."

The young ladies entered, and were received with a hearty greeting by the two friends. Miss Larkin was visited by a good many significant

and smiling glances, and Nicholas was rallied upon his forgetfulness and partiality. Amid blushes that he could not suppress, he assured them that he intended to call upon all his friends before returning home.

"I have some good news to tell you," said Miss Larkin to the young ladies.

"Oh, let us have it!" exclaimed the pair in unison.

"Mr. Minturn is to spend the winter in the city."

"That will be charming!" exclaimed Miss Pelton, who assumed the *rôle* of superior person in the presence of Miss Coates.

"We shall be very glad to have you here," said the latter, quietly.

"What church shall you attend?" inquired Miss Pelton.

Was it a strange question for a young and fashionable girl to ask? Not at all. It is the first that comes to a great multitude of church-going people in America, when a stranger proposes to domiciliate himself among them.

"I haven't thought as far as that yet," Nicholas replied.

"Well, there are churches, and churches, you know," said Miss Pelton significantly.

"Yes, I know there are a great many," Nicholas responded.

"Well, I didn't mean exactly that," replied Miss Pelton. "Don't you think, now," she went on, turning with a graceful and deferential appeal to Miss Larkin, "that the church a man goes to has a great deal to do with his social position? It seems to me a stranger ought to be very careful."

"I think it depends partly upon whether the man is a gentleman, and partly upon what he regards as a good social position," Miss Larkin replied.

"Now, don't be naughty," said Miss Pelton, tapping Miss Larkin with her fan. "Don't be naughty, and don't be democratic and foolish. You know, my dear, that the church a man goes to makes all the difference in the world with him. You know that we have fashionable churches and churches that are not fashionable. Now that's the truth."

"Fashionable churches?" inquired Nicholas.

"Why, certainly!" said Miss Pelton.

"You will excuse my surprise," said Nicholas, "but I have always lived where there was but one church, where the rich and poor met together, and acknowledged that the Lord was the maker of them all. A fashionable church must be a city institution; and I don't think I should like it. To tell the truth, the idea of such a thing shocks me. It seems to me that I ought to go where I can get the most good and do the most good; and so long as the Founder of our religion did not consult His social position in the establishment of His Church, I don't believe I will do it in choosing mine."

"Oh, you are naughty and democratic, too," said Miss Pelton, with a pout and a toss of the head. "I shall have to turn you over to Mrs. Ilmansee; and you're naughty to make such a serious thing of it, too. You know poor little I can't talk with you, and you take advantage of me." All this in an injured and pathetic tone, as if she were a spoiled little girl.

"Well, really now, Miss Pelton," said Nicholas, "I think you hard on the churches. You can't mean that there are churches here to which people attach themselves because they are fashionable? You can't mean that there are churches here from which the poor are practically shut away because they are unfashionable, and that those who attend them are proud of their churches and their company, just as they would be proud of a fashionable house, or dress, or,—or even a pair of shoes? You can't mean this?"

"Oh, don't, Mr. Minturn! You scare me so! I'm not used to it, you know. How can you be so terrible?"

Miss Coates, during this conversation, had taken the position which she habitually assumed in the presence of such butterflies as Miss Pelton. She sat apart, devouring the conversation, and getting ready for what she had to say,—provided she felt called upon to say anything. She was not ill-natured, but she held in superlative contempt a frivolous, fashionable and unthinking woman. She did not herself attend a fashionable church. To her ear even the phrase which designated and defined it was an outrage upon religion and a blasphemy against the Master. She knew that Miss Pelton's resources were extremely limited in any serious conversation, and that if Nicholas undertook an argument with her, she would relapse at once into babyhood, and make the transition as graceful and attractive as possible. In justice to her nature, it ought to be said, perhaps, that she wished she were opposed to Nicholas at the moment, simply to assert the power of woman to argue; but she was with him and very much in earnest.

"Yes, that is precisely what she means," said Miss Coates, sharply, when Miss Pelton dodged the questions which Nicholas put to her. "She means that there are multitudes here who never would step into a church unless it were fashionable; that they go there to show themselves in high society, and go there for what they can get out of high society. She means that a church is fashionable just as a theatre is fashionable,—that a preacher is fashionable just as an actor is fashionable, or a dress-maker, or an undertaker, or a caterer. Isn't it shocking?"

"Don't say I mean it, please! Say you mean it," said Miss Pelton pettishly.

"Very well, I mean it," said Miss Coates emphatically. "I mean that there are churches here in which no poor person ever feels at

home with the exception of one here and there, who is unwilling to be grouped with the poor, and who is content to get a little reflected respectability from his surroundings. There are such poor people as these in fashionable churches, and very poor sticks they are; but the great multitude of the poor are as much shut out from these churches as they are from the houses of those who control and attend them. In what are called, by courtesy, the houses of God, the distance between the rich and the poor is as great as it is in the houses of men. In fact, God doesn't hold the title-deeds of half the churches here. Men own the pews, and trade in them as if they were corner-lots in Paradise."

All this was news to Nicholas, and, although it was serious news enough, he could not resist the impulse to join in the laugh which greeted the close of the young woman's characteristic utterance. There was evidently a spice of personal feeling in this sweeping arraignment of the fashionable Christianity of the city, for Miss Coates had felt its hand upon herself. She knew that her own path would have been much easier if, with all the money of her family, she had chosen to count herself with the fashionable throng. It would at least have tolerated or patronized her, and she was fully aware that when she rebelled against or ignored it, she would become a social sufferer.

"You are a little hard, I fear, Miss Coates," said Miss Larkin, whose sympathies and charities went upward as well as downward. "These people do not see their own inconsistency, and cannot understand how impossible it is for the poor to come into association with them. I have often heard them deplore the absence of the poor from their churches, and feebly and ignorantly wonder why such could not be attracted to them. I know, too, how much they give to the poor, how much they labour in the missions, how they work with their own hands for the sick among them. Some of the dearest and sweetest Christian women of my acquaintance are in the fashionable churches, and many a girl who only has the credit of being a devotee of fashion is as truly an angel of merciful ministry as the city possesses."

"Now, you're good," exclaimed Miss Pelton, running to Miss Larkin prettily and giving her a kiss.

"Yes," said Miss Coates, almost bitterly, "they pity the poor, and that is exactly what the poor don't want. They stand upon their lofty heights and look down upon and pity them. They entertain no sense of brotherly and sisterly equality, based upon the common need which a church is established to supply. The difference between sympathy and pity is a difference which the poor apprehend by instinct. They are not obliged to argue the matter at all, and wherever there is a church without the poor, there is a reason for their absence; and the poor are not responsible for it."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Miss Larkin; "but, even if it is true, is it not better to give the rich and fashionable the credit of good rather than bad motives? They may be mistaken, and be good all the same. We all act from mixed motives, but the dominant motive is that which determines the character of our actions, and these people mean well. They do not seem to be able to separate their Christianity from their fashionable life and associations, but they would like to do good, and get good. If they are unable to apprehend the way, they call for our pity and not for our condemnation. I have known so many sweet and good people among them, that I cannot say less for them than this."

"And you are a dear, good little angel yourself," said Miss Pelton, effusively.

"And it comes to this," said Miss Coates, "that we are all a parcel of children, and our Christianity is a package of sugar-plums in every rich boy's and rich girl's pocket, to be peddled out to the poor children as a a charity—if we can get them to take it. They want companionship, and we give them *marrons glacés*. They want sympathy, and we toss them a peppermint lozenge. They want recognition for Christian manhood and womanhood, and they get a *chocolat éclair*. They want a voice in the councils of the churches, and we dip into another pocket and pull out a penny whistle, and tell them to run around the corner and blow it."

Miss Coates's peroration "brought down the house," and although she was speaking with almost a spiteful earnestness, she was obliged to join in the laughter she had excited.

Nicholas was greatly interested in the conversation. The discussion itself touched upon a topic of profound moment to him, but the revelation of mind and character which accompanied it was more enjoyable than any book he had ever read. He hardly knew which he admired more; the incisive outspoken common sense of Miss Coates, or the sweet sisterly charitableness of Miss Larkin. He could not doubt which was the more amiable, though he felt that both girls were true-hearted, and that both held the same truth, though they looked at it from opposite sides.

The young people would doubtless have gone on indefinitely with their talk, but they were fatally interrupted.

When Mrs. Benson learned that a stranger was calling upon Miss Larkin, she inquired who he was, and learned that he had first inquired for her husband. Then remembering that she had often heard Nicholas spoken of, and that Mr. Benson had expressed a wish to see him, she feared that she should be derelict in duty and held to blame if she did not immediately inform her husband of the young man's presence. She accordingly sent a messenger to his office with the announcement.

Mr. Benson was full of business, and, although he dreaded the interview with Nicholas, he wished for it, and wished that it were well over. He did not doubt that he was with Miss Larkin, and that they were enjoying themselves together. The thought made him intensely uneasy, although he could not comprehend how any young man would desire to cherish more than friendly relations with one who was comparatively helpless,—especially a young man whose circumstances raised him above the temptation to marry for money.

It was difficult for him to leave his office; but he had attempted to go on with his business but a few minutes when he found that his mind was growing feverish, and that he could not command it to attention. Then he rose, left his clients behind him, or turned them away, and went home; and the laughter over Miss Coates's closing speech had hardly subsided when he presented himself at Miss Larkin's door. He was in a good deal of trepidation as he entered at her bidding, and had evidently braced himself to meet the only two persons in the world whom he had reason to fear. The relief which he felt on finding the little parlour half filled with young people whose countenances were aglow with merriment was evident in an instantaneous change of his features.

"Why! this is lovely! this is lovely!" he said in his accustomed strong, bland tone. He found it easier than he had anticipated to take Nicholas by the hand, and look into his eyes; but the young man found his hand cold and nervous, and recognised a certain constraint in his manner that his determined will was not entirely able to suppress or soften.

"I'm glad to see you, glad to see you, my young friend," said Mr. Benson, with a touch of the old dignity and heartiness in his tone. "I was afraid you had forsaken us forever, and it really seemed to me that we had been through too many perils together, and received too many favours from a common Providence to be anything but friends so long as our lives may be spared. You are very welcome to my house, and I have come from my business to tell you so. Sit down; sit down, my dear sir."

Nicholas was honest in every mental and moral fibre. He was as sensitive, too, to the moral atmosphere of a man as a girl; and when he heard these unctuous words shaped to express a hearty, friendly interest, he somehow knew that a selfish fear skulked behind and dictated them. He could not readily respond to them. His jaw trembled, and almost fell from his control; but politeness called for some response, especially as three young ladies were regarding him; and as he could not lie without choking, he said:

"I came with the hope of seeing you, Mr. Benson, but I did not expect to call you from your office. To be honest, I didn't suppose you could care much for me."

Nicholas blushed, for he knew that his response must have appeared ungracious to two of the young ladies before him. It is possible that the consciousness that he had been talking about Mr. Benson had something to do with his embarrassment, but the skilful and self-assured old man was adroit enough to take him at his word, and to assume that the young man's modesty was the cause of his coolness.

"Of course I care for you! Of course I care for you!" said Mr. Benson, laying his hand on the shoulder of Nicholas.

Miss Coates and Miss Pelton saw that something was wrong, and immediately rose to make their adieus.

"Not a word of it! not a word of it!" said Mr. Benson, waving them off. "Mr. Minturn and I will retire to my library. Come my young friend, where we can have a little friendly chat by ourselves."

So Nicholas bowed to the young ladies, and followed him out.

CHAPTER X.

To LIVE and act in an atmosphere of popular confidence and deference is one thing, and to live and act in precisely the same way in an atmosphere of mistrust and cold politeness, is quite another. Men who are doubted are inclined either to doubt themselves, or to place themselves in an attitude of defiance. Even a lost woman may save herself if she can escape the popular reprobation. The real, like the sham, virtue thrives best under the influence of the public respect, as the lily and the weed are vivified by the same sun. There is no man so strong that he need no bracing by the good opinions and the hearty sympathies of his fellows; and when these are withheld from one who has been accustomed to them, it is hard for him to keep his feet.

The simple fact that there were two persons in the world, though they possessed but little influence, who had seen into, and seen through, Mr. Benson, was a demoralizing power upon him. The man who was strong before the world, and who found it comparatively easy to resume his old relations with it, was weak and self-doubtful when in the presence of the two who knew him and could ruin him. The influence of their contempt was to make him consciously a worse man than he had ever been. It tempted him to lie. It tempted him to act a part. It tempted him to anger and hatred. In the effort to appear the true man he was not, he was conscious of a loss of self-respect, and of the development of purpose and sentiment which made him capable of unwonted meanness. He even came to feel at last—he had come to feel before Nicholas visited him—that these two lives, spared so strangely from the death to which in his cowardly flight he had left them, were

standing between him and a comfortable life, if they did not interpose between him and heaven. He had shut Miss Larkin's mouth. That was something, but he was surprised to find how little it was after all. He never could be himself in her presence again. He had not shut the mouth of Nicholas, and he was sure from the embarrassment of the young man, that he (Mr. Benson) had been the topic of conversation during the morning. Nicholas himself was only too conscious that Mr. Benson had read as much as this.

Mr. Benson felt, on entering his library with Nicholas, that his true way to reach the young man's heart was through a manifestation of interest in his affairs. That had been his experience with other men, and he would try it with this man.

"Take a seat, my young friend. There! Let me relieve you of your hat. Now, this is cosy and nice, and we can be by ourselves. I've been wanting very much to hear about your misfortune. Of course I have read all about it in the papers, but they always exaggerate. You lost some bonds?"

"Yes," said Nicholas, "and what is worse, they were not registered, and I have no record of their numbers."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Benson, with indignant emphasis. "You don't mean to say that that lawyer of yours neglected a duty so simple that a child would have known enough to perform it?"

"No," replied Nicholas, "I don't mean to say any such thing. A record of the numbers was made, but it has been lost, and cannot be found."

"Well, well, well! That is bad; but you remember what I told you? I never saw a country lawyer yet who was fit to take charge of such affairs as yours. Well, well, well!"

And Mr. Benson shook his head as if it were quite the reverse of well. Then he went to his desk, took out an account-book, and said:

"Please describe these bonds to me. It may happen that I can get a clue to them. I deal with a great many poor people; but your man's negligence has made such a botch of the business that the chances are all against my doing anything for you."

"Excuse me, Mr. Benson," said Nicholas, with an effort, "but I don't like to hear you talk so about Mr. Gold. I think he is an unusually careful man."

Mr. Benson smiled his superior smile.

"Your charity for him," he said, "does you credit, considering how much you have suffered by the man, but it will not bring back the bonds. Let's see. New York Central, I think the paper stated."

"Yes."

Mr. Benson wrote the fact down, and then said:

"How many?"

"Twenty-five."

Mr. Benson made a long, low whistle, expressive of mingled surprise and pity—as if he had seen a boy cut his finger—while he wrote down the number.

"Date," he inquired.

"Date of what?"

"Of the robbery."

"August first."

"Yes, August first." And he recorded it.

"How many men were there engaged in the robbery?"

"Three. I don't believe there were more."

"Well, I may as well put that down; for don't you see that the bonds will be divided? The probabilities are that one man owned the schooner, and as the bonds cannot be divided evenly, he will keep nine and the others will have eight each. Now, both these numbers are unusual. Men are fond of buying bonds by fives and tens, and it is barely possible that by referring to the books we can find who has presented these odd numbers of coupons. I don't know, but the idea seems plausible. At any rate, I wouldn't give up hope or effort to get them back, and bring the robbers to justice. If you had the numbers you might be tempted to compromise with the rascals, and if there is one duty that a man owes to society more than another, it is that of refusing to compromise with crime. I have had more than one temptation to do it, but I thank God that I have never done it."

Mr. Benson was quite his old self during all this talk, and Nicholas could not help admiring the ingenuity of his conjectures, and the business way in which he had approached the matter; but he felt that he was not done with the man, or rather that the man was not done with him.

Mr. Benson had never paid the slightest attention to the little note from Miss Larkin, which he had found upon his table on the evening of his return to his home. It had made him uneasy, for, unless Nicholas had become something more than a friend to her, he could not imagine why she should allude to any possible change in her relations to her guardian. He had carefully watched the mail, too, and felt sure that nothing had passed between the young man and his ward since their return.

But the embarrassment of Nicholas on meeting him—the crust of cold politeness which invested the young man, so cold and hard that he had not been able to pierce it—aroused his suspicion, and he determined that before they should separate he would know the truth. How should he manage to get at it?

"How do you find our young lady this morning?" inquired Mr. Benson, as if Miss Larkin were a piece of property of which he and Nicholas were joint possessors.

"She seems quite well," replied Nicholas.

"Do you know,"—and Mr. Benson drew his chair nearer to Nicholas and looked into his uneasy eyes,—"Do you know that she seems better to me than she has seemed for years?"

"No, I don't. How should I?"

"Now wouldn't it be a most singular dispensation of Providence if the shock which she experienced at the time of the wreck should be the means of her cure? It looks like it. Upon my word, it looks like it."

Nicholas could no more have suppressed the feeling of joy that thrilled his soul and body alike, and lighted his eyes and expressed itself in every feature, than he could have stopped the beating of his heart. He forgot for the moment who Mr. Benson was. He was too much elated to recognise the fact that he was the subject of the most cool and cunning manipulation. He was simply overjoyed with the thought of the possibility of Miss Larkin's recovery, and he reached out his hand eagerly to grasp that of Mr. Benson, and said:

"It is too good to be true. Excuse me!"

Then he sank back in his chair, his face covered with confusion.

Mr. Benson had ascertained beyond a question in his own mind, that Nicholas was in love with his ward. He was not displeased: he was delighted, though he feigned ignorance or indifference. Involuntarily he drew back his chair, and again placed himself at the distance of dignity and superiority from which he was accustomed to deal with men.

"Naturally," said Mr. Benson, "I have a great deal of anxiety for our pretty friend. If she recovers, and I profoundly hope that she will, she will possibly—I do not know but I may say probably—follow the fortunes of such girls, and make a matrimonial connection. All I have to say is that the young man who secures her hand must satisfy me. She has no father to consult, and I feel responsible for her. I hope she will be prudent, and not compel me to exercise an influence—not to say an authority—against her wishes. I should fail grievously of my duty if I were to neglect to interpose such power as I may possess between her and any unworthy alliance."

At the conclusion of this declaration, Nicholas realized for the first time the ingenuity with which he had been handled. Instantaneously reviewing the means by which he had been led to reveal himself, and apprehending the nature and design of the threat with which he had been menaced, he felt a tide of irrepressible indignation rising within him. He would have been glad to seize his hat and rush from the house to save himself from saying what he might be sorry for; but that he could not do without apparent rudeness, and the possible sacrifice of very

precious interests. He was not afraid of Mr. Benson, but he had no wish to taunt him with his cowardice and treachery.

His lips were white and unsteady, and he trembled in every fibre of his body as he said:

"Mr. Benson, I think I understand you."

"Well, sir," responded Mr. Benson, blandly, and with a well-feigned look of surprise, "I have not consciously dealt in enigmas. I have always endeavoured to be a plain-speaking man, and you will excuse me if I say that I don't quite understand you."

"Mr. Benson, can you, with God's eye on you, say that you don't understand me?"

The young man's speech may seem to the cool reader a little melodramatic and boyish, but he was terribly in earnest, and Mr. Benson winced under his fierce eyes and his searching inquiry.

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to state the construction you put upon words which I still insist were entirely direct and simple;" said Mr. Benson, colouring, and becoming excited in spite of himself.

Nicholas found his nerves growing steady as he responded:

"Yes, I will. It is better to do it now that we may understand each other. You warned me away from Miss Larkin once, on the deck of the 'Ariadne,' by the assurance that marriage was out of the question with her. Then, in her hour of peril, you forsook her to save yourself, and I thank God that the duty you abandoned devolved upon me. You voluntarily and shamefully abdicated your position as her protector. To-day you bring me into your library, and think you learn that I am interested in her as a lover. You do this by a cunning trick, and when you satisfy yourself that your trick is a success, you sit back and inform me coolly that if I am to be an accepted lover I must satisfy you. I understand exactly what this means. It means that if I want the favour of your approval, I must keep my mouth shut about you. You have secured the promise of your ward not to betray you. She will keep her promise, but you will get no promises from me. You have sought to get me into your hands, and to get yourself out of mine. I do not assent to the arrangement. I propose to go and come to this house whenever I choose, to have the freest access to your ward that she may permit or desire, to be her friend or her lover without asking your permission, and to protect her from any oppressive authority you may see fit to exercise upon her."

During this terrible arraignment, Mr. Benson sat back in his chair, like one benumbed. The lasso that he had undertaken to throw around the neck of his "young friend," had missed its mark, whirled back, and fastened itself upon his own; and with every word of Nicholas he felt it tightening upon his throat. He heaved a sigh of distress and despair.

"I think you will be sorry for what you have said," he muttered between his teeth. "But I forgive you."

"It will be time for you to offer your forgiveness when I ask for it," said Nicholas.

"Do you know that you are cruelly hard upon me?"

"Yes, the truth is hard, but I am not responsible for it. You have been hard upon me, and I don't see what fault you have to find. If you had been content to trust to my good-will and my honour, this scene would not have occurred. I have never betrayed you, but you were not content, and so you reached out to get me into your hands. I choose instead to hold you in mine. That's all."

"What of the future?" inquired Mr. Benson.

"That depends entirely upon yourself, sir."

Mr. Benson felt himself to be in a vice. He had found a man who could not be managed. He had entirely miscalculated his own power and the young man's weakness. He was baffled and beaten by his own weapons, and rose staggering to his feet.

"You will not refuse me your hand?" he said, approaching Nicholas.

"Why do you wish to take it?"

"In token of amity."

Nicholas gave him his hand, which he took and held while he said:

"Mr. Minturn, what you have attributed to mental cowardice was uncontrollable bodily fear. I ask you to pity my misfortune, and to remember that you hold a spotless reputation in your hands, which I have worked all my life to build up and protect. You are at liberty to come and go in my house at your will."

Nicholas withdrew his hand.

"No," said he, "I will not consent to part in this way. It was mental cowardice for you to seek, by unfair means, to get me into your hands. The other matter you may settle with yourself. You compelled me to allude to it, and I did it with pain; but you have no sound apology to offer for the attempt to take advantage of me."

"Very well, I can say no more."

The interview had come to an end, and Nicholas bade him good-morning. Mr. Benson, on being left alone, sat down and buried his face in his hands. He was helpless. He could not even forbid Nicholas his house. He should be obliged to wear before his own family the guise of friendliness toward him. He who had so long moulded and managed men had become another man's man—a vassal to the will of one so young that he had fancied he could wind him around his finger as he might wind the corner of his handkerchief. But there sprang in his heart the impulse of revenge, and the more he entertained it and brooded over it, the stronger it grew. He would, in some way consistent with his

own safety, be even with his captor. He would not submit to be brow-beaten and bullied in his own house by one whom he had looked upon as little more than a child. Once, these thoughts would have startled his conscience, but that monitor was not as sensitive as it was once.

He rose, took down his record of the stolen bonds, looked it over, replaced it, and then quietly went down-stairs and left his house. Nicholas, meanwhile, had gone directly to Miss Larkin's parlour. He found her alone, and very much excited. She had heard the long conversation without understanding it, and was sure that there had been a scene. As Nicholas entered at her bidding, she looked questioningly into his face.

"We've had it out," said he solemnly.

"You have not quarrelled?"

"Well, I suppose it amounts to that," he replied. "He took me in there for the simple purpose of tying my hands. I refused to have them tied, and I have tied his."

Nicholas wanted her justification; but he knew that the details of the difficulty were not to be revealed to her, as they involved the tacit confession of his love for her.

"You must trust me," he said. "I could not have done or said less than I did, without confessing myself to be a coward and a fool. I repent of nothing, and I fear nothing. I should be ashamed to show myself to you again, if I had not resented his attempt to become my master."

"I do trust you entirely."

Nicholas felt again the inclination to pour out his heart to her, and rose to his feet.

"You are not going?"

"Yes."

"You will come again?"

"Yes. Good-bye!"

She extended her hand to him. He took it, and for the first time pressed it to his lips. There was no resistance.

"I have earned the favour," he said, blushing. "Good-bye, again!" and he went down the stairs as rapidly as if the house had been on fire.

Once more in the street, he found himself strangely aimless and light-footed. It seemed as if he were walking on air. He had vibrated between two extremes of passion, in which he had touched the heights and the depths of his own manhood, and his heart was full of triumph. He had caught victory from man and hope from woman; and these deep and stirring experiences of life were so fresh to him, that his heart responded to them with boyish elation. He had not announced either his coming or his arrival to Glezen, so he bent his steps towards the young

man's office. He opened the door carefully, looked in, and saw the lawyer busily reading. The latter, sitting with his back to the door, raised his eyes to a mirror before him, and recognised the intruder. Then he said aloud, as if he were reading from the book before him: "And this young man, who had thus escaped from the suffocation of the sea, was remorselessly gagged by a rag. He leaped from the jaws of death into the embrace of a midnight assassin. The sea robbed him of his clothes; the women robbed him of his heart; the men robbed him of his silver and his bonds, and he was left a worthless waif upon the tide of time." Then he slammed the book together and exclaimed: "Thus history repeats itself! Well did uncle Solomon say that 'there is nothing new under the sun'—and——Hullo, old boy!"

"Hullo! Interesting book you have there!"

"Very!"

"You didn't catch me with your everlasting fooling that time, did you?"

"Oh, Nicholas, Nicholas! My dear unsophisticated young friend! I fear that you are growing familiar with this false and fleeting world, and getting ready to cheat me out of half the fun of living. Now sit down and tell me every thing you know."

The chaffing went on for a few minutes, and then it was interrupted by the entrance of a messenger with a note. It was written in a neat, business-like hand—evidently a lady's hand, however—and purported to be from Mrs. Coates. It was written in her name at least, and was an invitation of the two young men to dinner.

Glezen jumped upon his feet and cut a pigeon-wing.

"Do you know," he said, "I have been longing to meet Mrs. Coates—yearning so to say? They tell me her conversational powers are something miraculous. There is a recess in my innermost nature—a sort of divine exigency, as it were—which it seems to me Mrs. Coates can tickle. Let us go by all means."

"Glezen," said Nicholas, soberly, "if I supposed you capable of mortifying Miss Coates by practising upon the foolishness of her mother, no money could hire me to go to her house with you. But you will not do it. You are a hopeless wag, but you are a gentleman."

"Thank you! Hem!"

"What shall we do?"

"Accept, of course."

"Well, do it at once, then, for there'll be another invitation here in five minutes."

Glezen wrote an acceptance for himself and his friend, and despatched it. It had hardly left the office, when another was handed in from Mrs. Ilmansee. Miss Coates and Miss Pelton had gone directly home from

Miss Larkin's room, but Miss Pelton lived farther up town than Miss Coates, and so had a disadvantage of fifteen or twenty minutes against her. Mrs. Coates would not be caught napping this time, and her invitation was despatched as quickly as her daughter could write it.

So with pleasant anticipations of the social event before them, the two young men subsided into the quiet, sober talk for which Glezen was always ready after he had "got down to his beer," through the froth of nonsense that invariably crowned his tankard.

(*To be continued.*)

A FLIRT OF A FAN.

SWEET I call you, for I deem you sweet;
(I'm but man!)
And caresses well beseem you, sweet,
Sweetest Fan!
Leaning here against the doorway, sweet,
(Dance the tenth,)
Bruce, I see, is coming your way, sweet,
Of the ——nth.
With your head against his shoulder, sweet,
Off you dance.
Weren't you just a trifle bolder, sweet,
When in France?
Oh! *we* know the programme, don't we, sweet,
Shall we tell?
No! We'll just rehearse it, shall we, sweet,
Biche ma belle?

With the *trois-temps* and the ices, sweet,
You will mix
Just a *soupçon* (which so nice is, sweet),
Of your tricks.
Nothing which the world would frown at, sweet,
(Where's the harm!)
Things the angels might look down at, sweet,
Sans les larmes.
Blushes, whispers in the ball-room, sweet,
Touch of glove;
Flying glances in the shawl-room, sweet,
Looks of love;
Moonlight strolls to light the tinder, sweet,
(Foolish man!)
Byron! Swinburne!—Spare a cinder, sweet,
Feeling Fan!

Talk of feeling ! you remember, sweet,
"*Ranz des Vaches*,"
That warm evening in September, sweet ?
My moustache———.
Eh ! no need I should remind you, sweet,
Time flies fast !
Do you ever look behind you, sweet,
On the past ?
In your small pink ear I whispered, sweet,
"*Comme je t'aime !*"
Echo, you'll remember, sounded, sweet,
Much the same.
Yes, I loved you, in your girlhood, sweet,
Fresh from school,
You a "finished" fine young lady, sweet,
I—a fool.
Ah ! my rose bud, you were perfect, sweet,
Every part ;
Perfect in all school-room learning, sweet,
Art, not heart ;
With your lips of wild distraction, sweet,
"Strawberries ripe"—
Skin as purely white as—(pardon, sweet),
Meerschaum pipe.

Then your hair was golden chestnut, sweet,
Sunny crown !
Now, by Fashion's order altered, sweet,
All "done brown."
Still, you hold your claim to beauty, sweet,
By your face,
Sensuous curve and bend of body, sweet,
And your grace—
Grace of snowy arm and shoulder, sweet,
Grace of breast ;
Grace of motion ; all the creature, sweet,
Grace in rest ;
This I grant you : more I dare not, sweet,
Dare not lie.
Heart and soul and mind we share not, sweet,
You and I.

Should a husband ever hold you, sweet,
Love and trust ;
Should his loving arms enfold you, sweet,
As they must ;

When his honest, true heart greets you, sweet,
Lip to lip,
And his whole soul, trusting, meets you sweet,
In love's grip——
Give the message here I show you, sweet:
Is it curt?
Never mind; 'tis true,—*I* know you, sweet,
For a Flirt.

F. A. D.

Ottawa.

THE TANTALIZING TALMUD.

There are few things more tantalizing for an ordinary reader than to search after an answer to the great question asked by the late Emmanuel Deutsch, "What is the Talmud?" The English Oracle gives a most bewildering response. It ushers the student into a perfect jungle of Hebrew words, leaving him to fight his way out as best he can, and when he does come out, scratched and torn, the echo still asks on,—What is the Talmud? We gain little from dictionaries, encyclopedias and such short cuts to universal knowledge. Here, for instance, is a well-known, and somewhat ambitious article, headed "Talmud," which winds up with the postponing words, "See Mishna." You see Mishna, and that article closes with the aggravating advice, "See Gemara." Article Gemara closes abruptly with the admonition "See Midrash." Article Midrash refers you to "Haggada." Article "Haggada" to "Halacha;" and then, unless determination is iron, the search is given up in despair, and the terrible question, What is the Talmud? is allowed to rest and sleep.

The fact is, the Talmud is ground yet to be ploughed by English scholars. Germany, ever foremost, possesses a vast Talmudical literature. Spain has done not a little in this field; and as for Hebrew Talmudical literature, it is a perfect ocean of letters. England, up to this, has been the "Silent Sister," looking on, and saying next to nothing; for with the exception of Horne, Wotton, Young, Gill, Lightfoot, Polano, Raphall, De Sola, a magnificent paper by Emmanuel Deutsch, published in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1867, and the "hide and go seek" dictionary articles already mentioned, an ordinary English student, unless he has some Jewish friends to help him, finds it very hard to get any Talmudical information worth the search.

As the mightiest rivers may be traced back to tiny springs hidden in far distant mountain fastnesses, so the Talmud begins with the desert life of Judaism and the desert wanderings. According to Jewish teaching, the law given to Moses had a two-fold character. First, there was the Law in Writing—the Pentateuch—and secondly, the Oral Law, which, interpreted, expanded and explained that which was written. This oral law, it is stated, was given by God to Moses, who taught it by word of mouth to Joshua and the elders, who passed it on to the prophets, who transferred it to the men of the Great Synagogue in the days of Ezra, who left it as a holy, yet unwritten, legacy to more modern teachers. The written law was the literary property of the nation; but contested points arising out of it, were decided in the light of this oral law, by the duly authorized authorities. Such decisions, however, like the oral law itself, were never written down. Holy mouths poured them into holy ears, and so the soft gentle whisper stole on its life of centuries, the message never louder, but ever longer, until at last it sounded like an eternal tide, washing with murmuring waters every bay, and shore, and nook and cranny of the national existence.

The following specimen of the oral law, as explanatory of the written, will give a general idea of how the one stood towards the other:—

WRITTEN LAW.

In Levi. xxiii. 42, the written law said, with regard to the feast of tabernacles,—

"In booths shall ye dwell seven days."

ORAL LAW.

The oral law, explanatory of this text, stated that "this command was compulsory only on males; that the sick and wayfaring were exempt; that the booth should be thatched with vegetable material; that it was necessary to eat, drink, and sleep in the booth; that it should be seven cubits square," and so on, down to points so minute that it would require, not a rabbinical eye, but a rabbinical microscope to decipher them.

Thus closely stood the oral law towards the written. The written law was the divinely given text; the oral, the divinely given interpretation. The written law inscribed in a bold hand, great, broad, eternal principles. The oral law whispered their personal application to wives and husbands, to fathers and mothers, to children and guardians, to masters and servants, to teachers and the taught. The written, like its first utterings, was a voice great and terrible. The oral—in principle at least—not unlike our own Jesus taking up little children in his arms, telling Martha the limits of household duties, and mixing freely with all classes and degrees of life. Now in this original oral law we

have the germ or starting point of the Talmud. We can easily understand how the unwritten decisions of Moses were, no doubt justly, looked on as inspired, and how long previous to the captivity there had grown up about the written Mosaic law, traditions, examples, decisions and precedents, which gave some foundation, though a very slight one, for the gigantic traditional system which was developed in after years.

Our next step opens out before us one of the most interesting periods of Jewish history—the restoration from the seventy years' captivity in Babylon. The marvellous religious revival which accompanied this restoration worked out its course within the walls of the Holy City, and resulted in sending the inhabitants of the rural districts back to their restored homes, anxious and willing to learn more minutely those principles of religion which had died out before the captivity and of which they had just gained some knowledge under Ezra.

But then arose the question, how could they learn? Seldom does a nation make such an enquiry that some answer does not make itself heard, and in this case the answer came in the form of the Synagogue, or the institution of what might be called "the parochial system of the Jewish Church:" a system which brought a place of worship and a school within the reach of every man, which in its liturgies, its three orders of ministry, its festivals and fasts, its rules, regulations and churchly discipline, contained undoubtedly that peculiar ecclesiastical idea which has left such a broad mark on some of our Christian Churches.

Older than the Synagogue, and, in the highest sense, its creator, arose another power, the Council or Synod called "The *Great* Synagogue," and said to have been created by Ezra. Through this council the whole nation was kept awake to the power of law, and from it proceeded not only the Synagogue, but that, without which the Synagogue would have been useless, the Soferim or Scribe, the teaching clergy of the nation, the authorized expositors of the Holy Scriptures and the Oral Law, and the editors of the Sacred Text. The history of this clerical body would demand a large paper. Suffice it here to say that the Scribes of our Lord's day were the haughty representatives of the more humble minded and useful Soferim, ordained by the Great Synagogue to teach and guard and fence the law. There was as much difference between the Scribe of the Great Synagogue and the Scribe of the Herodean era as between the first Bishop of Rome and the present occupant of the Papal Chair.

In lapse of time, this religious activity, linked with the changing aspects of the national life itself, began to call aloud for new laws. But new laws with the Jews could only issue from a divine source, and the divine springs had dried up; what were the teachers of the people to do in cases with reference to which the written law was silent, and the

oral law gave forth no voice? They could not restore to life their murdered prophets, nor discover the hiding place of the mystic jewels they had no Moses to climb again the rugged steep, and bear them down from the heights of God the needed legislation.

But then they had the Sanhedrim, the outgrowth of the Great Synagogue. Could not the Sanhedrim, the Scribe, evolve out of laws oral laws to meet the growing wants of the people? Might it not be that these old divine whispers were but germinal laws, rich clusters of grape-like legislation that needed but to be pressed between holy hands to send forth a stream of sacred teaching that never would dry up? Might there not lie under the old Mosaic tradition and the wisdom of the holy dead a vast elementary spirit of law, out of which the Sanhedrim and its great teachers could create an all-pervasive legislation that would leave no need without a law to meet it?

Then arose that system of law-making or of tradition which the founder of Christianity said "made the original law of God of no effect." Once this desire for legislation found a spring whereat to drink, nothing appeared to quench its thirst, and in course of time the oral law swelled to such dimensions that Maimonedes in after days divided it into four distinct classes.

I. The expositions and decisions received direct from Moses and Joshua.

II. Laws evolved out of the laws of Moses and Joshua, through logical deduction.

III. Ordinances arising out of a desire for the better observance of the law.

IV. Laws suited to the changing history of the nation.

From the days of Moses down to the year A.D. 150 all this legal evolution, and the teaching based on it, was passed on from teacher to teacher, from school to school, was written down by scholars, for class and private uses, and kept from public gaze with sacred care. Of course the amount of floating laws, rules, regulations, scriptural and traditional expositions was something tremendous. At the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, there were four hundred and eighty synagogues in the city; connected with each was a library for the study of Scripture, and a school for the inculcation of tradition, and like schools were scattered profusely over the whole country. Little wonder, therefore, that, under such a wide-spread system of traditional teaching, Jewish theology should become a maze; that no art of man could possibly escape out of. No longer like the clear spring bursting in crystal spray from its rocky bed, but like our own Canadian streams, in unfrequented haunts; dammed up, and bound; their action paralysed by the deaths of autumnal ages and the bleached remains of trees once full of life.

We can now, as humble English students, approach Deutsch's great question, "What is the Talmud?" As when the heavy surf rolls in on the shore, bearing on it the brown and tangled sea-weed, which the retreating tide leaves behind, and which men collect, gather, and stack up on the inner shore, so a time came in Jewish history, when a desire to gather, and collect, and concentrate these floating relics of past ages entered into men's minds, and the result was the creation of the primal Talmudical element. The first step towards it was tremendously radical, but there are seasons in a nation's history when the most rigid conservatism has to unbend. It was true that the oral law; and its developments constituted the religion of Judaism, and that so long as Jew lived on Jewish soil the sacred whisper could be heard from Dan to Beersheba. But the day had come when emigration was a Jewish characteristic, and hence a faith which depended on whispers was felt to stand on a very precarious foundation. Nothing therefore remained but the doing of that which once would have been an act of blasphemy, but which time made a necessity, namely, the writing down of that which was looked on as orally divine, and the consequent silencing of the whisper forever, under the magical influence of the radical pen.

About the year 50 B.C., Hillel, the great Jewish Rabbi, commenced to gather this ocean of unwritten legislation. The work lingered on his his death, but was carried out with ardour, after the destruction of Jerusalem and the great dispersion, by Jehudi Hanassi (our Holy Rabbi, as he was called), who, in the year A.D. 219, gave to the Jewish nation the great oral law, reduced to writing, and called, "The Mishna," which compilation was at once received by the Jews as a general body of civil and canon law.

The Mishna is arranged under six great divisions of law :—

I. Agricultural laws.
II. Sabbath and festival laws.
III. Laws relating to women.
IV. Laws of property and commerce.
V. Laws of sacrifice.
VI. Sanitary laws.

The style of the Mishna is, to western minds, decidedly unpleasant, from its harsh conciseness, and apparent want of order or method, and it is full of expressions admittedly obscure, even to Hebrew scholars. Still it is impossible to read it without the deepest interest, and from no work connected with Jewish literature (except the greater Talmud itself), can a clearer knowledge be gained of the inner life of by-gone Judaism. An idea of the Mishna may be formed from the outline of

the twelfth treatise, entitled, "Sabbath." This treatise is an expansion of the written texts in Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Deuteronomy, and Numbers, relative to the Sabbath. It settles what may, or may not be, carried on on the Sabbath; how lamps are to be lighted, victuals cooked, pans and dishes washed, camels and horses looked after without breaking the Sabbath. It settles the Sabbath dress of women, legislates on rings and jewellery, and even smelling bottles. It states what kind of knots may be tied or untied, and how cattle may be fed, and enters into many other rules, of which these are examples.

This compilation, though received willingly on its publication, was thought, in after years, to be defective; and then commenced several other collections of traditional teaching, followed by discussions and arguments, wide-reaching, and yet minutely particular, on the Mishnic text itself. These scholastic discussions were called Gemara, or the commentary, the complement, or, as it was lovingly styled, "the perfection of the text itself." The Gemara contained not only endless expositions of oral teaching, but it was also full of ponderous quotations from the sermons, parables, and sacred stories that had been current for cen turies in the Jewish Church.

If now we were asked to give a short off-hand answer to the question, What is the Talmud? we would reply it is the oral law reduced to writing, as a sacred text, and entitled Mishna, with almost everything that was ever written on that text, placed in connection with it, by way of commentary, under the title Gemara.

Fancy the Bible placed as a text, in the middle of quotations from endless and enormous pages, and running round the wide margins every English law book of public note, the works of the Primitive and Nicene Fathers, the Puritan divines, the published controversies and discussions of centuries, extracts from Cyprian and Talmage, Athanasius, and Bunyan, Robertson and Spurgeon, Liddon and Moody; fancy all these roughly mixed together as a commentary on the text, and then we have some slight idea of that tremendous work in twelve massive volumes called "The Talmud." This apparently wild reckless mixture of style, writing, subjects, authors, all jumbled together gives an insight into the variety of opinions which exist in western minds with reference to this wonderful production. With us Moody and Liddon, Talmage and Robertson, are each in their proper place, useful and efficient, but they hardly mix well. The wild sensationalism of Talmage would never have held together the aristocratic and intellectual congregation of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, nor would the exquisite Robertson have charmed, charm he never so wisely, the congregation of the Tabernacle, New York. But if we possessed a work in twelve massive volumes, with the Bible as a text and such productions as those already

mentioned as comments on the text, we can easily understand how the Talmagites would run down the Robertsonian aspect of the work, and the Robertsonians speak against the vulgar sensationalism of the Talmagetical element. There would be another opinion, however, worth both put together, and that would be the opinion of the unprejudiced scholar, who, no doubt, would look on such a work as the most wonderful literary curiosity of nineteen centuries. The first Talmud having the Mishna as a text, and the Gemara as a commentary, was finished about the year 230, and was called "The Jerusalem Talmud," or by foreign Jews, "the Gemara of the children of the West." It was an imperfect work and being written in a coarse style, was never popular with the Jews dispersed through the world. The failure of the Jerusalem Jews to publish a Talmud of world-wide influence whetted the appetites of foreign Jews, and after centuries of patient collecting and arranging there was given to the world the grand authoritative work of the Jewish nation, called "The BabylonianTalmud," commenced by Rabbi Ashi (or Isaiah), about A.D. 370, and closed by Rabbi Avina about A. D. 500; leaving a period of close on three hundred years between its publication and that of the Mishna which formed its text.

Perhaps there never was a work with which so much trouble was taken, and of which so little is known. Originally published in MS. it, in due time, shared the fate of such documents; and it is generally supposed that but one complete MS. has survived the wreck of time, —carefully prized and cared for in the Royal Library at Munich. It has been printed in its completeness again and again, but it is of no use, to the mere English reader; and its vast size (12 folio vols.) holds out but little hope of a complete English translation. Of late years, however, public attention has been called to it, and it is not unlikely that some epitome of it will issue from the press, and afford the English student some idea of its literary value, and place him in a position to realize its religious worth.

That some such work is needed must be apparent to every student of Christianity. We all know the value of those works, contemporaneous with the New Testament; and if they, throwing the little light they do on the sacred page, are useful, how much more useful would be the knowledge of that volume, which contains the words and thoughts, the maxims and laws, the sermons and expositions, that were common in the days when the founder of Christianity lived and spoke. The call for such a work comes with tremendous force from the late Emmanuel Deutsch, the writer of the article before referred to, himself a Jew. "There are (he says) many more points of contact between the New Testament and the Talmud than Christian divines seem to fully realize, for such terms as redemption, regeneration, baptism, grace, faith,

salvation, Son of Man, Son of God, Kingdom of Heaven, were not, as we are apt to think, invented by Christianity, but were household words of Talmudical Judaism. The fundamental mysteries of the new faith are matters totally apart from the old, but the ethics in both are, in their broad outlines, unmistakeably identical."

Seems it not as if these words from one now dead—and whose Jewish eyes in life could see some beauty in the faith of Jesus,—seems it not, we say, as if such words contain a rebuke to Christianity not easily answered? Judaism, through the dead man's utterance, seems to call us, Gentiles, not to crumbs beneath the table, but to the feast itself, and that not a feast of overstrained courtesy, but one to which he thinks we have a sacred right, for the board is laid by the one eternal God, who gave, to Jew and Gentile alike, the common heritage of a never dying and unchangeable morality.

It is only fair to add that many of the most learned and devout of Jewish teachers see no disorder in the arrangement of this wondrous work. We who know so little of it should accept willingly the statement. To the ignorant, the earth on which we tread is but a heap of rubbish, whilst to the geologist, the same earth is the perfection of order.

JAS. CARMICHAEL.

LIFE.

LIFE may be likened to the wind and sea,
With its two calms of morning and of eve—
Slumbering babyhood and drowsy age.
A few short summers, and the breeze is out,
Spinning the lively ripple of the wave,
As the boy spins his top, or skipping on,
A-tiptoe, like the maiden with her rope.
Then comes the billowy time of hope and youth,
Fair winds and dashing seas, that brook no rein,
And may not be restrained; that dance and sing,
And revel in the freedom that pertains
To flights of passion, free, without reserve.
Anon the solemn ground-swell, when the storm,
Fever, and impulse of life's madcap race
Have sobered to reflection, and the day
Of sunshine follows the wild night of pain
That passed for sweetest pleasure, and well nigh
Made sudden wreck and ending of the man.

CHARLES SANGSTER.

HAROLD.

(CONCLUDED)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—THE KING'S PALACE. LONDON.

KING EDWARD *dying on a couch, and by him standing the* QUEEN, HAROLD, ARCHBISHOP STIGAND, GURTH, LEOFWIN, ARCHBISHOP ALDRED, ALDWYTH, *and* EDITH.

STIGAND.

Sleeping or dying there? If this be death,
Then our great Council wait to crown thee King—
Come hither, I have a power; [*to* HAROLD.
They call me near, for I am close to thee
And England—I, old shrivell'd Stigand, I,
Dry as an old wood-fungus on a dead tree,
I have a power!
See here this little key about my neck!
There lies a treasure buried down in Ely:
If e'er the Norman grow too hard for thee,
Ask me for this at thy most need, son Harold,
At thy most need—not sooner.

HAROLD.

So I will.

STIGAND.

Red gold—a hundred purses—yea, and more!
If thou caust make a wholesome use of these
To chink against the Norman, I do believe
My old crook'd spine would bud out two young wings
To fly to heaven straight with.

HAROLD.

Thank thee, father!
Thou art English, Edward too is English now,
He hath clean repented of his Normanism.

STIGAND.

Ay, as the libertine repents who cannot
Make done undone, when thro' his dying sense
Shrills 'lost thro' thee.' They have built their castles here;
Our priories are Norman; the Norman adder
Hath bitten us; we are poisoned: our dear England
Is demi-Norman. He!—
[*Pointing to* KING EDWARD *sleeping.*

HAROLD.

I would I were
As holy and as passionless as he!
That I might rest as calmly! Look at him—
The rosy face, and long down-silvering beard,
The brows unwrinkled as a summer mere.—

STIGAND.

A summer mere with sudden wreckful gusts
From a side-gorge. Passionless? How he flamed
When Tostig's anger'd earldom flung him, nay,
He fain had calcined all Northumbria
To one black ash, but that thy patriot passion
Siding with our great Council against Tostig,
Out-passioned his! Holy? ay, ay, forsooth,
A conscience for his own soul, not his realm;
A twilight conscience lighted thro' a chink—
Thine by the sun; nay, by some sun to be,
When all the world hath learnt to speak the truth,
And lying were self-murder by that state
Which was the exception.

HAROLD.

That sun may God speed!

STIGAND.

Come, Harold, shake the cloud off!

HAROLD.

Can I, father?
Our Tostig parted cursing me and England;
Our sister hates us for his banishment;
He hath gone to kindle Norway against England,
And Wulfnoth is alone in Normandy.
For when I rode with William down to Harfleur,
'Wulfnoth is sick,' he said; 'he cannot follow;'
Then with that friendly-fiendly smile of his,
'We have learnt to love him, let him a little longer
Remain a hostage for the loyalty
Of Godwin's house.' As far as touches Wulfnoth,
I that so prized plain word and naked truth
Have sinned against it—all in vain.

LEOFWIN.

Good brother,
By all the truths that ever priest hath preach'd,
Of all the lies that ever man have lied,
Thine is the pardonablest.

HAROLD.

May be so!
I think it so, I think I am a fool
To think it can be otherwise than so.

STIGAND.

Tut, tut, I have absolved thee: dost thou scorn me,
Because I had my Canterbury pallium
From one whom they dispoped?

HAROLD.

No, Stigand, no

STIGAND.

Is naked truth actable in true life?
I have heard a saying of thy father Godwin,
That, were a man of state nakedly true,
Men would but take him for the craftier liar.

LEOFWIN.

Be men less delicate than the Devil himself?
I thought that naked Truth would shame the Devil,
The Devil is so modest.

GURTH.

He never said it!

LEOFWIN.

Be thou not stupid-honest, brother Gurth

HAROLD.

Better to be a liar's dog, and hold
My master honest, than believe that lying
And ruling men are fatal twins that cannot
Move one without the other. Edward wakes!—
Dazed—he hath seen a vision.

EDWARD.

The green tree!
Then a great Angel past along the highest
Crying 'the doom of England,' and at once
He stood beside me, in his grasp a sword
Of lightnings, wherewithal he cleft the tree
From off the bearing trunk, and hurl'd it from him
Three fields away, and then he dash'd and drench'd,
He dyed, he soaked the trunk with human blood,
And brought the sunder'd tree again, and set it
Straight on the trunk, that thus baptized in blood
Grew ever high and higher, beyond my seeing,
And shot out sidelong boughs across the deep
That dropt themselves, and rooted in far isles
Beyond my seeing: and the great Angel rose
And past again along the highest crying
The doom of England!'—Tostig, raise my head!
[*Falls back senseless.*

HAROLD (*raising him*).

et Harold serve for Tostig!

QUEEN.

Harold served
Tostig so ill, he cannot serve for Tostig!
Ay, raise his head, for thou hast laid it low!
The sickness of our saintly king, for whom
My prayers go up as fast as my tears fall,
I well believe, hath mainly drawn itself
From lack of Tostig—thou hast banished him.

HAROLD.

Nay—but the Council, and the king himself!

QUEEN.

Thou hatest him, hatest him.

HAROLD (*coldly*).

Ay—Stigand, unriddle
This vision, canst thou?

STIGAND.

Dotage!

EDWARD (*starting up*).

It is finished.
I have built the Lord a house—the Lord hath dwelt
In darkness. I have built the Lord a house—
Palms, flowers, pomegranates, golden cherubim
With twenty-cubit wings from wall to wall—
I have built the Lord a house—sing, Asaph! clash
The cymbal, Heman! blow the trumpet, priest!
Fall, cloud, and fill the house—lo! my two pillars
Jachin and Boaz!—[*Seeing* HAROLD *and* GURTH.
Harold, Gurth,—where am I?
Where is the charter of our Westminster?

STIGAND.

It lies beside thee, king, upon thy bed.

EDWARD.

Sign, sign at once—take, sign it, Stigand, Aldred!
Sign it, my good son Harold, Gurth, and Leofwin,
Sign it, my queen!

ALL.

We have signed it.

EDWARD.

It is finished!
The kingliest abbey in all Christian lands,
The lordliest, loftiest minster ever built
To Holy Peter in our English isle!
Let me be buried there, and all our kings,
And all our just and wise and holy men
That shall be born hereafter. It is finish'd!
Hast thou had absolution for thine oath?
[*To* HAROLD.

HAROLD.

Stigand hath given me absolution for it.

EDWARD.

Stigand is not canonical enough
To save thee from the wrath of Norman Saints.

STIGAND.

Norman enough! Be there no Saints of England
To help us from their brethren yonder?

EDWARD.

Prelate,
The Saints are one, but those of Normanland
Are mightier than our own. Ask it of Aldred.
[*To* HAROLD.

ALDRED.

It shall be granted him, my king; for he
Who vows a vow to strangle his own mother
Is guiltier keeping this, than breaking it.

EDWARD.

O friends, I shall not overlive the day.

STIGAND.

Why, then the throne is empty. Who inherits?
For tho' we be not bound by the king's voice
In making of a king, yet the king's voice
Is much toward his making. Who inherits?
Edgar the Atheling?

EDWARD.

No, no, but Harold.
I love him: he hath served me: none but he
Can rule all England. Yet the curse is on him
For swearing falsely by those blessed bones;
He did not mean to keep his vow.

HAROLD.

Not mean
To make our England Norman.

EDWARD.

There spake Godwin,
Who hated all the Normans; but their Saints
Have heard thee, Harold.

EDITH.

Oh! my lord, my king!
He knew not whom he sware by.

EDWARD.

Yea, I know
He knew not, but those heavenly ears have heard,
Their curse is on him; wilt thou bring another,
Edith, upon his head?

EDITH.

No, no, not I.

EDWARD.

Why then, thou must not wed him.

HAROLD.

Wherefore, wherefore?

EDWARD.

O son, when thou didst tell me of thine oath,
I sorrow'd for my random promise given
To yon fox-lion. I did not dream then
I should be king.—My son, the Saints are virgins;
They love the white rose of virginity,
The cold, white lily blowing in her cell:
I have been myself a virgin; and I sware
To consecrate my virgin here to Heaven—
The silent, cloister'd, solitary life,
A life of life-long prayer against the curse
That lies on thee and England.

HAROLD.

No, no, no.

EDWARD.

Treble denial of the tongue of flesh,
Like Peter's when he fell, and thou wilt have
To wail for it like Peter. O my son!
Are all oaths to be broken then, all promises
Made in our agony for help from Heaven?
Son, there is one that loves thee: and a wife,
What matters who, so she be serviceable
In all obedience, as mine own hath been:
God bless thee, wedded daughter.

[*Laying his hand on the* QUEEN'S *head.*

QUEEN.

Bless thou too
That brother whom I love beyond the rest,
My banish'd Tostig.

EDWARD.

All the sweet Saints bless him!
Spare and forbear him, Harold, if he comes!
And let him pass unscathed; he loves me,
Harold!
Be kindly to the Normans left among us,
Who follow'd me for love! and dear son, swear
When thou art king, to see my solemn vow
Accomplish'd!

HAROLD.

Nay, dear lord, for I have sworn
Not to swear falsely twice.

EDWARD.

Thou wilt not swear?

HAROLD.

I cannot.

EDWARD.

Then on thee remains the curse,
Harold, if thou embrace her: and on thee,
Edith, if thou abide it,—

[*The* KING *swoons;* EDITH *falls and kneels by the couch.*

STIGAND.

He hath swoon'd!
Death? . . . no, as yet a breath.

HAROLD.

Look up! look up!
Edith!

ALDRED.

Confuse her not; she hath begun
Her life-long prayer for thee.

ALDWYTH.

O noble Harold,
I would thou couldst have sworn.

HAROLD.

For thine own pleasure?

ALDWYTH.

No, but to please our dying king, and those
Who make thy good their own—all England,
Earl.

ALDRED.

I would thou couldst have sworn. Our holy king
Hath given his virgin lamb to Holy Church
To save thee from the curse.

HAROLD.

Alas! poor man,
His promise brought it on me.

ALDRED.

O good son!
That knowledge made him all the carefuller
To find a means whereby the curse might glance
From thee and England.

HAROLD.

Father, we so loved—

ALDRED.

The more the love, the mightier is the prayer;
The more the love, the more acceptable
The sacrifice of both your loves to Heaven.
No sacrifice to Heaven, no help from Heaven:
That runs thro' all the faiths of all the world.
And sacrifice there must be, for the king
Is holy, and hath talk'd with God, and seen
A shadowing horror; there are signs in heaven—

HAROLD.

Your comet came and went.

ALDRED.

And signs on earth!
Knowest thou Senlac hill?

HAROLD.

I know all Sussex;
A good entrenchment for a perilous hour!

ALDRED.

Pray God that come not suddenly! There is one
Who passing by that hill three nights ago—
He shook so that he scarce could out with it—
Heard, heard—

HAROLD.

The wind in his hair?

ALDRED.

A ghostly horn
Blowing continually, and faint battle-hymns,
And cries, and clashes, and the groans of men;
And dreadful shadows strove upon the hill,
And dreadful lights crept up from out the marsh—
Corpse-candles gliding over nameless graves—

HAROLD.

At Senlac?

ALDRED.

Senlac.

EDWARD *(waking)*.

Senlac! Sanguelac,
The Lake of Blood!

STIGAND.

This lightning before death
Plays on the word,—and Normanizes too!

HAROLD.

Hush, father, hush!

EDWARD.

Thou uncanonical fool,
Wilt *thou* play with the thunder? North and South
Thunder together, showers of blood are blown
Before a never-ending blast, and hiss
Against the blaze they cannot quench—a lake,
A sea of blood—we are drown'd in blood—for God
Has fill'd the quiver, and Death has drawn the bow—
Sanguelac! Sanguelac! the arrow! the arrow!
[*Dies.*

STIGAND.

It is the arrow of death in his own heart—
And our great Council wait to crown thee King.

SCENE II.—IN THE GARDEN. THE KING'S HOUSE NEAR LONDON.

EDITH.

Crown'd, crown'd and lost, crown'd King—and lost to me!

(Singing.)

Two young lovers in winter weather,
None to guide them,
Walk'd at night on the misty heather;
Night, as black as a raven's feather;
Both were lost and found together,
None beside them.
That is the burthen of it—lost and found
Together in the cruel river Swale
A hundred years ago; and there's another,
Lost, lost, the light of day,
To which the lover answers lovingly
"I am beside thee."
Lost, lost, we have lost the way.
"Love, I will guide thee."
Whither, O whither? into the river,
Where we two may be lost together,
And lost for ever? "Oh! never, oh! never,
Tho' we be lost and be found together."
Some think they loved within the pale forbidden
By Holy Church: but who shall say? the truth
Was lost in that fierce North, where *they* were lost
Where all good things are lost, where Tostig lost
The good hearts of his people. It is Harold!

(Enter HAROLD.*)*

Harold the king!

HAROLD.

Call me not king, but Harold.

EDITH.

Nay, thou art king!

HAROLD.

Thine, thine, or king or churl!
My girl, thou hast been weeping: turn not thou
Thy face away, but rather let me be
King of the moment to thee, and command
That kiss, my due when subject, which will make
My kingship kinglier to me than to reign
King of the world without it.

EDITH.

Ask me not,
Lest I should yield it, and the second curse
Descend upon thine head, and thou be only
King of the moment over England.

HAROLD.

Edith,
Tho' somewhat less a king to my true self
Than ere they crown'd me one, for I have lost
Somewhat of upright stature thro' mine oath,
Yet thee I would not lose, and sell not thou
Our living passion for a dead man's dream;
Stigand believed he knew not what he spake.
Oh God! I cannot help it, but at times
They seem to me too narrow, all the faiths
Of this grown world of ours, whose baby eye
Saw them sufficient. Fool and wise, I fear
This curse, and scorn it. But a little light!—
And on it falls the shadow of the priest;
Heaven yield us more! for better, Woden, all
Our cancell'd warrior-gods, our grim Walhalla,
Eternal war, than that the Saints at peace,
The holiest of our holiest ones should be

This William's fellow-tricksters ;—better die
Than credit this, for death is death, or else
Lifts us beyond the lie. Kiss me—thou art not,
A holy sister yet, my girl, to fear
There might be more than brother in my kiss,
And more than sister in thine own.

EDITH.

I dare not.

HAROLD.

Scared by the Church—'Love for a whole life long'
When was that sung ?

EDITH.

Here to the nightingales.

HAROLD.

Their anthems of no Church, how sweet they are !
Nor kingly priest, nor priestly king to cross
Their billings ere they nest.

EDITH.

They are but of spring,
They fly the winter change—not so with us—
No wings to come and go.

HAROLD.

But wing'd souls flying
Beyond all change and in the eternal distance
To settle on the Truth.

EDITH.

They are not so true,
They change their mates.

HAROLD.

Do they ? I did not know it.

EDITH.

They say thou art to wed the Lady Aldwyth.

HAROLD.

They say, they say.

EDITH.

If this be politic,
And well for thee and England—and for her—
Care not for me who love thee.

GURTH (*calling*).

Harold, Harold !

HAROLD.

The voice of Gurth ! (*Enter* GURTH). Good even, my good brother !

GURTH.

Good even, gentle Edith.

EDITH.

Good even, Gurth.

GURTH.

Ill news hath come ! Our hapless brother, Tostig—
He, and the giant King of Norway, Harold
Hardrada—Scotland, Ireland, Iceland, Orkney,
Are landed North of Humber, and in a field
So packed with carnage that the dykes and brooks
Were bridged and damm'd with dead, have overthrown
Morcar and Edwin.

HAROLD.

Well, then, we must fight
How blows the wind ?

GURTH.

Against St. Valery
And William.

HAROLD.

Well then, we will to the North.

GURTH.

Ay, but worse news : this William sent to Rome,
Swearing thou swarest falsely by his Saints :
The Pope and that Archdeacon Hildebrand,
His master, heard him, and have sent him back
A holy gonfanon, and a blessed hair
Of Peter, and all France, all Burgundy,
Poitou, all Christendom is raised against thee ;
He hath cursed thee, and all those who fight for thee,
And given thy realm of England to the bastard.

HAROLD.

Ha ! ha !

EDITH.

Oh ! laugh not ! . . . Strange and ghastly in the gloom
And shadowing of this double thunder-cloud
That lours on England—laughter !

HAROLD.

No, not strange !
This was old human laughter in old Rome
Before a Pope was born, when that which reign'd
Call'd itself God—A kindly rendering
Of 'Render unto Cæsar.' . . . The Good Shepherd !
Take this, and render that.

GURTH.

They have taken York.

HAROLD.

The Lord was God and came as man—the Pope
Is man and comes as God—York taken ?

GURTH.

Yea,
Tostig hath taken York !

HAROLD.

To York then. Edith,
Hadst thou been braver, I had better braved
All—but I love thee and thou me—and that
Remains beyond all chances and all Churches,
And that thou knowest.

EDITH.

Ay, but take back thy ring.
It burns my hand—a curse to thee and me.
I dare not wear it.

[*Proffers* HAROLD *the ring, which he takes.*]

HAROLD.

But I dare. God with thee !

[*Exeunt* HAROLD *and* GURTH.

EDITH.

The King hath cursed him, if he marry me;
The Pope hath cursed him, marry me or no!
God help me! I know nothing—can but pray
For Harold—pray, pray, pray—no help but prayer,
A breath that fleets beyond this iron world,
And touches Him that made it.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—IN NORTHUMBRIA.

ARCHBISHOP ALDRED, MORCAR, EDWIN, *and* Forces. *Enter* HAROLD. *The standard of the golden Dragon of Wessex preceding him.*

HAROLD.

What! are thy people sullen from defeat?
Our Wessex dragon flies beyond the Humber,
No voice to greet it.

EDWIN.

Let not our great king
Believe us sullen—only shamed to the quick
Before the king—as having been so bruised
By Harold, king of Norway; but our help
Is Harold, king of England. Pardon us, thou!
Our silence is our reverence for the king!

HAROLD.

Earl of the Mercians! if the truth be gall,
Cram me not thou with honey, when our good hive
Needs every sting to save it.

VOICES.

Aldwyth! Aldwyth!

HAROLD.

Why cry thy people on thy sister's name?

MORCAR.

She hath won upon our people thro' her beauty,
And pleasantness among them.

VOICES.

Aldwyth! Aldwyth!

HAROLD.

They shout as they would have her for a queen.

MORCAR.

She hath followed with our host, and suffer'd all.

HAROLD.

What would ye, men?

VOICE.

Our old Northumbrian crown,
And kings of our own choosing.

HAROLD

Your old crown
Were little help without our Saxon earles
Against Hardrada.

VOICE.

Little! we are Danes,
Who conquer'd what we walk on, our own field.

HAROLD.

They have been plotting here. [*Aside.*

VOICE.

He calls us little

HAROLD.

The kingdoms of this world began with little,
A hill, a fort, a city—that reach'd a hand
Down to the field beneath it, 'Be thou mine,'
Then to the next, 'Thou also—' if the field
Cried out 'I am mine own;' another hill
Or fort, or city, took it, and the first
Fell, and the next became an Empire.

VOICE.

Yet
Thou art but a West Saxon: we are Danes!

HAROLD.

My mother is a Dane, and I am English;
There is a pleasant fable in old books,
Ye take a stick, and break it; bind a score
All in one faggot, snap it over knee,
Ye cannot.

VOICE.

Hear King Harold! he says true!

HAROLD.

Would ye be Norsemen?

VOICES.

No!

HAROLD.

Or Norman?

VOICES.

No!

HAROLD.

Snap not the faggot-band then.

VOICE.

That is true!

VOICE.

Ay, but thou art not kingly, only grandson
To Wulfnoth, a poor cow-herd.

HAROLD.

This old Wulfnoth
Would take me on his knees and tell me tales
Of Alfred and of Athelstan the Great
Who drove you Danes; and yet he held that Dane,
Jute, Angle, Saxon, were or should be all
One England, for this cow-herd, like my father,
Who shook the Norman scoundrels off the throne,
Had in him kingly thoughts—a king of men,
Not made but born, like the great king of all,
A light among the oxen.

VOICE.

That is true!

VOICE.

Ay, and I love him now, for mine own father
Was great, and cobbled.

VOICE.

Thou art Tostig's brother,
Who wastes the land.

HAROLD.

This brother comes to save
Your land from waste; I saved it once before,
For when your people banish'd Tostig hence,
And Edward would have sent a host against you,
Then I, who loved my brother, bad the King
Who doted on him, sanction your decree
Of Tostig's banishment, and choice of Morcar,
To help the realm from scattering.

VOICE.

King! thy brother,
If one may dare to speak the truth, was wrong'd,
Wild was he, born so: but the plots against him
Had madden'd tamer men.

MORCAR.

Thou art one of those
Who brake into Lord Tostig's treasure-house
And slew two hundred of his following,
And now, when Tostig hath come back with power,
Are frighted back to Tostig.

OLD THANE.

Ugh! Plots and feuds!
This is my ninetieth birthday. Can ye not
Be brethren? Godwin still at feud with Alfgar,
And Alfgar hates King Harold. Plots and feuds!
This is my ninetieth birthday!

HAROLD.

Old man, Harold
Hates nothing; not *his* fault, if our two houses
Be less than brothers.

VOICES.

Aldwyth, Harold, Aldwyth!

HAROLD.

Again! Morcar! Edwin! What do they mean?

EDWIN.

So the good king would deign to lend an ear
Not overscornful, we might chance—perchance
To guess their meaning.

MORCAR.

Thine own meaning, Harold,
To make all England one, to close all feuds,
Mixing our bloods, that thence a king may rise
Half-Godwin and half-Alfgar, one to rule
All England beyond question, beyond quarrel.

HAROLD.

Who sow'd this fancy here among the people?

MORCAR.

Who knows what sows itself among the people?
A goodly flower at times.

HAROLD.

The queen of Wales?
Why, Morcar, it is all but duty in her
To hate me; I have heard she hates me.

MORCAR.

No!
For I can swear to that, but cannot swear
hat these will follow thee against the Norseman,
If thou deny them this.

HAROLD.

Morcar and Edwin,
When will ye cease to plot against my house?

EDWIN.

The king can scarcely dream that we, who know
His prowess in the mountains of the West,
Should care to plot against him in the North.

MORCAR.

Who dares arraign us, king, of such a plot?

HAROLD.

Ye heard one witness even now.

MORCAR.

The craven!
There is a faction risen again for Tostig,
Since Tostig came with Norway--fright, not love.

HAROLD.

Morcar and Edwin, will ye, if I yield,
Follow against the Norseman?

MORCAR.

Surely, surely!

HAROLD.

Morcar and Edwin, will ye upon oath,
Help us against the Norman?

MORCAR.

With good will;
Yea, take the Sacrament upon it, king.

HAROLD.

Where is thy sister?

MORCAR.

Somewhere hard at hand,
Call and she comes. [*One goes out, then enters*
ALDWYTH.

HAROLD.

I doubt not but thou knowest
Why thou art summon'd.

ALDWYTH.

Why?—I stay with these,
Lest thy fierce Tostig spy me out alone,
And flay me all alive.

HAROLD.

Canst thou love one
Who did discrown thine husband, unqueen thee?
Didst thou not love thine husband?

ALDWYTH.

Oh! my lord,
The nimble, wild, red, wiry, savage king—
That was, my lord, a match of policy.

HAROLD.

Was it?
I knew him brave: he loved his land: he fain
Had made her great: his finger on her harp
(I heard him more than once) had in it Wales,
Her floods, her woods, her hills: had I been his,
I had been all Welsh.

ALDWYTH.

Oh, ay—all Welsh—and yet
I saw thee drive him up his hills—and women
Cling to the conquer'd, if they love, the more;
If not, they cannot hate the conqueror.
We never—oh! good Morcar, speak for us,
His conqueror conquer'd Aldwyth.

HAROLD.

Goodly news!

MORCAR.

Doubt it not thou! Since Griffyth's head was sent
To Edward, she hath said it.

HAROLD.

I had rather
She would have loved her husband. Aldwyth, Aldwyth,
Canst thou love me, thou knowing where I love?

ALDWYTH.

I can, my lord, for mine own sake, for thine,
For England, for thy poor white dove, who flutters
Between thee and the porch, but then would find
Her nest within the cloister, and be still.

HAROLD.

Canst thou love one, who cannot love again?

ALDWYTH.

Full hope have I that love will answer love.

HAROLD.

Then in the name of the great God, so be it!
Come, Aldred, join our hands before the hosts,
That all may see.

[ALDRED *joins the hands of* HAROLD *and* ALDWYTH *and blesses them.*

VOICES.

Harold, Harold and Aldwyth!

HAROLD.

Set forth our golden Dragon, let him flap
The wings that beat down Wales!
Advance our Standard of the Warrior,
Dark among gems and gold! and thou, brave banner,
Blaze like a night of fatal stars on those
Who read their doom and die.
Where lie the Norsemen? on the Derwent? ay
At Stamford-Bridge.
Morcar, collect thy men; Edwin my friend—
Thou lingerest.—Gurth,..
Last night King Edward came to me in dreams—
The rosy face and long down-silvering beard—
He told me I should conquer:—
I am no woman to put faith in dreams.

(To his army.)

Last night King Edward came to me in dreams,
And told me we should conquer.

VOICES.

Forward! Forward!
Harold and Holy Cross!

ALDWYTH.

The day is won!

SCENE II.—A PLAIN. BEFORE THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD-BRIDGE.

HAROLD *and his* Guard.

HAROLD.

Who is it comes this way? Tostig? (*Enter* TOSTIG *with a small force.*) O brother,
What art thou doing here?

TOSTIG.

I am foraging
For Norway's army.

HAROLD.

I could take and slay thee.
Thou art in arms against us.

TOSTIG.

Take and slay me,
For Edward loved me.

HAROLD.

Edward bad me spare thee.

TOSTIG.

I hate King Edward, for he joined with thee
To drive me outlaw'd. Take and slay me, I say,
Or I shall count thee fool.

HAROLD.

Take thee, or free thee,
Free thee or slay thee, Norway will have war;
No man would strike with Tostig, save for Norway.
Thou art nothing in thine England, save for Norway
Who loves not thee but war. What dost thou here,
Trampling thy mother's bosom into blood.

TOSTIG.

She hath wean'd me from it with such bitterness.
I come for mine own Earldom, my Northumbria;
Thou hast given it to the enemy of our house.

HAROLD.

Northumbria threw thee off, she will not have thee.
Thou hath misused her: and, O crowning crime!
Hast murder'd thine own guest, the son of Orm
Gamel, at thine own hearth.

TOSTIG.

The slow, fat fool!
He drawl'd and prated so, I smote him suddenly,
I knew not what I did.

HAROLD.

Come back to us,
Know what thou dost, and we may find for thee,
So thou be chasten'd by thy banishment,
Some easier earldom.

TOSTIG.

What for Norway then?
He looks for land among you, he and his.

HAROLD.

Seven feet of English land, or something more,
Seeing he is a giant.

TOSTIG.

O brother, brother,
O Harold—

HAROLD.

Nay then, come thou back to us!

TOSTIG.

Never shall any man say that I, that Tostig
Conjured the mightier Harold from his North
To do the battle for me here in England,
Then left him for the meaner! thee!—
Thou hast no passion for the house of Godwin—
Thou hast but cared to make thyself a king—
Thou hast sold me for a cry.—
Thou gavest thy voice against me in the Council..
I hate thee, and despise thee, and defy thee.
Farewell forever!

HAROLD.

On to Stamford-Bridge!

SCENE III.—AFTER THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD-BRIDGE. BANQUET.

HAROLD *and* ALDWYTH. GURTH, LEOFWIN, MORCAR, EDWIN, *and other* Earls *and* Thanes.

VOICES.

Hail! Harold! Aldwyth! hail, bridegroom and bride!

ALDWYTH *(talking with* HAROLD).

Answer them thou!
Is this our marriage-banquet? Would the wines
Of Wedding had been dash'd into the cups
Of Victory, and our marriage and thy glory
Been drunk together! these poor hands but sew,
Spin, broider—would that they were man's to have held
The battle-axe by thee! [*Exit.*

HAROLD.

There *was* a moment
When being forced aloof from all my guard,
And striking at Hardrada and his madmen
I had wish'd for any weapon.

ALDWYTH.

Why art thou sad?

HAROLD.

I have lost the boy who played at ball with me,
With whom I fought another fight than this
Of Stamford-Bridge.

ALDWYTH.

Ay! ay! thy victories
Over our own poor Wales, when at thy side
He conquer'd with thee.

HAROLD.

No—the childish fist
That cannot strike again.

ALDWYTH.

Thou art too kindly.
Why didst thou let so many Norsemen hence?
Thy fierce forekings had clench'd their pirate hides
To the bleak church doors, like kites upon a barn.

HAROLD.

Is there so great a need to tell thee why?

ALDWYTH.

Yea, am I not thy wife?

VOICES.

Hail, Harold, Aldwyth!
Bridegroom and bride!

ALDWYTH.

Answer them! [*To* HAROLD.

HAROLD (*to all*).

Earls and Thanes!
Full thanks for your fair greeting of my bride!
Earls, Thanes, and all our countrymen, the day,
Our day beside the Derwent will not shine
Less than a star among the goldenest hours
Of Alfred, or of Edward his great son,
Or Athelstan, or English Ironside
Who fought with Knut, or Knut who, coming Dane,
Died English. Every man about his king
Fought like a king; the king like his own man,
No better; one for all, and all for one,
One soul: and therefore have we shatter'd back
The hugest wave from Norseland ever yet
Surged on us, and our battle-axes broken
The Raven's wing, and dumb'd his carrion croak
From the gray sea for ever. Many are gone—
Drink to the dead who died for us, the living
Who fought and would have died, but happier lived,
If happier be to live; they both have life
In the large mouth of England, till *her* voice
Die with the world. Hail—hail!

MORCAR.

May all invaders perish like Hardrada!
All traitors fail like Tostig! [*All drink but* HAROLD.

ALDWYTH.

Thy cup's full!

HAROLD.

I saw the hand of Tostig cover it.
Our dear, dead traitor-brother, Tostig, him
Reverently we buried. Friends, had I been here,
Without too large self-lauding I must hold
The sequel had been other than his league
With Norway, and this battle. Peace be with him!
He was not of the worst. If there be those
At banquet in this hall, and hearing me—
For there be those I fear who prick'd the lion
To make him spring, that sight of Danish blood
Might serve an end not English—peace with them
Likewise, if *they* can be at peace with what
God gave us to divide us from the wolf!

ALDWYTH (*aside to* HAROLD).

Make not our Morcar sullen: it is not wise.

HAROLD.

Hail to the living who fought, the dead who fell!

VOICES.

Hail, hail!

FIRST THANE.

How ran that answer which King Harold gave
To his dead namesake, when he ask'd for England?

LEOFWIN.

'Seven feet of English earth or something more,
Seeing he is a giant!'

FIRST THANE.

Then for the bastard
Six feet and nothing more!

LEOFWIN.

Ay, but belike
Thou hast not learnt his measure.

FIRST THANE.

By St. Edmund,
I over-measure him. Sound sleep to the man
Here by dead Norway without dream or dawn!

SECOND THANE.

What is he bragging still that he will come
To thrust our Harold's throne from under him?
My nurse would tell me of a molehill crying
To a mountain 'Stand aside and room for me?'

FIRST THANE.

Let him come! let him come. Here's to him, sink or swim! [*Drinks.*

SECOND THANE.

God sink him!

FIRST THANE.

Cannot hands which had the strength
To shove that stranded iceberg off our shores,
And send the shatter'd North again to sea,
Scuttle his cockle-shell? What's Brunanburg
To Stamford-Bridge? a war-crash, and so hard,
So loud, that, by St. Dunstan, old St. Thor—
By God, we thought him dead—but our old Thor
Heard his own thunder again, and woke and came
Among us again, and mark'd the sons of those
Who made this Britain England, break the North.

Mark'd how the war-axe swang,
Heard how the war-horn sang,
Mark'd how the spear-head sprang,
Heard how the shield-wall rang,
Iron on iron clang,
Anvil on hammer bang—

SECOND THANE.

Hammer on anvil, hammer on anvil. Old dog,
Thou art drunk, old dog!

FIRST THANE.

Too drunk to fight with thee!

SECOND THANE.

Fight thou with thine own double, not with me,
Keep that for Norman William!

FIRST THANE.

Down with William!

THIRD THANE.

The washerwoman's brat!

FOURTH THANE.

The tanner's bastard!

FIFTH THANE.

The Falaise byblow!

[*Enter a* Thane, *from Pevensey, spatter'd with mud.*

HAROLD.

Ay, but what late guest,
As haggard as a fast of forty days,
And caked and plaster'd with a hundred mires,
Hath stumbled on our cups?

THANE *from Pevensey.*

My lord the King!
William the Norman, for the wind had changed—

HAROLD.

I felt it in the middle of that fierce fight
At Stamford-Bridge. William hath landed, ha?

THANE *from Pevensey.*

Landed at Pevensey—I am from Pevensey—
Hath wasted all the land at Pevensey—
Hath harried mine own cattle—God confound him!
I have ridden night and day from Pevensey—
A thousand ships, a hundred thousand men—
Thousands of horses, like as many lions
Neighing and roaring as they leapt to land

HAROLD.

How oft in coming hast thou broken bread?

THANE *from Pevensey.*

Some thrice, or so.

HAROLD.

Bring not thy hollowness
On our full feast. Famine is fear, were it but
Of being starved. Sit down, sit down, and eat,
And, when again red-blooded, speak again.

(*Aside.*)

The men that guarded England to the South
Were scatter'd to the harvest. . . No power mine
To hold their force together. . . Many are fallen
At Stamford-Bridge. . . . the people stupid-sure
Sleep like their swine. . . In South and North at once
I could not be.

(*Aloud.*)

Gurth, Leofwin, Morcar, Edwin!
(*Pointing to the revellers.*) The curse of England! these are drowned in wassail
And cannot see the world but thro' their wines!
Leave them, and thee too, Aldwyth, must I leave—
Harsh is the news! hard is our honeymoon!
Thy pardon. (*Turning round to his attendants.*) Break the banquet up . . . Ye four!
And thou, my carrier pigeon of black news,
Cram thy crop full, but come when thou art call'd. [*Exit* HAROLD.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A TENT ON A MOUND, FROM WHICH CAN BE SEEN THE FIELD OF SENLAC.

HAROLD, *sitting; by him standing* HUGH MARGOT *the* Monk, GURTH, LEOFWIN.

HAROLD.

Refer my cause, my crown to Rome! . . The wolf
Mudded the brook, and predetermined all.
Monk,
Thou hast said thy say, and had my constant 'No'
For all but instant battle. I hear no more.

MARGOT.

Hear me again—for the last time. Arise,
Scatter thy people home, descend the hill,
Lay hands of full allegiance in thy Lord's
And crave his mercy, for the Holy Father
Hath given this realm of England to the Norman.

HAROLD.

Then for the last time, monk, I ask again
When had the Lateran and the Holy Father
To do with England's choice of her own king?

MARGOT.

Earl, the first Christian Cæsar drew to the East
To leave the Pope dominion in the West.
He gave him all the kingdoms of the West.

HAROLD.

So!—did he?—Earl—I have a mind to play
The William with thine eyesight and thy tongue.
Earl—ay—thou art but a messenger of William.
I am weary—go: make me not wroth with thee!

MARGOT.

Mock king, I am the messenger of God,
His Norman Daniel; Mene, Mene, Tekel!
Is thy wrath Hell, that I should spare to cry,
You heaven is wroth with *thee?* Hear me again!
Our Saints have moved the Church that moves the world,
And all the Heavens and very God: they heard—
They know King Edward's promise and thine—thine.

HAROLD.

Should they not know free England crowns herself?
Not know that he nor I had power to promise?
Not know that Edward cancell'd his own promise?
And for *my* part therein.—Back to that juggler,
(rising)
Tell him the Saints are nobler than he dreams,
Tell him that God is nobler than the Saints,
And tell him we stand arm'd on Senlac Hill,
And bide the doom of God.

MARGOT.

Hear it thro' me.
The realm for which thou art forsworn is cursed
The babe enwomb'd and at the breast is cursed,
The corpse thou whelmest with thine earth is cursed,
The soul who fighteth on thy side is cursed,
The seed thou sowest in thy field is cursed,
The steer wherewith thou plowest thy field is cursed.
The fowl that fleeth o'er thy field is cursed,
And thou, usurper, liar—

HAROLD.

Out, beast monk!

[*Lifting his hand to strike him.* GURTH *stops the blow.*

I ever hated monks.

MARGOT.

I am but a voice
Among you: murder, martyr me if ye will—

HAROLD.

Thanks, Gurth! The simple, silent, honest man
Is worth a world of tonguesters. (*To* MARGOT.)
Get thee gone!
He means the thing he says. See him out safe!

LEOFWIN.

He hath blown himself as red as fire with curses.
An honest fool! Follow me, honest fool,
But if thou blurt thy curse among our folk,
I know not—I may give that egg-bald head
The tap that silences.

HAROLD.

See him out safe.

[*Exeunt* LEOFWIN *and* MARGOT.

GURTH.

Thou hast lost thine even temper, brother Harold.

HAROLD.

Gurth, when I past by Waltham, my foundation
For men who serve the neighbour, not themselves,
I cast me down prone, praying; and, when I rose,
They told me that the Holy Rood had lean'd
And bow'd above me; whether that which held it
Had weaken'd, and the Rood itself were bound
To that necessity which binds us down;
Whether it bow'd at all but in their fancy;
Or if it bow'd, whether it symbol'd ruin
Or glory, who shall tell? but they were sad,
And somewhat sadden'd me.

GURTH.

Yet if a fear,
Or shadow of a fear, lest the strange Saints
By whom thou swarest, should have power to balk
Thy puissance in this fight with him, who made
And heard thee swear—brother—*I* have not sworn—
If the king fall, may not the kingdom fall?
But if I fall, I fall, and thou art king;
And, if I win, I win, and thou art king;
Draw thou to London, there make strength to breast
Whatever chance, but leave this day to me.

LEOFWIN (*entering*).

And waste the land about thee as thou goest,
And be thy hand as winter on the field,
To leave the foe no forage.

HAROLD.

Noble Gurth!
Best son of Godwin! If I fall, I fall—
The doom of God! How should the people fight
When the king flies? And, Leofwin, art thou mad?
How should the king of England waste the fields
Of England, his own people?—No glance yet
Of the Northumbrian helmet on the heath?

LEOFWIN.

No, but a shoal of wives upon the heath,
And someone saw thy willy-nilly nun
Vying a tress against our golden fern.

HAROLD.

Vying a tear with our cold dews, a sigh
With these low-moaning heavens. Let her be fetch'd.
We have parted from our wife without reproach,
Tho' we have dived thro' all her practices;
And that is well.

LEOFWIN,

I saw her even now:
She hath not left us.

HAROLD.

Nought of Morcar then?

GURTH.

Nor seen, nor heard; thine, William's or his own
As wind blows, or tide flows: belike he watches,
If this war-storm in one of its rough rolls
Wash up that old crown of Northumberland.

HAROLD.

married her for Morcar—a sin against
The truth of love. Evil for good, it seems,
Is oft as childless of the good as evil
For evil.

LEOFWIN.

Good for good hath borne at times
A bastard false as William.

HAROLD.

Ay, if Wisdom
Pair'd not with Good. But I am somewhat worn,
A snatch of sleep were like the peace of God.
Gurth, Leofwin, go once more about the hill—
What did the dead man call it—Sanguelac,
The lake of blood?

LEOFWIN.

A lake that dips in William
As well as Harold.

HAROLD.

Like enough. I have seen
The trenches dug, the palisades uprear'd
And wattled thick with ash and willow-wands;
Yea, wrought at them myself. Go round once more;
See all be sound and whole. No Norman horse
Can shatter England, standing shield by shield;
Tell that again to all.

GURTH.

I will, good brother.

HAROLD.

Our guardsman hath but toil'd his hand and foot
I, hand, foot, heart and head. Some wine! (*One pours wine into a goblet, which he hands to* HAROLD).
Too much!
What? we must use our battle-axe to-day.
Our guardsmen have slept well, since we came in,

LEOFWIN.

Ay, slept and snored. Your second-sighted man
That scared the dying conscience of the king,
Misheard their snores for groans. They are up again
And chanting that old song of Brunanburg
Where England conquered.

HAROLD.

That is well. The Norman,
What is he doing?

LEOFWIN.

Praying for Normandy;
Our scouts have heard the tinkle of their bells.

HAROLD.

And our old songs are prayers for England too
But by all Saints—

LEOFWIN.

Barring the Norman!

HAROLD.

Nay,
Were the great trumpet blowing doomsday dawn
I needs must rest. Call when the Norman moves—
[*Exeunt all, but* HAROLD
No horse—thousands of horses—our shield wall—
Wall—break it not—break not, break— [*Sleeps*

VISION OF EDWARD.

Son Harold, I thy king, who came before
To tell thee thou shouldst win at Stamford-Bridge
Come yet once more, from where I am at peace
Because I loved thee in my mortal day,
To tell thee thou shalt die on Senlac hill—
Sanguelac!

VISION OF WULFNOTH.

O brother, from my ghastly oubliette
I send my voice across the narrow seas—
No more, no more, dear brother, never more—
Sanguelac!

VISION OF TOSTIG.

O brother, most unbrotherlike to me,
Thou gavest thy voice against me in my life,
I give my voice against thee from the grave—
Sanguelac!

VISION OF NORMAN SAINTS.

O hapless Harold! King but for an hour!
Thou swarest falsely by our blessed bones,
We give our voice against thee out of heaven!
Sanguelac! Sanguelac! The arrow! The arrow!

HAROLD *(starting up, battle-axe in hand).*
Away.
My battle-axe against your voices. Peace!
The king's last word—'the arrow!' I shall die—
I die for England then, who lived for England—
What nobler? men must die.
I cannot fall into a falser world—
I have done no man wrong. Tostig, poor brother,
Art *thou* so anger'd?
Fain had I kept thine earldom in thy hands
Save for thy wild and violent will that wrench'd
All hearts of freemen from thee. I could do
No other than this way advise the king
Against the race of Godwin. Is it possible
That mortal men should bear their earthly heats
Into yon bloodless world, and threaten us thence
Unschool'd of Death? Thus then thou art revenged—
I left our England naked to the South
To meet thee in the North. The Norseman's raid
Hath helpt the Norman, and the race of Godwin
Hath ruin'd Godwin. No—our waking thoughts
Suffer a stormless shipwreck in the pools
Of sullen slumber, and arise again
Disjointed: only dreams—where mine own self
Takes part against myself! Why? for a spark
Of self-disdain born in me when I swore
Falsely to him, the falser Norman, over
His gilded dark of mummy-saints, by whom
I knew not that I swore,—not for myself—
For England—yet not wholly—

Enter EDITH.

Edith, Edith,
Get thou into thy cloister as the king
Will'd it: be safe: the perjury-mongering Count
Hath made too good an use of Holy Church
To break her close! There the great God of truth
Fill all thine hours with peace!—A lying devil
Hath haunted me—mine oath—my wife—I fain
Had made my marriage not a lie; I could not:
Thou art my bride! and thou in after years
Praying perchance for this poor soul of mine
In cold, white cells beneath an icy moon—
This memory to thee!—and this to England,
My legacy of war against the Pope
From child to child, from Pope to Pope, from age to age,
Till the sea wash her level with the shores,
Or till the Pope is Christ's.

Enter ALDWYTH.

ALDWYTH (*to* EDITH).
Away from him

EDITH.
I will....I have not spoken to the king
One word; and one I must. Farewell! [*Going.*

HAROLD.
Not yet.
Stay.

EDITH.
To what use?

HAROLD.
The king commands thee, woman!
(*To* ALDWYTH).
Have thy two brethren sent their forces in

ALDWYTH.
Nay, I fear, not.

HAROLD.
Then there's no force in thee
Thou didst possess thyself of Edward's ear
To part me from the woman that I loved!
Thou didst arouse the fierce Northumbrians!
Thou hast been false to England and to me!—
As....in some sort....I have been false to thee.
Leave me. No more—Pardon on both sides—Go!

ALDWYTH.
Alas, my lord, I loved thee.

HAROLD.
With a love
Passing thy love for Griffyth! wherefore now
Obey my first and last commandment. Go!

ALDWYTH.
O Harold! husband! Shall we meet again

HAROLD.
After the battle—after the battle. Go.

ALDWYTH.
I go. (*Aside.*) That I could stab her standing there! [*Exit* ALDWYTH.

EDITH.
Alas, my lord, she loved thee.

HAROLD.
Never! never!

EDITH.
I saw it in her eyes!

HAROLD.
I see it in thine.
And not on thee—nor England—fall God's doom!

EDITH.
On *thee?* on me. And thou art England! Alfred
Was England. Ethelred was nothing. England
Is but her king, and thou art Harold!

HAROLD.
Edith,
The sign in heaven—the sudden blast at sea—
My fatal oath—the dead Saints—the dark dreams
The Pope's Anathema—the Holy Rood
That bow'd to me at Waltham—Edith, if
I, the last English king of England—

EDITH.
No,
First of a line that coming from the people,
And chosen by the people—

HAROLD.
And fighting for
And dying for the people—

EDITH.

Living! living!

HAROLD.

Yea so, good cheer! thou art Harold, I am Edith:
Look not thus wan!

EDITH.

What matters how I look?
Have we not broken Wales and Norseland? slain
Whose life was all one battle, incarnate war,
Their giant-king, a mightier man-in-arms
Than William.

HAROLD.

Ay, my girl, no tricks in him—
No bastard he! when all was lost, he yell'd
And bit his shield, and dash'd it on the ground,
And swaying his two-handed sword about him,
Two deaths at every swing, ran in upon us
And died so, and I loved him as I hate
This liar who made me liar. If Hate can kill,
And Loathing wield a Saxon battle-axe—

EDITH.

Waste not thy might before the battle

HAROLD.

No,
And thou must hence. Stigand will see thee safe
And so—Farewell. [*He is going, but turns back.*
The ring thou darest not wear,
I have had it fashion'd, see, to meet my hand.
[HAROLD *shows the ring which is on his finger.*
Farewell! [*He is going, but turns back again.*
I am dead as Death this day to aught of earth's
Save William's death or mine.

EDITH.

Thy death!—to-day!
Is it not thy birthday?

HAROLD.

Ay, that happy day!
A birthday welcome! happy days and many!
One—this! [*They embrace.*
Look, I will bear thy blessing into the battle
And front the doom of God.

NORMAN CRIES (*heard in the distance*).

Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

[*Enter* GURTH.

GURTH.

The Norman moves

HAROLD.

Harold and Holy Cross
[*Exeunt* HAROLD *and* GURTH.

Enter STIGAND.

STIGAND.

Our Church in arms—the lamb the lion—not
Spear into pruning-hook—the counter way—
Cowl, helm; and crozier, battle-axe. Abbot Alfwig,
Leofric, and all the monks of Peterboro'
Strike for the king; but I, old wretch, old Stigand,
With hands too limp to brandish iron—and yet
I have a power—would Harold ask me for it—
I have a power.

EDITH.

What power, holy father?

STIGAND.

Power now from Harold to command thee hence
And see thee safe from Senlac.

EDITH.

I remain

STIGAND.

Yea, so will I, daughter, until I find
Which way the battle balance. I can see it
From where we stand: and live or die, I would
I were among them!

CANONS *from Waltham (Singing without).*

Salva patriam
Sancte Pater,
Salva Fili,
Salva Spiritus,
Salva patriam,
Sancta Mater.*

EDITH.

Are those the blessed angels quiring, father?

STIGAND.

No, daughter, but the canons out of Waltham,
The king's foundation, that have follow'd him.

EDITH.

O God of battles, make their wall of shields
Firm as thy cliffs, strengthen their palisades!
What is that whirring sound?

STIGAND.

The Norman arrow.

EDITH.

Look out upon the battle—is he safe?

STIGAND.

The king of England stands between his banners.
He glitters on the crowning of the hill.
God save King Harold!

EDITH

—chosen by his people
And fighting for his people!

STIGAND.

There is one
Come as Goliath came of yore—he flings
His brand in air and catches it again,
He is chanting some old warsong.

EDITH.

And no David
To meet him?

STIGAND.

Ay, there springs a Saxon on him,
Falls—and another falls.

---

* The *a* throughout these hymns should be sounded broad, as in '*father*.'

EDITH.

Have mercy on us!

STIGAND.

Lo! our good Gurth hath smitten him to the death.

EDITH.

So perish all the enemies of Harold!

CANONS (*singing*).

Hostis in Angliam
Ruit prædator,
Illorum, Domine,
Scutum scindatur!
Hostis per Angliæ
Plagas bacchatur;
Casa crematur,
Pastor fugatur
Grex trucidatur—

STIGAND.

Illos trucida, Domine.

EDITH.

Ay, good father.

CANONS (*singing*).

Illorum scelera
Pœna sequatur!

ENGLISH CRIES.

Harold and Holy Cross! Out! out!

STIGAND.

Our javelins
Answer their arrows. All the Norman foot
Are storming up the hill. The range of knights
Sit, each a statue on his horse, and wait.

ENGLISH CRIES.

Harold and God Almighty!

NORMAN CRIES.

Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

CANONS (*singing*).

Eques cum pedite
Præpediatur!
Illorum in lacrymas
Cruor fundatur!
Pereant, pereant,
Anglia precatur.

STIGAND.

Look, daughter, look.

EDITH.

Nay, father, look for *me!*

STIGAND.

Our axes lighten with a single flash
About the summit of the hill, and heads
And arms are sliver'd off and splinter'd by
Their lightning—and they fly—the Norman flies.

EDITH.

Stigand, O father, have we won the day?

STIGAND.

No, daughter, no—they fall behind the horse—
Their horse are thronging to the barricades;
I see the gonfanon of Holy Peter
Floating above their helmets—ha! he is down!

EDITH.

He down! Who down?

STIGAND.

The Norman Count is down.

EDITH.

So perish all the enemies of England!

STIGAND.

No, no, he hath risen again—he bares his face—
Shouts something—he points onward—all their horse
Swallow the hill locust-like, swarming up.

EDITH.

O God of battles, make his battle-axe keen
As thine own sharp-dividing justice, heavy
As thine own bolts that fall on crimeful heads
Charged with the weight of heaven wherefrom they fall!

CANONS (*singing*).

Jacta tonitrua
Deus bellator!
Surgas e tenebris,
Sis vindicator!
Fulmina, fulmina
Deus vastator!

EDITH.

O God of battles, they are three to one,
Make thou one man as three to roll them down!

CANONS (*singing*).

Equus cum equite
Dejiciatur!
Acies, Acies
Prona sternatur!
Illorum lanceas
Frange, Creator!

STIGAND.

Yea, yea, for how their lances snap and shiver
Against the shifting blaze of Harold's axe!
War-woodman of old Woden, how he fells
The mortal copse of faces! There! And there!
The horse and horseman cannot meet the shield.
The blow that brains the horseman cleaves the horse,
The horse and horseman roll along the hill,
They fly once more, they fly, the Norman flies!

Equus cum equite
Præcipitatur.

EDITH.

O God, the God of truth hath heard my cry.
Follow them, follow them, drive them to the sea!

Illorum scelera
Pœna sequatur!

STIGAND.

Truth! no; a lie; a trick, a Norman trick!
They turn on the pursuer, horse against foot,
They murder all that follow.

EDITH.

Have mercy on us!

STIGAND.

Hot-headed fools—to burst the wall of shields!
They have broken the commandment of the king!

EDITH.

His oath was broken—O holy Norman Saints,
Ye that are now of Heaven, and see beyond
Your Norman shrines, pardon it, pardon it,
That he forsware himself for all he loved,
Me, me, and all! Look out upon the battle!

STIGAND.

They press again upon the barricades.
My sight is eagle, but the strife so thick—
This is the hottest of it: hold, ash! hold willow!

ENGLISH CRIES.

Out, out!

NORMAN CRIES.

Ha Rou!

STIGAND.

Ha! Gurth hath leapt upon him
And slain him: he hath fallen.

EDITH.

And I am heard.
Glory to God in the Highest! fallen, fallen!

STIGAND.

No, no, his horse—he mounts another—wields
His war-club, dashes it on Gurth, and Gurth,
Our noble Gurth, is down!

EDITH.

Have mercy on us!

STIGAND.

And Leofwin is down!

EDITH.

Have mercy on us!
O Thou that knowest, let not my strong prayer
Be weaken'd in thy sight, because I love
The husband of another!

NORMAN CRIES.

Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

EDITH.

I do not hear our English war-cry.

STIGAND.

No.

EDITH.

Look out upon the battle—is he safe?

STIGAND.

He stands between the banners with the dead
So piled about him he can hardly move.

EDITH (*takes up the war-cry*).

Out! out!

NORMAN CRIES.

Ha Rou!

EDITH (*cries out*).

Harold and Holy Cross!

NORMAN CRIES.

Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

EDITH.

What is that whirring sound?

STIGAND.

The Norman sends his arrows up to heaven,
They fall on those within the palisade!

EDITH.

Look out upon the hill—is Harold there!

STIGAND.

Sanguelac—Sanguelac—the arrow—the arrow! away!

SCENE II.—FIELD OF THE DEAD. NIGHT.

ALDWYTH *and* EDITH.

ALDWYTH.

O Edith, art thou here? O Harold, Harold—
Our Harold—we shall never see him more.

EDITH.

For there was more than sister in my kiss,
And so the Saints were wroth. I cannot love them,
For they are Norman Saints—and yet I should—
They are so much holier than their harlot's son
With whom they play'd their game against the king!

ALDWYTH.

The king is slain, the kingdom overthrown!

EDITH.

No matter!

ALDWYTH.

How no matter, Harold slain?—
I cannot find his body. O help me thou!
O Edith, if I ever wrought against thee,
Forgive me thou, and help me here!

EDITH.

No matter!

ALDWYTH.

Not help me, nor forgive me?

EDITH.

So thou saidest.

ALDWYTH.

I say it now, forgive me!

EDITH.

Cross me not!
I am seeking one who wedded me in secret.
Whisper! God's angels only know it. Ha!
What art *thou* doing here among the dead!
They are stripping the dead bodies naked yonder,
And thou art come to rob them of their rings.

ALDWYTH.

O Edith, Edith, I have lost both crown
And husband.

EDITH.

So have I.

ALDWYTH.

I tell thee, girl,
I am seeking my dead Harold.

EDITH.

And I mine!
The Holy Father strangled him with a hair

Of Peter, and his brother Tostig helpt
The wicked sister clapt her hands and laught;
Then all the dead fell on him.

ALDWYTH.

Edith, Edith—

EDITH.

What was he like, this husband? like to thee?
Call not for help from me. I knew him not.
He lies not here: not close beside the standard.
Here fell the truest, manliest hearts of England.
Go further hence and find him.

ALDWYTH.

She is crazed!

EDITH.

That doth not matter either. Lower the light.
He must be here.

Enter two Canons, OSGOD *and* ATHELRIC, *with torches. They turn over the dead bodies and examine them as they pass.*

OSGOD.

I think that this is Thurkill.

ATHELRIC.

More likely Godric.

OSGOD

I am sure this body
Is Alfwig, the king's uncle.

ATHELRIC.

So it is!
No, no—brave Gurth, one gash from brow to knee!

OSGOD.

And here is Leofwin.

EDITH.

And here is *He!*

ALDWYTH.

Harold? Oh no—nay, if it were—my God,
They have so maim'd and martyr'd all his face
There is no man can swear to him.

EDITH.

But one woman!
Look you, we never mean to part again.
I have found him, I am happy.
Was there not some one ask'd me for forgiveness?
I yield it freely, being the true wife
Of this dead king, who never bore revenge.

Enter COUNT WILLIAM *and* WILLIAM MALET.

WILLIAM.

Who be these women? And what body is this?

EDITH.

Harold, thy hette!

WILLIAM.

Ay, and what art thou?

EDITH.

His wife.

MALET.

Not true, my girl, here is the Queen!

[*Pointing out* ALDWYTH.

WILLIAM (*to* ALDWYTH).

Wast thou his Queen?

ALDWYTH.

I was the Queen of Wales.

WILLIAM.

Why, then of England. Madam, fear us not.

(*To* MALET.)

Knowest thou this other?

MALET.

When I visited England,
Some held she was his wife in secret—some—
Well—some believed she was his paramour.

EDITH.

Norman, thou liest! liars all of you,
Your Saints and all! *I* am his wife! and she—
For look, our marriage ring!

[*She draws it off the finger of Harold.*

I lost it somehow—
I lost it, playing with it when I was wild.
That bred the doubt, but I am wiser now . . .
I am too wise . . . Will none among you all
Bear me true witness—only for this once—
That I have found it here again?

[*She puts it on.*

And thou,
Thy wife am I for ever and evermore.

[*Falls on the body and dies.*

WILLIAM.

Death!—and enough of death for this one day.
The day of St. Calixtus, and the day,
My day, when I was born.

MALET.

And this dead king's,
Who, king or not, hath kinglike fought and fallen,
His birthday, too. It seems, but yester-even
I held it with him in his English halls,
His day, with all his rooftree ringing 'Harold,'
Before he fell into the snare of Guy;
When all men counted Harold would be king,
And Harold was most happy.

WILLIAM.

Thou art half English.
Take them away!
Malet, I vow to build a church to God
Here on this hill of battle; let our high altar
Stand where their standard fell . . . where these two lie.
Take them away, I do not love to see them.
Pluck the dead woman off the dead man, Malet.

MALET.

Faster than ivy. Must I hack her arms off!
How shall I part them?

WILLIAM.

Leave them. Let them be
Bury him and his paramour together.
He that was false in oath to me, it seems

Was false to his own wife. We will not give him
A Christian burial: yet he was a warrior,
And wise, yea truthful, till that blighted vow
Which God avenged to-day.
Wrap them together in a purple cloak
And lay them both upon the waste sea-shore
At Hastings, there to guard the land for which
He did forswear himself—a warrior—ay,
And but that Holy Peter fought for us,
And that the false Northumbrian held aloof,
And save for that chance arrow which the Saints
Sharpen'd and sent against him—who can tell?—
Three horses had I slain beneath me: twice
I thought that all was lost. Since I knew battle
And that was from my boyhood, never yet—
No, by the splendour of God—have I fought men
Like Harold and his brethren, and his guard
Of English. Every man about his king
Fell where he stood. They loved him; and pray God
My Normans may but move as true with me
To the door of death. Of one self-stock at first,
Make them again one people—Norman, English:
And English, Norman;—we should have a hand
To grasp the world with, and a foot to stamp it . . .
Flat. Praise the Saints. It is over, no more blood!
I am king of England, so they thwart me not,
And I will rule according to their laws.

(*To* Aldwyth.)

Madam, we will entreat thee with all honour.

Aldwyth.

My punishment is more than I can bear.

THE END.

CHESS.

The Persians have given us a very interesting anecdote about this noble game. Two Persians of high rank had engaged in such deep play that the fortune of one of them had been won by his opponent. He who played the *white* was the ruined man, and rendered desperate by his heavy losses he demanded another game, offering his favourite wife as his last stake. The *white* has the move, as he would be checkmated by the next move of his adversary.

SITUATION OF THE GAME

Black King at Queen's Knight's square.
Queen at King's Knight's second square.
Castle at King's Knight's square.
Castle at Queen's Knight's seventh square.
White King at his Castle's fourth square.
Queen's Castle at his own second square.
King's Bishop at his King's fourth square.
Queen's Knight's pawn at his own sixth square.
Queen's Bishop's pawn at his own sixth square.

The lady, who had observed the game from a window above, cried out to her husband in a voice of despair, to "sacrifice his Castle and save his wife."

This truly fascinating game has, in modern times, become a science, and celebrated chess players enjoy a reputation in the great arena of public opinion according to their skill and prowess. The invention of the game of chess has been very generally ascribed to Laertes, the father

of Ulysses, in order to amuse the Grecian leaders during the long and tedious siege of Troy. But that it claims a more remote origin, the fact that the chess-board and its men are to be found engraven upon the ruins of Thebes (that wonder of remote ages), has left no doubt.

Unlike most games of amusement, chess is one of pure skill, without we concede to the first who claims the move a slight advantage. At any rate it has nothing to do with chance, upon which the gambler mainly depends for success. The parties engaged commence with an equal force, and the best calculator is generally the victor. Most young people of talent are enthusiastically fond of the game; and of all games of amusement it is one of the least objectionable, without we admit that the time and the intense brain-work employed might be used to better advantage in more profitable studies. Again, it has been said that the deep attention required to attain any proficiency in the game may be turned to advantage in the everyday occupations of life. That it has been made a test of *genius*, and the losing parties looked upon as inferior in intellectual power, is both erroneous and unjust, and often occasions a bitter rivalry among good players. We have known many excellent players who were very dull matter of fact people, and men of great mental powers who never could acquire it. Philidore, that prince of chess players, had very common abilities for any other pursuit. He was a living embodiment of his adored game, his intense application to his favourite pursuit having converted mind and brain into a chess-board; while Alexander the Great, Charles XII. of Sweden, and the great Napoleon, were notorious for their want of skill in the game.

It is a great trial of temper to irritable people, and the person who can successively lose several games at chess could bear with becoming fortitude many of the greater ills of life. The Count and Countess of Hainault, who flourished in the Fourteenth century, quarrelled so dreadfully over the chess-board that it led to a final separation. There is a curious anecdote told of Louis the VI. of France, who, battling against the Lombards, was carried away by the ardour of his chivalrous spirit to mingle too closely in the thickest of the fight, and was thus separated from his troops and surrounded by the enemy. A stout Lombard seized hold of his bridle-rein, exclaiming as he did so, "I have taken the King!" "You lie, sirrah!" cried the monarch, grasping the battle-axe that hung at his saddle-bow, and rising in his stirrups cut down the vaunting foe,—"A King is never taken, not even in chess!" Musa, the brother of Abdallah, one of the last kings of Grenada, was held in prison by that monarch, who feared the popularity that he enjoyed would incite the people to place him on the throne. Musa was deeply engaged in a game of chess with his jailor when the King, urged on by his jealousy, sent an order for his immediate execution. The officers

of justice found their victim in a state of great excitement, for on his next move depended the success of the game. He heard with apparent indifference the order for his execution, only begging them to delay it for a few minutes until he had decided the fate of his game. This grace was reluctantly granted, and during that brief period an insurrection in the city dethroned his brother and placed Musa on the throne. How much depended upon that single move at chess!

From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step. We will close this desultory paper with some droll impromptu lines that were spoken by a bright girl of fourteen, who had a natural genius for the game, to a very good player who had beaten her the night before:

"Last night I played a game of chess,
And tried my utmost skill,
But ah! the end I did not guess,
For I was beat my fill.

"Of overhaste and oversight,
Complaints they were not small;
Without such aid from morn till night
We ne'er should win at all.

"As silent as two mice we were;
No whispered word was said,
Save that which often meets the ear—
'How bad that piece was played!'

"The dullness of my stupid play
Gave me no care nor sorrow;
For he who wins the game to-day,
May lose again to-morrow.

"Our game of life is full as vain,
Our bravest hopes defeated;
And every point we strive to gain,
Too quickly is checkmated.

"And should the fickle world befriend,
Ah! we may find, too late,
Its brightest promises may end
In but a poor *stale mate!*"

SUSANNA MOODIE.

ALICE.

The winds gently sighing one star-lighted night,
Waft the fishing boats out from the bay ;
And golden-haired Alice with eyes gleaming bright,
Waits and watches them sailing away :
And she murmurs these words as they fade from her sight,
"O bounteous, beautiful sea,
Send the spoil to their nets,
A fair breeze to their sails,
And my true love, to-morrow, to me."

The morning broke darkly—the shingle was white
With the feathery far-driven foam ;
And Alice, with lips white as snow with affright,
Passes, speeding away from her home :
And they hear her sad voice in the grey morning light,
"O powerful, ravenous sea,
Keep the spoil in thy depths,
Hold the breeze on thy breast,
And return my true lover to me."

She lost him for ever. And when the cold sheen
Of the star-shine illumines the waves,
The form of fair Alice may often be seen
On the sands, near the tempest-arched caves :
And she sings her weird song in the morning air keen,
"O merciless, death-dealing sea,
That steals from us our best,
Draw me into his rest,
Or restore my lost treasure to me."

ALICE.

THE CAPITAL OF CANADA.

How the City of Ottawa, on the river of the same name, about one hundred and twenty miles from its junction with the St. Lawrence, came to be the capital of the Canadian Confederation, is soon told. Confederation found it already a capital, made to its hand, it may be said, and so adopted the forest city. How the United Province of East and West Canada came to establish there its legislative powers, demands a longer record. How Ottawa came to be a city at all is more than the best historic skill could well set forth.

The founding of the city, no doubt, is intimately connected with the construction of that military work, the Rideau Canal, which was designed for the purpose of keeping up communication through the heart of the country, between the Lower Province and the region of the western lakes. But we must trace its origin to a still remoter source. The site of the now famous city was indicated, nay, selected by the red man, centuries before Europeans set foot on the soil of America. From time immemorial, the nomad Indian had been accustomed to pitch his tent and build his wigwam at the foot of the great Chaudière *portage*. There, also, he buried his dead, and so established what was to him what we now call a town or city.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE AND POST OFFICE.

At a later epoch, the hardy fur-trader, led by his Indian guides, sought that same little clearing in the forest, by the roaring waterfall, and there rested from his laborious wayfaring, before undertaking to ascend the eight miles portage, with his canoes, baggage, and necessary hunting gear. The fame of these fur-traders was great in the land. It is possible that the

tale of their successful hunting, of their wealth and magnificence, may have reached the neighbouring States. Be this as it may, towards the end of last century a fleet of well-laden canoes was seen advancing towards the boiling Chaudière. It forbade all near approach. To the left of the voyagers were huge conical hills, which seemed to frown defiance; to the right, precipitous rocks and impenetrable forest. Leaving these behind, their wearied eyes rested at length on the tranquil spot where the Indian and the fur-trader had so often found repose. There the men of Massachusetts landed. Is this then the place, —the appointed place of rest; *sedes ubi fata quietas ostendunt?*—a day or two will tell.

The chief explores the neighbouring forest, examines the land with the eye of an able expert, and concludes that the forest wealth in which it now abounds may soon be made to yield to that which crowns the labours of the agriculturist. Palemon Wright—such was the name of this enterprising chief, plied the axe and the ploughshare, and in a year or two brought thousands of acres under cultivation, replacing the dense and gloomy woods with every variety of grain crops. His crowning labour was his success in raising excellent wheat, whilst he managed to establish a trade in wood, and so commenced that *lumber* business which is to this day so great a source of wealth to Central Canada.

The least difficult part of the work came now to be accomplished: Mr. Wright gave to the land of his choice the name of the spot whence he had emigrated, and it is still known as the Township of Hull. As the land improved and trade increased, a village grew by degrees on the Indian camping ground where the citizen of Massachusetts first pitched his tent, and received the name of Hull or Wright'sville; to-day it is a city of ten thousand souls, and, with its trade and wealth and handsome church, forms a noble suburb of the Canadian Capital.

Whilst Hull was advancing and contributing largely to the country's wealth, no sign of life came to break the silence of the primeval forest on the south bank of the river, where the gorgeous palaces of the Legislature now enliven the landscape. The current of events seemed still more to throw this neglected spot into perpetual oblivion. When the war of 1814-15 between Great Britain and the United States came to an end, numbers of retired soldiers and officers sought homes in the settlement of Hull and other places near the Ottawa. Right over from the head of the great Chaudière Portage, several military pensioners betook themselves to a fertile tract of country, built a village, and, in compliment to the Governor, the Duke of Richmond, who greatly patronized it, graced it with the name of Richmond. This illustrious statesman sometimes honoured this military settlement with his presence, delighting, no doubt, to see the sword of so many battles changed to a plough-

share; still more, perhaps, rejoicing in the idea that the embryo town which bore his name, would, one day, be the capital at least of Western Canada, but "*non sic volvere Parcas.*" It was not so appointed. It may be that an unlucky circumstance changed the course of destiny. On occasion of visiting the place of his name, the noble Duke, whilst shaving, incautiously allowed a pet fox which travelled in his suite, to lick a slight scratch on his chin. The result was an attack of hydrophobia. This was noticed as His Grace was proceeding towards the River Jok. He could not approach the water, and was conveyed by the gentlemen of his suite to the nearest building—a barn not far from Ottawa, still nearer his favourite village. There, in a short time, death came to end his sufferings. If, indeed, there be anything ominous, this was of evil omen for favoured Richmond. It has enjoyed no progress, whilst the rival ground is covered with the handsome dwellings, rich shops, and magnificent public edifices of an opulent city. When an industrious agriculturist, the late Mr. Sparks, purchased* two hundred acres of this ground he had no thought of any other buildings than such as were necessary as a shelter for his live stock and a home for his family. Stimulated by the noble example of the Patriarch Wright, he resolved to ply the axe and the plough, and so achieve for himself, if not a fortune, "the glorious privilege of being independent." Whilst this hardy pioneer of settlement was hewing for himself a home out of the dense and tangled woods, a great idea occupied the minds of British statesmen. They had experienced, during the war (1814-15) that was now ended, the inconvenience of conveying supplies for the soldiers of the country along the enemy's frontier, in face almost of his armed array; and so they determined on building a canal that should connect the waters of the Ottawa and of the lower St. Lawrence with the Western lakes at Kingston. Extending nearly to the latter place from the Ottawa below the Chaudière Falls, there is a chain of waters—the Rideau lakes and the River Rideau—which discharges into the Ottawa by a beautiful cascade resembling a massive curtain. Hence the name of Rideau (or, *anglice, curtain*). The plan was to form a canal

*Here may be noticed a story, long current at Ottawa, and which even found its way into distinguished magazines, to the effect that Mr. Sparks was forced to accept, as the only payment he could obtain from Mr. Wright, Senr., by whom he had been a good deal employed, the waste land south of the Ottawa and Hull settlement. At first he steadily refused, as the tale has it, land which was reputed worthless, and was only finally induced to accept when "a yoke of oxen was thrown in." The true history is, that Mr. Sparks purchased the lot in question from Mr. Burrowes Honey, who had been for some four years the proprietor of it. The price which he paid for the land, with some moveable property that was on it, was ninety-five pounds currency. The instruments and deeds by which this transaction was effected may still be seen. The late Mr. Robert Bell, M.P. for Russell, was our first authority, and later, the respected family of the late Mr. Sparks.

chiefly along the line of these waters, diverging from the Rideau near Ottawa, and entering the Grand River by a swamp and rivulet above the Chaudière Falls. A few locks were to have established communication with the river below the falls. This was the original plan and the more economical. But the proprietor of some land through which the canal must have passed, hearing of the design, and that through the indiscretion of the chief engineer in an after dinner conversation, set so high a price on his land, that it was hard to make the purchase; and the engineer, with a view chiefly, it is believed, to disappoint the man who had betrayed his confidence, conveyed the canal by deep and heavy cuttings and quite a serious number of locks, to the point where it now ends, considerably below the Chaudière. The canal, as a military work, has never been of any use, no war having occurred before the era of railways, and a good railway now superseding it, both for traffic, and, if need were—may none such ever be!—for conveying troops, munitions of war, &c. This canal which, on approaching Ottawa, is a mere ditch, cost £2,000,000. It might have been made for less, we venture to think, but the benefits arising from its construction cannot be overlooked. It led to the settlement of a vast country—the whole interior of Central Canada. It was the founding of a populous, rich and magnificent capital. States and cities are not built up for nothing.

"Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem!"

About the year 1823, the work of constructing the Rideau Canal was commenced.* The officer in charge. Major, afterwards Lieut.-Col., By took possession, in the name of the British Crown, of two of those repulsive-looking hills which overhang the Grand River, and which had so long been condemned as unfit for any purpose whatsoever. One was denominated the Government or Barrack Hill, on account of the military barracks which were erected on it, and the other the Major's Hill, where, until quite lately, could have been seen the ruins of Major By's house. It is now changed into a beautiful park, finely diversified with trees and shrubs for the recreation of the citizens of the capital. Both hills were soon covered with the temporary dwellings of the numerous workmen, soldiers, engineers, sappers, and miners employed in the construction of the canal. As they proceeded with this work, they, at the same time, built, or more properly, named a town, which

* It was not, however, till some time later (16th August, 1827), that the foundation stone of the locks at Ottawa was formally laid by the late much lamented Sir John Franklin, at that time Captain Franklin, R. N. On the 15th of August he arrived at Ottawa from an exploring expedition in the North and North-west, and on the 16th took part with Col. By, Lieut. Pooley, and some others, in the interesting ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the greatest work of the kind that had ever been undertaken on the continent of America.

consisted of two divisions, Lower Town to the east, and Upper Town to the west of the canal, and this was Bytown, to which houses only were wanting. It was a city only in *posse*. But a real city it was destined soon to be. The canal, excavated from the solid rock, cut it in two. The Sappers' Bridge, as it is still called, was built, and communication established between the two pieces of waste land, styled, respectively, Upper Town and Lower Town. Until a year or so ago there was no other bridge. Now the Dufferin Bridge has been added, with a width of fifty feet, and the old Sappers' Bridge extended to the same breadth. As the work of the engineers proceeded, houses came to be built, not only in both divisions of aspiring Bytown, but also along both sides of the canal, all the way to Kingston. At first appeared the temporary shanties of the numerous workmen, which, in due time, were succeeded by comfortable farmhouses, surrounded by smiling fields.

Everything at first was of a temporary character in the infant city. We have heard of a church which survived the time for which it was intended. It still continued to be used long after it was unfit for use, and was made tolerably tempest proof by a heavy iron chain, extended across the building, which prevented the two sides from parting company, even in the strongest gale. No one yet dreamt of the great future that was in store for Bytown, when this tottering structure was replaced by a magnificent cathedral, which still remains, amidst many costly edifices, the most complete piece of church architecture in the city.

Well might Mr. Sparks rejoice in his purchase. It was fast raising him to the wealth and importance of a millionaire. But his land alone did not suffice for the rising town. The adjoining two hundred acres to the south of it, which Major By had wisely secured, was pressed into the service. Nor is this all. The property of the late Mr. Stewart, M.P.P., still further south, shares the honours of the Sparks and By estates. Although not within the city limits, it already boasts many a goodly mansion.

It was now time that so promising a town should enjoy a more euphonious name. Its inhabitants, at least, were so ambitious as to think so; and they succeeded in obtaining an Act of Parliament, by which its name was changed to that of the great river which flows by its walls.

Ottawa had now, so to say, entered on a career of preferment. The Government of the United Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, so long migratory between Toronto and the ancient capital of the Lower Province, like the Patriarch of the Ottawa, sought a permanent seat, and like him, it was destined to find that seat—its *sedes quietas*—on the banks of the Grand River. There was much discussion, which threatened to

prove interminable. Each city had its claims: Toronto, from its importance; Montreal from its wealth and fine commercial position; Quebec as the ancient capital of the most ancient Province. The question which was every day becoming more and more a vexed question, was properly referred to the Queen's Most Gracious Majesty. Queen Victoria, with the aid of her able counsellors, and according to the well-known view of the immortal Wellington, promptly decided that Ottawa should be the capital. It remained only now to erect the necessary Legislative buildings. This was quickly set about, and, in 1860, the work of construction having already been commenced, the foundation-stone was solemnly laid by the Heir apparent to the British Crown.

Ottawa, whilst yet unconscious of its destined greatness, was growing rapidly. With the construction of the Rideau Canal, there came into existence a straggling village. By the year 1851, this village had grown to a town of over 7,000 souls. In the succeeding decade, this number was more than doubled, the increase being 130 per cent. in Upper Town, as the part of the city west of the canal is called. The census of 1871 does not show so great an increase. But allowance must be made for some 7,000 wood-hewers who have their home in Ottawa, not in houses of their own, but in the numerous hotels and boarding-houses throughout the city. It is hard to believe, although the census must be accepted, that the increase was not as great, proportionately, from 1861 to 1871, as in the preceding decade, especially when it is considered that, during the ten years ending in 1871, the Government, with its following, came to swell the population. This would give, in the city proper, by the census, 21,545; floating population, 7,000; increase since 1871, one fourth, say 7,000—in all, 35,545. Add to this the 10,000 souls of Hull, and some 5,000 more, a very moderate estimate, for the suburbs of New Edinburgh, Rochesterville, Sherwoodville, and the numerous villas and other dwellings outside the city limits, and we have a population which accounts for the great extent of rich and elegant street architecture, wealthy stores which everywhere meet the eye and tempt the purchaser, splendid bank structures, magnificent churches, three spacious and highly ornate market places, a city hall, and a post office that would grace the metropolis of an Empire.

A glance at the public buildings of Ottawa, and we have done. First of all the churches. Of these, that stately edifice, the Cathedral, was built before there was any idea of raising old Bytown to the dignity of a capital. And now, although there are many rich and elegant churches, it is unquestionably the most complete structure of its kind in the city. It occupies a central place in Lower Town, near the banks of the Ottawa, and is seen to great advantage from the Chaudière Falls, about two miles

distant. A still larger edifice, St. Patrick's Church, accommodates the Catholic population of Upper Town. Its outside appearance is far from being attractive, a number of architects having conspired to mar the original plan. The massive tower, however, when raised to its full height of two hundred feet, will be a grand and imposing object. In regard to it, the bold design of that able architect, Mr. Laver, has not been departed from. St. Joseph's Church graces the southern part of Lower Town. At the end of St. Patrick Street, on the Rideau, was erected lately, a plain but tolerably spacious church for the benefit of the dense Catholic population in that quarter. The Chaudière region also has its Catholic church; and the picturesque little chapel which formerly looked so attractive amidst the solitary woods from the Ottawa side of the river, is replaced by a large and handsome edifice, more suited to the important suburb, or rather, City of Hull, with its ten thousand souls.

The plain, unpretending Anglican Church at the west end of Sparks Street has given place to a very elegant and costly edifice. The same denomination possesses a still more ornate building, St. Alban's, on Daly Street. The handsome chapel on Sussex Street, in which the Bishop of Ontario officiates, is intended only as a temporary erection.

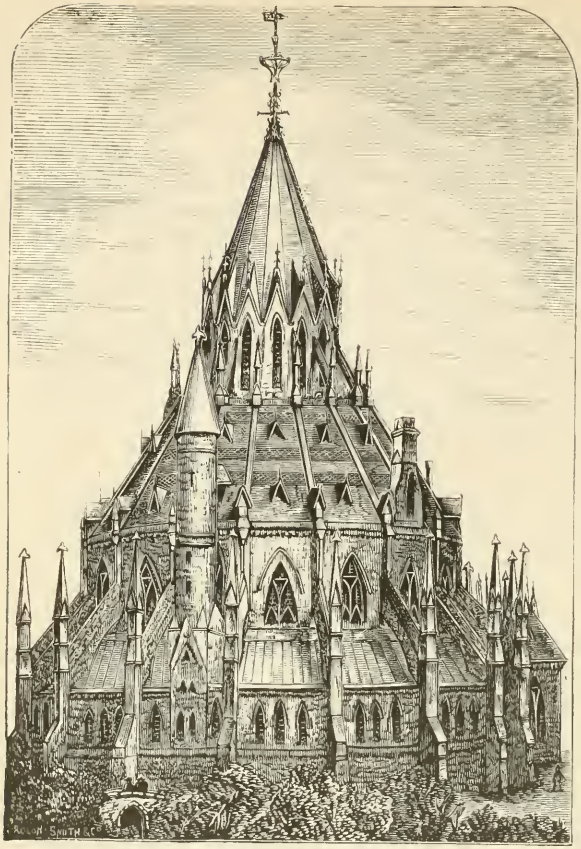
The Presbyterians have two splendid churches, one near the City Hall, and another on Wellington Street.

The Methodists have just completed a church at great cost, and it appears to be highly satisfactory to the congregation for which it is intended.

The sect claiming to be Catholic and Apostolic have a neat little church in Upper Town, more remarkable for its architecture than its dimensions.

Of all the educational institutions the Normal School presents the finest specimen of architectural excellence. The Collegiate Institute claims, not unjustly, a great amount of artistic merit. The Academy of the Congregation Sisters is a stately edifice in the same part of the town. The Ladies' College and St. Patrick's Orphanage are a new feature in the Ashburnham Hill region. The Central School west is a very handsome building. The schools of the Gray Nuns in Rideau and Sussex Streets, together with their spacious hospital, are important additions to the city architecture. The "Old College" still holds its ground, and accommodates the numerous pupils taught by the Christian Brothers. It has long since, however, given way to the University, which, though plain, is of considerable extent.

The Government buildings are too well known to require much special mention. Intelligent travellers pronounce that there is nothing as yet to compare with them on the American continent. The library



THE NEW PARLIAMENTARY LIBRARY.

is now completed, and it fully realizes all anticipations as to its grandeur and beauty. The centre tower of the Parliament Houses would be a chief ornament in any capital. The tower of the eastern Departmental block is one of the finest gems of architecture. The addition to the western Departmental buildings, at present in course of erection, promises to be no less ornamental than the finest portions of the more ancient edifices.

No city on the continent has a better supplied market, and its market buildings are in keeping with this happy state of things. There are two large market houses in Lower Town and a still more spacious one in the upper quarter of the city, the lofty and ornate ceiling of which gives it a very striking appearance.

All the bank agencies have appropriate quarters. Their houses, rich and elegant, admirably emblematize the institutions which they represent.

The City of Ottawa is spoken of as having been built on swamps that were good for nothing else. This is only partially the case. The whole of the western portion, or Upper Town, is on undulating ground, and its sanitary condition, as well as that of Lower Town, has been amply provided for by an excellent system of water works, now in full operation, conveying in abundance to every house the cleansing and refreshing element.

An inexhaustible supply of water is not all. The most thorough drainage, at the same time, guards the health of the citizens. The main sewer, which is, indeed, a *cloaca maxima*, extends along the whole length of Upper Town, passes under the canal, and traversing Lower Town, discharges into the Ottawa. This will, one day, be voted a nuisance, which must be abated by something like the Thames embankment. But, in the meantime, all the filth of the city is only as a drop in the mighty waters of the Ottawa. There can be swamps no more, the ground which they occupied being considerably above the level of the river.

When there was question of establishing a fixed seat of Government, Ottawa was objected to chiefly on the ground that it was an *out of the way place*, and all but inaccessible. Such never was the case. The city could always be approached by the River Ottawa, the Rideau Canal, the old Prescott Road, and the roads north of the river, communicating with the city by a magnificent suspension bridge. In addition to all this, there are now two railways,—the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, which has been in operation for two-and-twenty years, and which connects with the Grand Trunk at Prescott, and the Canada Central and two more in course of construction,—one on each side of the Ottawa. When these two railways are completed, and it is hoped they will be open for traffic next summer, no city in the world will possess greater facilities of access than the Capital of the Canadian Dominion.

ÆN. McD. DAWSON.

A ROMANCE OF THE ARLINGTON HOPS.

I.

It was in the summer of 187——, when the Town of Cobourg was such a fashionable resort for Americans during the dog-days, that a couple of young gentlemen took passage on the steamer *Passport*, from Toronto, for the purpose of attending one of the Saturday evening dances which have rendered the "Arlington House" so famous.

The weather was glorious. It was one of those bright clear days for which Canada is so famous—hot enough on shore, but rendered cool and bracing by the slight lake breeze, which just brought a ripple, and no more, upon the bosom of Ontario. The clear blue sky was marked only by a ridge of fleecy white clouds on the horizon, while a few gulls hovered around the steamer, as, after passing through the eastern gap of the harbour, she set her head resolutely to the east.

Morton Woodward, the elder of the two, was a man of about thirty, tall and slender, with black eyes and hair, and a rather languid, indifferent manner, which nevertheless hid a good deal of perseverance and determination of character. Possessed of a small independence, which he inherited from his mother, he followed no fixed profession, but generally had an iron in the fire whenever any money was to be made, and almost always succeeded in making it. Although, as it is scarcely necessary to add, he was considered quite a catch by match-making mammas, he had so far succeeded in avoiding the matrimonial noose.

His friend, Charley Ashby, was some eight years younger, and in many respects quite his opposite. Of medium height, his figure was rather heavily set, and showed some power. In fact, he was a very fair gymnast; while, in the Canadian National game, lacrosse, he played in the first twelve of one of the leading clubs. He had light hair, and a very fair smooth complexion, set off by a light moustache. But his fine blue eyes were his best feature, and when you had once seen him use them, you could realize that Dame Rumour had not belied his reputation as a lady-killer.

"Well, old fellow," said Morton, as they sat smoking on deck, "this is really delightful—will quite set you up after your cram, eh?"

"No, yes, eh?" replied Charley, with the common colloquial contradictoriness. In fact his thoughts were far away from the preliminary law examination he had just passed; and fast as the steamer travelled, they had already reached the journey's end, and he was speculating as

to whether *she* would be there that evening, and what opportunities he would have of seeing her alone.

"See," resumed Morton, after a few minutes silence, "we are nearing Raby Head, said to be the highest spot of land on the north shore of the lake. In about half an hour we shall be at Bowmanville, and I shall really be very glad, for this air makes one confoundedly hungry."

"Yes," replied Charley, the state of whose heart never interfered with his appetite. "I believe they do feed us between there and Port Hope. I wonder if any more Toronto men are coming down by train. I did hear Sapcot and DeLisle talk about it, and they were rather smitten with the Dove girls. Didn't you think so, at the last hop?"

"Well, no, not particularly, but DeLisle seemed very much struck with Violet Tremaine; he never took his eyes off her all the time she was dancing with me."

"Pooh! nonsense!" exclaimed the indignant Charley, "she does not care a straw for him. No, it is poor Sapcot that is so completely gone in that quarter."

Morton laughed at Charley's earnestness, and at the success of his chaff. "I did not say *she* cared for *him*," he said. "But the young lady must have taken you very completely into her confidence, *amicus meus*—you speak with authority."

"Pshaw!" said Charley, who perceived the trap that had been laid for him, "we are very good friends, nothing more. The *mater* evidently puts me down as a harmless detrimental. But if she asks me to spend a week or two at their place, and I rather think she will, I shall accept."

"That, of course," replied Morton, adding mentally,—"But if you don't put your foot into it before the week's out, and get well snubbed by the stern parents for your pains, I'm vastly mistaken."

In happy ignorance of his friend's opinion as to the probable *denouement* of his intended visit, Charley continued to enjoy in silence the glories of sky, water, and cliff, while he meditated upon the discretion he would observe, as regards his love for Violet, until he should have completed his studies, and the rising young barrister had become a prize to be sought after. Besides he had only met the object of his new-born love two or three times since he had seen her in pinafores, for she had been first at boarding-school at Montreal, and had then travelled for the previous winter on the Continent of Europe with her father.

The Tremaines were a wealthy family living on the outskirts of Cobourg, and consisted of the father, the Honourable Eli Tremaine, of the Senate, the mother, one son in the Royal Artillery, and two daughters, Louisa and Violet, aged respectively twenty and eighteen. Being reputed heiresses, they were carefully guarded under the maternal wing

from fortune hunters, while the paternal eye scanned the social horizon for all "ineligibles."

Charley, however, being an old friend of the family, and having evinced no disposition to fall in love with Louisa, was admitted without reserve into the sheep-fold, with the blindness with which the god of Love mercifully afflicts the most cautious of parents.

In fact, the very invitation which he had anticipated was discussed that very afternoon by the Tremaine family. Mrs. Tremaine, whose hospitable nature prompted her to keep the house full of visitors, was the first to suggest it.

"Eli, my dear," she began, "what do you say to having Charley Ashby here for a week or so? He has just passed his examination."

"Oh do!" broke in Louisa, "he is such fun, and we can take him to the Westley's pic-nic on Thursday, you know."

"Well, well, Jane, do as you like," said Mr. Tremaine, in the sharp, quick manner for which he was noted.

"Good," said Louisa, "and we'll ask him to-night at the hop, so he can come at once, and send to Toronto for anything more he may want. So that's settled."

Violet said nothing, and kept her eyes fixed upon the book she happened to be reading. But her silence was not remarked; she had seen so little of Charley that it was scarcely to be expected she should take as much interest in the matter as the others did.

II.

PUNCTUALITY was a virtue very strictly adhered to at the Arlington Hops. Sharp eight was the time for dancing to begin, because being Saturday night, sharp eleven was the hour for its conclusion. The time occupied by the dances was also rigidly defined, fifteen minutes being allowed for each, so as to make room for a programme of twelve dances within the required limit.

The well lighted dining-room presented a brilliant scene as the Tremaines entered it. All the *elite* of the town was gathered there, as well as the wives and daughters of the American visitors, who were fully capable of vieing with their Canadian sisters, both in beauty and toilet. The floor was waxed to a turn, and on a dais in the south-east corner of the room was the local string band, with faces expressive of a determination to do or die.

The Tremaines were daughters of whom any parents might be proud. Tall and slight, their carriage was graceful in the extreme, while the dark brown eyes of the elder formed a pleasing contrast to those of her ister, which were of so deep a blue as almost to accord with her name.

Both the girls cast quick glances round the room, for their friends, Messrs. Woodward and Ashby, but without seeing the objects of their search. Neither of them said anything, but there was a look of disappointment on Violet's face as, with an air of apparent unconcern, she tapped impatiently her left hand with the fan she held in her right. Soon the dancing began, and DeLisle and Sapcot were engaged, more or less successfully, in filling up their programmes.

Morton and Charley had been delayed by the steamer stopping at Port Hope to take on freight, which accounted for their tardy appearance. But when there the latter lost no time in looking up Violet, lounging through the rooms, however, with an affectation of carelessness he was far from feeling, so that no one might suspect the object of his search. Even after he caught sight of her, he stopped to speak to several acquaintances, but managed to ask to see her programme before making any other engagements. By this time it was nearly nine o'clock, and some third of the dances were over. Indeed Violet's card would have been long ago filled up had she not adopted the practice, so indignantly condemned by the genus *muff* (male) of the variety who can neither dance nor talk, of reserving by fictitious initials, the best dances for any of their favourites who were late in arriving at the scene of festivities. Besides, the Boston had just come into vogue, and both ladies and gentlemen were employed, with more or less success, in learning it from their American visitors, and Charley was one of their most apt pupils, which, perhaps, accounted for Violet's readiness in placing her programme at his disposal.

Poor ladies! Does it ever occur to those who condemn them as deceitful and untruthful, that they are but victims of a harsh rule which obliges them to accept without hesitation the first man who chooses to ask them, pleading no excuse therefrom, saving only a previous engagement.

By what natural right does the Lord of Creation stalk into a ballroom, and after surveying with a patronizing air the assembled fair ones, proceed to pick and choose, as it pleases him, both dance and partner? Shall we not, then, gladly connive at anything which gives the weaker sex a chance of protecting themselves against all-comers? But none of these reflections troubled Charley then; he was only too pleased to secure the valse immediately following the dance which was then going on, without asking whether he was infringing on the rights of young Edward Athole Sapcot, who had vainly petitioned for the same.

How tedious did the time of waiting seem, and yet, he half dreaded its conclusion, for he had resolved to let Violet see his love for her that night. Not that he would have been foolish enough to propose in a

crowded ball-room, in the course of a dance: not that he would have even dared, whatever the surroundings, to put his love too plainly into words, so little had they met of late years. Charley was full of prudent resolves; but still he determined to get from her some word of encouragement which would convince him that her love was to be won, and then, he thought, he would be content to wait.

"Miss Violet," he said, as they paused after making a circuit of the spacious hall, "never mind the Boston for a little while, let us take a turn on the verandah instead. I so seldom see you," he added, "that it seems as if there was a conspiracy to keep us apart."

"Oh! no," said Violet, "but I have been so much away that I have grown out of the recollection of most of my old friends."

Charley was neither an orator nor a poet, and even had nature been generous to him in those respects, he would have considered anything of the sort "bad form"—but he could press into his service a pair of very eloquent eyes, and placed more reliance upon them than upon mere words. So looking down into the fair face below him, as he leaned over the chair in which Violet was seated, and throwing into his voice, half unconsciously, as much pathos as he was capable of, he said:

"How strange it is, Miss Violet, that we should be satisfied with such an artificial state of society. We meet here once a week for a few months in the summer, and then we scatter to our homes and business, and think no more of each other than if we had never met."

Violet looked up at him rather archly. "Do you speak for yourself, Mr. Ashby, or for your sex?" she asked, "because on behalf of mine I protest most strongly. You gentlemen have such a fashion of setting us down as a lot of heartless flirts, and holding yourselves up as our victims, that you have actually got, in a way, to believe it yourselves."

"You protest on behalf of your sex, but do you speak for yourself? Would it really make any difference to you if when I went home to-morrow you never saw me again?"

"Then you are not going to spend the week with us?" said Violet in a tone of disappointment she was unable to conceal. Then recollecting herself, she blushed, and laughed, and added,

"Oh! I forgot, you have not seen any of them yet; you are to be asked to spend next week with us, and go to the Westley's pic-nic on Thursday—can you stay?"

"*Can* I? Yes, I think so; but *will* I? that is another question."

"Oh! of course if you don't want to—"

"It is not whether *I* want to, but whether *you* want me to."

"Why yes, to be sure, we all want you."

"Ah, but do *you* want me more than the others? Do you want me more than you would Sapcot, or DeLisle, or even Woodward?"

Violet was silent.

"The other day you said Woodward was a 'lovely man,'" continued Charley, impetuously, "it is a horrid Yankeeism anyway, but when I heard you, I hoped you would never say it of me—though not for that reason—I don't want to rank exactly with all those fellows—even in your liking—do you understand?"

"Oh! here you are, Violet, we have been looking for you everywhere," burst in the voice of Louisa from behind, as she and Sapcot pounced upon them. "This is Mr. Sapcot's dance, and it is nearly half over."

"I—I really beg your pardon, Mr. Sapcot," stammered poor Violet, who was wondering how much of the conversation they had overheard.

"Granted, Miss Violet," replied Sapcot, "though the loss can never be replaced" he added, "unless you have a spare dance yet on your programme."

"No," said Violet, "it is full already, as I told you," and as she rose to go she dropped her fan in Sapcot's direction.

"Will you ever call *me* a 'lovely man?'" whispered Charley, as Sapcot stooped to pick it up.

"*Never*," said Violet, softly, yet firmly, and then she moved away on Sapcot's arm, leaving Charley and Louisa to follow.

III.

It is scarcely necessary to tell the reader that the Tremaine's invitation was accepted by Charley, and his friend Morton left with instructions to forward on Monday a supply of clothing sufficient for a rather fastidious young Canadian of the 19th century. One so fastidious, indeed, that he would not go to church the next morning because he had nothing to wear but the light tweed suit in which he had travelled down. In the evening, however, his scruples on that point were overcome, and he accompanied the family to church, walking down with Louisa with the intention of enjoying a *tête-à-tête* with Violet on the way home.

So after conducting himself in a most exemplary manner during service, he gave vent to an involuntary sigh of relief, as he manœuvred himself next to Violet on leaving the building; but stern fate, in the person of Mrs. Tremaine, intervened, for that lady very innocently joined them and left Louisa and her father to walk together. So Charley mustered up all his patience, and all his agreeableness, and succeeded in impressing the elderly lady with the idea that he was a very sensible, agreeable fellow, who could talk reasonably to an old lady, (though to be sure she was nearly as young looking as her daughters), and was not always thinking of flirting, and putting such foolish ideas into young girls' heads.

The succeeding days passed rapidly enough. The young people were almost constantly together, and engaged in any amount of riding, driving, and walking. And until Tuesday evening Charley kept most admirably all his prudent resolutions. He made no special love to Violet —at least not in words—and devoted himself to the ladies generally, and the *mater* in particular, in a manner most discreet and commendable.

Tuesday afternoon had been fixed upon for a drive some miles into the country, where a pretty bit of scenery was supposed to offer sufficient attraction for a short halt. Then a few refreshments were to be partaken of, and they were to drive back by moonlight. Charley was out of temper at the start. He had arranged to drive a large open carriage and pair, with room for four behind and one in front by his side. Another vehicle of similar style was to be driven by the Senator, and that was thought sufficient for the party, which consisted only of themselves and the Turners, an American family then staying at the "Arlington." At the start, however, Miss Bessie Turner proved herself Charley's evil genius, by declaring that she never did enjoy a drive unless she sat by the driver and was allowed her turn at the ribbons. With rather bad grace he yielded to Mrs. Tremaine's suggestion that she should occupy the box seat with him, and share his responsibility as charioteer. But in vain for him did Miss Bessie gush—his replies from the first were of the briefest and most abrupt description short of absolute rudeness. First she tried the scenery. No, Charley hated scenery, could not see why people broiled themselves to death, (it was a cool day with a pleasant breeze), to look at a few rocks and trees. Then she ventured upon horses; noble animals, she was *so* fond of them, and loved of all things to drive and ride. Her great ambition was to drive a four-in-hand. Did not Charley think it would be delightful? No, he left that sort of thing to the jockeys. After which rebuff a slight pause, but the attack was renewed. Perhaps (with an archness that was intended to be irresistible) Charley cared less for the horses and scenery than for the society of one of the fair sex; she had heard he was a desperate flirt, a positive lady-killer. Here Charley's patience quite gave way, and he very bluntly informed her that it depended entirely upon who the young lady was. Then, asking her if she would not like to drive, he handed her the reins, and turning round began to talk to Violet, who occupied one of the seats behind, about the pic-nic on the following Thursday. Poor Violet! she did not know what to do. Her mamma sat glaring opposite to her, evidently prepared to express her opinion as to Charley's conduct upon very little more provocation; while Mr. Caleb E. Turner, the young lady's father, looked particularly uncomfortable; he was wise enough to perceive that something was wrong, but yet not sufficiently *au fait* in the ways of the polite world to understand

its ins and outs. Let us do him the justice, moreover, of saying that he was not present when his daughter obtained her seat on the box, and so lost the key-note to the whole scene.

Truth as a historian obliged us to record the foregoing, even though our readers will perceive, what we are compelled to admit, that our hero was far from perfect. Indeed there is no knowing to what lengths he might have allowed himself to be carried—for Violet's short and constrained answers did not tend to improve his state of mind—had they not arrived at their destination, and after visiting the spot they had come to see, where Charley reiterated his previously expressed opinion about scenery, they took tea at a farm-house, as had been previously arranged, before driving home.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and when they started out on their return, about nine o'clock, it was almost as bright as day. The return trip offered quite a contrast to the journey out, and the party in Charley's carriage was particularly quiet. Miss Bessie Turner had complained of feeling chilly, and asked for an inside seat, and Charley had told Violet to take her place so much as a matter of course that Mrs. Tremaine had no time to think of any plausible reason to the contrary, before the thing was done. During the drive home they talked nearly all the time in tones sufficiently low to prevent those behind from catching more than a word here and there, so that on their arrival Mrs. Tremaine was perfectly furious, and Violet was in a state of mingled happiness and terror. She had ventured on the way back to remonstrate rather timidly with him for his conduct, but without avail.

"My dear child," he said, in a half-loving, half-patronizing way, "do you suppose I am going to allow myself to be monopolized by that style of thing without protest. Besides it was necessary to teach her a lesson; she will not offend again."

"Yes, but mamma—" objected Violet.

"Oh, your mamma will be all right," said the confident Charley; in which opinion, however, he was all wrong.

"Besides," he went on, "I want them to see I like you. *You* know I do, tho' I cannot tell you so yet, and if you think that by and by you could care for me, it is better to let them see it. But perhaps you don't care for me? If so, I don't want to get you into trouble at home, of course." And Charley leant over, and tried to read the expression of her face in the moonlight.

Violet blushed deeply, and felt herself trembling.

"I—I—think you had better be very careful," she said, "and do not offend mamma. You don't know—"

"Oh! I know," he replied, "all right, I'll take care."

But Charley did not know half as much as Violet did, and even she

had no suspicion of the maternal intentions, beyond a vague idea that she would be expected to make a good match. She did not know that it was her mother who had sent young Sapcot with Louisa to hunt them up on the verandah the night of the hop, or that she was delighted with that gentleman, or rather with his fortune, and noticing his *penchant* for Violet, had settled the matter in her own mind. Charley she had never looked upon as a possible lover for Violet, until this visit, and her suspicions had become certainties during the drive.

Nothing was said that night, or the next day, but Charley saw very little, if anything, of Violet, and not much more of Louisa: they were supposed to be busy preparing their quota of good things for the morrow's pic-nic. But a black cloud hung, as it were, over the whole family, with the exception of the Senator, who was in ignorance of what was going on, and was held too much in awe, even by his wife, to be enlightened; unless, indeed, suspicions became certainties, and parental interference necessary. So Charley was fain to make a virtue of necessity, and go in for more than his usual allowance of discussion, religious, social, and political, with the father of his beloved.

IV.

THE eventful day of the Westley's pic-nic at length arrived, and brought with it weather suited admirably to the occasion. We will spare our readers, however, a couple of pages devoted to an elaborate description of its glories, this being an offence that none but authors with reputations thoroughly established dare be guilty of.

It was arranged that the majority of the party were to go by water, while most of the elders, and the more timid of the younger, proceeded by carriages to the *rendezvous*. Mrs. Tremaine had such a horror of the water that nothing would induce her to put her foot into a small boat, so it had been decided some time ago that her husband should drive her out, and the girls go by water, but return in the carriage in the evening.

No alteration was proposed to these arrangements, so the young people started off and joined the rest at the water side. The boat in which they were placed was a large one, and they were separated so soon as they took their seats, the ladies being made comfortable in the stern, while Charley took an oar, and settled himself down for a steady pull, which he thought would give him an opportunity for reflection. He saw that he had put himself into a rather foolish position, and had acted in a manner exactly contrary to what he had so prudently resolved upon. But what to do now was the question. He would have been glad to have consulted his friend Morton Woodward, but that gentleman was in

the stern, devoting himself to the ladies in general, and Louisa Tremaine in particular, and would in all probability be similarly employed for the rest of the afternoon. He feared to go further, and formally propose to the parents for the young lady, and yet felt that he could scarcely go back without giving her the impression that he had relinquished all claims to her, and being very unhappy himself into the bargain.

Meanwhile they arrived at their destination, and Charley found himself no clearer than he was at starting as to what was best to do. But if he was silent and unhappy, not so the rest, for the work of landing the party proceeded amidst peals of merriment. Some discussion ensued as to the relative value of the ladies and hampers of provisions, in case it were necessary to save one from a wetting at the expense of the other. Our friend DeLisle, who presumed upon being the ladies' pet, argued strenuously in favour of the hampers. He was opposed by a gallant young widower of about fifty, Mr. St. James, a rather noted *gourmand*, who took the ladies' part, until told by Miss Bessie Turner that he did not practise what he preached. The surf was rather high at the time, and the work of debarkation proceeded amidst little shrieks of terror, more or less real, from some of the ladies. So, to prove his devotion, Mr. St. James jumped into the water up to his waist, to steady the boat through the surf, and earn for himself he fondly hoped, the sympathy and commiseration of the gentler sex for the rest of the day. But, alas for gratitude, the sympathy was neither cordial nor sincere, and accompanied with giggles it was almost impossible to repress at the grotesque sight he presented. And certainly the appearance of a pair of check trousers of the Lord Brougham pattern, on a rather stout elderly gentleman, is not improved by their being immersed in water, although admirably calculated to display the contour of 'the human form divine' to the best advantage.

But finally everything was got safely to land, and our pic-nicers disposed of themselves in various ways. Charley and Violet, and Morton and Louisa, volunteered to gather sticks for the fire and disappeared at once into the wood for that purpose, where for the present let us leave them. The young Westleys set themselves zealously to work, assisted by the more good-natured of their guests, to prepare the nondescript meal usual on such occasions. Mr. St. James was told off to carry up the water required for culinary purposes, with explicit directions to bring it fresh and cool, since, as he *was* wet, it would be easy for him to wade out a little way for it. Miss Dove, assisted by DeLisle, undertook the arduous task of boiling the potatoes in a gipsy kettle, an operation neither of them seemed capable of performing alone, but which required their constant and undivided attention : though at the end of about half-an-hour it was discovered that the task was yet to be

commenced, as they had been waiting for the return of the couples who had gone to gather sticks for the fire. For the same reason the tea was still unmade, and when the seniors arrived overland, the prospect of a meal was still a distant one.

So another detachment, consisting of gentlemen only this time, was dispatched, and in about a quarter of an hour a couple of fires were burning brightly, and there was some prospect, DeLisle announced, of the potatoes boiling shortly, especially if the process was not so constantly interrupted by inquiries. So the cloth was spread on the grass in a shady spot, and notwithstanding a few mishaps the *table* was laid. Just then it was discovered that only five lemon tartlets remained out of the three dozen contributed by Miss Dove; though it was only by a most searching investigation that the delinquents were discovered, and "Gip," a remarkably fine water-spaniel, relieved from an unjust suspicion. From the evidence of a precocious specimen of "Young Canada," æt. eight years, it appeared that Mr. St. James having emptied one of the pails of *fresh, cool* water he had been obliging enough to bring up, into a large kettle, and afterwards discovered, carefully stowed away in its recesses by some thoughtful person, all the packages of mustard, salt, pepper and tea belonging to the expedition, had deemed discretion the better part of valour, and quietly subsided into a shady corner with Sapcot and the Rev. J. W. Smirk, who had countenanced these frivolities by his presence. It further appeared that these gentlemen, feeling hungry after their long row, and seeing no immediate prospect of gratifying their appetites in a legitimate manner, had surreptitiously appropriated the first basket they could lay hold of, and finding that it was to be lemon pies or nothing, had, to use their own words, "eaten one or two of them just to go on with."

Well, if there were not many tarts there was plenty of fun, and though the tea was given up as hopeless, claret cup, after all, was more seasonable, and the paper of salt was fished up from the kettle not *much* the worse, where people were not over fastidious.

About this time, too, the guilty wood-gatherers returned, looking perfectly satisfied with themselves, and far too happy to regard the ironical cheers with which they were greeted. Indeed they had so totally forgotten the object of their errand that it was to a great extent lost upon them at the time, and they were equally oblivious of the dark frown upon the brow of Mrs. Tremaine.

"After ample justice had been done to the good things provided," as the penny-a-liners say, the party amused themselves according to their various tastes, which we must leave them to do, in order to follow the fortunes of those whose affairs are of more immediate interest.

Charley, when he found himself alone with Violet in the wood, had

allowed his heart to cut the knot which his head was unable to untie. There was a long talk between them. Charley, having obtained assurance of Violet's love, professed himself content to wait for a formal engagement until he was in a position to keep a wife; but Violet, who had been very strictly brought up, considered that it would not be right to keep her parents in ignorance of their feelings towards each other, and so it was agreed that she should tell them on the way home that night, for she felt that Louisa's presence would be a protection rather than otherwise. Then, dismissing the morrow to take care of itself, they made the most of the passing sunshine.

The driving party had a shorter route than the boats, and besides the latter took their own time, and frequently rested on their oars, to give the vocalists an opportunity of displaying their talents. Morton Woodward and DeLisle both sang well, and choosing songs with a good chorus, were supported with a hearty good-will. Mr. St. James who had about as much music in his soul as an average bull-frog, was vainly intreated to sing (with practical illustrations, Bessie Turner said) "Marri-ed to a Merma-id at the bottom of the deep blue sea." So, when he declined, an obliging chorus sang it for him. Sapcot, being called upon, sang "Marble Halls" in a style fully equal to that of Mr. Verdant Green, and was rapturously applauded.

When Charley reached the Tremaines it was past ten o'clock. The ladies had retired, and he found the Senator sitting up for him in the library with a very grave face.

"Well Charley," he said, "I am very sorry to hear of this folly. I had not the slightest idea of anything of the sort, and you must see that it cannot be thought of for a moment."

"Why sir," said Charley, "I hope you have no serious, much less insurmountable objection to me."

"Well, well, we will not enter into that. I am afraid you are far too changeable and flighty to make my daughter a good husband; but to begin with, how do you propose to support a wife?"

"In a little over a year I shall have passed my final examination, and then I——."

"And then you will look out for a practice, and in a few years after that you may begin to pick up some business—well, in the meantime, what do you propose?"

"If you would allow me to see your daughter in the meantime, and if we might correspond, I——."

"No, no, Charley," broke in the Senator, "it is no use, it cannot be. I will not say that I would never consent to your marrying Violet, but for her sake I must put a stop to all this now. You must not see her again; I must send you home to-morrow morning, I am afraid, and I

really trust that before the year is out you will both have got over this piece of folly. When this is the case I shall be glad to see you again."

Finding there was no appeal from this decision, Charley packed up his portmanteau, and after interviewing his friend Morton at the "Arlington" the next morning, he returned to Toronto, and to work; and the hop on the following Saturday, and for many a long day, was not graced by the presence of Charley Ashby.

V.

A YEAR and a half had passed and Charley Ashby was a barrister-at-law, and partner in the leading firm with whom he had studied. He was perhaps a little paler, and the full brown beard which now covered his face had given him a more manly appearance than when we first made his acquaintance. But in everything else, including his love for Violet, he was the same Charley. He had not met her since the day of the pic-nic, but she was as much as ever in his thoughts, and he heard of her frequently through Morton Woodward, who was shortly to be married to Louisa Tremaine.

"Well! old fellow," said that individual, putting his head in at the door of Charley's room at the office, "are you very busy just now? If not, just spare me a couple of minutes,—that's a good fellow, I have a favour to ask of you. I know you won't like it, but I'm sure you'll do what you can to oblige an old friend."

"Out with it then, what is it?"

"Why you know I am to be married in a couple of weeks, and I am going to put you in for the onerous duties of best man."

"Pshaw! nonsense!" exclaimed Charley, "you know the old man wouldn't stand that; it would be awfully nice, of course, but it won't do."

"What would you think, old fellow, if I bring you an invitation from them to the wedding? See," he said, producing a card, "it is all in due form in the *mater's* name. Mrs. Tremaine requests the pleasure, &c. &c."

"Why, what in the name of all that is delightful and abominable, does it mean?" exclaimed the bewildered and delighted Charley."

"It means," said Morton, "that Miss Violet's constancy has proved too much for them. She would not look at Sapcot at any price, and he has turned out such a scamp that they think themselves well out of it. And then you are beginning to make your mark in your profession, you know, besides. So you had better accept the invitation and take what goods the gods provide."

It is needless to add that Charley did so, but he would not go down until the evening before the wedding, and met Violet again for the first

time in the Church, when she followed her sister as first bridesmaid. This seemed a happy augury, if we may judge from an announcement which appeared in the papers about six months afterwards, as follows :—"At St. Augustine's Church, Cobourg, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. ————, assisted by the Rev. J. W. Smirk, Charles Ashby, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, &c., of Toronto, to Violet Agnes, second daughter of the Hon. Eli Tremaine, Senator, of this town."

W. J. D.

MY OLD AND STRANGE ACQUAINTANCES.

NO. I.

A FEW weeks ago I read an extract from an English periodical respecting one of the old landmarks of London, Limner's Hotel, in Bond St., and some of the notabilities who were habitual frequenters of that well-known place of resort.

This article was exceedingly interesting to me, inasmuch as it recalled the memories of former years, for I am old enough to recollect all the parties whose names were mentioned, many as particular friends, others as passing acquaintances. Indeed my recollection even carries me back to their predecessors.

Being a Yorkshireman, the love of horses, and all things appertaining to them, came naturally to me, as a youngster, and grew up with me, strengthening with my years. The stud farm, the paddock, the training ground, the race course, and the hunting field, each in its turn, afforded me not only amusement but delight, and thus, necessarily, I became acquainted with a large number of breeding, training, betting, racing, and hunting men of fifty years ago, and some account of them, and their exploits, may, I am inclined to think, afford to many readers a fund of amusement.

One of the most extraordinary men of his day, if not *the* most extraordinary, was George Osbaldeston, commonly called and generally known as "The Squire," a native of the North Riding of Yorkshire.

He was a veritable "*Admirable Crichton*" as regards all manly sports. There was no branch connected with them in which he did not go far beyond all competition. A wonderful shot, either with gun or pistol, a first-class cricketer, racquet player, swimmer, and oarsman; a dangerous customer with the small sword, single-stick, and boxing gloves, either on or off, an excellent jockey across the flat, one of the very best masters of hounds that ever entered the hunting field, and a

most wonderful performer across country; gifted with great strength, nerves like steel, and a constitution that was proof against any amount of work. Like Nelson, "he never knew fear," and either on land or water, on foot or on horseback, he most certainly had no equal.

In appearance, "The Squire" had little of what is usually known by the term *sporting*. He was rather under the middle size, with a large and muscular frame, the legs somewhat disproportioned to the body, and appearing to belong, when on horseback, rather to the animal than the man, so firm and steady was his seat.

He was a most excellent judge and successful breeder of fox hounds, and his manner of hunting and riding to them will never be forgotten in the Shires of Northampton or Leicester, and there is no kennel of fox hounds in the world, where a descendant from "Osbaldeston's Furrier," would not be pointed out with pride.

When "The Squire" relinquished hunting, he sold his hounds to Mr. Harvey Coombe for 2,000 guineas, and when the latter gentleman gave up the Old Berkeley country, where they had been hunted, they were sent to Tattersalls, at Hyde Park Corner, in 1842, to be sold by auction. So highly esteemed was "The Squire's" old breed, that the lots disposed of, 13 in number, making 127 hounds, produced 6,511 guineas, or upwards of £100 sterling, per couple.

During the latter period of his life, he devoted his time and energy to racing matters, and his *affairs of honour* with Lord George Bentinck, and Mr. Gully, in relation to certain turf transactions, created much interest and excitement at the time. Fortunately, both ended without bloodshed, but Mr. Gully had a very narrow escape for his life, as "The Squire's" ball passed through his hat.

The most wonderful performance of our hero's life, riding 200 miles in eight hours and 42 minutes, will always be held in perpetual remembrance. A short account of this extraordinary feat may not be out of place.

He undertook to ride 200 miles in 10 hours, over the round course at Newmarket, for a bet of 1000 guineas, he ("The Squire") not being limited in the number or choice of horses. The task was an Herculean one, nor had any such performance been ever attempted since the days of Miss Pond, who, in the months of April and May, 1758, rode *one horse* one thousand miles in one thousand successive hours.

To be sure "The Squire" had had his competitors. On the 27th of June, 1759, Jennison Shafto, Esq., went, with 50 horses, fifty miles, in one hour, forty-nine minutes, and seventeen seconds; and on the 4th of May, 1761, Mr. John Woodcock rode 100 miles a day for 29 successive days; and lastly, on the 30th of May, 1761, Thomas Dale rode *an ass* one hundred miles in twenty-two hours and thirty minutes.

But none of these, with the exception of Miss Pond's achievement, was to be compared with Mr. Osbaldeston's undertaking, which some facetious folk declared to have entitled him to the name of *Rashly Osbaldeston*.

At 12 minutes past seven in the morning, "The Squire," weighing eleven stone, and dressed in a purple silk jacket, black velvet cap, doeskin breeches, and top boots, started on his own mare Emma, and dividing the distance into heats of four miles each, performed it with 28 horses, as follows :—

Owners' Names.	Names of Horses.	Number.	Age.	Miles.	Time.	Remarks.
Mr. Osbaldeston's	Emma	1	Aged.	4	9.00	A very heavy rain, continuing at intervals for nearly three hours.
Mr. Sowerby's	Paradox	2	4	4	9.20	
Mr. Osbaldeston's	Liberty	3	Aged.	4	9.25	
Mr. Sowerby's	Coroner	4	6	4	9.15	
Mr. Osbaldeston's	Ebberston	5	Aged.	4	9.44	
Do	Don Juan	6	do	4	9.00	24 miles in 58 minutes, including stoppages.
Mr. Tilburne's	Morgan Rattler	7	do	4	9.13	
Mr. Sowerby's	Paradox, (2nd time)	8	4	4	9.06	
Mr. Osbaldeston's	Cannon Ball	9	Aged.	4	9.23	
Do	Clasher	10	do	4	9.25	Fell lame and came in at a trot.
Mr. Shrigley's	Ultima	11	do	4	9.10	
Mr. Tilburne's	Fairy	12	4	4	9.05	
Mr. Sowerby's	Coroner, (2nd time)	13	4	4	8.40	
Mr. Osbaldeston's	Liberty, (2nd time)	14	Aged.	4	9.21	
Do	Emma, (2nd time)	15	do	4	9.21	60 miles in 2hs. 33ms.
Do	Don Juan, (2nd time)	16	do	4	9.08	
Do	Ebberston, (2nd time)	17	do	4	8.10	
Do	Cannon Ball, (2nd time)	18	do	4	9.45	72 miles in 3hs. 4ms. Rain subsided; very cold.
Mr. Shrigley's	Ultima, (2nd time)	19	do	4	9.00	
Mr. Gully's	Tranby	20	5	4	8.10	
Mr. Tilburne's	Fairy	21	4	4	8.08	
Do	Morgan Rattler, (2nd time)	22	Aged.	4	9.28	
Mr. Gully's	Tramp Colt	23	3	4	8.58	
Mr. Arnold's	Dolly	24	4	4	8.58	100 miles in 4hs. 19ms. 52scs.
Lord Lowther's	Acorn Colt	25	3	4	9.02	
Do	Smolensko Colt	26	4	4	8.52	
Mr. Gully's	Tranby, (2nd time)	27	5	4	8.00	
Mr. I. Robinson's	Skirmisher	28	Aged.	4	9.25	
Mr. Rush's	Guildford	29	5	4	8.25	
Mr. Arnold's	Dolly, (2nd time)	30	4	4	8.45	120 miles in 5hs. 11½ms. Took refreshment in the stand.
Mr. Rush's	Ikey Solomons	31	4	4	12.00	Ikey stopped short and turned round, but Mr. O. threw himself off and soon remounted. 136 miles in 6hs.
Mr. Henrys'	Tam O'Shanter	32	3	4	9.40	
Mr. G. Edwards'	El Dorado	33	Aged.	4	9.20	
Mr. Wagstaff's	Coventry	34	4	4	9.00	
Col. Wilson's	Ringleader	35	4	4	8.45	
Mr. Gully's	Tranby, (3rd time)	36	5	4	8.19	
Mr. Pettitt's	Ipsala	37	4	4	8.20	
Mr. I. Robinson's	Skirmisher, (2nd time)	38	Aged.	4	8.45	
Mr. Rush's	Guildford, (2nd time)	39	5	4	9.10	156 miles in 6hs. 49ms.
Mr. Wagstaff's	Streamlet	40	3	4	8.50	
Lord Ranelagh's	Donegani	41	4	4	9.12	
Mr. Payne's	Hassan	42	4	4	9.00	The weather improved.
Mr. W. Chifney's	Surprise Filly	43	3	4	9.10	
Col. Wilson's	Ringleader, (2nd time)	44	4	4	9.30	Pulled up lame.
Mr. Gully's	Tranby, (4th time)	45	5	4	8.50	Weather unfavourable.
Mr. Wagstaff's	Coventry, (2nd time)	46	4	4	9.30	
Mr. Pettitt's	Ipsala, (2nd time)	47	4	4	9.00	
Lord Ranelagh's	Donegani, (2nd time)	48	4	4	9.00	A tremendous shower.
Mr. Wagstaff's	Streamlet, (2nd time)	49	5	4	10.15	
Mr. I. Robinson's	Skirmisher, (3rd time)	50	Aged.	4	9.40	
				200	8.42	Performed in 7hs. 19ms. 4scs. Allowed for stoppages, 1h. 22ms. 56scs. 8hs. 42ms.

This arduous undertaking was thus completed one hour and eighteen minutes within the time specified; and performed, allowing for stoppages, at the rate of *twenty-six miles an hour*. Whilst the performance of Tranby, who completed his 16 miles, in four four-mile heats, in thirty-three minutes and fifteen seconds, found him such favour in the eyes of American turfmen, who judge altogether of a horse's powers by the time of his performances, that he was afterwards purchased, and crossed the Atlantic into the New World.

"The Squire" exclaimed "what's Time to me
That I his steps should follow?
To challenge him I'm not afraid."
"*Done*," replied Time; a match was made,
And Time was beaten hollow.

AXHOLME

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER IX.

"'HE COMETH NOT,' SHE SAID."

COLONEL JUXON has a soft place in his head—he had an eye for art. It did not take the more objectionable form of an opinion on paintings or statuary, but contented itself with pronouncing when a woman was well-dressed, or not; and he noticed when Ella came down to breakfast the next morning, that she was more carefully attired than usual.

"Expecting that young fellow," was his verdict, which did not however escape his lips, for he was in the main a prudent man. He expressed his immediate sentiments with great vigour upon every subject that moved him, and he was very easily moved; but when his nature had been so far indulged it became placable enough. When he had knocked his man down, unless in the case of any deep-seated animosity when he was adamant, he was quite prepared to listen to reason; and in the case of a woman, after his first outburst, he was rather weak and apt to give way, especially if she was young and good-looking. For his niece, Ella, he had really considerable affection, but there was another cause which bound her still more nearly to him. She had quarrelled with her father, whom he most cordially detested; and though it was not so great a compliment as if they had been good friends, still it was a matter of great personal satisfaction to him that he had left the paternal roof for his own. He had had the opportunity of "sleeping upon the matter" of the girl's penchant for this cadet, and had come to the conclusion, that if it came to anything, there would after all be some satisfaction to be got out of it; for, however distasteful such an alliance might be to himself, it would probably be much more disagreeable to her parent, his enemy. That it might come to something he thought very probable, from what he knew of the young lady herself; especially if there was opposition. And if it did, it was better that the thing should be done with his own consent, and in the teeth of her father. So he had resolved to let things "slide," and in the meantime to make up for his late indignation by civility.

"Well, Ella, my darling, what are your plans for the morning?" inquired he, looking up from his devilled kidney. He liked everything

hot and peppered, as though his nature had needed stimulants of that exciting kind, which was certainly not the case.

"Plans, Uncle Gerard?" replied Ella laughing, "one would think I was an engineer, to hear you talk. A sortie to Gracie in the course of the day will, I dare say, be the extent of my military operations."

"Perhaps you would like to come with me to the marshes; there are some interesting experiments to be tried with the new gun, and I will drive you down there in the pony-carriage, or anywhere else you please."

"Thank you, uncle, I don't think I feel quite up to a drive to-day. My nerves—though I know you don't believe I have any—are still a little shaken after yesterday's adventure; and I am afraid poor Gracie's will be in a much worse state—she was quite hysterical."

"My friend the commissary has some excellent remedies for hysterics," replied the colonel grimly; "I dare say he has given her a sedative by this time."

"I dare say he has behaved like a brute, if you mean that," said Ella. "How you can be intimate, my dear uncle, with such a 'pernicious villain——'"

"Ella, Ella, what language!" exclaimed the colonel reprovingly, and turning up the whites of his eyes; "who could have taught you such words?"

"Well, it was Mr. William Shakespeare," returned the young lady, demurely, "and I am sure he had not a greater ruffian in his eye, when he made use of them, than Mr. Ray."

"Acting Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General Ray, if you please, my dear; he would be very indignant if he knew you called him Mr. Ray."

The colonel, however, was by no means indignant; he had a hearty contempt for the Commissariat Department, and indeed for every walk of human life, which was not distinctly military; and as to his "Sandy," he did not make the exception which the Greenwich pensioner of those days made with respect to his hospital; he abused his friend himself, and allowed everybody else to do the like. The colonel was by no means a popular man, but the commissary was much less acceptable to the general public, and it was therefore agreeable to the former to hear him ill-spoken of, a pleasure that really failed him.

"Well, I am afraid Sandy's a bit of a tyrant," admitted the colonel, with an air of charity, as if tyranny were a crime whereof no one could possibly accuse *him*, and which he might therefore speak of with disinterestedness.

"He is a bully and a coward," observed Ella, sententiously.

"Dear me, is that Shakespeare again?" inquired the colonel. "I am quite shocked."

The notion of Colonel Gerard Juxon being shocked at anything, much less at a little strong language, was certainly very funny, and so it seemed to strike himself, for he laughed immoderately. "A bully and a coward! the idea of such words being applied to the commissary, just because he keeps order in his family! It is lucky you're not a man, Ella, or he would have your blood."

"It's lucky for him," returned Ella, with flashing eyes, "for if I were a man, I should do something dreadful to him. To see how he behaves to his poor wife and Gracie; I declare I sometimes long to knock his wicked aggravating ugly head off!"

"Ella, you must not quote Shakespeare with such accuracy," interrupted the colonel reprovingly, "or I must buy you a Bowdlerised edition. You're a clever, good girl, if it wasn't for passion and strong language—strong language and passion, those are your foibles; apart from them you're charming. You say you have made no plans for yourself this morning; but perhaps you have made some for me?"

"For you, uncle? How could I?"

"That's what I say, how could she, the little vixen? But then I know there is no limit to her tyranny. Talk of Sandy!—his way is mild and paternal compared with yours. Now tell me frankly, would you rather have my room or my company this morning—eh, dear?"

The colonel, who had been a sad dog in his day, had a very roguish manner, when he chose to wear it, which became him admirably, and he put it on upon the present occasion. Doubtless it had thrown many a young person of the opposite sex into a delightful embarrassment and confusion in its time, but it had no such effect on Ella.

Just the faintest blush touched the tender dusk of her cheek, as she replied with all simplicity, "Well, since you put the two alternatives before me so distinctly, uncle, I must make some choice; your company is always agreeable, while your room is only sometimes so, but just on this particular morning—with the sun on the other side of the house, it is so cool, you know, I really think——"

"Well, what, you impudent little witch? You don't mean to say that——"

"Yes, Uncle Gerard, just for this morning" (this with a profound curtsey) "I prefer your room."

If her decision was unflattering, the way she put it was almost attractive enough to make up for it. No more winning smile ever accompanied a maiden's "Yes" than that which mitigated the colonel's dismissal; he put on his cap without a word of remonstrance, and pulled out his cigar case, a sure sign of his departure from the lodge. It was too small a house to smoke in; too small also for a tête-à-tête interview in one of its sitting-rooms while a third person occupied the other, the

windows of both being open, contiguous and fronting the same lawn. The colonel never flattered himself, like the famous Cambridge professor, that "he knew everything except botany;" but affairs of the heart, and how to treat them, he imagined with some justice that he did understand. He would indeed have made a most excellent "chaperone," had he but been of the other sex, and could he have subdued a certain predilection for making love upon his own account, which, notwithstanding his years, was as strong as ever.

"She can't say I haven't given the young scamp a fair field," muttered he, as he strode away with jingling spurs and clanking scabbard. "I wish I could add 'and no favour,' but she shall just take her own way, and thank me whatever comes of it. It will be a nuisance, of course, though not half so disagreeable for me as it will be for John" (here he grinned, not at all as he was wont to grin at the fair sex) "if the thing really comes to a head; but it is ten to one that it never will, and she will still owe me a debt of gratitude."

From which it will be seen that the colonel was a bit of a diplomatist, though it would have mortally offended him to be called such.

So Ella waited within her bower, now comparing her little gold watch with the clock on the mantelpiece, now peering through the folds of the muslin curtain of the window that looked towards the entrance-gate, and now taking up a book and throwing it down again with an air of weariness that would have made its author, could he behold it, call her downright plain. No one else of the male sex could, however, have passed any such verdict upon her. She had never, in fact, looked more bewitching than on that particular morning; her complexion, though dark, was clear, and feared the sunlight no more than any peach on the garden wall; her large eyes bore no trace of the fire that had flashed from them on the previous day, but were as tender as a gazelle's; on the side of each little ear hung a dainty curl, so small that it could be hardly seen, notwithstanding its raven blackness, until you came quite near, when never did ear-ring look half so fair as it.

Until the clock struck ten she was a picture of still life; afterward, the posture changed, and presently the manner also. Her rose of a mouth would pout, becoming, as it were, "a bud again;" a shadow would cross her lovely face, and she would pace the room with such impatient steps, that her silk dress murmured at such vulgar speed. To make preparations for what does not occur, is, with men counted as loss, but it is not always so with women No woman ever regretted having put on a becoming dress, even if there has been none but the looking-glass to whom to show it; and now that the hours went by, and he for whom she waited came not, this beautiful gown of Ella's began to assert itself, and even to suggest things. She sat down suddenly at a writing-

table, and dashed off a note; then ringing for the servant, said, "Let this be taken at once—at once, I say—to Miss Furbelow's." She was not generally imperious to the domestics, and when the man had left the room, she repented of her manner.

"I am a fool," said she; "a self-willed fool, to be thus put out. Perhaps he cannot come, or perhaps he will not. Why should I have taken it for granted that he would? He has made and broken promises before, I'll warrant; and why not to me? Yet he seemed the soul of truth. How noble he looked when all that mob of villains set upon him. Yet a man may be brave and lie. I know that Uncle Gerard despises me for what I am doing, and now he will laugh at me. It is humiliating, it is shameful. Thank Heaven, there is the gate-bell at last."

In a moment she had seated herself in an arm-chair with a book in her hand—a languid picture of indifference.

"A note, miss."

"Very good, Williams; is there any answer required?"

"No, miss, the messenger said he was just to hand it in."

"Then leave it on the table."

Her eyes reverted to her book till the door had closed upon the man, then she seized the note with avidity. It was an ordinary little billet enough, with R. M. A. upon the seal, which might have stood for Royal Marine Artillery; but she knew it did not.

"Dear Miss Mayne," ran the contents, "I should, of course, have done myself the pleasure of calling at Hawthorne Lodge this morning, had it not been for the unpleasant circumstance that the whole Academy is 'under arrest till further orders;' so that I am necessarily confined to the Enclosure. I sincerely trust that you feel none the worse for your adventure of yesterday. Yours faithfully,

"CECIL HENRY LANDON.

"P. S. If your uncle would put in a word with Sir Hercules in favour of poor Darall, I should feel greatly obliged. I am afraid matters are looking serious for him."

If it had been a lady's note, the importance of the postcript could not have borne a greater ratio to the contents of the epistle; it was not the postcript, however, which first engaged Ella's attention, but the signature.

"Cecil Henry," murmured she, "what pretty names! they almost sound like music. And he signs himself 'Yours faithfully.'"

She put the letter on her knee, and looked up with a happy smile, as though he were there in person. "Yours faithfully"—he could not have chosen a better word. She did not guess, however, how it had been chosen. The fact was that the composition of this epistle short as it was had exercised Mr. Landon's intelligence not a little; so much

so, indeed, that he had called in the aid of his friend Darall to decide upon its terms.

"I must write to the girl, you see, to explain why I am not able to call according to promise; but how the deuce am I to address her? 'Mr. C. H. Landon presents his compliments' is cold, and I don't want her to think I'm cold; and besides, though it's easy enough to begin that way, I always find myself getting into the first person before I've done with it."

"That's your egotism," observed Darall dryly; "I should begin 'Dear Madam.'"

"That is your prudishness," replied Landon, and "also your ignorance; don't you know that you only write 'Madam' to a married woman?"

"Well then, try 'Dearest Ella.'"

"Now don't be a fool, Hugh. I really want your idea upon the subject. I suppose it won't do to begin with 'My' dear anything: it must be plain 'Dear.'"

"I don't think she would like 'Plain dear.'"

Here ensued a temporary interruption to the composition of the billet-doux. Landon threw the pen-tray at Darall's head, and Darall, who was engaged in plan drawing at the time in question, returned his fire with a chunk of india-rubber.

"Now look here, Hugh, be serious. I believe if you were writing to the other one—the pasty-faced one—you would not treat the matter as a joke."

"If you mean Miss Ray by the 'pasty-faced one,' I don't agree with you, Landon; and I also think it a very coarse and ungentlemanly way to speak of any young lady."

"There now, you're vexed, old fellow, and I'm glad of it, since you will no longer be full of your jokes. Miss Ray is lovely, and only second to my own charmer. Come, I can't say more than that. I think 'Dear Miss Mayne,' is the proper thing; it ain't improper, at all events, like 'Madam.'"

"No, I don't think it's improper; but I do think it's a little impudent."

"She'll like it all the better for that," remarked Landon, with the air of one who knows the sex. "I am quite sure she was rather struck with your humble servant. You know I had more opportunities for making the running with her than you had with the other one. Then again about the finish; it won't do to say 'Yours always,' I suppose—eh?"

"I should certainly suppose not; the idea of 'always' after seeing her yesterday for the first time! What do you say to 'Yours truly?'"

"I say 'certainly not;' I wrote that to my tailor the other day, in

acknowledgment for sending me a ten-pound note, and putting it down in the bill as two coats. When one's tailor is one's banker, one is bound to be civil, you see; but I want to be something more than civil to this young woman. I want to suggest affection and constancy, and all that, without exactly saying it, you know."

"That often means that a man wants to be a scoundrel," observed Darall, dryly. "However, why not say, 'Yours faithfully,' then?"

"The very thing, my dear boy; here goes. And now what can I do for you in return? Shall I say in the postscript that my friend Mr. Hugh Darall begs to send his affectionate remembrances to her friend Miss Grace Ray?"

"Indeed you will do nothing of the kind," said Darall, blushing to the roots of his curly hair. "I beg you will not mix up my name in any way with that young lady's. It is not fair to her, and would be considered, and rightly, a great impertinence."

"I don't see it, Hugh. You don't suppose you're inferior to any commissary general—though I don't believe her governor is anything like even that—that ever starved an army, I do hope!"

"No, no, Landon, it isn't that. But if my name was coupled with his daughter's he would very naturally associate starvation with it. Why, in all probability I shall not even have my pay to live upon now."

Darall got up, as he said these words, and walked quickly out of the room, leaving his pen-work upon the table. "He has borne up like a man, but he is desperately in the blues, I know. Poor old fellow!" murmured Landon, tenderly. "It will be very hard lines if old Pipe-clay takes the bread out of his mouth—and his mother's mouth too—just because he was too proud and too honest to sham Abraham. It's a deuced nice world, upon my life; I know what I'll do," added he after a minute's reflection. "I'll drop a hint to Miss Ella to set that tiger-cat of an uncle of her's to speak a good word to Sir Hercules for Darall." And thereupon he wrote that postscript to Ella with which we are already acquainted.

"How like him!" she exclaimed when she read it. "How like what I have pictured his generous and chivalrous nature to be, thus to think of his friend's danger and not of his own!"

She forgot, or did not choose to remember, that Landon had told her that no decision which the authorities at the Academy might come to would damage his own future.

"How lightly he hints, too, of my 'adventure' as he calls it, of yesterday, as though he had never risked life and limb to save me from insult. His style is self-possessed enough, but I think I can see evidences of emotion."

This referred to the rather shaky execution of the word "Dear," which was, in fact, referable to the chunk of india-rubber; the beginning of "faithfully" was also slightly smudged; was it possible that he had almost written "fondly?" A blush mounted to her cheek as the thought passed through her mind, and no wonder. It was very shocking, as well as unreasonable, that she should entertain such ideas respecting any young gentleman upon so short an acquaintance; but then love is rarely reasonable, and love at first sight least of all.

Ella was still castle-building upon this epistle—for though the area was limited, her materials were inexhaustible, and there was nothing to prevent her from carrying the edifice up to the very heaven (which she did)—when her uncle returned to luncheon.

"Well, Ella?"

"Well, uncle?" You would have thought, by the indifference of her air and tone, that she had been engaged during his absence in the most sublunary manner—pastry making, without so much as "kissing crust;" or ironing.

"Has no one been since I have been away, then?"

"Not that I know of; but I am expecting my milliner, Miss Furbelow. Had you good practice in the marshes?"

"Yes, it is not over yet. If you should have changed your mind, and feel inclined for a drive in the pony-chaise, my offer is still open."

"I always enjoy a drive with you, Uncle Gerard."

"Umph," said the colonel; "I suppose that means you won't go."

"On the contrary, I should like it of all things; but I don't care about the marshes; those big guns deafen me so. I should like a quiet drive into the country—Shooter's-hill way."

"Yes, the way to bring us round by the Royal Military Academy!" returned the colonel, grimly. "You can do as you please, Miss Ella—the more's the pity; but I honestly tell you I do not approve of such a proceeding; it is not becoming in you, thus to throw yourself at the head of any young fellow; moreover, if I know my own sex, it will defeat your own object with him. It is not for a young girl like you to make the first advance. If he had called here this morning, as you expected him to do, that would have been another matter, perhaps; but——"

"He can't call, Uncle Gerard," returned Ella, with a little sigh, "the poor young gentlemen are all under arrest."

"How the deuce did you know that, miss?"

"Mr. Landon has written to tell me so," returned Ella demurely.

A soft mellifluous whistle, prolonged to infinitum, was the colonel's reply.

CHAPTER X.

A VISIT TO THE PRISONERS.

THERE had been not a few rows at "the shop" in its time: its natural atmosphere was of that character that could only be cleared by storms; but there had never been such a row as that Charlton Fair row. It would have been difficult, as in another world-famous locality, to find twenty righteous, or even ten, in the place, during periods of commotion: so many were tarred with the same brush of insubordination. But upon the present occasion there was absolutely no one who could plead "not guilty," save some half-dozen gentlemen-cadets who had the great good fortune to be in hospital, though of course among those were not included Messrs. Bright and Jefferson, the very *belli teterrima causa*—"the beggars who started the whole thing," as the unclassical Landon expressed it. It was perfectly understood, too, that these immaculate half-dozen would have joined the rest of the rioters had they but had the opportunity; so that it seemed absurd, even to the authorities themselves, to raise them to the extreme pinnacle of promotion—as must needs be the case if all the others should be depressed, or still more suppressed—in reward for an indisposition which was purely physical. Moreover, if all these gentlemen-cadets were expelled *en masse*, what would become of the corps of of the Royal Engineers and of the Artillery, to which the Military Academy was, as it were, the feeder? It was usual enough for promotion to be impeded at the other end of the military career, but stagnation at the commencement would be fatal. Doubtless the more sagacious of the juniors took this fact into their consideration when they entered into revolt with so light a heart, foreseeing that whatever havoc authority should make among the ring-leaders, that they, the mere rank and file, must rather benefit than otherwise, and could in no case be themselves obliterated from the muster-roll of their country's heroes.

Whatever happened to them, save in the way of temporary punishment, such as arrest, curtailment of leave, and the like, would in effect be placed to the credit side of their account, and read something in this fashion:

To insubordination, and going to Charlton Fair in express disregard of orders—promotion to the extent of one, or two, or three years, according to the number of their seniors expelled. Never, in short, had misdemeanor been effected under such rose-coloured circumstances.

But in respect to the old cadets, or old offenders—for the words were unhappily synonymous in those days—matters were very different, and looked very black for them. Authority long contemned had been in this instance placed so publicly at defiance, that it was necessary that

examples should be made. The only question was how many examples? The authorities mere by no means in a hurry to come to a decision, for the matter was really momentous; and perhaps they took into account that delay, since it involved suspense, would in itself be no light punishment to the culprits. And in the meantime the "poor young gentlemen," as Ella called them, were confined to their barracks.

Forbidden to "walk up and down" the outside world, after the manner of the Father of Evil, they were obliged to content themselves with tormenting the poor "neuxes," within their boundaries; and thus, if they did not repent of their disobedience themselves, they at least caused others to repent of it.

Landon, however, to do him justice, was not one to bully anybody for the sake of bullying, whatever pain he inflicted out of "gaiety of heart;" and he and Darall were pacing the parade-ground together on the afternoon succeeding the ill-starred expedition to the fair, engaged in serious talk. That Darall should be depressed was natural enough under the circumstances, but it seemed to his friend that his melancholy was out of proportion to his peril.

"Come, old fellow, you take too gloomy a view of this affair," said he; "if you are to be lost to the service through yesterday's escapade, what sinner of us all is to be saved?"

"It is not only this row, and its consequences, that is troubling me," returned the other, kicking the pebbles away as he spoke; "I am altogether out of humour with my lot in life; it seems so devilish hard, somehow, to be so poor."

"Harder than it seemed yesterday, do you mean, old fellow"? inquired Landon, slyly.

"Well, yes, it does seem harder. Of course it is very foolish to entertain such regrets, but when I think of those nice girls we met yesterday afternoon——"

"Steady, steady, my good friend; you must not think of both of them; you are not Brigham Young, remember; besides one of them is copyright."

"Well, when I think of that other nice girl that I met yesterday, so sweet, and modest, and good-humoured, and reflect that I am so situated that I shall never in all human probability be in a position to ask her to become my wife——"

"Never is a long day, Hugh," interrupted his friend, laughing; "and in due time, when you have got your 'company,' and perhaps some 'loot' from the enemy, you will meet with another girl just like her."

"There is none like her—none!" exclaimed Darall passionately.

"My poor Hugh, is it indeed so bad as that, then?" said Landon, pityingly. "I had no idea you were so smitten."

"Well, of course I have no right to be, as though I were a fellow like yourself, who has money at his back, and is his own master," returned Hugh, bitterly. "I was a fool even to talk about it; but you will do me the justice to say that I at least never dreamt of calling upon Miss Ray, or of writing a letter to her."

"My dear Hugh, there is no reason in the world why you should not call, except that you can't leave the barracks: and as to my writing to Miss Mayne, I should not have dreamt of doing so, save to excuse myself from not calling, which I had promised to do. By the time I am my own master, as you call it—that is, when our arrest is over, and I am informed that the Queen has no more occasion for my services—this girl will have probably forgotten all about me—By jingo! there they both are in that pony-carriage yonder."

"Where?" cried Darall, excitedly; "I only see an officer and a lady."

"Well, they are the colonel and Miss Mayne; you don't suppose the two girls would have called upon us alone, do you? See, they have stopped at the lodge, and the colonel is beckoning to us."

"He is beckoning to you, not to me," said Darall curtly, and as his companion ran off to the gateway, he turned to a group of old cadets who were engaged in hanging neuxes over the wall of the sunk fence by one arm, it is to be hoped with some scientific view of testing the power of endurance in the human muscle. In these days when even the vivisection of animals is objected to, this practice would be called cruel, and Darall was so far ahead of his age as to hold it to be so.

"I tell you what, you fellows," said he, in a tone of remonstrance, "if Whymper drops"—for it was that unhappy young gentleman who was in process of suspension—"he'll break—his arrest."

His tormenters pulled him up in an instant. The idea of breaking his bones, or even his neck, would not have alarmed them, but to make him break his arrest, by being dropped out of the precints of "the enclosure," would have been an inexpiable wrong indeed. The cultivation of truth—mainly, however, in connection with martial matters—was carried to such perfection at the Royal Military Academy, that other branches of morality suffered, just as a high pressure mathematical system sometimes produces wranglers who can't spell. "Fiat Justitia ruat cœlum" was their second motto—"Ubique," it will be remembered, was their first—and its free translation was "Break all the commandments, but not your word."

While Darall was thus playing the part of a Don Quixote in rescuing the oppressed, his friend Landon was following his instincts, and making himself agreeable to his Dulcinea. Their meeting—considering it was watched afar by at least fifty gentlemen-cadets who had fixed their gaze

upon the charming Ella with as great unanimity as though they had received the military direction of "Eyes Right"—was singularly free from embarrassment. Mr. Cecil Landon was gifted with that very necessary attribute of a warrior—presence of mind; and Ella had no eyes except for him.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Landon," said she, "and so is my uncle, to hear that you are in such trouble."

"Yes, sir," said the colonel, grumpily, we are both devilish sorry."

"I only hope," she went on with a charming smile, "that your present straitened circumstances are not in any way owing to your gallant behaviour with respect to Miss Ray and myself."

"No indeed," replied Landon, "though even if it were so, I should consider it to be paying very cheaply for what was a great pleasure."

"I believe the whole lot of you will be expelled," observed the colonel, confidently; he hated compliments to women—unless they were paid by himself.

"Well, indeed, sir, I hope not, for my friends's sake. It is not much importance, in my own case, one way or the other."

"By jingo, if I were Sir Hercules, I would make it of importance to every man jack of you. The idea of the cadet company acting contrary to standing orders——"

"My dear uncle," interrupted Ella, reprovingly, "pray remember that however awful that crime may be, the commission of it was the cause of your niece being rescued from a most disagreeable situation. That is surely Mr. Darall I see yonder; is it possible he means to cut me?"

"By no means," said Landon; "but the fact is, he is very diffident."

"Diffident?" chuckled the colonel. "Do you mean to say that the fellow is shy? I should like to see that lusus naturæ, a shy cadet, a little nearer."

Whereupon Landon, laughing, beckoned to his friend to come to the gate, and the colonel, getting out of the pony-carriage, advanced to meet him, leaving the young people alone.

"Darall is afraid to renew his acquaintance with you, Miss Mayne," said Landon, in quick soft tones, "for fear it should be the means of reintroducing him to your friend, Miss Ray; he is very susceptible, and yet he feels, poor fellow, that further knowledge of her would only lead to disappointment."

"On her side, or his, I wonder?" argued Ella with a touch of scorn which became her admirably; she was one of those women whose beauty is heightened by piquancy of that sort, whereas Gracie's looks would have suffered from it.

"Of course, upon his side," said Landon; "though I must be allowed to say of Darall that he is worthy of any woman's gracious regard."

"Dear me, Mr. Landon; that is saying a great deal for another gentleman, who is himself so very diffident, too."

"Well, that is the very reason," answered the other, laughing; "since he will never say so much upon his own account."

"I am afraid you are not diffident, Mr. Landon."

"I don't think I am quite so shy as Darall," answered Landon, demurely.

"Nor, let us hope, quite so susceptible?"

"That is true; I am not so easily enraptured; but when it does happen—and it has only happened once—then I feel it very much indeed," and the young gentleman heaved a little sigh.

The colour rose in Ella's cheek, though she strove to suppress it. There could surely be no doubt as to the one instance of which he spoke, and it was very pleasant to hear him express such sentiments.

"Do you think it will be really injudicious of me to speak of your friend to Miss Ray, Mr. Landon. I am sure she would naturally wish to see and thank him—as I confess I did in your case—for his chivalrous behaviour of yesterday; but if it is certain—that is, I mean if his circumstances are so adverse, and he has really allowed himself to think seriously of her, upon so very short an acquaintance——"

"I don't think time has much to do with liking," observed Landon, with a philosophic air; "one sees an exquisite landscape, for instance, it may be only for once, but its peculiar charm is never forgotten; a thousand beautiful scenes may in their time present themselves, but they fade away from the mind, while that particular one abides—remains for ever as the fairest."

"Just so," said Ella, flipping at a fly upon the pony's ear with her whip; "and if you grew more familiar with it, its charms would perhaps vanish."

"That would be your fault," answered Landon; "that is," added he, hastily, "my fault, I mean" (and here the consciousness of having said more than he had intended, made his fluent tongue to hesitate, while his voice grew very soft and low), "I mean that the true lover—whether of nature, or—or—of any other object—only grows the fonder, the more knowledge he has of that which charmed him at first sight."

"I think a landscape does grow upon one," said Ella, meditatively.

"And not only a landscape, believe me, Miss Mayne; if the opportunity is only afforded——"

Ella was glad to turn her eyes from his handsome, eager face, and fix them upon Darall, whom the colonel had now brought up to the side of the carriage.

"Here is the lusus," said he, "the prodigy, the one and only specimen of the 'shy cadet' that has appeared since the Academy was founded."

"Then there was no such thing in your time, it appears, uncle," said Ella.

"No, by gad, there wasn't," said the colonel, confidently; "but, on the other hand, we had not the impudence to break the standing orders."

"Were my uncle and I so very formidable, Mr. Darall, that you were afraid to come near us?" asked Ella, smiling. "We only came to thank you for your gallant service of yesterday."

"I did not think it was worth your thanks, Miss Mayne," answered Darall, blushing to the very roots of his hair.

Landon and Ella regarded him with amused interest. Not a word had these two young folks whispered, be it observed, of a common flame; but they had hinted of it in the case of others, and this is as sure a method of making love as there is. It was astonishing what way they had made with one another, thus indirectly, and under cover of sympathy for their respective friends.

"Oh, that was the reason was it, Mr. Darall? I assure you that is not our opinion, nor that of my friend, Miss Ray, whom I am just about to visit. She will be sorry to hear that you hold our adventure so lightly. Her notion is that we were rescued from a barbarous rabble by two brave knights. I suppose I may tell her at least that you would have called to inquire after her if it had not been for your arrest."

"Indeed, Miss Mayne, if that was my duty, pray excuse me to her upon the grounds you mention."

"If it was his duty! only listen to that, uncle; surely to call upon a rescued damsel the next morning is set down among the articles of war."

It was very hard of Ella to persecute the young man so; but then, women are so hard, except when they are softer than butter.

"Let the poor lad alone, girl," said the colonel, getting into the carriage, and taking the reins from his niece's hands; "you'll make him deuced glad to be in arrest, and so far protected from these duties as you call them. It would be a mere compliment, under your present circumstances, to ask you to dinner, gentlemen, else I am sure both myself and the commissary would be delighted to see you."

"Especially the commissary," said Ella, laughing.

"You are very good, colonel," said Landon; "but until this row has blown over, we cannot so much as leave the enclosure, save to go to church," added he, in a low tone, as he pressed Ella's hand.

At the same moment Darall saluted the colonel, who said, "Good-bye, young fellow, I'll not forget that little matter with Sir Hercules," and then the pony carriage whirled away towards the town.

"My dear Ella, you don't object, I know, to my speaking my mind," observed the colonel, after a considerable silence.

"Not at all, uncle; I like people to speak out. But I warn you that if your mind is set against Mr. Landon, your speaking it will be useless."

"You are still thinking seriously about that young man, then? I was in hopes from your manner—and I must be allowed to add from his—that there was nothing likely to come of it."

"Ella bit her lip, and her eyes flashed fire. This was the second time that her uncle had hinted that she was "throwing herself at Landon's head," and this time it had a sting in it, for she was conscious of having given him great encouragement. She was silent for more than a minute, and only just as they reached the artillery barracks for which they were bound, inquired carelessly, "Well, uncle, and now for this bit of your mind."

"Nay, Ella, it is not now worth mentioning. Only if those two young men had been equally indifferent to you—as I thought they were——"

"Well, uncle, let us suppose that to be the case, so as not to lose your valuable observation."

"I was about to remark, Ella," returned the colonel viciously, "that, in my judgment Mr. Darall is worth at least a dozen of Mr Landon."

"That will please Gracie very much, for she s quite of your opinion," returned Ella coolly, "so mind you tell her," and she waved her hand to the young lady in question, who was standing at her drawing-room window as the pony stopped beneath it.

CHAPTER XI.

AS FRANK AS FAIR.

THE arrival of Ella Mayne at Letter Z, Officers' Quarters, was always hailed by the commissary's household as a godsend; her calls, indeed, were "angels' visits" and something more, since they were neither "few nor far between." She seldom came empty-handed, though it was not for her gifts that Mrs. Ray and her daughter welcomed her, but for the sense of brightness and lightness that she brought with her. In her presence good-fortune seemed to smile upon them, though it was but at second-hand; and the happiness which she appeared to enjoy, and which they believed her to deserve, instead of making them—as it would do with many folks—more discontented with their own sad lot, rather seemed to reconcile them to it. The fact is, that when kind-hearted people are having a dark time of it, the knowledge that there is sunshine somewhere else is cheering to them, since it strengthens that be-

lief in a good providence which needs backing, under such circumstances, much more than prosperous persons are aware of. To those two down-trodden women, the spectacle of their lighthearted and brilliant young friend had the same effect as going abroad is said to have upon our overwrought toilers; it was such a complete change from anything within their own experience, and took them, for the time, so completely out of themselves and their surroundings.

Poor Mrs. Ray snatched a fearful joy from the audacious courage with which Ella faced the commissary, and expressed opinions in his august presence which she knew he held in abhorrence; it proved him human, and not quite so irresistible as fate itself. This was really her greatest satisfaction—there seemed somehow a future hope in it for Gracie—though she was by no means untouched by the sympathy Ella showed in a hundred gracious ways for her own sad condition. But it was for this sympathy for her mother that Gracie was most thankful to Ella, and took most delight in her company. As to gifts, they were very welcome, but it was the manner of giving them that won her heart, and not their value or their frequency. Thanks indeed were forbidden to her. "I will not be thanked, Gracie, for such rubbish; if I denied myself anything in procuring it, then I would permit you to be grateful; but as it costs me nothing that I miss, and gives me such pleasure as I could not buy for ten times the money, I should be getting thanks under false pretences."

No one but themselves would ever have known of Ella's generosity had it not been for their own acknowledgments of it to others; for which they had their reward, and did Ella also. The ladies of their acquaintance, mostly of the garrison, were wont to remark (by no means in confidence) to one another, that "if it was not for Miss Mayne, they really did not know how that unfortunate Mrs. Ray and her daughter would get on at all. It was lucky that they had no pride about them." They did not, however, go the length of stigmatising them as a designing couple. The motive of Miss Mayne, it seemed, was plain enough; "it flattered her to play the patroness at a cheap rate, though, as everybody was aware, she had more money than she knew what to do with." This last was a circumstance that made Ella extremely unpopular in female military circles, where money was generally "tight," if it was to be found at all. If they had had money, they said, they would like to be able to explain to the public how it was come by. They would much rather not have it on the terms that some people possessed it. Everybody, it is true, knew Colonel Gerard Juxon; but who knew anything about his brother-in-law—if he was his brother-in-law—Mr. Mayne? For their parts, they preferred to have parents about whom they could converse; but not a word had either the colonel or his niece let fall

concerning her branch of the family. You might take their word for it that that girl's money was made in trade, if it was not obtained by means still more discreditable. They had not a word to say against the poor Rays, not they; it was reasonable enough that the good lady should take all she could get elsewhere, since her husband was a skin-flint, and that Gracie should accept additions to her wretched pin-money from any quarter; but for their parts, Heaven defend them from such a patroness.

Yet it was not at all with the air of a patroness that Ella entered Mrs. Ray's wonderful little drawing-room—gleaming with mother-of-pearl, as though all the furniture had teeth—and made straight for the invalid's chair in the window, in spite of the huge palm of the commissary stretched out to welcome her. She always embraced his wife and daughter before giving him the tips of her fingers.

"What, not out in the open air this afternoon, dear Mrs. Ray, and the weather so beautiful! Our pony is not a bit tired, and if you would like a drive——"

"Mrs. Ray has been out in a bath chair," interposed the commissary, with the air of the man who had paid for it, "for an hour and three quarters; it is quite a long outing for her, I do assure you."

"It is, indeed," said Ella, drily. "Well, then, uncle, if you have no further use for the carriage yourself, I'll send it home, and have half-an-hour's chat with Mrs. Ray and Gracie if they are not better engaged."

"Better engaged they could not be," observed the commissary in his attitude of "attention." His civility to all persons well-to-do in the world was very great, however ungraciously expressed, and all the greater by contrast with his behaviour to his own belongings; at the same time he resented this demand on his politeness, and disliked the objects of it as much as though they were his inferiors; and in particular he detested Ella.

In return for this speech she gave him a little courtsey, the grace of which placed his own clumsiness of demeanour in high relief. "And where have you been driving this afternoon?" inquired he. It was one of his characteristics to engross the conversation as much as possible in his own house, and especially to prevent his woman-kind from taking part in it.

"Ah! you may well ask that?" said the colonel, grimly. "We've been—yes, we've been——"

"To Shooter's-hill," interposed Ella, as her uncle stopped and stammered, checked by the concentrated fire of his niece's eyes; "the air was lovely, and the view delightful."

"Yes, the view was deuced fine," assented the colonel, who had already

repented of the temper he had exhibited in depreciating Gentleman-cadet Landon.

"Oh, Ella," said Gracie, in a low voice, "Miss Furbelow has just been here with such a lovely present from somebody."

"Then I know nothing about it," said Ella. "I directed her to send a dress, it is true, but it was only as a substitute for that which I was the cause of getting spoilt."

"What is that I hear about a spoilt dress, Miss Ella?" inquired the commissary, with distended ears and an additional wrinkle on his forehead.

"Well, I don't suppose you gentlemen would understand if I told you," returned Ella, sweetly; "if I describe the affair as being of green tulle, trimmed with white piqué, and pinked at the flounces a la rose d'auvergne, you would be not much the wiser."

"I thought you said some one had spoilt a dress, Miss Ella."

"So I did. I spoilt a dress—Gracie's dress—by spilling ink upon it. It was when I was writing cheques—which, as you say, is my constant employment. That is the whole story; except that, of course, I have made reparation."

The commissary was far from being pleased, notwithstanding that he understood his daughter had received a gratuitous addition to her wardrobe. He saw that there had been treason in the house; that something had been concealed from him; and he smiled on his wife and daughter, as Bluebeard might have smiled on Fatima while her brothers were making a call; he would have a word to say to them presently. Even the colonel noticed this; and, willing to do Ella a pleasure, observed, "Come, general, you look yellow; I am sure something is wrong with your liver. Let us take a walk together."

The commissary was not particular about his complexion, and very pleased when anybody called him "general;" moreover, to be seen in public with the colonel always gave him importance. So he consented at once. When he had gone, Mrs. Ray and Gracie each gave a little sigh, as though something tight over their chests—or hearts—had been slackened. Ella's shapely lips murmured something which I am afraid was "Beast!" then turned to Gracie with:

"Well, darling, and who do you think I have seen this afternoon?"

Not—not Mr. Landon?"

"Yes, and Mr. Somebody Else, too."

"They came to enquire after you, I suppose," said Gracie, as indifferently as she could. It seemed hard to her that they should have called at Hawthorne Lodge, and not at the barracks also; but, after all, who could wonder at it? Everybody knew how wealthy Ella was, and most people—all, that is, who concerned themselves in so small a matter—in

what a poor way her own parents lived. Still one of those two young men might have thought it—not worth his while exactly, no, certainly not that, but—becoming, just to leave his card at Officers' Quarters, Letter Z.

"Not a bit of it," said Ella; "I went to inquire after them. There, I didn't mean to shock you, dear Mrs. Ray, but only Gracie. Uncle Gerard took me, of course. He thought it his duty to call at the Academy to thank the two gentlemen for their conduct to us yesterday, since neither of them could come to us, poor dears."

"Why not?" inquired Mrs. Ray. Gracie said nothing, but a pleasant light came into her eyes; perhaps, then, after all, thought she, Mr. Darall would have called if he could.

"The whole Academy are in arrest till further orders," said Ella. "Surely the commissary, who 'happens to know' everything, must have been aware of that, long ago."

Mother and daughter interchanged a significant glance. This was the reason, then, why Gracie had received his permission to be civil, just for once, to Mr. Darall, if he called within a day or two.

"My husband doesn't tell us everything he hears," said Mrs. Ray, quietly.

"I daresay he thought the matter of no consequence," returned Ella; "and indeed it may very likely be so. Only as Gracie was interested in Mr. Darall—she has no secrets from you, dear Mrs. Ray, I know—I thought I would come and tell her."

"You are very good, Ella," said the invalid, "and Gracie is very good, God bless her! also. She has told me something about this young gentleman, but it would be very foolish of her, she knows, to think of—to dream of—anything serious coming of it."

"Well, he is a very good young man," persisted Ella, "of that I feel convinced. Mr. Landon said he was worthy of any woman's affection."

"My dear Ella!" exclaimed Mrs. Ray, in a tone of mild reproof, "how on earth came he to tell you that?"

"Oh, I don't know, we got quite communicative and confidential, somehow. I honestly confess I think Mr. Landon charming, so you may guess what this Mr. Darall must be, who Uncle Gerard was so obliging as to tell me was worth 'at least a dozen' of Mr. Landon."

"But that was very unkind of him," said Gracie.

"Well, no, it was merely what I call his 'sparkle,' just a glint of fire such as the pony strikes with his hoof from a flintstone when he is playful. Uncle Gerard may 'say things,' but he does not mean much harm, especially when he knows that all the harm in the world can do no good. Gracie, I have met my fate at last! Yes, I have, and I don't mind

your saying 'Oh Ella!' one bit: what I do mind is seeing your dear mother look so grave."

"My dear Ella," answered the invalid, "if I looked grave, it was because you scarcely look grave enough; if what you say is really said in sober earnest, the matter is very serious. The happiness—or the misery—" she added, after a little pause of sad significance, "of your whole life depends upon one little syllable 'Yes' or 'No.' Oh, weigh them well, dear Ella, before deciding."

"But my dear Ella, do you mean to say that Mr. Landon has asked you already—after two days' acquaintance—to marry him?" inquired Gracie.

"No, dear, no, he has not done that; but he will ask me—I am as certain of it as of the back of that chair being intended to represent Windsor Castle, and of it not being one bit like it; I have also made up my mind what my answer will be. It will be 'Yes.'"

Gracie ran forward to her friend with a little cry of pleasure, and folded her in her arms.

"If I don't run to you, like Gracie, you know the reason why, dear Ella," said the invalid.

"I am coming to you, dear Mrs. Ray," answered the girl, suiting the action to the word; "and though I know you think me headstrong and imprudent, I intend to have your warm congratulations."

"Dearest Ella, you have them, Heaven knows," sobbed the poor lady in tender though broken tones. "You have been very good to a poor miserable crippled creature; you have such a heart of gold that no one should grudge you a purse full of it; I have nothing to give you—perhaps not even a marriage present when the time comes—nothing to return for—but that is no matter, I know, to you; but if God should please to hear me on behalf of another—" the pitifulness of her tone was unspeakable, though it had nothing in it of bitterness, "for myself, alas," it seemed to say, "I have importuned Him in vain"—"then He will bless you, Ella."

There was a long pause, passed in mutual endearments.

It was curious to see how both Ella's companions at once took her scheme of life for granted—immature and improbable, to say nothing of its impropriety, as it must needs have appeared to others. They knew her, however, well; and knowing how difficult it was to turn her from a caprice, were persuaded that what she had set both mind and heart upon, she would accomplish. It was quite in accordance with her audacious nature, too, that having once fixed upon such a plan, she should confide it to these two old friends. She had indeed been almost as open with her uncle. Many girls would have entertained such an idea at equally short notice, but they would have kept it to themselves,

and even later on would have had but one confidant. But Ella wore her heart—fierce as flame, stubborn as steel, though it sometimes was—upon her sleeve, albeit not for daws to peck it. She was frank to her friends, though even to them taciturn and uncommunicative enough upon one point.

"Will Uncle Gerard consent to all this, Ella?" inquired Mrs. Ray, stroking the hand on which she already saw in her mind's eye the marriage-ring.

"He will have to do so," said Ella, smiling. "I confess I don't think he likes it."

"It is fortunate you are so independent, my dear," sighed the invalid; few girls are equally so—almost every one has some relative whose wishes it is her duty to consult. What is the matter, Ella?"

"Nothing; a little faintness, that is all."

"But you turned so deadly pale, darling," said Gracie, with anxiety. "Let me fetch you a glass of wine."

(*To be continued.*)

Current Literature.

It is said that Mr. Tennysonconsiders the drama to be his forte, and that in order to superintend the placing of his *Harold**on the stage, he has taken a house for three months in "the long unlovely street," which he, many years ago, struck with an immortal ray of sorrowing genius. Should *Harold* share the fate of *Queen Mary*, the poet laureate may reconsider his estimate of his powers. *Harold* is no advance on *Queen Mary*. It is fitter for being placed on the stage; it has more unity; but it does not contain as much evidence of dramatic vigour as its predecessor. It wants power and breath and inspiration. There is no character wrought intensely. It would be unjust to Mr. Tennyson to compare him with second or third-class artists. We expect him to strike a high note. But we have nothing in this drama to inspire pity and terror; and the master faculty of the dramatist of mingling the noblest poetry with familiar every-day life, nowhere appears. No poet's dominion over the mechanism of verse has been greater than the author of "Maud;" but in *Harold* this comparatively humble power as a rule fails him.

The theme is worthy of a great dramatist—the fall of the last of England's Saxon Kings. We have a supreme crisis and two representative men, the heads of two great races, the commanders of two great armies, and both cast

* *Harold: A Drama.* By Alfred Tennyson. Toronto: James Campbell & Son. 1877.

in a heroic mould; the one fighting for conquest, the other for country. That William was a greater statesman than Harold there can be no doubt, and his passion for action contrasted strongly with his rival's love of repose. But the dramatist should have taken a liberty with history instead of emphasizing Harold's weakness in this respect. The fierce cruelty of William is intended to foil the noble, generous, kindly qualities of Harold, but the task is too great for the poet. Reading the history of the drama two characters are irresistibly brought before us—Hector and Achilles. But we miss in Mr. Tennyson the pathos and grandeur with which Homer invests the Trojan hero. Yet look at the opportunity the events leading up to the Battle of Hastings laid at the poet's feet. Harold, loving a young and beautiful girl for whom the cloister contends with him, is forced by the cruel exigencies of political necessity to marry a woman he does not love; the King of England and the leader of a race, he is forced to do battle for his crown and for the liberty of his people, not only against the greatest warrior of his time but against the power of the Church of Rome, and in thus doing battle he is breaking an oath which, however free from the thraldom of those superstitious times, must have seemed to him more than commonly sacred. He had sinned "against the truth of love," he had broken his oath, and the tragic ebb and flow of emotion, his fears, his ambition, the pangs of a bereaved love, the the casuistical contest between an alarmed conscience and the conflicting conviction that duty beckoned him over the threshold of falsehood, the recurring doubt that what he read "duty" was "ambition," a doubt which the moment it took shape would be confronted by patriotism, and by the noble loyalty of race—all this and more portrayed by a master hand should have given us a great drama. The character is truly tragic. It is great; it is self-reliant; it has one defect intimately connected with the tragic close.

How has Mr. Tennyson dealt with such materials? The fact that he makes so little out of them disproves his claim to the title of dramatist. Indeed so unsuitable is the dramatic form to his genius that his lyric power almost deserts him. It is not too harsh a criticism to say that had *Harold* been published as a posthumous work the critic who should undertake to prove to the satisfaction of most of his readers that it was a forgery, written by a student of Tennyson, would have an easy task. There are, as there could not fail to be, a few striking passages, but for pathos, for sublimity, for tenderness even we look in vain; there is no greatness; there are no "touches of warm tears."

The character of Harold in the play is much what we find it in history, but it has gained nothing in strength or beauty. William is the best drawn, yet one cannot help feeling that he is not well imagined. For the other characters they are little more than dim sketches.

The note of coming doom is struck in the conversation of the courtiers regarding the comet which all are supposed to regard as "a harm to England," save Harold, who is superior to such superstition. He replies to Stigand's question, whether the fiery visitant was the doom of England—"Why not the doom of all the world as well?" In the same spirit he rejoins to Edward's vision. The King had seen the seven sleepers in the cave at Ephesus turn from right to left—"What matters?" cries Harold. "Let them turn from

left to right and sleep again." In making Harold thus sceptical beyond his age was there not a tragic element sacrificed? Had Harold been more under the influence of the ideas of the time his horror at breaking his oath would have called up the furies. We are early prepared for his self-reproach and humiliation at not keeping his word by his declaration made without much *apropos* that it is "better to die than lie." But it was open to the dramatist to have given us a Harold, hating monks but believing in Holy Church and fearing God, and, instead of the comparatively mild pangs of a truthful character snared by generous impulse into falsehood, the tortures and agony of a man who in his weakness, his self-confidence, his ambition, and his patriotism, has been led to array himself against the Heaven he had been glad to obey. That at such a time, full of dangers and portents he should want to go hunt and hawk beyond seas and leave behind him a troubled country, an intriguing court, and a beautiful woman full of tender anxiety about him, gives an idea of levity not in harmony with the heroic. Warned not to go to Normandy by the King, he sails for Flanders but is wrecked on the shores of Ponthieu and delivered into William's hand. Meanwhile we get a glimpse at the designs of Aldwyth on Harold and against Edith. So far, though the talk is not the talk of creatures of flesh and blood, the chance of making a great drama is not lost. In the parting of Harold and Edith there was an opportunity for tenderness which was thrown away, but there was no geat call for dramatic fire.

In Normandy there was scope for the highest dramatic art. The way Harold is made to promise to aid William to climb the English Throne shows him to be very amiable but very weak. The fact that he lies out of pity for his brother, and pressed by the argument that only by deceit can he foil the Norman Count's design, cannot prevent a rising contempt asserting itself; for he is like a chequer pushed on by Mallet & Wulfnoth. It may be presumptuous on our part to ask what would Shakspeare have done here? But with his works, before us there is perhaps not too much temerity in saying that he would have made Harold, in a speech like one of Hamlet's, reveal the conflict in his mind and then decide to act. Under such circumstances action would be respectable. Then after the fine *coups de theatre*—doors flung open and discovering William on his throne in an inner hall with the Norman nobles drawn up on either side of the ark—Harold trapped into confirming his promise with an oath on the ark which, when the cloth of gold is removed, is found to be full of dead saints—we should have had the remorse, the self-upbraiding, the racking of the mind on the spikes of fate, manly compunction, superstitious awe; the dreadful tragedy of a vigorous nature caged by iron circumstance. Alas! in the whole act we have nothing worthy of Mr. Tennyson save one or two brief lyric flights and a few admirable pieces of word-painting. Harold's speech when left with his brother for a breathing space after the fatal oath, is a hysterical attempt to express the tragedy of the situation.

Harold having become King, and having overthrown Tostig in the north, is forced to marry Aldwyth by the cries of a few people. We gather indeed that she is to bring him support from her brother. But the manner in which he is led to marry the fierce widow of the King he slew shows him even

weaker than he appeared at William's Court. On the eve of the Battle of Hastings the poet strikes a genuine spark and Harold's speech is grand and dramatic; as is the meeting between him and the two women who loved him.

The idea of the play is the Nemesis of falsehood. In one of his last utterances to Edith, Harold says:

> A lying devil
> Hath haunted me—mine oath—my wife—I fain
> Had made my marriage not a lie; I could not;
> Thou art my bride.

No good came of his "evil for good" in Normandy, and the aid of Morcar which he thought he had bought by marrying Aldwyth, failed him in his utmost need.

We have just expressed our opinion of the speech of Harold in the play on the eve of the battle. All our readers may not have by them Taylor's "Eve of the Conquest." In that poem, on the evening of his brief to-morrow, Harold shows larger and grander than in Mr. Tennyson's drama.

> "Here we stand opposed;
> And here to-morrow's sun, which even now,
> If mine eyes err not, wakes the eastern sky,
> Shall see the mortal issue. Should I fall,
> Be thou my witness that I nothing doubt
> The justness of my doom; but add thou this,
> The justness lies betwixt my God and me,
> 'Twixt me and William—"
> Then up rose the King;
> His daughter's hands half startled from his knee
> Dropt loosely, but her eye caught fire from his.
> He snatched his truncheon, and the hollow earth
> Smote strongly that it throbbed: he cried aloud—
> "'Twixt me and William, say that never doom
> Save that which sunders sheep from goats, and parts
> 'Twixt Heaven and Hell, can righteously pronounce."
> —He sate again and with an eye still stern
> But temperate and untroubled he pursued:
> "'Twixt me and England, should some senseless swain
> Ask of my title, say I wear the crown
> Because it fits my head."

The battle is described by Stigand and Edith, not with great success, to the audience. The battle field and a speech of William's conclude the play. Not, we hold, an artistic conclusion. The proper conclusion would have been a mourning group in Waltham Abbey around the last of Saxon Kings. William's appearance, especially as his speech is intended to win a cheer from an English audience, is an offence against unity. The dramatic world is no exception to the rule that we cannot serve two masters, and to bring William into our presence to make a clap-trap speech when our hearts are supposed to be full of indignant pity for the overthrow of Harold is a very extraordinary way of deepening the tide and strengthening the current of emotion. If the previous part of the play were a success, the audience could not but hiss William off the stage. A little study of the play reveals the fact, that Harold's character is not conceived whole and consistent.

Born and brought up by pious parents, and descended from one of the most celebrated of the old Covenanters, Thomas Guthrie* seems to have inherited a large portion of their spirit, and, though possessed of a most joyous and loving disposition, was ever ready to resist oppression and wrong, and defend the weak and injured, even to the death at the call of duty. Hence the zeal and earnestness with which he threw himself into the great struggle which finally ended in the disruption of the Scotch Church. Nothing could daunt his chivalrous spirit, and patiently he for years waited the result without exhibiting the least ill-will to his opponents. He was willing to wait the Lord's time, confident that it would bring about the reform he so ardently desired ; and that eventually the good cause must triumph.

Alike the friend of rich and poor, he preached to them, without any invidious distinction the gospel as he understood it. Great as his genius was, it was surpassed by his benevolence. The master passion in that large heart was *love*, love to God the Creator, and the outcoming of that love affection to all God's creatures. This holy and blessed love makes him as happy and joyful as a little child, rejoicing over the first primrose and holding it up to all his friends to share with him its beauty and fragrance. Love is the mainspring of his wonderful activity and the large sympathy he feels for suffering humanity and the dumb animals around him. He could not have turned a hungry dog from his door without satisfying its wants ; animals could feel pain, that was enough to enlist his charity ; they were capable of affection and gratitude, and he saw more in their intelligence than most others troubled themselves to find out.

Life was to him a magnificent gift, and he used it well and wisely ; it called forth a perpetual psalm of thanksgiving to the Munificent Giver, earth was to him no vale of tears, but a glorious revelation of the wisdom and power of God, second only to that of divine truth ; and he studied both with reverence and gratitude. He never lost sight of the sun however dense the clouds that concealed it from his eyes. His favourite apostle, St. Paul, had told his Christian converts to "rejoice ever more," and Guthrie did rejoice with a full and overflowing heart. The very tears he shed over the poor outcasts of humanity had a gleam of the light that illumined his own heart. Everything to him was good that the Divine Hand had formed; from the mysterious glory of the midnight heavens to the tiny burn that held up its small mirror to the moon and stars.

His charming letters, in which we see more of the real character of the man, written to members of his family, in all the confidence of domestic love, abound with beautiful natural pictures. Gentle and amiable as he was, we always find him a fearless and wise leader in the foremost ranks of religious controversy—here there was no shrinking, no pulling back to please the world, his strong faith and keen sense of justice bridged over every danger and carried him safely through the storm of religious warfare to which the change of a dynasty is a trifle in comparison.

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* *The Autobiography of Thomas Guthrie, D.D.*, and a *Memoir* by his sons—Rev. David K. Guthrie and Charles J. Guthrie, M.A.—Belford Brothers: Toronto. Sold only by Agents—J. Clarke & Co., General Agents, Toronto.

Nothing can be more touching and pathetic than some of the pictures he has given us of the members of the ragged schools he was so indefatigable in establishing. What a divine work of charity it was and how nobly pursued to the end of his valuable life. To his tender mercy numbers of poor, nameless, houseless children, born in infamy, and doomed to poverty and crime, owe the redemption of their bodies from vice and their souls from perishing in the arid deserts of a world lying in wickedness. He gives us a pathetic description of one of these unhappy victims:

"One night I went with one of my elders to the police office; in a room hung with bunches of skeleton keys, dark lanterns, and other implements of house-breaking, sat the lieutenant of the watch, who, seeing me handed in at the midnight hour by a police commissioner, looked surprise itself. Having satisfied him that there was no misdemeanor, we proceeded to visit the wards, and among other sad and miserable objects, saw a number of children, houseless and homeless, who found there a shelter for the night; cast out in the morning and subsisting as they best could during the day, this wreck of society like the wreck on the sea shore, came drifting in again at evening tide.

"After visiting a number of cells, I remember looking down from a gallery upon an open space, where five or six human beings were stretched upon the stone pavement buried in slumber; and right before the stove, its ruddy light shining full on his face, lay a poor child who attracted my especial attention. He was miserably clad, he seemed about eight years old, he had the sweetest face I ever saw; his bed was the pavement, his pillow a brick, and as he lay calm in sleep, forgetful of all his sorrows, he might have served for a picture of injured innocence. His story was sad, not singular; he knew neither father nor mother, sisters nor brothers, nor friends, in the wide world. His only friends were the police, his only home, their office. How he lived they did not know. But there he was at night; the stone by the stove was a better bed than the cold stair. I could not get that boy out of my head for days together; I have often regretted that some effort was not made to save him."

The grief felt for that boy in the Christian's heart was destined to bear an abundant harvest, and those who read this delightful book will rejoice in the success of his plans for the benefit of these unhappy children.

The Autobiography is perhaps less interesting than the Memoir furnished by his sons, who are far more able to speak of the works and worth of their excellent father than that father would have spoken for himself. It was hardly possible that a man like Dr. Guthrie could sit down to write a full and fair account of his life.

The Autobiography and Memoir together, however, constitute a book of unusual merit, and bring vividly before the mind the great Scottish preacher.

Those who have fed their minds on the noble nutriment of Shelley's poetry, and are not familiar with his life and character—if there be any such—may learn in the latest volume of the Sans Souci Series* what a beautiful, erring, humorous, childlike being he was. The lives of poets are seldom rich in incident, but Shelley's life is an exception, and persons who have been repelled by the genuine work required to master Shelley from studying, or even read-

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* *Anecdote Biography of Percy Bysshe Shelley.* Edited by RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. (*Sans Souci Series*). New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

ing his writings, will find much cause for mirth, provided by Shelley's fun and the adventures which he met with. From his cradle to his watery grave, he was a remarkable creature, and save for the one act of running away from Harriet Shelley, with Mary Woolstonecraft—for his early atheism was rather a boyish whim than a conviction, if indeed the word atheist, as used in regard to him, had not sole reference to an "office" at school, given by the boys to the most rebellious—his life was a noble one, full of high impulse, love for man, generosity, and profound thinking. His life is like one of his own bursts of song, fresh, beautiful, original, with strains of a music, the subtle charm of which we feel, but whose motive and method is beyond our grasp. Shelley giving hundreds of pounds to help Leigh Hunt, pawning his cherished solar glass for five pounds to make up ten to lend a friend, starting for Ireland at twenty to regenerate the Irish people, always aiming at the regeneration of man, right or wrong in his opinions, is a noble being it does one good to read about. Such a man not only shows to what fine issues human nature may, even in these days, be touched, but indicates the yet higher regions to which it may aspire, and which were trod, as their native land, by great spirits in the past.

The visit to Dublin in 1812, by a young man of twenty years and a girl wife, has a delightful humour about it; the two young people pelting the passers by in Sackville Street, with Shelley's pamphlet, written to save the country. How ludicrous! On the other hand, when we find this boy of twenty, this young English aristocrat, this heir to a baronetcy proclaiming the necessity of Catholic emancipation and talking advanced opinions, stating too, that he has read and reflected on all the great political issues, we are conscious that the humour is but the flickering sun-light on a stream destined to flow and deepen and expand into a river, on which great navies may ride, and in which white-walled cities may reflect their towers.

He was the greatest master of harmonious verse in modern times, as Wordsworth admitted, and perhaps in the hand of no other man has the English language been so plastic; nor was the gift painfully acquired; he was literally a child of song, and the child's song was no callow thing.

Among some verses written at Oxford, and never published, we find the following which have all the characteristics of his genius; the spontaneity, the amplitude, the calling into existence great pictures, huge forms, mighty terraces, and dim-lit spaces; the severity, the Shelleyan music.

Death! where is thy victory?
  To triumph whilst I die,
To triumph whilst thine ebon wing
  Infolds my shuddering soul.
Oh Death! where is thy sting?
  Not when the tides of murder roll,
When nations groan, that Kings may bask in bliss.
Death! cans't thou boast a victory such as this?

* * *

To know in dissolution's void
  That mortals' baubles sunk decay,
That everything, but Love, destroyed

Must perish with its kindred clay ;
Perish Ambition's crown
Perish her sceptered sway ;
From Death's pale front fades Pride's fastidious frown.
In Death's damp vault the lurid fires decay,
That Envy lights at heaven-born Virtue's beam.

Yet it is only fair, even when considering him as a poet, to remember how early he was cut off, and with what true prophetic feeling he had described that "pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift" as

A dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow.

Had he come to man's estate—but the book before us is a biography, not a collection of his writings, We never opened a volume, which from every point of view, we could more honestly commend. It is calculated to do good, if only to teach us how unjust we are in our judgments.

The Princess Salm Salm* is a lady with a touch of the more amiable side of the adventurousness of Becky Sharp, and something of the literary faculty of Lady Morgan. Her history of ten years of life is given in the volume before us. But she might have made the book a great deal more interesting, had she, as Horace says, commenced *ab ovo*. She is a Canadian, being the daughter of Mr. William Joy, of Phillipsburg, Quebec. While yet a girl she "struck out for herself," and commenced life as a waitress in a Vermont Hotel. She threw away her napkins and joined a circus. From the circus she passed to the theatre. She was an actress when she met Prince Salm Salm—a man about thirty, middle height, elegant figure, dark hair, light moustache, agreeable, handsome face. The Prince wore an eye-glass. The future Princess felt particularly attracted by his face, and she observed with pleasure that her face evidently attracted him. He did not speak English. She knew neither French nor German. Both knew a little Spanish. "Our conversation," she says, "would have been very unsatisfactory without the assistance of the more universal language of the eyes which both of us understood much better." The Prince had squandered his patrimony in Vienna—a city where the operation is easily performed—and had come to America in 1861. Why pursue the old story further? The pair fell in love and were immediately married. "Dear Felix" gets command of a regiment, and the Princess gives us a very good picture of the inner scenes of camp and political life. The female lobbyist has often been sketched, but she adds to the portrait some vivid touches. Her portrait of Lincoln is exceedingly graphic, as are her portraits of some of the best known generals. The corruption of American political life—Methodism—Spiritualism—American railroads—hospitals—nothing escapes her pen. She must be a woman of great vigour of character. She wields a pointed if not a brilliant pen. A lazy man would get from the book a good superficial view of the great civil war. In Mexico in the midst of Maximillian's disastrous attempt to found an Empire under the patronage of Louis Napoleon, the Princess is equally sketchy and instruc-

* *Ten Years of My Life.* By Princess Salm Salm. Belford Bros.: Toronto. 1877.

tive. Though so much has been written of the Franco-Germanic war, the reader will find something new in the pages relating to the authoress's adventures in that great campaign. The last parting with her husband is affecting, but its poetry is destroyed by her recent marriage. Many a lady with twice the culture of the Princess, and five times her literary power, has failed to write a book as interesting as "Ten Years of my Life."

Arnold's expedition against Quebec, fitted out under Washington's eye at Boston, is one of the most interesting, and, indeed, one of the greatest episodes in the operations of the armies of the rebellion against Canada. The whole invasion is still remembered in Lower Canada under a name derived from Arnold's troops—*la guerre des Bastonnais*—Bastonnais being a rustic corruption of the French Bostonnais. No better subject could be found for a historical romance, * and Mr. John Lesperance has made good use of the material at his command. He paints a vivid picture of old Quebec, and reproduces the passions of the time in a manner which proves him to possess in a large degree the historical imagination. A beautiful love story, which keeps the reader's mind on the tip-toe of curiosity up to the last page, is interwoven with the vicissitudes of war and siege. The characters are well discriminated, at least five standing well out on the canvas, while those in the background are carefully drawn. Among these M. Belmont, Donald, and the Governor of Quebec make more than a passing impression. Roderick, the young English hero, and Cary Singleton, the New England hero, win a permanent place in the reader's imagination, as do the ladies, Pauline and Zulma. In a historical romance there is no room for that psychological treatment which, for good or ill, asserts itself so prominently in the novel-writing of the day. In the book before us there are some admirable bits of dialogue ; as for instance that between the washerwomen in chap. 3, of book 2, and there are many spirited scenes. The romantic figure of Batoche is kept well within the circle of probability, and justice is done to a neglected hero, Joseph Bouchette, who piloted Carleton in an open boat from Montreal to Quebec. The style is rapid and picturesque and well sustained. Occasionally the author betrays the fact of French origin, or of having formed his power of expression on French models. We hope a second edition will be called for. In that case the sentence, "It was evident that the old soldier had never encountered such an adversary *before her* (p. 201)," should not be allowed to remain. On page 193, in the conversation between Batoche and Cary, there is a confusion of persons. Some obsolete words are used, for which more modern equivalents would be better. These are small defects in a novel of considerable power, and one of special interest to Canadians.

In grace of expression and beauty of description,† Madcap Violet is worthy of Mr. Black, and the dramatic portion of the book is quite up to the highest mark he has reached ; but there are traces of haste, or, perhaps we should say, evidence that he is taking too many crops from his mind. No writer of

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* *The Bastonnais: a Tale of the American Invasion of Canada in* 1775-76. By JOHN LESPERANCE. Toronto : Belford Brothers, Publishers, 1877.

† *Madcap Violet.* By WILLIAM BLACK. Detroit : Belford Brothers, Publishers, 1877.

the day has surpassed Mr. Black in dealing with the charming female eccentric. A girl who can be managed by a few who understand her, but who puzzles the world generally, has a peculiar fascination for him, and Madcap Violet is as well analysed, and her form as clearly cut, as the daughter of Heth herself. We think, however, Violet the girl is much better and more carefully pictured for us than Violet the woman, and, perhaps because of this, the conclusion bears the appearance of being done to order, and not arriving naturally. No more charming picture of a beautiful wilful girl than Violet at Miss Wains' School need be desired. But we believe Mr. Black is at fault in the development of her character, for the common experience is that such wilful girls become very sensible women. The character of Drummond is true to life, but George Miller is hardly well imagined. The novel is, notwithstanding some padding, the work of a true artist, and the interest in the fate of Violet is well sustained. The trip to the Highlands is an episode which Mr. Black could not do other than manage felicitously, his talents finding their wings strongest in air which sweeps over heather, or which sports with the spray of rock-beating waves.

The second edition of the Clerical Guide and Churchwardens' Directory* shows no falling off in careful editing, and embraces much new matter. It contains a brief but interesting sketch of the History of the Anglican Church in the Dominion. The Synod Reports are full of useful information, and the same remark applies to the Parish Guide. This second edition is a clear improvement on the first, and deserves equal if not greater success.

Musical.

It may safely be questioned if, with all the advantages of the present day with regard to musical matters, our tastes and achievements in that direction have improved very much. We shrink from looking too closely into the subject, for the phrase "the present day" is in itself so ambiguous, so contradictory, so hackneyed, that at the very outset we would probably find ourselves out of our depth. Besides, we like to think, in common with other thinkers, that this really is an age of progress, of equality, of cheap tuition and cheaper editions. However, without inspecting the matter too closely, a few remarks concerning the piano, that instrument which, as somebody says of a Scotchman, is probably to be found at the North Pole, should we ever reach there, may not be out of place. We would draw attention to one or two difficulties which beset the amateur pianist—by which term we denote

* *The Clerical Guide and Churchwardens' Directory*, Edited by C. V. Forster Bliss. Ottawa: J. Durie & Son, 1877.

those rather advanced players, who, by the talent they possess, and the time they devote to the art, are almost fitted to become professionals.

Amongst these, a very common fault is to consider a good technique the one grand object to be attained. We might, indeed, almost say, that this is the fault of the age,—this tendency to sacrifice the ideal to the mechanical. On the stage we find ample proof of this in the fact that, as perfection in scenery and appointments is gained, good acting is apt to become a secondary consideration. In "society" plays, the arrangement of the furniture, and the costume, occasionally even the diamonds of the actress, are usually criticized with more interest than the literary merit of the play (rare indeed in plays of the above stamp), or the pathos and reality of the acting. In music this is especially noticeable. Singers pride themselves on the height rather than the quality of the voice, treating it as an instrument. Pianists aim apparently at imitating the perfect mechanism of the barrel-organ or musical box, trying to do with one pair of hands what could be better done with two pairs, while violinists seldom forget to give us the "Carnival of Venice" with variations. This fault, though possessed by many professors of reputation, is more particularly noticeable in young amateurs. Their attention is drawn by their masters to the necessity of acquiring manual strength and dexterity, to enable them to execute correctly, and they are apt to devote their energies to this one point alone, forgetting that good execution is only a means to an end. The so-called "Brilliant Pianist," who prides himself or herself on what is merely a gymnastic display, should remember that in such a case the performance is to be compared only with that of a real musical machine, and in such a comparison, it is most likely that the machine will gain.

The next fault we shall notice is just the reverse of this, and those who have it usually possess far more musical feeling than the class just alluded to. It consists of an exclusive devotion to the higher and more ideal part of music, which leads them entirely to despise mechanism as something gross and material. "*Incidit in Scyllam, qui vulte vitare Charybdem,*" if any of our readers have read that most charming book, "The Recreations of a Country Parson," they will easily recognise the swing of the pendulum from the primary vulgar error round to the secondary vulgar error. These players look on time spent in exercising their fingers as almost lost; they prefer to seize as soon as possible on the spirit of their composer, to play their piece at once up to its real time, and are content to make mistakes and miss the passages, if only they can, in any way, get over the notes and arrive at the general effect. As a rule, pianists of this kind are not absolutely careless as to wrong notes. They play as correctly as their fingers will allow them; they usually appreciate and readily give expression to any harmonic beauties, and always play with feeling, but when executive difficulties appear they shirk them, and the effect of their performance is marred completely for the want of a little patient practice. These should bear in mind, that whilst it is indisputably true that feeling and intellect are the principal things, still a composer's thought and intention can never be adequately rendered without the requisite training of the fingers, and if they pretend to do so without this careful preparation, they only insult the composer and their art.

The other fault we would notice is perhaps the rarest, and is difficult to define, unless we coin an expression and call it "Musical Generalization." The class of players to whom we now allude, are usually possessed of talent, nay genius ; they have generally worked hard for some years at the piano, and do not at all despise the necessary mechanical drudgery, on the contrary, they have often great natural facilities for the performing of passages, they are also good readers, and apparently have every requisite for a fine player and thorough artist. But, unfortunately this very facility is fatal to them. They read, execute, and understand a piece so well at first sight that it rapidly loses interest for them ; having a fair idea of it they discontinue practising it, and take up a new piece which soon shares the same fate. By this means these pianists become acquainted with a large number of works, all of which they play just well enough to make one wish they played them a little better, and made full use of their unusual talents. They begin to study singing, and, if blessed with a good voice, soon sing as well as they play. They always like part music, but here their generalizing tendency again shows itself, and they develope a faculty for taking any part, soprano, alto, bass or tenor, with equal ease, irrespective of sex. This, of course, damages the voice, but gains for them the character of "a useful person in a choir," of which, sooner or later, they are sure to be in the enviable position of director. Here they probably turn their attention to the Organ, which they "pick up" as readily as anything else, and so it goes on. Instead of being *either* a good pianist, singer, or organist, they are merely an unfinished monument of the uselessness of great talent without perseverance in any one thing. Such a one will say that they prefer an extended musical knowledge to the narrowing of their scope, merely to perfect a few songs and pieces for the gratification of others less gifted than themselves. This feeling is artistic, but not in the highest sense ; the man or woman who has thoroughly studied, thought out, and practised one of Beethoven's Sonatas, has a more "extended musical knowledge" than the one who has skimmed over half a dozen. Besides, they are, then, enabled to become a teacher and refiner of others who have appreciation and not talent, and who would never know all that Sonata contained, but by the rendering of it by one who has added to genius, patient study and labour. True art is not selfish, and he who has the rare gift of interpreting the masterpieces of musical art, has the duty laid on him to use it for the good of others, as well as his own pleasure and satisfaction.

Some of us may probably remember the slight difference of opinion which occurred between us and the residents of the United States, on the subject of the birthplace of Mdlle. Emma Albani. It is gratifying to know that an English paper, chronicling her triumphs in Paris, speaks of her as "the charming *Canadian* songstress." Her most successful rôles appear to have been Lucia, Gilda in "Rigoletto," and the "Sonnambula." Mdlle. Albani is, after all, the only first-class *prima donna* our country has produced. A certain Miss Swift, of Massachusetts, created some excitement in Italy, a month or two ago, and Miss Forsyth, of Fort Erie, is similarly engaged at the present time, but it is more than likely that they will disappear from public notice, just as Miss Tucker, of Virginia, appears to have done.

There has appeared in the columns of a recent number of the *Musical Times*, a letter referring to the text and titles of many of the "*Lieder Ohne Worte*," and the questions which it raises are so important that we feel compelled to in some measure quote them. So many conflicting editions of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words have, from time to time, been published, that the result is suggestive of the ship Argo, and we hope to find in the new edition shortly to be issued under the supervision of Julius Rietz, an edition which will henceforth be the standard and correct text for Mendelssohn. As for the titles given in some editions, not more than four were given by the composer, the others having been added, not by Stephen Heller, we hope, though this is generally maintained. The titles of "Volkslied" and "Duetto," were given by Mendelssohn, and their truth and aptitude can easily be admitted, but what can one do but reject such a title as "The Fleecy Cloud," for No. 2, Fourth Book, or "The Estray," for No. 4, Second Book, as being both spurious and absurd!

Apropos of Stephen Heller, we believe he is not as well known in this country as he deserves to be. True, his "Nuits Blanches," his "Tarentelle," and the easier "Etudes," form part of the répertoire of every ordinary pianist, but even these compositions are not studied in the way that so subtle a master of melody and counterpoint deserves. How charming are the "Preludes," the "Arabesque," and how exquisitely mournful the "*Promenades d'un Solitaire*." It is evident that he is not unappreciated in France, for a series of papers on his music and himself has appeared in the *Musical World*, signed "Em. Mathieu de Montes," characterized by an enthusiasm amounting to hero-worship.

Another youthful precocity has just cropped up in the shape of a youth named Filippo Tarallo, aged seventeen, who has set a five-act tragedy to music.

Miss Francesca Ferrari, known as a composer of songs, has lately completed a cantala, called "A Cloud with a Silver Lining." It was given by Sir George Elvey's choir, at Windsor, with so much success that it had to be repeated.

Wagner is working on a new opera entitled, "Parcival," as his admirers will be glad to know. Those who are not his admirers will have enjoyed, have they seen, the exquisitely comical travesty of the Nibelungen, which appeared in Punch's Pocket Book, entitled, "A Wagnerian *Teatrayology*."

A mania for monuments seems to be possessing the old world. Beethoven, Haydn, and Dejazet, are the candidates.

Grimm's unsurpassed Passion music, *Der tod Jesu*, was given on Ash Wednesday at the "Special Services," held at St. Gabriel's, Pimlico, London, and will be continued every Wednesday throughout Lent.

Patti, Lucca, Arnŏt, Heilbroun, Stolz, and Rosetti, are maintaining the reputation of Europe at St. Petersburgh. An easy matter one would think, unless jealousy haunts the female mind, as we are sometimes told.

With respect to our own immediate musical circles in Toronto, there is not much to chronicle. Preferring to take the concerts given by the Philharmonic Society, at intervals which we could wish were not so far removed one from the other, as better evidence of our musical growth than any other entertainments of the kind, still it is scarcely right to be absolutely silent

concerning the numerous small concerts for the benefit of churches and other institutions, that have been so well patronized during the last two or three months. Particularizing is unnecessary and would be difficult, but it may be remarked that, on the whole, the selections and performances, whether of amateurs or professionals, have been characterized by correct and even classical taste, and pleasing execution. The formation of an Operatic Company in our midst has been talked of for some time, and we understand that the efforts of a few well-known citizens in this direction have so far resulted favourably, that scores of the various operas proposed for practice have been sent for.

We have now a Philharmonic Society most ably and nicely conducted, and an Operatic Company, which, no doubt, will soon earn an equally creditable name for itself. Will not some enterprising musician or musicians organize a Glee Club for the proper rendition of part music amongst us, or will a third organization somewhat interfere with the excellent ones we now possess ?

Perhaps it is wiser to rest content with these, seeing, indeed, that not too much interest and patronage has been afforded our existing Musical Institutions.

It is with cordial pleasure we notice the publication of a really good song, a Canadian production entitled "Those Cherished Ones at Home," words by Miss J. O'Doud, music by R. J. Thomas. The poetry is worthy of the name, and the music is even better than the poetry, and quite as good as the average songs published in the States, which would appear to sell as well here. Let us patronize our own productions decidedly, when they will allow us ; in the present case the result can only be pleasure. The song is published in excellent form by Messrs. Suckling, Toronto.

With regard to the enthusiasm which Madame Essipoff seems to have inspired in the United States, there is something to be said, and that something the *Atlantic* for February has seized upon. The impression she has made is therein characterized as a questionable one, and of this we can have no doubt, if we believe, as we are asked to believe in the same article, that she has substituted a marked *forte* for *pianissimo* in a Beethoven Sonata, an instance of the bad musical influence the writer says she has been under. If this be true, two, and only two, excuses could possibly be made for what may be called a breach of musical faith. Madame Essipoff, if possessed of great and rare spontaneity and originality of genius, must sometimes break through what restraint her respect for the composer forces her to keep on herself, and under these circumstances she may almost create a Sonata, retaining, indeed, the notes and passages, but making the spirit of it all her own. Again, it is well known that, with regard to a number of Beethoven's Sonatas, their metronomising, and their peculiar marks of expression, are the subject of much discussion amongst musicians, the original marks given by the composer having been lost or mixed up hopelessly with others. However this may be, it is evident that Madame Essipoff is not the thorough artist we have supposed her to be, although, in genius and feeling she must surely far surpass Madame Goddard, with whose faultless, but cold performances we were disappointed last season.

'Twas the Master that Knocked at the Door.

Words by GEO. RUSSELL ANDERSON. Music by C. A. WHITE.

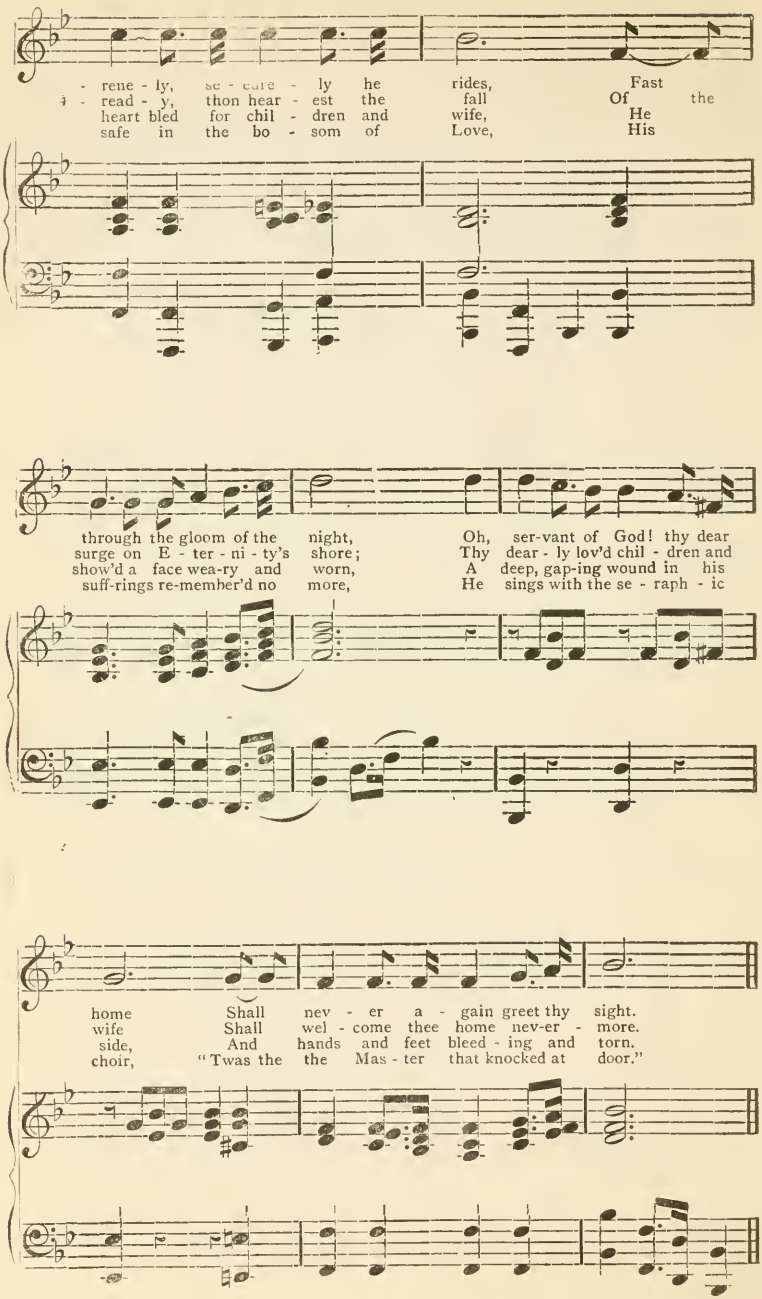
Introduction.

Ritard.

1. En - wrapp'd in the mantle of night, Death
2. The shad - ows are hasten - ing fast, The
3. Death stood not a - lone at the bridge; Thy
4. Now hears he the sym-phonies grand, Now

waits at the bridge for his prey; And lit - tle the trav' - ler doth
morning is gild-ing the east; The hall is pre-pared for the
dear - ly-lov'd Master was there; He heard the last sob of thy
hears he the glad burst of song That wel-comes the Ransomed of

dream That Death is op - pos - ing the way. Se -
guest, The ta - ble is set for the feast. Al -
pain, He heard the last breath of thy pray'r. When thy
God To the ranks of the an - gel - ic throng. Safe


- rene - ly, se - cure - ly he rides, Fast
- read - y, thon hear - est the fall Of the
heart bled for chil - dren and wife, He
safe in the bo - som of Love, His
through the gloom of the night, Oh, ser-vant of God! thy dear
surge on E - ter - ni - ty's shore; Thy dear - ly lov'd chil - dren and
show'd a face wea-ry and worn, A deep, gap-ing wound in his
suff-rings re-member'd no more, He sings with the se - raph - ic
home Shall nev - er a - gain greet thy sight.
wife Shall wel - come thee home nev-er - more.
side, And hands and feet bleed - ing and torn.
choir, "Twas the the Mas - ter that knocked at door."

CHORUS.

Soprano.

Brave sol - dier of Christ, thou art gone, Thou hast

Alto.

art gone,

Tenor.

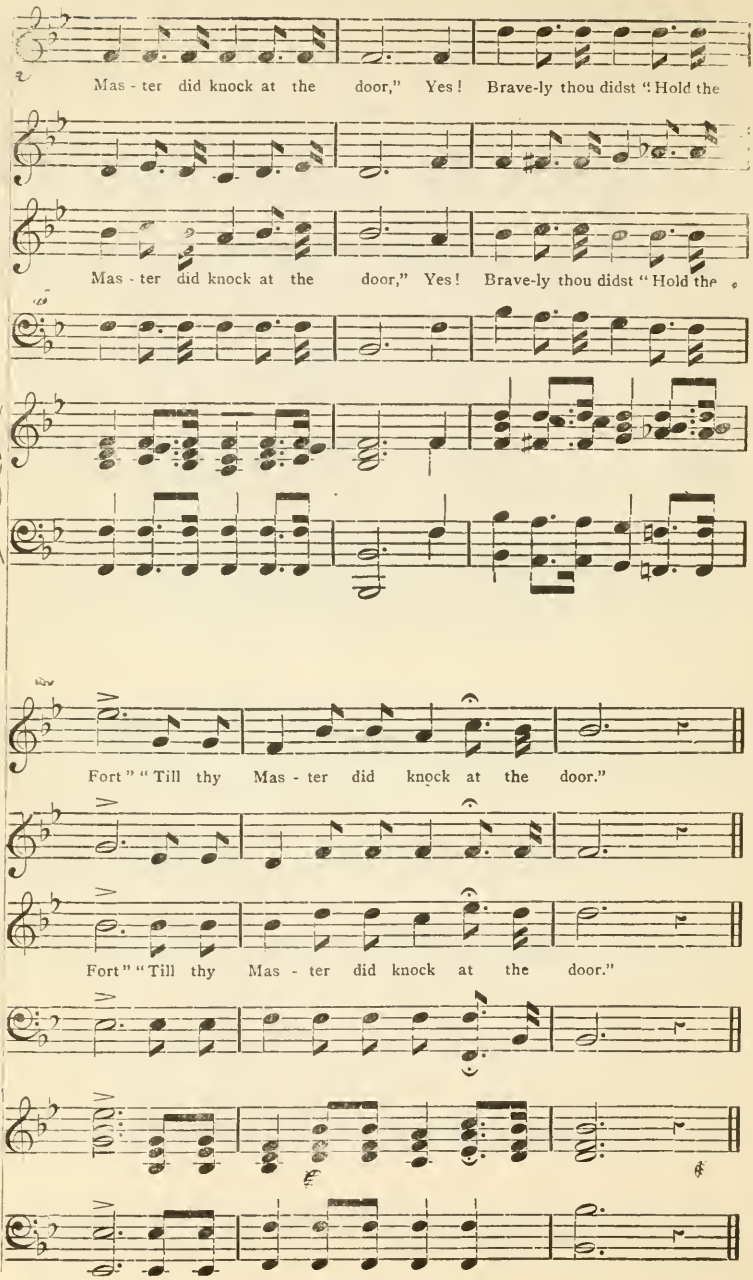
Brave sol - dier of Christ, thou art gone, art gone, Thou hast

Bass.

Accomp.

cross'd to E - ter - ni - ty's shore, Bravely thou didst "Hold the Fort" "Till thy

cross'd *to* E - ter - ni . ty's shore, Bravely thou didst "Hold the Fort" "Till thy


Mas - ter did knock at the door," Yes! Brave-ly thou didst "Hold the
Mas - ter did knock at the door," Yes! Brave-ly thou didst "Hold the
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Fort" "Till thy Mas - ter did knock at the door."

Humorous Department.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

It is a wily card-sharpér,
And he is one of three ;
"By thy rural beard !" saith he to a friend !
"Now pick the king for me !"

A wily card-sharper rideth with two confederates in the train, and beggeth one disguised as a yeoman to bet on the "three-card" trick.

The sharper's fingers are grimed with dirt,
But, deft, forsooth, are they ;
And again and again in the Hendon train
The three-card trick they play.

He placeth the cards and with eager voice,
"Now, which is the king ?" quoth he.
"The middle one," said the farmer man.
Eftsoons a sov. won he.

The pseudo-yeoman betteth, and becometh the winner of a sovereign sterling.

Then eke again he shuffleth them ;
"Now, which is the king ?" he quoth.
"'Tis that for a pound !"—"That ! I'll be bound !"
And he pays a pound to both.

His other comrade betteth as well, and also winneth.

A stranger sat upon their right,
He cannot choose but hear ;
His face is thin, his hair is gray,
His eye is sharp and clear.

A stranger sitting near vieweth the sharping, and is entreated to join in the betting.

A sharper sidleth up to him,
"Why bettest thou not ?" saith he.
For a moment's space the stranger's face
Was a wondrous thing to see.

"Come on, old boy, and try thy hand,
And pick the king for a quid.
Thou'rt sure to win a lot of tin,
As thou saw'st the farmer did."

The stranger gazed upon the "sharp,"
And fixed him with his eye.
The "sharp" was spellbound 'neath that gaze ;
He knew not how nor why.

But fixeth the "sharp" who entreateth him with his eye, and rendereth him spellbound.

Faster and faster went the train,
The eye was on him still;
In vain he tried away to glide,
The stranger hath his will.

At length those close-shaved lips did ope,
And these the words they said:
"Thou dost not know my name—is't so?"—
The sharper bowed his head.

He ultimately addresseth him, and surmiseth that he is ignorant of his identity, which the card-sharper admitteth.

And both the rest up closer press'd
Away from the stranger gray;
But nought they miss'd, for they'd fain to list
To what he had to say.

His companions endeavour vainly to remove themselves from the stranger's influence;

"I am a county magistrate,
And eke an Assistant-Judge!"
Now all the three turn ashen pale,
And never an inch can budge.

Who forthwith proclaimeth his offices,

"Thou mayst have heard of me before:
My name is Serjeant Cox!"
Then not a tooth but chattereth,
Not a knee 'gainst knee but knocks.

And likewise his cognomen, the mention of which filleth his listeners with consternation and dismay.

"And thou has done a wicked thing
In asking me to bet;
If I had thee at Clerkenwell
Six months at least thou'dst get.

The erst stranger continueth to upbraid the sharper for soliciting him to bet,

"Say, didst thou think," thus Serjeant C——.
"I looked so very green?—
And have I, when my wig is doffed,
So innocent a mien?

And putteth to him the possible reasons for this act.

"And can it be I seemed to thee
A likely dupe to make?
Did my simplicity prevail
On thee this step to take?"

"Alack! alack!"—this to himself,
Whilst he unfixed his eye—
"That they in me a victim saw!
O, well-a-day! and fie!

He also condoleth with himself on the uncomplimentary action of the sharpers towards him.

"O, fie! and well-a-day!" quoth he—
"O, well-a-day? and fie!
That they should make this strange mistake
Not knowing '*What Am I?*'

"A problem psychological
This clearly seems to be,
That 'sharps' of such experience could
Have so mistaken me.

And concludeth that it furnisheth a psychological problem for his consideration.

"Come, three-card tricksters, tell to me
How happéd this thing to-day:
I pray explain, why in this train
Ye begged of me to lay.

He again appealeth to the tricksters to tell him their reason for imagining him to be one of the simple ones of the earth,

"Is there not something in my eye
That speaks of legal might?
And are my chin and features thin,
Not an impressive sight?

"Say, swindlers, hath it chanced to you
To be at Clerkenwell;
And have your eyes, in other guise
Not seen me there, now tell?"

And asketh them if they were ever haled up at the Middlesex Sessions.

The swindlers three did all agree
They never had been there;
And craved his pardon that for him
They'd spread the three-card snare.

They return a negative reply; and humbly beg the stranger's pardon for their misapprehension.

"God save thee, learned Serjeant C——,
Now pardon us, we pray!"
"In sooth," quoth he, "you'd best beware
Lest you're brought 'fore me some day."

He consenteth in a qualified degree to forgive them, but warneth them as to the future.

And now the train comes to a stop,
And quick bound out the three:
They were the first card-sharps that burst
Unscathed from Serjeant C——.

The train cometh to Holloway, and the sharpers quickly decamp, leaving the learned Serjeant.

And he went on like one that's stunned,
And is of sense forlorn;
A humbler and more modest man
He rose the morrow morn.

Who pursueth his way to town, and taketh the lesson profoundly to heart.

FASHION AND FOLLY SKETCHES.

LA BELLE MODESTE, RUE DU ROI.

Cut! cruelly cut

Brown was a little put out at first,

She was tolerably well upholstered, however and cut a stylish figure on the Rink.

Meets the object of her aversion, and loses her equilibrium.

But after Luncheon "is himself again."

"Marry come up." "What a falling off was there."

The sarcastic Brown calls it a fall in Jute.

"THIS IS THE DOCYMENT."

BELFORD'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1877.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER XI.

THE finest lawn is sometimes deformed by a rock so huge in bulk and harsh in outline, that it is beyond the gardener's skill to make it beautiful, either by climbing turf or fringing shrubbery. Mrs. Coates had her trials, among which was Mr. Coates, to whom a dress coat was an abomination, and a white cravat a thing of ugliness, and a torment forever. It was in vain that she represented to him the responsibilities and requirements of a forehanded man who had given the best advantages to his offspring. She respected his talent for making money; she had a dim idea that he was her superior in mental gifts, and she knew as well as a woman of her nature could know, that he held her in a sort of good-humoured contempt; but she felt that he did not take as kindly as he should to polite life, and that in this respect, at least, she was his superior.

There was another matter, which had always been a source of mortification to her—Mr. Coates was a stammerer. He never said much, but what he did say, was broken into so many pieces, that she was always afraid that his auditors could not put them together and make words and sentences of them. He had the habit of his daughter—perhaps he had bestowed the habit upon her—of accumulating material while conversation was in progress, and then coming out with it at unexpected times and in surprising ways. Unfurnished with her nimble tongue, he aimed at laconic condensation, and made the most of his brief efforts. He hung in the social sun like an icicle, now and then thawing to the

extent of a drop, which spattered about in sparkling fragments as it fell, and froze upon the memory. His vocal efforts were periodical, like the performances of the skeleton and the twelve apostles operated by the tower-clock at Prague. They not only told the time of day with great precision, but they told it with jerks; and the jerks added an element of humour to what might otherwise have been a tame proceeding.

But Mr. Coates and Mrs. Coates got along together pretty well, considering how conscious each was of the imperfections of the other. She could do nothing with him, and he could do nothing with her; so, in a sort of despair of each other, they came to a tacit agreement to let each other alone, and permit their acquaintances to come to their own conclusions with regard to the respective merits and demerits of the pair. And their acquaintances did come to the conclusion that Mrs. Coates was good-natured, pretentious, insensitive, and amusing as a bore, and that Mr. Coates was a man of common sense, modesty, and a concentrated waggery that lost nothing of its humour by the impediments to its expression. In short, Mr. Coates, very much to the surprise of Mrs. Coates, was a popular man, who stood in the community for just what he was worth, and was very much beloved and respected.

When Nicholas and Glezen set off for the dinner party to which they had been invited, the former was in a good deal of nervous trepidation. He sympathized so profoundly with Miss Coates, and had so thorough a respect for her, that he dreaded the developments of the occasion on her account. He felt, too, that he could not quite trust his friend Glezen, for he knew that the temptation to chaff the old lady would be well-nigh irresistible. Still, he believed in the power of the young woman to hold him to propriety. She had certainly exercised that power upon himself, and he felt measurably sure of the same influence upon his friend. As for Glezen, he had heard so much about Miss Coates that he had determined to put himself upon his best behaviour at whatever pain of self-denial.

When the two young men entered Mrs. Coates's drawing-room, they discovered that the dinner was to be strictly *en famille*. It would have been impossible for Mrs. Coates to deprive Jenny of the chances offered by the possession for an evening of two eligible young men. As she took the hands of one after the other, she said:

"I thought it would be so nice to have you all to ourselves this evening! Not that I am selfish, for I'm not. Jenny has often said to me, 'Mother,' says she, 'whatever may be your short-comings, selfishness isn't one of them, no matter what appearances may be.' Says I, 'Jenny, there are joys with which the stranger intermeddleth not, unless it's against my consent, and one of 'em is dining with dear friends

for the first time in my own house. There, Jenny, is where I draw my line,' says I. But Jenny says, says she, 'I think it would be nice to have Mrs. Ilmansee and her sister, and Mrs. Morgan and Miss Morgan.' But says I to Jenny, 'Jenny,' says I, 'Mrs. Ilmansee would just as soon think of inviting the Old Scratch as inviting me, though why she should feel so,' says I, 'passes my comprehension, and I'm going to draw my line just there. I've got the first chance, and I'm going to keep it,' says I."

While this introduction to the social entertainment was in progress, Nicholas and Miss Coates gradually retired, and found themselves very agreeably entertained with each other. Glezen, with his closed mouth, was left with Mrs. Coates, and was somewhat embarrassed by the situation. It was, therefore, with a great sense of relief that he heard a latch-key at work at the door, and saw Jenny fly to meet her father. He caught a glimpse of her sparkling eyes and her lithe and tastefully dressed figure as she disappeared, and recognised at once the sympathy that existed between the old merchant and his daughter. He heard her lively brush upon his dusty clothes, and a hurried colloquy, and then the daughter led the old man in and presented him to the two guests.

"H–how d' do? P–pretty well?"

"H–how d' do? P–pretty well?"

These questions were accompanied by two bows, directed to the two young men, and then he advanced and took each by the hand. His clothes were none of the nicest, either in quality or fit; his cravat was crazily tied, in such a knot as he would have made in doing up hurriedly a package of goods; his head was bald, but his eyes and mouth were shrewd and good-natured, and Glezen, particularly, was attracted to him at once. The attraction was mutual, and Mr. Coates seemed consious that Nicholas—less used to men—found it hard to reconcile his host's appearance with his surroundings.

Then Mrs. Coates excused herself to look after her dinner, as she had not arrived at the point where she could surrender her housekeeping cares to her servants. Housekeeping had always been her strong point. Miss Coates hung about her father, brought him an easy-chair, and by all considerate acts of deference and affection, seemed to endeavour to excite Glezen's respect for him, unmindful of the fact that she was accomplishing more for herself than for her father. Her arts, however, were unnecessary, for the men understood each other.

It has been said that Mr. Coates and Mrs. Coates had learned to let each other alone. This was strictly true, however, only when visitors were not present. It seemed to be necessary, in the presence of strangers, to vindicate their own sense of propriety by either exposing, or apologizing for, each other's fault.

When Miss Coates had comfortably seated her father, and seen Glezen draw a chair to his side, she resumed her conversation with Nicholas. Then the old man turned to Glezen and quietly inquired :

" H–how long have you b–been here ? "

" Oh, ten minutes, perhaps," Glezen replied.

" T–tired of it ? "

" Of course not ; why should I be ? "

There was a queer working of the old man's lips, as he responded :

" M–Mrs. C–Coates is a f–funny old watch. She b–broke her chain a g- good while ago, and has been r–running down ever since. She must have a m–mainspring a m–mile long."

No power could have restrained Glezen's laughter over this, and he laughed so heartily and so long that Nicholas and Jenny both rose from their seats, and approached them. But Mr. Coates was entirely unmoved. Not a sympathetic ripple betrayed itself upon his face, while he completed for Glezen's ear the remainder of his statement and the rounding out of his figure.

" I used to w–wind her up too t–tight, I suppose."

Nothing but the protestations of Jenny could have hindered her mother from preparing the young men for what she was pleased to call the " impederment" of her husband. He had calculated upon this preparation, and, in his remark to Glezen, had intended to pay off his little debt, so that he and his wife might start even with the evening's guests.

When, with a highly self-satisfied air, Mrs. Coates returned with the announcement that dinner was ready, she found them all in a lively frame of mind, and Nicholas and Jenny just where she would have had them—together. She took Glezen's arm, gave a significant nod to Nicholas, who rose and gave his arm to Miss Coates, and then all proceeded to the dining-room, Mr. Coates shambling along in the rear. The table-linen was rich and immaculate, and the porcelain and silver all that was desirable.

" Silent grace ! " said Mrs. Coates, in a low tone, bending over her plate—a motion that was imitated by all but the head of the house.

Mrs. Coates, unfortunately, did not share the feeling of her daughter with regard to fashionable churches. She had nibbled about in her own homely pasture, among the thistles and mulleins that had been kept unclipped from the fear of formalism, and pretended to herself and her neighbours that she was content ; but she had looked over what was a homely fence on her side, and a flowery hedge on the other, into a pasture which, in her eyes, was a field of enchantment. The fold was so tastefully built, the paths were so bordered with green, the hills were so smooth, the valleys so verdant, the rills of water glistened so brightly and tinkled so sweetly, that in her heart of hearts she would have been

glad of a chance to enter it and go no more out forever. To be a sheep with a silken fleece in such a flock, led from hill to valley and from valley to plain by a tall shepherd in white, with a golden crook in his hand, was a picture of felicity often presented to her imagination. Only in her imagination, however, could it be entertained. Mr. Coates would not consent to any change that would serve her wishes, and Jenny was bound to her unfashionable church by a love and enthusiasm that would make no compromise.

There was, therefore, but one way left open for Mrs. Coates, which was to pretend to like what she despised, and to hate what she loved above all things.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Coates, as she raised her eyes from her plate at the completion of her grace, "that the Piskerpalian form of grace is the most fashionable, but,"—glowing behind her tureen and lifting her ladle—"Mr. Coates proverdentially has an impederment, and we have adopted the silent form as more convenient in our family. But I must say that I don't understand why people pray three times a day that the Lord will make them thankful for what they are about to receive. Why don't they be thankful, and out with it? It seems to me that it's just what our good old Dr. Hemenway used to call formalism, and I've said to Mr. Coates, often and often, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'whatever sin is laid to our door, don't let it be formalism.'"

Glezen caught Mr. Coates's eye, and saw his mouth begin to work.

"W–what year was that?" Mr. Coates inquired.

Mrs. Coates deemed it best not to pay any attention to this skeptical question, and went on sipping her soup between sentences:

"The prettiest thing I know of is having grace said by an innocent child. This is quite the thing, I'm told, and it must be very melting. I know a little four-year old girl who says grace so beautifully that everybody cries. I never dared to try it in my own family, for fear of consequences, you know, but it does seem as if it would be the greatest comfort if I could. A lamb of the flock is such an interesting thing!"

"You m–might t–train a p–parrot," suggested Mr. Coates.

Poor Miss Coates was red in the face. She saw that her father and mother had pitted themselves against each other, and that Glezen was exceedingly amused. Mrs. Coates saw this too, and in her own mind drew a comparison between the staid self-restraint of Nicholas and the irreverence of Glezen, much to the disadvantage of the latter.

"Jenny tells me," said Mrs. Coates to Nicholas, "that you are to be in the city during the winter."

"Yes, I hope to be here," he replied.

Then moved by the same curiosity which had exercised Miss Pelton's mind the day before, she said:

"What flock do you expect to jine? We should be delighted to welcome you to our fold, although we are at present without a shepherd, and I grieve to say that there is a great deal of straying. I do so long to have a shepherd once more, for I think the picter of a shepherd with a crook, keeping his sheep together on the hills, is one of the sweetest I ever see, and it will take a pretty strong crook to get our flock together again, and I long to have a man settled and done with it."

"These sh-epherds with c-crooks in their hands d-don't amount to much," said Mr. Coates. "I p-prefer one with a c-crook in his head."

Mrs. Coates, of course, didn't see the point, and wondered what Glezen could find to laugh at. She was painfully impressed with the frivolous character of this friend of her friend, and determined to warn the latter against such associations at the first opportunity.

Then forgetting that Nicholas had not answered her question, she went on:

"A vacant pulpit seems to me to be an awful thing. It looks as if it was the very yawning of the pit of destruction, but"—recurring to her effort upon the future course of Nicholas—"don't, I beg of you, go over to the Piskerpalians. It's all very nice when you meet 'em on the streets, with their carriages and their silks and satins, and see their ministers in spick and span white gowns in the churches, and their little boys tuning up their amens, and their getting down and getting up. I know it's lovely, but it is very deceptive to the young. I own up that I have felt drawn to 'em, and there was one time when, if Mr. Coates had said the word, I should have went (Nora, pass Mr. Minturn the bread); but I was mercifully spared from embracing a dead formalism. It took a good deal of grace to stand by the vacant pulpit at one time. (Mr. Coates, I'm sure Mr. Minturn will have a little more of the beef.)"

And then Mrs. Coates fell back in her chair, to rest herself from the contemplation of her old struggles with the temptation to subside into a dead formalism.

Mr. Coates had been gradually filling up to the point of expression, and here broke in with:

"I'd r-ather have a v-vacant pulpit than a v-vacant minister any time."

Mrs. Coates knew that this was intended to be a reflection upon the retired old Dr. Hemenway, and sighed:

"Whatever Dr. Hemenway was," said Mrs. Coates, "it couldn't be laid to his door that he was a dead formalist."

"If I was g-going to be d-dead, I would as s-soon be a d-dead f-formalist as a d-dead goose," said Mr. Coates.

"Mother," said Jenny, wishing to change the line of conversation,

"Mr. Minturn is going to see what he can do for the poor, I'm sure you'll like that."

"Yes," said Mrs. Coates, "the poor ye have always among you; and I think we have 'em with a vengeance. It's nothing but give, give, give, from morning to night, till I get sick and tired of it. Here's Jenny going to mission-schools, and visiting round in the awfulest places, where no respectable girl ought to go, and I'm so afraid she'll catch something that it worries my life out of me. There is Miss Larkin laid up for life with a fever she took doing the same thing."

Here was a bit of news for Nicholas, who understood better than he did before its utterance, the welcome which his purpose had received at her hands.

"Do you labour for the poor?" inquired Mrs. Coates of Glezen, morally sure that he did nothing of the kind, and that she was about to display her daughter's superiority.

"Yes, madam, I do nothing else."

"Is it possible! I thought you were a lawyer."

"Yes, I suppose I am. That is what I am trying to make the New York people believe, any way; but, so far, I have confined my attention to a single pauper, and it's all I can do to feed and clothe him."

"This is very interesting," said Mrs. Coates. "Jenny, do you hear this?"

"Yes, mother. The pauper's name is Glezen."

Mr. Coates was shaking in his chair, but without a smile.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Coates, "you mean that you are taking care of yourself?"

"That's what I am trying to do, with very indifferent success," said Glezen.

"Well, that's what we all have to do before we get to be forehanded," said Mrs. Coates, in a benevolent effort to soften Glezen's sense of poverty.

"You are interested, of course, in the poor," she added suggestively.

"Very much so," Glezen responded, "especially in my own particular pauper."

"But you believe we owe duties to the paupers?" insisted Mrs. Coates.

"Yes," said Glezen; "duties which nobody performs. Half of them ought to be tied to a whipping post and whipped. The rest of them ought to be in jail, with the exception of the children, who should be taken out of their hands and reared to something better."

Mrs. Coates's breath was nearly taken out of her by this most inhuman declaration.

"What can you mean?" she inquired.

"Well," said Glezen, looking smilingly around upon the group, and seeing Jenny's eyes fixed very earnestly upon him, "I mean exactly what I say. Half of them ought to be tied to a whipping-post and whipped. The city is full of dead-beats who would not work if they could. They are as utterly demoralized as if they were thieves. I never saw a willing beggar yet who wasn't a liar. I never saw even a child who had begged, and succeeded in his begging ten times, who would tell the truth, when the truth would serve his purpose just as well as a lie. There are poor and worthy people I do not doubt, God help them! but the moment they become paupers they become liars—I mean paupers who are not only willing to live on charity, but anxious to be fed without effort. I haven't a doubt that the city would be better off if there wasn't a cent given in charity. In our benevolence and pity, we are manufacturing paupers all the time, and doing the poor and ourselves, too, the cruellest wrong we can do."

"You are making out a very pleasant prospect for me," said Nicholas, laughing.

"I shouldn't have said a word," Glezen responded, "if I had supposed you would believe me. Every man has his opinions and his theory, and every benevolent man is bent on trying his experiment. I want to see you try yours."

"But," said Nicholas, growing earnest and excited, "there must be some cure for every evil under the sun. The good Lord hasn't left us face to face with the devil without a weapon in our hands. It cannot be so."

"I agree with you," said Glezen, "and I tell you the weapon is a horsewhip. There is nothing that moves a dead-beat but hunger and pain. He can always get cold victuals, so he is safe from starvation; but there is absolutely no argument that will induce him to work but pain. There is nothing but a whipping-post, established in every town, and faithfully used, that will set him at work, and keep him at it. You may preach to him until the day of doom; you may dress him, you may coddle him; you may appeal to what you are pleased to call his manhood, and he'll just let you bore him for what he can get out of you. There isn't so much manhood in one of them as there is in a horse."

"But even Mr. Coates believes in giving meat to the hungry," said Mrs. Coates, in a tone that indicated that up to the present moment, he was the most inhuman person she had met.

"Y-yes," Mr. Coates responded, "g-give 'em the h-hide of the animal, r-raw!"

Glezen saw that he had, somehow, horrified both the old woman and her pretty daughter, and so attempted to justify himself.

"When I came to the city," he said, "I was full of a sort of chicken-hearted benevolence. A woman or a child could not extend a hand to me on the street, without taking out of my pocket whatever I might happen to have there. I comforted myself over the loss of many a good cigar, with the thought that I had helped somebody to bread, when I only helped them to beer, and did my share toward making them worse and more incurable beggars than they were before. They soon found me out in my office, where they managed, by the most ingenious lying, to cheat me out of my hard-earned dollars. I became at last sore with my sense of imposition, and sore with my sacrifices, and I've not recovered yet. I can look a beggar in the face now without winking, and when a dead-beat presents himself in my office, I have only to glance at my boot and point to the door, and he understands me, and retires without a word."

"But you can't afford to become distrustful and hard-hearted like that, you know," said Nicholas in a tone of expostulation. "A man can't afford to shut himself up like that, and look upon every needy fellow as a scamp."

"You can't afford it, perhaps; I can; and there, by the way, lies the trouble in the case. Rich people, surrounded with their comforts, try to make themselves more comfortable in their minds by sharing a portion of their wealth with the poor. Their dinners taste better after having fed a beggar. Their nice clothes feel better after they have given an old garment to a dead-beat, who straightway pawns it for rum. Society cannot afford to have the vice of pauperism nourished for the small compensation of gratifying the benevolent impulses of the rich. Does pauperism grow less with their giving? Is it not becoming, with every benevolent effort, a great, overshadowing curse? Pauperism grows by what it feeds on, and it feeds on the benevolence of the rich, and on benevolence which, like some of our Christianity, is fashionable."

An aggressive person like Glezen was the only power that could close the mouth of Mrs. Coates. She was so thrown out of her accustomed line of thought, which ran among commonplaces and conventionalities and popular currents of opinion that, to be met by a decided and persistent protest, from one who seemed, at least, to know what he was talking about, was equivalent to being cut off from her supplies and finding an abattis in her pathway. Like a good many "old women of both sexes," theological and otherwise, she could not quite comprehend how a man could oppose the orthodox opinion upon any subject, unless there was a screw loose in his moralities.

Mr. Coates was happy, too happy, even, to attempt to talk. The study of the faces before him—the horror of Mrs. Coates, the per-

plexity of Nicholas, and the half comical, half doubtful expression upon his daughter's features, afforded him a sort of grim entertainment, for he sympathized wholly in Glezen's opinions, and could have hugged him for saying so well what he had felt to be the truth for many years.

Miss Coates had a burden upon her heart, and it would have been most unlike her to conceal it. Her eyes were half filled with tears (for she had been a patient and enthusiastic worker among the poor), as she turned to Glezen and said:

"Notwithstanding all, Mr. Glezen, there are worthy and truthful poor people who need our help, and have a Christian claim upon our Christian benevolence. There are little children who cannot help themselves, even if they would, who are to be educated and clothed and fed. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' Sometimes, when I have been discouraged with my work, I have thought of this; and I wonder now whether you and the Master would quite agree on this matter of charity. Almost every year I hear of some poor mother who, with her little ones, has starved to death for the lack of the bread which it would have been so easy for us to give, and it seems terrible."

Glezen was touched. "I don't think you and I disagree on this matter," he said. "God forbid that I should deny the bread that keeps body and soul together, to even an unworthy woman. I would give her work to do, however, and try to foster and not kill her sense of womanly independence. If she is sick, I would send her to a hospital. As for the children, I would educate them and put them to work. I never hear, however, of a woman who starves with her children, rather than to descend into pauperism, without feeling as if I would like to fall down and worship the poor emaciated body she leaves behind her. She has realized what pauperism is, and has preferred death for herself and her little ones. Such a woman is a true heroine, who deserves a monument. All that I insist on is this, that there is no cure for a genuine able-bodied pauper but pain. It is the only motive that will make him earn his living. Beyond that, there is no cure for pauperism but to stop raising and nursing paupers. The law ought to take every child of a pauper, and put him where he will be in no danger of becoming a pauper. It is a matter that ought not to be left to competing schemes of benevolence, I tell you the whole thing is rotten to the bottom."

"I shall have to take you around with me next winter, and convert you," said Miss Coates, with a smile.

"I'll go with you," said Glezen, extending his hand in token of his willingness to confirm the bargain; and the bargain was confirmed.

The dinner ended, all retired to the drawing-room. There stood the open piano, and the temptation presented to Glezen was irresistible.

He sat down and played, in his magnificent way, whatever came into his mind. Miss Coates, who had studied him during his talk at the table, and been in no little perplexity about him, found in music a point of sympathy which, in a moment, made her wholly at home with him. She drew a chair to the piano, and they talked of music together, while his hands, as if they needed neither direction nor attention, swept the keys through changing themes of harmony. Both forgot at once that, besides themselves, there was another human being in the house. Glezen saw a piece of music behind the rack, and took it out. It was a song, and as he finished the introduction, Miss Coates rose to her feet, and sang. When the song was concluded, Glezen shouted "Bravo!" It was wonderful how quickly these two persons had become intimate friends. Music was a language which both understood, and about which they had no differences.

Mrs. Coates, meantime, had arrived at a new apprehension of Glezen's value. He could help to show off Jenny to Nicholas. For that all-important purpose, she could tolerate him; and as he and Jenny went on, from one triumph to another, she even thought that if he were not poor, and Nicholas were hopelessly tied to a victim of the dumb palsy, she might consent to an arrangement which—but this was only a suggestion.

She drew her chair to the side of Nicholas, with the benevolent purpose of assisting him to a proper appreciation of her daughter's gifts and accomplishments. She did this in a low tone of voice, so as not to embarrass the performances, but she was not entirely beyond the hearing of her husband.

"Jenny has had the best advantages," said Mrs. Coates. "A hundred dollars a quarter—quarter after quarter—with the best of teachers, and such troubles as I've had with them fellows! They was always getting attached, and making fools of themselves over Jenny, and bothering her life out of her. I know it was the loaves and fishes that they were after, but I give 'em to understand that there wasn't any loaves and fishes for 'em in these parts! What do you think I saw in this very room one morning, as plain as I see you now? I heard the piano stop, and so I just walked in—for I was always on the look-out for dangers—and found a man on his knees by Jenny's side, a pretending that he couldn't see the notes so high up. 'Get up,' says I to him. Says he, 'Mrs. Coates, I can't see the notes when I'm standing.' Says I to him, 'I understand the kind of notes you are trying to see. Get up,' says I, 'and resume the position which your Maker intended you to ockerpy.' Says I, 'You are paid by the quarter, and a hundred dollars a quarter is all you'll get in this house.' Oh, you never see a man so cut up as he was."

Mr. Coates had heard it all, and gave signs of a characteristic explosion.

"M—Mrs. C—Coates," said he, "b—buys everything by the q—quarter, and c—cuts it up to suit herself."

"Well, I cut him up to suit myself, anyway," said Mrs. Coates, with a decided and triumphant air.

"Y—yes," said Mr. Coates, "she was afraid he'd d—damage the sh—in bone."

Nicholas, who had kept himself under the severest restraint during the evening, was obliged to yield to this, and could not withhold his laughter; but he was compelled to sit for an hour and hear the easy-going tongue of his hostess ring the changes upon Jenny's perfections, and the costly sacrifices which had been made in the long process of their acquisition.

At last he went to Glezen and tapped him on the shoulder, by way of hinting that it was time for them to make their adieus.

On the whole, they had had a pleasant evening, and matters had taken exactly the turn that Nicholas would have desired. His friend Glezen had been drawn into serious talk, and though the opinions he advanced were not in harmony with his own, he had impressed himself upon the family as one who not only had opinions, but possessed as well both the boldness and the ability to express them. Above all, he had seen a point of delightful sympathy established between him and Miss Coates, which could not fail to bring them together again.

Glezen was delighted—particularly so with the old man and his daughter. Scenes that to Nicholas were full of embarrassment were to Glezen as good as a play.

"Do you know," he said to Nicholas, "I wouldn't have one of those people changed by so much as the shading of a hair. The old man is a dry old wag that I should never tire of; the old woman is an inexhaustible mine of the most uncommon foolishness, and ——"

"And what of the daughter?"

"Well I won't talk about her, I guess. But doesn't she sing well? And isn't the combination the most remarkable you ever dreamed of? I believe I should like to live in that family. Every meal would be a comedy."

"And to me," said Nicholas, "it would be a torture."

"Yes, there's the difference."

They were walking arm in arm, Glezen accompanying Nicholas to his hotel.

"Do you know you have given me a tremendous set-back to-night?" said Nicholas.

"I did not intend to do it. You know that if anybody in the world

has reason to sympathize with the poor, it is I. But I have come to my own conclusions, and I hope you'll take nothing on trust, and come to yours. There's an admirable field for study here, and you have the means to indulge in it. Come and try it, and I'll help you all I can."

The next morning Nicholas devoted to business and to calls, the last of which was given to Miss Larkin, to whom he imparted his impressions of the dinner at the Coates's, with the hopes he had built upon the introduction of his friend Glezen to Miss Coates. They talked of this and of his plans for the autumn and winter, and then he went home to dream of a season of labours and companionships the most delightful that anticipation had ever presented to him.

"I must say that I can't make anything out of that Glezen," said Mrs. Coates, shaking her head after his departure. "A lawyer who can play the piano seems to me like a—like a—contradiction of terms. I don't believe he'll ever be worth a red cent. I should never feel as if I could consent ——"

"Mother!" exclaimed Jenny, who had a presentiment of what was coming next.

Father and daughter exchanged pleasant and significant glances.

"Oh, you may look at each other, but that is the way I feel now," said Mrs. Coates; "and it's what mothers have to consider sooner or later"—as if she had considered anything else for the previous five years.

CHAPTER XII.

THE remainder of the summer passed swiftly away, and the autumn found Nicholas in the city, installed in apartments not far from the lodgings of his friend. The house at Ottercliff was closed, or only occupied for protection. Mrs. Fleming went to her friends for the season, and Pont was with his master. Among the young people with whom our story has made the reader acquainted, there were consultations at various times and places, about a winter campaign of benevolence, which was to be entered upon with the onset of cold weather. Nicholas came and went at liberty, in his calls upon Miss Larkin, and always found himself treated by the servants with almost an obsequious consideration. Glezen, for the first time was full of business. He found a valuable friend in Mr. Coates, who, having taken a fancy to him, threw a large amount of professional work in his way—work, which, unhappily for the country, grew more abundant with every passing month, for it had entered upon a period of financial depression which

was destined to shake every man's foundation to the lowest stone, and to level vast multitudes and vast fortunes in a common ruin.

Mr. Benson had seen the cloud arise. At first it was no bigger than a man's hand, but it was large enough to attract his eye, and he comprehended the nature of the menace that it bore, as it rose higher and spread itself more broadly in the public view. It was time for him and for all men, to trim their sails and prepare for the approaching storm; but the reluctance to make sacrifices acted upon him as it did upon others, and he resorted to temporizing expedients. He had invested the money that had been confided to his hands in real estate, held at inflated values, and in bonds whose soundness was undoubted when they were purchased, but which began to shake in the market. The poor who had confided to him their little all would not only need the prompt payment of their interest, but would, in many instances, demand for their necessities the return of their principal.

Mr. Benson was the president of the Poor Man's Savings Bank. He had been chosen to this responsible trust because the poor men of the city had unbounded faith in him; and he had been proud of his distinction. Some of his most self-complacent and satisfactory hours he had spent every day in this institution, watching the working men and women as they came in to deposit their savings, smiling upon them benignantly, and offering them kind and encouraging words. To see Mr. Benson, and get a kind word from him almost paid them for their labours and self-denials; and they took away a memory of his presence and recognition as a guaranty of security.

But the time came when the savings banks began to be suspected. Runs were made upon one after another, some of which exhausted resources and shut doors, and bore faithless conductors down to infamy. But the Poor Man's Bank stood staunch and firm, for Mr. Benson was there.

An unexpected result to Mr. Benson of the disasters that had attended the savings banks, was an entirely fresh instalment of private deposits. He found that poor women would trust him, even more readily than they would trust the bank over which he presided. They had ceased to have faith in institutions, and they were obliged to fasten it upon a man. Many would walk by the Poor Man's Savings' Bank, and go directly to Mr. Benson's office or his house, and place their little fortunes in his hands as confidingly as if he were, at once, the incarnation of all financial wisdom and power, and all the diviner virtues. He was independent—at least that was his attitude—in the presence of his depositors. He would give no security except his note. If they were not content with this, they could take their money away. He was not anxious to extend his responsibilities at such a time; but the money was

always left, and, as he would not purchase securities on a falling market, he found himself furnished with a fund of ready cash.

In his apprehensions concerning the future, and in a somewhat debased moral tone, of which even he had become dimly conscious, it did not occur to Mr. Benson that he ought to invest this money so that he himself might become secure on behalf of his depositors. He had given his notes for the money. He accounted himself if not a rich, still, a sufficiently responsible man. So the money went into the aggregate of his available funds, to be used for any purpose that his necessity or convenience might require.

As the weeks went on, and values shrank apace, until, in real estate, they invaded the margin of his mortgages, and interest on loans and bonds was defaulted on every hand, Mr. Benson saw, with keen distress, that the fabric he had reared was tumbling about his ears. Still he was expected to pay his interest. Not only this, but as men ceased to earn money, they began to call for their little loans. He must either go to protest and confess himself beaten, or meet the demands as they came. He turned off some as he had already turned off Talking Tim, the popcorn man, by telling them that their money was invested for a term of years; but many were needy and importunate, and were not to be denied. The money was in his hands. Indeed it was accumulating day by day, and he was obliged to use it. Why should he not do so, as he was paying, or had agreed to pay, interest on it?

Of one thing he was certain; if there ever was a time when he should attend scrupulously to his duties, it was then. Perhaps he was conscious of the double motive that actuated him—perhaps not. He would do his duty by God and man, that God and man might make a fitting return. He would do his duty in the sight of men, that they might not suspect that Mr. Benson was in trouble; or, if he were, that he would employ any illegitimate or irregular means of getting out of it. He was invariably in his seat at church; his place in the weekly prayer-meeting was never vacant. He was active and influential in all the regular Christian charities. He doubled his benefactions. People spoke of him as very much "softened" by his experiences of danger and rescue, and looked upon him, howsoever "softened" he might be, as a sort of bulwark against the incoming tide of public adversity. His example was quoted as that of one who had neither lost his heart nor his head. One evening, when his affairs and prospects were looking the blackest, and he was morbidly contemplating them, and scheming for relief, his man-servant knocked at his door with the announcement that a gentleman had called and wanted to see him.

"Do you say he is a gentleman?" inquired Mr. Benson.

"Not exactly," the servant replied with a puzzled smile. "He is a bad

looking sort of man, but I shouldn't say he was downright poor. He has never been here before."

"You are sure of that?"

"Oh, yes, sir! I know I've never seen him before."

It was a time when Mr. Benson shrank from meeting either gentlemen or poor people whom he had seen before. Few of these had favours for him at this time. All wanted something of him. This man, if a stranger, must be either a beggar or a depositor. If the former, he would make short work with him; if the latter he had come opportunely.

"Show him up," said Mr. Benson.

He wheeled his chair around to meet the stranger, who soon appeared, hesitating to enter, and peering cautiously into the room, as if there might be others present whom he would not like to see.

"Come in, come in, sir!" said Mr. Benson, in his quick, business tone.

The man entered and made a bow.

"Hope I see you well, sir," he said, and stood waiting for an invitation to sit down.

Mr. Benson looked him up and down and all over. A huge, hulking fellow he was, comfortably dressed enough, but carrying a pair of restless, suspicious eyes in a villainous, grizzly face. There was a hang-dog expression in his whole personality which no amount of the easy bravado that he endeavoured to assume could dissemble. Mr. Benson, with his quick instinct and practical eye, knew at once that the man was a dangerous and desperate rogue. He could not guess his business, but he was on his guard, and determined to let the fellow come to his errand at his leisure.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you? What brought you to me?"

"I'm a-comin' to it in my own way," replied the man, doggedly.

"Very well, I'll hear you."

"I'm a-comin' to it in my own way. 'He's a hard worker and a slow saver'—that's what the boys say about Captain Hank, which is the name they call me. 'He's a hard worker and a slow saver, but what he saves he lays up, an' he knows where it is, and he asks no questions of nobody, an' he takes what comes of it'—that's what the boys say about Captain Hank."

"Well?"

"An' he asks no questions," said the man. "There's a rule for you. Eh? Pretty good rule, aint it? Eh?"

"That depends———" said Mr. Benson.

"No it don't depend," said the man huskily, bringing his fist down upon his knee. "You're all right; I'm all right. Eh? How's that?

Ef a feller should come in here, as we're a-sittin' and attendin' to our business in a reg'lar way, and should say, 'Captain Hank you aint all right, and the General aint all right,' I should tell 'im to git ready to swaller 'is teeth. Eh? I should tell 'im that I'm a hard-workin' an' a slow-savin' man, who don't take no odds of nobody. Eh?"

"Well, Captain Hank,—if that's your name,—this isn't business, you know," said Mr. Benson with a faint and deprecating smile.

"An' ef a feller should come in here where we're a-sittin' an' doin' our business in a reg'lar way, an' tell me that my name wasn't Captain Hank, I should break 'is jaw for 'im. Eh?"

The harsh, brutal bully was a strange presence in Mr. Benson's library. Every word he uttered grated on the model man's sensibilities, but he preserved an appearance of good-nature, and determined to see the matter through, to whatever end it might lead.

"Captain Hank don't trust nobody," continued the man, "and when a feller mixes into his business, he jest follers 'im. Eh? That's right, aint it?"

"That depends——" said Mr. Benson again.

"No, it don't depend. That's where you're wrong. It don't depend. Now, what do you s'pose a hard-workin' and a slow-savin' man like me would do with his money—a man as trusts nobody? What would he do with it, eh? What would he naturally do with it? There's a question, now—a man as works hard and saves slow, and trusts nobody. Eh?"

"I'm sure I don't know,—keep it in his pocket, perhaps," said Mr. Benson.

"There's where you're wrong. He wouldn't do it. You wouldn't do that yourself. You know you wouldn't. Eh?"

"Then perhaps you'll inform me," said Mr. Benson, beginning to fidget in his chair.

"A hard worker and a slow saver puts his money into a bond," said Captain Hank, in measured words—"into a bond as draws interest from cowpons. Then he knows where it is and it's nobody's business and no questions asked."

"Well, you have a bond, I suppose," said Mr. Benson.

"Did I say I had a bond? Eh?" inquired Captain Hank.

"No, you didn't say so. I took it for granted."

"When I say I've got a bond, it will be time enough for you to say I've got a bond. If anybody should come to me, and say: 'Captain Hank, you've got a bond,' I should drop 'im, and tell 'im that I took no odds of nobody."

"Captain Hank," said Mr. Benson, with a measure of deference for the bully before him, "you must see, I'm sure, that you are wasting my

time, and that I must insist on your making known your business, and leaving me to attend to my own."

Captain Hank distinctly saw this, and a little doubtful still whether he had sufficiently impressed his interlocutor with the danger of dealing doubtfully with a man who "took no odds of nobody," proceeded to say:

"General, I'm a man as asks no favours, but I'm hard up, an' I've got a bond. I don't want to part with it, but I want to raise the needful on it—jest enough to git me through the hard times, eh? It's a good bond, and it's worth a thousand of 'em, in your money or any other feller's."

"I'm not buying bonds now," said Mr. Benson.

"And I'm not a-sellin' bonds," responded Captain Hank "Ef any feller was to say to me, 'Captain Hank, you're a-sellin' bonds,' I'd maul 'im, eh? I'd stomp on 'im, eh?"

"I haven't said you were selling bonds. You've sold none to me; and you will sell none to me," said Mr. Benson.

"That's squar'," said Captain Hank, in a complimentary tone, and then he said: "What do you say to advancin' three hundred of 'em?"

"I haven't seen your bond yet."

"You can see it in my hands. I'm a hard workin' and slow-savin' man, as trusts nobody. 'He slaves and he saves'—that's what the boys say about Captain Hank. 'Captain Hank is a man as asks no questions, and takes no odds, and slaves and saves'—that's what they say, and let 'em say it. I don't care who says it. Anybody can say it, eh? It aint a bad character to have, is it? Eh?"

"I shall see your bond on my table if I see it at all," said Mr. Benson, decidedly.

Captain Hank hesitated a moment, then took his hat from the floor, carefully turned the lining inside out, and discovered a long, greasy paper. This he carefully unfolded, until he reached a large clean envelope. Opening this, he held the precious bond in his hand.

"This is the dockyment," he said, "and I aint going to be hard on ye, General, but you'll parding me if I stand by you when your a-lookin' at it."

He advanced and placed it on the table before Mr. Benson, who took it in his hand, while the fellow stood closely beside him.

"It's a genuine bond," said Mr. Benson, "and a valuable one."

"In course it is," said Captain Hank. "No hard-workin' and slow-savin' man would take up with a bad bond. Would he? Eh?"

"You want three hundred dollars on it? I shall charge you extra interest. Money is at a premium now," said Mr. Benson.

"Extra and be——," growled Captain Hank. "I don't stand on extras."

Then he took his bond, put it into its envelope, and resumed his seat.

"You shall have the money," said Mr. Benson. "Excuse me a moment."

Mr. Benson went out of the room and shut the door behind him. The rogue watched him closely, but he did not notice that Mr. Benson on opening his door, pulled out the key and took it with him. He was absent perhaps two minutes, when he returned with a package of money in his hand, from which he quietly counted out the sum that Captain Hank wanted. Then he wrote a note for Captain Hank to sign, with a memorandum that the bond was taken as collateral security.

"It's all squar', General?" said the Captain.

"All square."

The note was clumsily signed, the bond was passed into Mr. Benson's hands, and the borrower received his money, which he stowed away carefully in the place from which he had taken the bond.

"Our business is not quite completed yet," said Mr. Benson. "Sit down a moment."

When the rogue had taken his seat, Mr. Benson moved a little box at his side, and disclosed a telegraphic instrument. The man began to look suspicious, and was about to rise to his feet, when Mr. Benson raised and cocked a pistol.

"Stir, sir, and you are a dead man! I have a few things to say to you, and I choose to say them with these precautions about me. This telegraph communicates with a police office not ten rods from here. The door behind you is locked from the outside, and there are two men there who wait my bidding. If you come nearer to me, I shall not only fire upon you, but I shall touch the telegraph at the same instant. You see my finger is on the knob. Your only chance of safety is in sitting perfectly still, answering my questions, and doing what I tell you to do."

The man glared upon him like a wild beast, and tried to get his hand into his pocket.

"If you take a pistol from your pocket, you will be in the hands of the police in one minute, so take out your hand, and show me the inside of it."

The fellow slowly and reluctantly drew out and exposed his hand. He grew pale, and his whole frame trembled as if he were in a fit of the ague.

"What do you want of me?" he said, in a husky voice, as if the muscles of his throat had been snapped, and he were speaking through their loose ends.

"I have one of your bonds; now, I want the other twenty four. I want them all. I want them before you leave the house."

"I haint got any twenty-four bonds. I'm a hard-workin' and slow-savin' man."

"I understand all that. I know just how you work, and how you save."

"I haint got them, 'pon honour."

"You know you lie, and now you may as well understand that I have you entirely in my power, and that I'm going to have the bonds. If you resist, or hesitate until I get tired, I'll touch this knob, and have you in the lock-up within five minutes."

"My God!" exclaimed the man, grinding his teeth together with such a noise as he might have made, had Mr. Benson's bones been between them.

"You're givin' me devilish hard papers, General," said he.

"Then give the hard papers to me," said Mr. Benson, with grim humour.

"What if I do?" inquired Captain Hank.

"I shall let you go," said Mr. Benson, "and if I ever want you, I shall find you. Such a man as you are cannot possibly be unknown to the police, and I can describe you to a hair. Your future will depend very much upon yourself."

"I reckon you might share 'em with me?" suggested Captain Hank, attempting an insinuating smile.

"Do I look and act like a man who shares plunder with thieves?"

"No!" said the rogue, with a bitter oath. "You take the whole of it."

"Very well! Out with the whole of it."

"Is this honour bright! Can I git out o' that door, and have a fair start?" inquired the man.

"Yes; toss the bundle here."

The man slowly drew from his coat pocket a large package. Mr. Benson dropped his pistol, but kept his finger on the telegraphic instrument. Captain Hank tossed him the package, which he caught, and tore open with his free hand. Then keeping his eye on his prisoner, he counted the bonds until they were all told.

"Open the door there!" shouted Mr. Benson.

The door flew open.

"Show this man to the street," he said to the two servants, who waited upon the outside.

He still sat with one finger on the instrument, and with his pistol within instantaneous reach, and, thus sitting, saw his visitor disappear, and the street door close behind him. Then he rose, walked to the

library door, withdrew the key from the outside, and locked himself in. He had been under an excitement that exhausted his nervous force. He felt as if his life had been drained out of him. He threw himself upon a lounge, where he rested for half an hour, thinking over the strange scene through which he had passed.

Then he rose, went to his table, and counted again the package of bonds which had so strangely come into his possession. Whose were they? Did he know?

No, he did not know. He was sure that they were stolen bonds, that they corresponded in amount with the package taken from Nicholas on the night of the Ottercliff robbery, that they were made by the same company, and were of the same denomination. Further than this he knew nothing. What should he do with them. What proof could Nicholas give that they were his? Would he be warranted in surrendering them to him without proof? Certainly he would not.

But why had he permitted the robber to escape? Why had he compromised with crime? He had been cognizant, all through the interview, of the feeble demands of conscience, but somehow he had heard its voice afar off—too far to take hold of his determination. He had been led, as by a blind, unreasoning impulse, to get the bonds into his hands; and now that he had them, and the robber was at large, and as much interested as himself in keeping the secret of their possession, he was surprised to learn that he could not give them up willingly.

Mr. Benson had been going through a process of demoralization for several weeks. The reception of money from widows and orphans at a time when he was threatened with bankruptcy, the taking of money from helpless and confiding people, and using it for the maintenance of his position, and the payment of his rapidly accumulating liabilities, had deadened his moral sense. He intended to pay everything. He would have been in despair if he had not supposed that in some way everything would come out right; and this firm intention was one of the motives which actuated him in the use of desperate and immoral means. He had reconciled his conscience to this action, but the process had weakened his conscience.

He had the bonds; he had paid money for them. He therefore had a certain right to them—a certain amount of property in them, and he knew of no man in the world who had the proof in his hands that they were his. It would be his duty to hold them until that proof should be presented, or he should learn that it existed.

As he paced his library or sat down, or dropped upon the lounge, for he was as uneasy in body as he was in mind, he went through all the possibilities of the case. What if the robber, or his companion should in some way apprise Nicholas of the facts? They could do it by an

anonymous letter. Then he could give up the package and win credit from the operation. He could manage that. What if Nicholas should find the record of their numbers, and advertise it? He could manage that in the same way. What if he should use the bonds? But he would not sell them. That would be essential theft, and he was far from that he thought, although he had been doing every day that which might turn out to be theft, and that which threatened to be theft. But he could use them in the right place, as collateral security for the money he should need. In that way, he could, at least, reimburse himself for the money he had expended, and still have the bonds where he could lay his hands on them at a moment's notice. On the whole, it seemed best to keep them in his hands for a while, and he felt justified in doing so.

So he carefully placed them in his safe. He had no thought of stealing them,—not he,—but they were his to hold for the present, and to use in any way which would not endanger their loss. Whenever the owner should come with his proofs of ownership, he should have them.

During all the evening—in its excitements as well as its silences—he had been conscious that there was company in Miss Larkin's parlour. The occurrence was not an unusual one, and he gave it little thought. She had many friends, and they came and went freely. They were young people mainly, in whom he had no interest; but on that evening he wondered who they were, suspecting doubtless, that there might be one among them who unconsciously had acquired a new interest in him.

In the silence of the library, he heard voices in the hall, and knew that these visitors were taking their leave. He rose from his chair quietly, walked to his door, opened it and listened. Then he walked out and looked down the stair-way. At the moment his head appeared, Nicholas looked up and bade him good evening. Glezen and Miss Coates were just going out.

"By the way, Mr. Benson," said Nicholas, from the foot of the staircase, "have you a few minutes to spare to me?"

"Certainly," Mr. Benson replied. "Come up."

After Mr. Benson, quite in his accustomed way, had led Nicholas to his library, and given him a chair, uttering some commonplace about the weather, he took a distant seat.

"Are you quite well, Mr. Benson?" said his caller.

"Quite so, I thank you."

"You seem paler to me than usual."

"Very likely. One may say that the times are not tributary to the highest health. I have many responsibilities, and, of course, many anxieties."

"I am sorry for you," said Nicholas, sincerely.

Mr. Benson gave a deprecating smile as he responded :

"I can hardly regard myself as an object of pity, yet I may become so. Nobody knows nowadays to what twenty-four hours may bring him."

"I didn't intend any offence," said Nicholas.

"You have given none, sir. A business man takes what comes, and makes the best of it."

Mr. Benson could not guess what Nicholas wanted of him, but he had a very definite idea of what he wanted of Nicholas.

"I have been thinking a good deal about you lately," said Mr. Benson,—"about that robbery, you know. I hope the loss of your bonds does not embarrass you ?"

"Not materially."

"No clue yet to the robbers, or the bonds, I suppose ?"

"Not the slightest."

"Are you doing anything ?"

"There's nothing to be done. The police have the matter in hand, but they'll do nothing. They only make a great show of effort, for the sake of getting money out of me."

"You have found nothing of the record, I suppose ?"

"No ; it seems to be hopelessly lost."

"Pity !"

"Yes, but it can't be helped. I believe Mr. Gold feels worse about it than I do."

"I should think he would. Indeed, I should think he would," said Mr. Benson, with indignant and disgusted emphasis. "Now, it may seem strange to you, but I have a sort of presentiment that you are going to find those bonds. I've had a fellow in here to-night who is just as likely to have been the robber as anybody. A more villainous and truculent fellow I never met. But the trouble is, that you cannot swear to the bonds if you find them. There's your difficulty, and it seems insuperable."

What special pleasure Mr. Benson had in raising the hopes of the young man, and then dampening them ; why he should hover around the edges of his guilty secret ; why he should rejoice in knowledge which proved him to be a villain, it would be hard to tell ; but he had the strongest temptation to tantalize his victim, to glory in his own possession, and to play upon the young man's ignorance. He could make it all right, if occasion should ever come, and refer to his pleasantry with a laugh. It would be such a nice thing to laugh over !

"You wish to see me on business ?" he inquired.

"Yes," and Nicholas hesitated.

"You are not in trouble ?"

"No ; I have been trying to help a man out of trouble," said Nicholas.

"You remember the man whom they call Talking Tim—the pop-corn man?"

"Yes, and a troublesome fellow he is."

"Well, he has been in cruel straits. His family have been ill, and have kept him at home, so that he could not earn money, and he and his have really wanted bread. He would die, I verily believe, rather than beg. I happened to know of his troubles, and—well—I bought a note which he holds against you. He needed the money, and said that you would not pay him, excusing yourself on the ground that his money was invested for a term of years."

Mr. Benson was angry; his face flushed, his lips trembled, and his voice was bitter, as he said:

"So you are buying up my notes in the street, are you?"

Both these men, having had time to cool after the altercation which engaged them at their last meeting, had determined that in case they should meet again, they would treat each other well. Mr. Benson saw that he could make nothing out of Nicholas by losing his temper, or endeavouring imperiously to assert his will, and intended to let him alone. Nicholas, too, had been so well received at the house, and had enjoyed himself so freely there, that he wished to show Mr. Benson that he was not angry, and that he could ignore any differences that might exist between them. His first available opportunity came when Mr. Benson presented himself at the top of the staircase that evening, and he had followed him to his library, bent upon a pleasant interview.

So when Mr. Benson put his question in tones of angry irritation, both men were surprised and sorry. Mr. Benson learned that he had lost his old self-control, and Nicholas found his spirit rising to meet the insult. Mr. Benson was sensitive to the fact that he had not done his duty toward Talking Tim, and was angered to think that the young man had done it for him. It was a rebuke, and the note in question was in hands that could enforce payment.

"So you are buying up my notes in the street, are you?"

The angry sneer that accompanied the question, more than the question itself, stirred the temper of the young man who responded with a flushing face:

"I am, sir. I have bought one of them, at least."

"Well, sir, I take it as an insult."

"You are quite at liberty to take it for what you choose, and as you please. I don't propose to see a worthy man starve, because you refuse to do your duty."

"When do you expect to get your money on this note?"

"Well, sir, I expect to get it to-night. I did not come to your library to make any demand upon you, I only came to tell you that I

hold the note. You receive the news angrily, and with such discourtesy that you compel me to demand the payment before I leave the room. I do not choose to take the risk of a second interview."

"Humph! Yes! I think I understand now what your business is in the city. You are beginning sharply. How heavy a shave did you charge our indigent friend, now? Perhaps you can teach me something."

"No, Mr. Benson," responded Nicholas, "I can teach you nothing, except, perhaps, that unreasonable anger will be of no use to you in dealing with me. I have had none but good motives in this business toward the man I have tried to help, or toward you; and you have no right to take me up in this way."

Mr. Benson sat and thought. He knew that he was at fault, and that half of his irritability rose from that fact. But there was something else, and his tongue could not withhold it.

"And you didn't think," he said, "before you paid Talking Tim his money, that you had a certain power over Mr. Benson, and that you could get out of him what he could not? You didn't think of that, did you?"

Nicholas faltered, reddened, and then said, defiantly:

"Yes, I did!"

"I knew you did. I knew you did. And you talk to me about none but good motives! Faugh! Give me your note."

Nicholas handed it to him. He looked at its amount, then coolly tore it into pieces, which he tossed upon the floor.

"Now what will you do, sir?"

"I will prosecute you as a thief, and publish you as a rascal."

"You will have a pleasant time of it, Mr. Minturn. Prosecute if you wish to. You are without witnesses. Publish if you can. There is not a newspaper in New York that would risk the publication of your statement. Who are you?"

The instincts of Nicholas were keen enough to see that this was a bit of machinery for bringing him into subjection. He knew that Mr. Benson would not dare to do otherwise than pay the note, but he was not in the mood for being fooled with, or practised upon. He left his chair quickly and advanced toward Mr. Benson, who rose as if to defend himself, but who let his hand fall, when he perceived that Nicholas had no intention to attack him.

Nicholas, as he neared the table, placed his feet upon the principal portions of the scattered note, then reached out quickly and touched the knob of the telegraphic instrument.

"My God! What have you done?" exclaimed Mr. Benson.

"You told me I had no witnesses. I thought I would summon one while the fragments of the note lie on the floor and my feet cover them."

"But I didn't intend ——"

"I know it. Now write the cheque. You know the sum—with interest from last July. I'll stop the policeman at the door. Take your time, and I'll protect you from all harm."

Mr. Benson did not delay. He took down his cheque-book, cast his interest almost instantaneously, and Nicholas had the paper in his hand before the policeman rang. Then he bade Mr. Benson good-night, met and dismissed the officer in the hall, and followed him into the street.

Mr. Benson had sacrificed his discretion and his dignity in a childish attempt to scare Nicholas and get him where he could handle him. The end of it all, as with deep humiliation and conscious loss of manhood and prestige, he comprehended it, was, that he was more hopelessly in the hands of Nicholas than he had been hitherto.

"My God! my God! what have I done?" he exclaimed, as the door closed which shut Nicholas out for the night. "Who am I? What am I becoming? Where is all this to end? Am I so weak, so base, that I can be handled and controlled and spit upon by a boy?"

He was conscious of the voice within him; he was conscious of the eye above him. The former had been raised to a fierce, spasmodic utterance; the latter looked upon him with calm and pitying reproval.

Then he sank to his knees, and buried his face in the pillows of his lounge.

"O God! spare me from becoming untrue to myself and thee! I have not intended to be untrue. I will restore the bonds in good time. He has no proof that they are his. I cannot give them to him now, but if they are his, he shall have them. I have been tempted. I have been tried. Remember that I am dust!"

He talked to God and to his conscience alternately. He made his promises to one and then to the other. He struggled with his remorse. He fought impotently with what seemed to be a necessity. He could not even wish that the fatal package had not come into his hands. He could not wish to surrender it, although he believed himself firm in the intent to do so. In this intent he took his refuge. It was the only one that he found open to him. It was the only one in which his conscience could find peace, or his self-respect an asylum of safety.

The fatigues and excitements of the day assured him profound sleep, and on the following morning he awoke refreshed and self-possessed, but he found that his heart was bitter toward Nicholas, who had handled him in his own house just as he had handled the thief. He found that he was pitying himself, and was cherishing a feeling of resentment against the young man. The package of bonds could lie where they were for the present, at least. He could not afford to give their owner the joy of their restoration. Nicholas deserved punishment, and he should have it in some way that did not involve the guilt of Benjamin Benson.

(To be continued.)

WALTER MUNRO.

Swift be thy flight, and far,
Skyward from star to star,
Up where the angels are,
Walter Munro ;
Bright be thy place of rest,
Welcome the spirit-guest,
Light of the Angel-world,
Walter Munro.

Far o'er the hills of Time,
Basking in light sublime,
Heir of the changeless clime,
Walter Munro ;
Where, on thine opening eyes,
Undreamed-of splendours rise,
Pride of the Angel-world,
Walter Munro.

Fair as an opening rose,
Slowly the wonder grows,
Endless the grand repose,
Walter Munro ;
Countless the sacred throng,
Strewing thy path with song,
Heir of the Angel-world,
Walter Munro.

Stretches of summer sea,
Lost in immensity,
Murmur sweet strains for thee,
Walter Munro ;
Calm height and blooming shore
For thee their incense pour,
Child of the Angel-world,
Walter Munro.

Who in thy flight so fleet
Guided thy tender feet,
To thy so blest retreat,
Walter Munro ?
Who from the Morning Land
Took thy beloved hand,
Guest of the Angel-world,
Walter Munro ?

Lo, down the golden air,
Steps one, celestial-fair,
Lo, yet another there,
Walter Munro;
Know'st thou thy earthly kin?
Sisters, who bear thee in—
Into the Angel-world,
Walter Munro.

Ah, we may dream and dream,
Dream of the endless theme—
We can no more than dream,
Walter Munro;
The view expands for thee,
Thou knowest more than we,
There in the Angel-world,
Walter Munro.

THERE!—*where?* we cannot tell;
We only know 'tis well,
Wherever thou dost dwell,
Walter Munro;
One thought uplifts the heart—
'Tis heaven where'er thou art,
Hope of the Angel-world,
Walter Munro.

Dawn happy day-spring when,
With telescopic ken,
We'll find thee once again,
Walter Munro,
A star of glory more
Flushing the eternal shore,
Light of the Angel-world,
Walter Munro.

Ottawa, Ont. CHARLES SANGSTER.

CANADA A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

In the lives of nations, as well of individuals, it is well, from time to time, to look back, not for the purpose of sighing forth vain regrets over the past, but to mark what opportunities have been improved, what dangers avoided, what difficulties overcome, in fine, what progress has been made. The centennial year presented to our republican neighbours an excellent occasion for taking such a retrospective glance. Nor is the present time altogether inopportune for a like survey on the part of us Canadians. For us, also, the American Revolution was fraught with issues of no common import. Then, first after the conquest, the Canadian people was called upon to choose what masters it would serve; and the stand which the population of that time thought it right to make, in rejecting the solicitations of the insurgents, profoundly influenced the destiny of the country. To the Revolution, moreover, Canada was indebted for that noble band of settlers, since so well known as United Empire Loyalists, who were chosen by Providence to lay the foundation of a great part of its prosperity. Since that common starting-point, the progress of Canada has been, in some respects, quite as remarkable as that of the United States, and if the general happiness be the chief aim of a nation's efforts and aspirations, we have no reason to shrink from any comparison. Into such a comparison, however, it is not my intention to enter. All that I purpose doing is to present to the readers of Belford's Magazine such a sketch of the condition of our country a hundred years ago as may enable them to realize from what modest beginnings the vast Dominion of to-day has gradually grown into existence.

The closing years of French power in Canada were characterized by much that made a change, not only tolerable, but desirable. Apart from any consideration of the constant and almost decimating warfare which had been waged between the French settlers and the British and Indians, the rapacity and venality of such men as Intendant Bigot and his accomplices had served, in no small degree, to make the French Government of Canada odious and contemptible in the eyes of the people. Agriculture was neglected. To such an extent was the farmer a prey to the exaction of the rulers, seigneurs, and soldiery, that he had no heart to apply himself to the tillage of his land. He was, besides, liable at any moment, perhaps during the very work of harvesting, to be called away for military service. He had reason to be satisfied, considering the precariousness of his circumstances, if he gained sufficient to clothe and feed his body, and those of his family. The

implements which he used were such as his ancestors had brought from France, generations before, and of science, in connection with his labours, he had never heard. His mode of farming was, therefore, of the rudest kind, as, indeed, that of the Canadian *habitant* still is in districts remote from the influence of progress. Nor was there any apparent prospect of improvement. Of manufactures, there was nothing worthy of the name, and trade was in the hands of a few. Commerce was forbidden fruit to all but the favourites of the existing government. To these, and to adventurers who had no stake in the country, belonged the produce of river, lake, and forest—the fish, the fur, and the timber.

The population was estimated at 60,000 at the time of the conquest, and was, as may be imagined, scattered over a large area. With the exception of Quebec, Montreal and Three Rivers, there were no towns of any consequence. There were military establishments, surrounded by scanty settlements, at St. Johns, L'Assomption, Berthier, Sorel and other places, but the great mass of the inhabitants was settled along the banks of the St. Lawrence or its tributaries. Some of the more adventurous spirits had taken to the wild, free life of the woods and had identified themselves, by habits or inter-marriage or both, with the aboriginal tribes. Small as the population was, it was distinctly marked by lines of social partition—the influential middle class of the present day being, however, wanting. The noblesse, the gentry, the higher clergy, and the few wealthy traders formed a society which was modelled on that of the Mother Country. Between this class and the mechanics and peasantry there was no connecting link except what was supplied by the ministers of religion, whose office made them common to all. General Murray, in a despatch to the King's advisers, written in the year 1766, on the state of Canada at that time, speaks of the Canadian people as "a frugal, industrious and moral race;" and of the *noblesse* as "piquing themselves much upon the antiquity of their families, their own military glory, and that of their ancestors." He also says that the *habitans* or peasantry were "accustomed to respect and obey their *noblesse*." There may be still in the rural districts of Lower Canada communities which resemble in most respects those into which the population of New France was divided at the period of the conquest. I think I could undertake myself, not without hope of success, to discover even in this shady and unromantic side of the nineteenth century, more than one "Evangeline" and an occasional "Basil" in the *Arcadia*, if not the "Acadia" of our Dominion. In fact some parts of the Province of Quebec to-day are more likely to suggest Old France than New France, for, in many a parish, the people with whom one meets resemble rather the Gascons and Normands of the days of Louis Quatorze than they represent the bustling life and restless enterprise of the New World.

In the first years after the conquest many of the French residents of the towns returned to France, but the bulk of the people chose to remain. A good number of the soldiers who took part in the subjugation of the country settled in Canada, having been allowed tracts of land by the Government, and not a few of them took to themselves wives from among the daughters of the *habitans*, as their descendants are living to attest. There are Camerons, Frasers, Reids, Scotts, Morrisons, Murrays and McKenzies, who never spoke a word of English, and who are amusingly unconscious of any anomaly in their names and speech. English, Irish, and German names are also found, though in less number, and sometimes strangely modified. The great event of 1759 gave an impulse to immigration from Great Britain, and, before the first lustrum after the Battle of the Plains had passed away, the English-speaking population had acquired considerable influence and wealth. The establishment of the Quebec *Gazette* by an English-speaking firm as early as 1764 is sufficient proof of this; a proof which gains additional confirmation from various English advertisements which its first numbers contained. Whatever shock the change of masters may have given to those most deeply interested in the continuance of the old *régime*, there is reason to believe that it soon came to be considered generally satisfactory. It is true, indeed, that General Murray, in the despatch from which I have already quoted, found fault with the choice of the civil officers who were sent out from England, whose character and conduct, he said, were of a kind to increase the inquietudes of the colony. Among these objectionable officials he mentions a judge who had been taken from a gaol—of which, let us suppose, in charity, that he had been a governor—entirely ignorant of civil law and of the language of the people. He complains of other functionaries being equally unfitted for their positions, and even goes so far as to assert that most important offices, such as Clerk of the Council and Secretary of the Province, were let out to the highest bidders. And he very justly points out that such appointments were not calculated "to conciliate the minds of 75,600 foreigners to the laws and government of Great Britain." But, notwithstanding these abuses, it does not appear that the victors really imposed any very hard yoke on the vanquished. The latter were left in undisturbed possession of all those institutions which they most valued, while of whatever oppressions they may have had to complain, they certainly were not so cruel as those from which they formerly suffered. It was to be expected that there would be some jealous impatience of the power of officials who were aliens in blood and language; and from the very beginning of British rule there seem to have been an extreme French party and an extreme English party. The chief difficulties between the two sections arose with regard to the laws for the administration of

property and the use of the French language in courts of law. But when the true state of the case was made known at the proper quarters, these difficulties were settled with equitable consideration for the majority. It does not furnish much evidence of any wide-spread discontent, that, eleven years after the conquest, the following words occurred in some verses read on the occasion of the visit of Governor-General Carleton to the "Petit Seminaire" of Quebec :

> "Apprends, donc, en ce jour de fête,
> A ne plus déplorer ton sort,
> Peuple, *aux justes lois plus fort*,
> Soumis par le droit de conquête."

Much of the contentment manifested by the French Canadians of that time with the English Government was undoubtedly due to the clergy, who, besides their ordinary pastoral influence, had also charge of the houses of education. They certainly, patriotic sentiment apart, had little cause to be dissatisfied with the change, and the time was soon to come when they might well regard it as a blessing. When "Monsieur and Madame Capet" made their tragic disappearance from the stage of life, and to be a priest in France was to run the risk of a like fate, the Canadian clergy had reason to be thankful that to Wolfe, instead of Montcalm, Providence had given the victory. Nor, indeed, had those to whom they ministered much reason to regret it, for there is no ground for supposing that, under British rule in the last century, Canada suffered from any greater disadvantage of government than the rest of the world. Quite otherwise, indeed, is the case ; and her refusal to join the thirteen insurgent colonies goes far to prove that her people were fairly treated and happy enough to be loyal to the flag that waved above Quebec.

The general results of the change which was effected by Wolfe's success were well summed up by the late Mr. Papineau, one of the ablest men that Canada has produced, notwithstanding some errors of judgment, in a speech which he delivered to the electors of Montreal West, in the year 1820. Speaking of the country as it was under French rule, he said, "Canada seems not to have been considered as a country, which, from fertility of soil, salubrity of climate, and extent of territory, might then have been the peaceful abode of a numerous and happy population, but as a military post, whose feeble garrison was condemned to live in a state of insecurity—frequently suffering from famine—without trade, or with a trade, monopolized by private companies—public and private property often pillaged, and personal liberty daily violated, when, year after year, the handful of inhabitants settled in this province, were dragged from their houses and families, to shed their blood, and carry murder and havoc from the shores of the great lakes, the Mississippi and Ohio, to

those of Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Hudson's Bay. Such was the situation of our fathers." He then goes on to contrast with this sad picture, the condition of the country under British protection: "Behold the change! George the Third, a Sovereign revered for his moral character, attention to his kingly duties and love of his subjects, succeeds to Louis the Fifteenth, a prince then deservedly despised for his debaucheries, his inattention to the wants of his people, and his lavish profusion of the public moneys upon his favourites and mistresses. From that day the reign of law succeeded to that of violence; from that day the treasures, the army and the navy of Great Britain are mustered to afford us an invincible protection against external danger; from that day the better part of her laws became ours, while our religion, property and the laws by which they were governed remained unaltered." Such an acknowledgment from such a source is right worthy of being had in remembrance. It shows what, in the opinion of one who was by heredity qualified to judge of the true state of the case, were the benefits that Canada received from the change of rule. To the wise policy of one man especially was due whatever of prosperity came to the lot of the country in the time of which I am speaking. This man was Sir Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, who governed Canada altogether for nearly twenty years, and who took a deep and practical interest in its welfare from the conquest (in which he had a share) till the date of his death in the year 1808. As a leader in peace and war he had few equals. His administration, which was just without being harsh, his bravery as a soldier and his skill as a general, as well as his private virtues, deservedly won for him the admiration, esteem and affection of all who came within the circle of his influence. Of his conduct, during the happily abortive invasion of Canada by the armies of the American Congress in 1775, Mr. J. M. Lemoine, in his recently published "History of Quebec," gives the following just appreciation: "Had the fate of Canada on that occasion been confided to a Governor less wise, less conciliating than Guy Carleton, doubtless the 'brightest gem in the colonial crown of Britain,' would have been one of the stars on Columbia's banner; the star-spangled streamer would now be floating on the summit of Cape Diamond."

Having now taken a necessarily brief survey of the political condition of Canada a hundred years ago, let us enquire what was the social state of its people at that time. If there were nothing left to the enquirer, but the single advertisement of John Baird, which appeared in the first number of the Quebec *Gazette*, as the basis of information, he might, with a moderate share of inductiveness, construct a very fair account of the mode of living pursued at Quebec a century ago. There is therein ample evidence to shew that the inhabitants of the ancient capital in

those early years did not stint themselves in the luxuries of their day and generation. The amount of wine which they consumed was something enormous, nor are we wanting in proof that it was consumed to an extent which public opinion would not sanction at the present day. A correspondent of the *Gazette*, more inclined to sobriety than his fellow-citizens, after complimenting Quebec society on its politeness and hospitality—in which qualities it still excels—finds fault with the custom by which "men are excited and provoked by healths and rounds of toasts to fuddle themselves in as indecent a manner as if they were in a tavern or in the most unpolished company." In connection with this state of affairs, it may be interesting to know the prices of different wines at that period. Fine old red Port was sold at 17s. a dozen; Claret at 12s.; Priniac at 17s.; Muscat at 24s.; Modena at 27s.; Malaga at 17s.; Lisbon at 17s.; Fyall at 15s. Mr. Simon Fraser, one of those converted Jacobites, perhaps, who scaled the heights of Quebec, turned civilian, gives us the prices of tea. Single green tea is worth 13s. a pound; best Hyson, 25s.; Bohea, 6s. 6d. Bread was very cheap and large quantities of wheat were exported—whereas now the Province of Quebec has to import the most of its cereals and, for years, has raised hardly any wheat. Great attention was paid to dress, and, though no sumptuary laws were in force, the principle on which they were founded was still remembered, and attire bespoke the position of the wearer. The articles and styles advertised by drapers and tailors are, of course, in accordance with the manufacture and fashion of the time. The lists of dry goods and fancy goods are very full, but the antique nomenclature is sometimes puzzling. Irish linen was sold at from 1s. 6d. to 7s. a yard, and Irish sheeting at from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. We are not told the prices of tammies or durants, of romals or molletons, but we are informed that they could be had at the lowest prices. Pains are taken, in many instances, to indicate the previous experience of the advertisers. Tailors and mantua-makers generally hail from London. Mr. Hanna, the watchmaker, some of whose time-keepers still tick attestation to his industry and popularity, is proud to have learned his trade by the banks of the Liffey. Mr. Bennie, tailor and habit-maker, from Edinburgh, "begs leave to inform the public, that all gentlemen and ladies who will be so good as to favour him with their custom, may depend on being faithfully served on the shortest notice and in the newest fashion, for ready money or short credit, on the most reasonable terms." There were peruke-makers in those days, and they seem to have thriven well in Quebec, if we may judge by their advertisements of sales of real estate. Jewellers, also, seem to have had plenty to do, as they advertise occasionally for assistants instead of customers. Furriers, hatters, *couturières* and shoemakers, also present their

claims to public favour, so that evidently there was no lack of provision for the wants of the outer man.

It may be easily inferred, from the whole tone of the advertisements and notices in the Quebec *Gazette* of a century ago, that the society in the capital was gay and luxurious. A theatrical company thought it worth while to take up their abode there, and among the pieces advertised as to be played are Homes' "Douglas" and Otway's "Venice Preserved." The doors were opened at five in the afternoon, and the entertainment began at half-past six. The frequenters of the "Thespian" were a select and privileged class, and only subscribers were admitted. Private theatricals were much in vogue; and, indeed, there was every variety of amusement which climate might allow or suggest, or the lovers of frolic desire. Nor were there bards wanting to celebrate these festivities, witness the following specimen of a "carioling" song:—

"Not all the fragrance of the spring,
Nor all the tuneful birds that sing,
Can to the Plains the ladies bring
So soon as carioling.

"Nor Venus with the wingéd loves,
Drawn by her sparrows or her doves,
So gracefully or swiftly moves
As ladies carioling."

Another poet, whose mind was obviously less healthily braced by outdoor exercise, gives a very different picture of the recreations of the period. It occurs in the course of an essay in versification called "Evening!"

"Now, minuets o'er, the country dance is formed,
See every little female passion rise;
By jealousy, by pride, by envy warmed,
See Adam's child, the child of Eve despise.

"With turned-up nose, Belinda, Chloe eyes;
Chloe, Myrtilla, with contempt surveys;
'What! with that creature dance!' Cleora cries,
That vulgar wretch! I faint—unlace my stays."

* * * * * * *

"Now meet in groups the philosophic band,
Not in the porch, like those of ancient Greece,
But where the best Madeira is at hand
From thought the younger students to release.

"For Hoyle's disciples hold it as a rule
That youth for knowledge should full dearly pay;
Therefore, to make young cubs the fitter tool,
Presuming sense by Lethean draughts they slay."

* * * * * * *

"With all the fury of a tempest torn,
With execrations horrible to hear,
By all the wrath of disappointment borne,
The cards, their garments, hair, the losers tear."

The winner's unfeeling composure is described in another verse, and—

"Now dissipation reigns in varied form,
Now riot in the bowl the senses steeps,
While Nature's child, secure from Passion's storm,
With tranquil mind in sweet oblivion sleeps."

If "Asmodeus," the author of these verses, wrote anything like the truth, the City of Quebec was more than a gay place a hundred years ago.

Whoever Miss Hannah Macculloch was, if we believe her anonymous panegyrist, she was a beauty in her day. Occasion is taken, in the course of the acrostic in her honour, to almost mention some of her contemporary belles, by way of making a climax of her charms. In the first two lines, the poet seems to have been fired with indignation at "Asmodeus" for the character he had given to Quebec society. Here is the whole production:

"Muses, how oft does satire's vengeful gall
Invoke your power to aid its bitter sting;
Sure you will rather listen to my call,
Since beauty and Quebec's fair nymphs I sing.
Henceforth Diana in Miss S—ps—n see,
As noble and majestic is her air;
Nor can fair Venus, W—lc—s, vie with thee,
Nor all her heavenly charms with thine compare.
Around the B—ch—rs Juno's glory plays,
Her power and charms in them attract our praise.
Minerva who with beauty's queen did vie
And patronized all the finer arts,
Crown'd the McN—ls with her divinity,
Crown'd them the queens of beauty and of hearts.
Unto fair F—m—n now I turn my song,
Lovely in all she says, in all she does;
Lo! to her toilet see each goddess throng,
One cannot all, but each a charm bestows.
Could all these beauties in one female be,
Her whom I sing would be the lovely she."

This effusion provoked much criticism, and the critics were in their turn criticised by others—even distant Montreal taking part in the literary tournament. But we are told nothing of its effects on the feelings or destinies of Miss Macculloch or her sister belles. It would seem that the author was a young clerk or merchant of Quebec, as one of his critics spitefully tells him not to desert his shop. The ladies themselves do not escape, one writer suggesting that they are coquettish enough

already without being made more so by silly flattery. The Montreal correspondent is warned off as an intruder and reminded that he had better have saved his nine-pence of postage money. In this more serious and industrious age, we can hardly imagine this doggerel acrostic furnishing gossip for Quebec and matter for the *Gazette* for nearly two months.

Slavery was not abolished in Lower Canada till 1803. In Upper Canada, as a separate Province, it hardly ever existed. In the *Relations des Jesuites*, an account is given of the sale of a black boy from Madagascar in the year 1628. This is the earliest record of the system that has been discovered in the annals of the country. By article 47 of the Capitulation of Montreal, in 1760, the institution has full recognition, and in the Quebec *Gazette* appear, from time to time, advertisements for the sale of negro lads and wenches, or of rewards for the discovery and restoration of missing ones. It would be interesting to know what became of the manumitted slaves. Did they remain in Canada after their liberation, or did they seek a more congenial climate? As it was in Upper Canada that the humane efforts which ultimately led to emancipation mainly originated, it is not unlikely that, on gaining their freedom, a large portion of the slaves settled in that Province. It would not be easy, however, to ascertain what portion of the negroes and coloured denizens of Ontario at the present day may be descended from the original "imports" of the last century.

A good deal of information on this and other important points in the social condition of the City and Province of Quebec in the last century, will be found in a book to which I have already referred—"Quebec Past and Present"—the only complete history of our Gibraltar that has yet been given to the Canadian public. It is an admirable work, and ought to be in the hands of every student of Canadian history. Had it not been published, I might have made a more extended use of the materials at my command. At the same time I would respectfully remind the reader that it was not my purpose to write any more than such a sketch of the country after the Great Conquest, as would serve for a means of comparing the present with the past. For this purpose, my *data* are far more numerous and voluminous than I was led to expect when I commenced this paper.

It is needless to say that the social status and general prosperity of a community depend, in no slight degree, on its educational advantages and the manner in which they are employed. It is also natural to suppose that the Canada of the last century differed widely, in this respect, from the Canada of to-day. There does not seem to have been any public provision for education in the days in question, except the schools in charge of the clergy be so regarded. Private schools for both sexes

were numerous enough. But these were probably expensive, so that the poorer classes were virtually debarred from their privileges. The instruction of Roman Catholic children, as has been intimated, was in the hands of the clergy, and it is likely that in some of the conventual schools a certain number was admitted free of expense or at reduced rates. It would appear that some of the young ladies were sent to English boarding-schools, if one may judge by advertisements in which the advantages of these schools were set forth. A Miss or Mrs. Agnes Galbraith not only taught school but also carried on the millinery business, to which she informs the public that she has served a regular apprenticeship, besides having been "a governess for several years to a genteel boarding-school." The principal of a boy's school, who resided at Three Rivers, "respectfully begs leave to remark that he means to presume no farther than he is perfectly able to perform, and builds his hope of encouragement on no other foundation than his assiduity to merit it." His course is a pretty full one, including, "English, French, Latin, Greek, writing in an easy and natural style after the best precedents; arithmetic, vulgar and decimal; geography, with use of the globes; geometry, navigation with all the late modern improvements; algebra and every other useful and ornamental branch of mathematical learning." Some of the other dominies write in a similar style of their qualifications. It may be inferred, then, that the wealthier classes of Canada in those days had much the same advantages of culture as their friends in England. Intercourse with the mother country was much more general and frequent than one might imagine, and, no doubt, many young gentlemen, after a preliminary training at a colonial academy, were sent home to enter some of the English schools or universities. From the higher ranks downward education varied till it reached the masses, with whom its index was a cipher. There is no reason to suppose, however, that the population of Canada, taken as a whole, was less cultivated during the last half of the 18th century than that of any European nation during the same period. As early as the year 1779 there was a circulating library in Quebec which numbered nearly 2000 volumes. It was maintained, Mr. Lemoine informs us, till the year 1869, when its books were transferred to the library of the Literary and Historical Society. It is a pity Mr. Lemoine did not give us some hint as to the contents, as we might then have been able to form some notion of the literary fare of our ancestors. In the *Gazette* of the 4th of December, 1783, a list is given of books which remained unsold at Mr. Jacques Ferrault's, which may help a little to satisfy our curiosity. Among the books in this list are "Johnson's Dictionary," the "Dictionnaire par l'Académie," dictionaries of commerce, of arts and sciences, several grammars, French and English, Rollin's "Histoire Ancienne," "Cook's Voy-

ages," the "Spectator" and "Guardian," Young's "Night Thoughts," "Chesterfield's Letters," Rousseau's "Eloise," the "Pilgrim's Progress," the works of Rabelais, "Esprit des Croisades," and other well known works. Many families, doubtless, possessed good libraries, which, in some cases, their descendants have in their possession to-day. It is from these old libraries, of which the general public occasionally gain a glimpse at auction rooms, composed of the standard authors from which Pitt, and Burke, and Cowper, and Mackintosh drew a part of their inspiration, which contain all that was best in the French and English literature of the last century, that may best be gathered the taste, the culture and the thought of our Canadian forefathers.

In any consideration of the intellectual condition of a people, the press must be regarded as an important factor. I have already given the date of the establishment of the Quebec *Gazette*, 1764. In 1769, the first Nova Scotian newspaper, the *Weekly Gazette*, was founded at Halifax. In 1778 the Montreal *Gazette*, which is the oldest newspaper in the Dominion, was started. The first journal which made its appearance in Upper Canada was the *Upper Canada Gazette*, also called the *American Oracle*. It was first published at Newark (now Niagara), in April, 1793. In 1800 it was removed to the new capital, York, now the City of Toronto. In October, 1785, the first number of the *Royal Gazette and New Brunswick Advertiser* was issued at St. John, N.B. It is evident, therefore, that from an early period all the colonies of the Dominion enjoyed whatever advantages are to be derived from one of the chief factors in modern civilization.

The influence of the Protestant clergy must also have exerted a beneficial effect on Canadian Society. In 1793, Dr. Jacob Mountain was appointed first Bishop of Quebec,—a diocese which was at that time co-extensive with the two Canadas. Nova Scotia had already (in 1787) been erected into an Episcopal See. The Church of Scotland has been represented in Canada ever since the conquest. The first congregation met in an apartment of the Jesuits' College, Quebec, which was assigned to worshippers of that faith by the Governor-General, and continued to be used for religious purposes till the year 1807. The first Presbyterian (Scotch) minister who officiated in the country was the Rev. Geo. Henry, a military chaplain to some of Wolfe's forces. I have not at hand the means of giving any statistics as to the establishment in Canada of any other Protestant denominations, but I cannot be far wrong in stating that their synods, conferences, or unions were not slow in following the example set, in the first place, by the zealous Roman Catholic missionaries, and subsequently, by the Churches of England and Scotland. In addition to the use of the Jesuits' College by the members of the Church of Scotland, it is a pleasant evidence of the

Christian charity and kindliness which characterized the early intercourse between the "separated brethren," who served a common Master, that the use of the old Recollet Church, of Montreal, was freely given to the first Presbyterian congregation of that city. I may, also, mention, in connection with the same subject, the hearty welcome tendered to Bishop Jacob Mountain, on his arrival in Canada, to take charge of his vast diocese, by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec of that time. It is said, moreover, that the senior prelate, on that occasion, did not hesitate to intimate to his Anglican brother, that his services were not a little needed by his expectant flock.

This hint of a prevailing state of society, which needed the curb of ecclesiastical authority, naturally leads us to a consideration of the moral condition of the young and growing community, which was the destined nucleus of a Dominion that should, one day, extend from ocean to ocean. We need hardly be surprised to find, then, on referring to our old friend, the *Gazette*, that thefts were frequent, and sometimes on a large scale. The punishment, in those days of unrelaxed legal severity, was whipping at a cart-tail through the streets of the city,—the culprits themselves being whipped and whipsters in turn. Assault, stealing in private houses, and highway robbery were punished with death. The penalty for manslaughter was being branded in the hand that did the deed. Desertion from the ranks of the army was an event of almost daily occurrence, especially among the Hessians and Brunswickers, then stationed in Canada. In some cases they were promised pardon if they returned to their regiment, but woe to them if they returned against their will! Towards the end of the year 1783, Gustavus Leight, a German doctor confined for felony, "broke out of His Majesty's gaol at Quebec." He was "25 years of age; about five feet high." We are not told whether he was captured or not, but unless he changed his dress one would hardly think that he could long succeed in baffling the keen eye of a detective, for "he had on, when he made his escape, a brown coat, red plush waistcoat, white stockings and a cock'd hat." Certainly, a gentleman thus attired, who happened to have been convicted of felony, would not be allowed a long furlough from Her Majesty's gaol, in any Canadian city to-day. There is mention made of a gaol (or *goal*, as it is spelled invariably—the goal of evil-doers) at Montreal, and a reward is offered for the apprehension of some ill-disposed persons who had destroyed the gallows there erected—which calls to mind the similar treatment to which the squire's pet new stocks were subjected in Lord Lytton's masterpiece of fiction, "My Novel." The *goal*, however, must have been a temporary construction or else greatly dilapidated, as an advertisement of a lottery,

instituted "pursuant to an ordinance of the Governor and Legislative Council," for building a new one, meets the eye on almost every page of the *Gazette* for the year 1783. The price of one of the 13,000 tickets to be disposed of was 46s. 8d. ; and the prizes ranged from £850 to £4. The net proceeds were calculated at upwards of £25,000. This gaol, to which, if I am not mistaken, a court-house was attached, continued standing until somewhat more than forty years ago.

The municipal regulations of Quebec and Montreal, a hundred years ago, differed a good deal from those which now prevail. The authorities seem to have done their best to keep their cities clean and in good order. Every householder was obliged to put the Scotch proverb in force, by keeping clean and "free from filth, mud, rubbish, dirt, straw or hay," one-half of the street opposite his own house. The "cleanings" were ordered to be deposited on the beach. Treasure-trove, in the shape of stray hogs, could be kept by the finder for twenty-four hours, if no claims were made in the meantime ; and if the owner declared himself in person, or by the bell-man (an institution of the past), he had to pay 10s. before he could have his pork restored. Five shillings was the penalty for a stray horse. The regulations for vehicles, slaughter houses, sidewalks, markets, &c., are equally strict. Among other duties, the carters had to keep the markets clean. The keepers of taverns, inns and coffee-houses, had to light the streets. Every one entering the town in a sleigh had to carry a shovel for the purpose of levelling any *cahots* that might interrupt his progress, "at any distance within three leagues from the town." The rates of cabs and ferry-boats were fixed with much precision. No carter was allowed to plead a prior engagement, but was to go "with the person who first demanded him, under a penalty of twenty shillings." The names of several streets in Montreal and Quebec, are still unchanged. Niagara (already mentioned) and Detroit were then places of considerable importance ; so also were St. John's, Chambly, Berthier, L'Assomption, Ste. Thérèse and L'Acadie. Constant reference is made to the walls of Montreal, as well as of Quebec, and there is reason to believe that some of the other places above mentioned, were similarly fortified. The seigneurs and other gentry had fine, capacious, stone-built residences, which much enhanced the charm of the rural scenery. A large part of the area of Montreal (without the walls), that lay between the present Craig, St. Antoine and Sherbrooke Streets, was studded with tastefully built country houses, having large gardens and orchards attached. Some of the estates of those times were of almost immense extent. The Kings of France thought nothing of granting a whole province, and, even in British times, there were landed proprietors in Canada whose acres would have superimposed an English county. The extraordinary donation by James the First, of a large portion of North

America, to Sir William Alexander was, not many years ago, brought before the attention of the public, by the claims of his descendants. Large tracts of lands were given away by Louis XIII, Louis XIV, and other French Kings ; by Oliver Cromwell, and the Stuarts ; and the same extravagant system of entailing unmanageable wealth on companies and individuals was continued, though with more pretensions to reason, and more regard for posterity, after the Battle of the Plains.

It may be well to say a few brief words of the political changes which Canada underwent in the last forty years of the last century. I have already spoken of the stern test which our country so nobly stood at the time of the American Revolution, and touched on the happy accession to our then small and sparse population, of the United Empire Loyalists. The subject of the invasion and occupation of the Americans in 1775-6, is fully treated in a work compiled with most commendable care and research, by the learned Principal of the Jacques Cartier Normal School, Montreal. A very interesting account of it and of the centennial anniversary of the assault on Quebec, by Montgomery, which ended in his defeat and death, are given in Mr. Lemoine's "Quebec, Past and Present." Mr. John Lesperance, the able and learned editor of the *Illustrated Canadian News*, has, also, made the "Bastonnais," or Bostonians, as the American adventurers were called by the French Canadians, the subject of a thrilling historical romance, and it is no flattery to say that no man in Canada was better fitted for the task. The appearance of such works is highly satisfactory evidence of the increasing interest which Canadian men of letters are taking in the history of their native or adopted country, and cannot fail to aid in raising Canada and Canadian literature in the estimation of other nations. At this point if it were not considered impertinent, I would take the opportunity of saying a good word on behalf of our Canadian authors and *litterateurs* in general. It is a melancholy fact that hitherto they have not received at the hands of their fellow-countrymen, the consideration to which their abilities and labours would entitle them in any other civilized country—a neglect which has, more than once, excited the surprise of foreigners. It is a fact, a very deplorable, and to some, a discreditable fact, that our prince of poets, Charles Heavysege, a dramatist, who, by discerning British critics, has been accorded a rank among the first, and surpassed by none since the getting of the glorious Elizabethan constellation, who was laid in his grave last summer, a martyr to unrewarded literary toil, had won a glorious reputation in England and the United States, before he had begun to receive the recognition which he had so nobly earned in Canada, which ought to have proudly cherished him. When one thinks of the crowd of political hirelings who ignobly fill some of the most important offices in the land, the reward of services

which even they might blush to own, and then think of Charles Heavysege, a man inspired by God to do for his country what Shakespeare did for England, wasting his days and wearing himself to death in uncongenial drudgery, because there was not a man of all those who have held power in Canada during the last quarter of a century, to take him generously by the hand, we may well raise the cry of "shame" in presence of his grave to-day. It is said, indeed, that Mr. D'Arcy Magee, had he been allowed to live, would have seen him provided for, and those who knew the man will be willing to believe it. But the fact remains that Heavysege went down to his grave, unappreciated and unaided by the rulers of a country to which he was an honour, and to which his neglect is a disgrace. Time, however, has its revenges, and Heavysege will yet have his reward.

To return to our Loyalists: in the Quebec *Gazette* of October 23rd, 1783, is found the Act of Parliament passed in their favour, in which the 25th day of March, 1784, is fixed as the limit of the period during which claims for relief or compensation for the loss of property should be received. How many availed themselves of the provisions of the Act it is not easy to ascertain, but the whole number of persons dispossessed of their estates and forced to seek another home in consequence of their continued allegiance, is set down at from 25,000 to 30,000. Of these, the great majority took up their abodes in the Canadas, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, while a few went to the West Indies, and others returned to England. The record of these Loyalist settlers in British North America would be full of interest and instruction; but of this, in the lack of it, we may be certain that, as has been already intimated, their addition to the population was productive of the best fruits. Some of the noblest sons and daughters of Canada have undoubtedly been descended from this sturdy British stock, and among them not a few of those who have rendered the most important services to their country in both peace and war. It has been already remarked that the severance of Upper Canada from the original Province took place in 1791. In its progress to its present prosperous condition, the ancient territory of L'Acadie was subject to the same fluctuations and vicissitudes which distinguished the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario. During the latter half of the last century its population underwent considerable change by military settlement; by immigration from Great Britain after 1763; by the accession of American Loyalists, and by the return of banished Acadians. New Brunswick became a separate Province in 1785. In the same year Cape Breton was made a separate Government, to be reunited to Nova Scotia in 1820. Prince Edward Island, then called St. John, was separated in 1770, and the constitution given to it in 1773, remained in force just a hundred years before it became an inte-

gral part of the Dominion. For a most instructive, as well as amusing, and not altogether fictitious, account of Nova Scotia in the closing years of the last century, the reader is referred to "The Old Judge, or Life in a Colony," by Judge Haliburton. It may be regarded as a fair picture of life in its various phases, in a country which the author had good reason to know well.

I will close this imperfect sketch of "Canada a hundred years ago," with the following account of the state of the country in the year 1789, which occurs in a communication from a French gentleman to the Montreal *Gazette:*

"Canada . . . . in the shade of her generous protectress, enjoys her own laws, her own customs, her own usages, and the most profound and happy peace. Her agriculture prospers . . . . and her commerce is carried on with advantages not enjoyed by the other provinces of the mother country. All classes, tranquil at their own firesides, have not as yet shared in the losses and afflictions which result from the horrors of war."

When one reflects on the terrible scenes which were being enacted in France at that very time, scenes whose shadow must, in some degree, have fallen on Canada, had that province remained in the possession of the French Government, we can imagine what reason the Canadians had for self-gratulation and gratitude at the change that had come upon them thirty years before.

JOHN READE.

DEATH.

ON a set day, Death, Queen of the World,
In Hell assembled all her fearful court,
That she might 'mongst them choose a minister
To render her estate more flourishing.
As candidates for the dread office, came
From Tartarus' lowest depths, with measured pace
Fever, and Gout, and War, a trio.
All hell and earth did justice to their gifts;
The Queen reception gave them. Then came Plague
And there was none his merit dare deny;
Still when a doctor made his visit too,
Opinion wavered which should win the day,
Nor could the Queen herself at once decide.
But when the Vices came, her choice was made—
She chose Excess.

From the French of Florian, A.D. 1775—1794.

FOREST RANGERS AND VOYAGEURS.

I. GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS AND COUREURS DES BOIS.

If we read carefully the old annals, which form the materials for our Canadian history, we cannot fail to find many incidents really picturesque, and even dramatic in their character. We do not pretend to say that the historian or the novelist will meet with themes as startling or sensational as those which are to be read in the old Spanish chronicles which tell of the conquest of Mexico and Peru. The lives of the famous Spanish *Conquistadores* are replete with that absorbing interest which all of us invariably feel in bold adventure and romantic exploit. No mines of gold and silver allured the pioneers of Canadian civilization into the trackless waste of the northern forests. The "gentlemen adventurers," who laid the foundations of European society among the forests of Canada, had to encounter innumerable perils and difficulties, without the glittering rewards that the palaces of the Montezumas and the Incas offered to the insatiable greed of the Spaniard. The Spanish monarch showered dignities on the bold, unscrupulous men who gave a new world to Spain, and poured untold millions into her treasury; but the pioneers, who won a boundless domain for France, only met with neglect and coldness. Even the names of many of these adventurers have been forgotten, and are only now and then brought to light by some enthusiastic student of our early records.

The trackless forests and unknown rivers of a new country must always possess a deep fascination for men fond of adventure, and intent on "deeds of bold emprise." Baker and Livingstone are illustrations of that spirit which animated Champlain, De Poutrincourt, La Salle, and other Canadian adventurers of old times. In the solitude of the great forests that then stretched without a break from ocean to ocean there was a weird charm which, perhaps, seemed at times a compensation for all their trials and struggles. Every great river they discovered, in their adventurous career, must have been, to more than one, a sufficient reward for all their toil and endeavour, for it placed their names among the foremost of their times.

In the early settlement of the country there were several influences at work, and it is to these we owe, in a large measure, the great discoveries which opened up the continent to commerce. The priest, the *gentilhomme*, and the *coureur des bois*, each in his way, were the pioneers of civilization in Canada and in the West. The names of Marquette,

Joliet, La Salle, and De Tonty must ever be associated with the great lakes and noble rivers of the continent. The love of their faith and a spirit of adventure were combined with a desire to open new fields to commercial industry. "Even commerce wore the sword," says an eloquent writer,* "decked itself with badges of nobility, aspired to forest seigniories, and hordes of savage retainers." These "gentlemen adventurers" were to be found in every part of the northern continent, seeking the sources of unknown rivers, living in Indian villages, trading with Indian tribes in remotest forests, and building outposts thousands of miles from civilization. With them were associated a bold and too often lawless class of men, who, in the course of no long time, made up a large proportion of the able-bodied population of New France. These men were generally known as *coureurs des bois*, or rangers of the forest; and when we come to study their habits they will be at once recognised by the historical student as the natural outcome of the state of society in Canada two centuries ago.

It was from the forest that the old adventurers sought what wealth was to be won in the North. Whilst the Spaniards were rifling the hapless natives of the South of what remnant of gold and silver the rapacity of Cortez and Pizarro had left them, or were seeking, amid the jungles and swamps of the tropics, that mysterious *El Dorado* which even dazzled the imaginative mind of the noble Raleigh,—the Norman and Breton fishermen were busy on the banks of Newfoundland, and the Norman or Breton trader or ranger—for in those days the *coureur des bois* was both—was wandering in the depths of the forest or paddling on the rivers and lakes of the north and west in search of peltry.

The old dwellings of the beaver have been, doubtless, examined by many of my readers, though comparatively few can have ever seen the industrious animal itself at work. Civilization and commerce have combined for two centuries and more to destroy this ingenious creature, and now it is only in some solitary spot, far from the haunts of men. among the forests of the Gatineau or Ottawa, or in the far North-west,† that we meet with any number of these valuable animals, whose rich, glossy coats were so long the principal branch of Canadian trade. Like the

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* *Parkman: Pioneers of France in the New World.*—It is safe to say that the English speaking people of Canada were, for the most part, entirely ignorant of the elements of interest that are to be found in the earlier annals of this country, until the American historian, Parkman, raised our history from that dull, prosaic leve from which Canadian writers had been wont to view it, and revived the past in its most romantic and picturesque guise. Nor should we forget the debt we owe to those patriotic and learned French Canadians, like Garneau, Le Moine, Sulte, and many others, who have devoted their pens to the description of the times of the old régime.

† The Hudson's Bay Company annually exports from James's Ba some 150,000 beaver skins.

moose and caribou, the beaver, in the course of years, will probably become as great an object of curiosity in old Canada as would now be the fauna of past geological eras. But during the seventeenth century the Canadian beaver was to be trapped in great numbers throughout a country whose climate and natural attributes are so admirably adapted to its increase. The other great sources of wealth to be found in the forest and sea were all neglected for the sake of a trade which was most congenial to the temperament of the early French. It is true, as we have just stated, that the Bretons and Normans, then as now, fished for cod on the coast of Newfoundland, but their compatriots, who sought homes and fortunes in Canada, could never be induced to prosecute the same branch of industry to any extent; and in this respect they did not follow the example of the hardy, enterprising New Englanders, who, from the first settlement of the country, were fishermen and traders combined. Nor was there any inducement in those early times to make use of the great source of wealth that the magnificent pine forests of the country offered to Canadian industry. From the first moment the attention of France was directed to this country as a vast field for the prosecution of new industries, the Government gave trading licenses and monopolies to many distinguished individuals, who were ready to embark their capital in the new world. In the early part of the seventeenth century, one Captain Chauvin received the first regular patent for a monopoly of the fur traffic in Canada, and on his death Pierre du Gua, Sieur des Monts, became virtually his successor and led the first expedition to Acadie. But this monopoly did not remain long in existence, as the clamour for similar privileges became at last so troublesome that the French King authorized the formation of the famous company of the hundred partners, which had for its head no less a personage than Cardinal Richelieu. This company was to colonize the country and support the missions—for religion and commerce were always associated in those early times—on the condition of receiving a permanent monopoly of the trade in furs and skins of every kind. The company never prospered at any time, and very soon surrendered its privileges into the hands of the Government. For years the principal source of public revenue was derived from the fur trade—one-fourth of the beaver-skins, and one-tenth of the moose hides being reserved for the King. Monopoly still continued to be the guiding principle of the home authorities. An association named the West India Company enjoyed for years the most exorbitant privileges, and, when it also was broken up, the imposts, as well as the trade of Tadoussac (long a headquarters of the fur trade, and the exclusive property of the King), were farmed out to one Oudiette and certain other traders. Monopoly, in short, was the practice up to the time of the conquest, and was justly a source of grievance

to the people of Canada. Yet, in this respect, the Government of France did not differ from that of England; for the fur trade of the North and North-west was handed by an English King to a Company of English adventurers, and in later times the coal mines of Nova Scotia were made over to a firm of London jewellers in payment of the debts of an extravagant Royal Duke.

This traffic in furs gave birth to a bold reckless class of adventurers who found their greatest pleasure in hunting and trading in the depths of the Western forests. From the moment the French landed on the shores of Canada they seemed to enter into the spirit of forest life. Men of noble birth and courtly associations adapted themselves immediately to the customs of the Indians, and found that charm in the forest and river which seemed wanting in the tamer life of the towns and settlements. The English colonizers of New England were never able to win the affections of the Indian tribes, or adapt themselves so readily to the habits of forest life, as the French Canadian adventurer.

A very remarkable instance of the infatuation which led away so many young men into the forest, is to be found in the life of Baron de St. Castine, a native of the romantic Bernese country, who came to Canada with the famous Carignan Regiment during 1665, and established himself for a time on the Richelieu. But he soon became tired of his inactive life, and leaving his Canadian home, settled on a peninsula of Penobscot Bay (then Pentagoët), which still bears his name. Here he fraternized with the Abenaquis, and led the life of a forest chief, whose name was long the terror of the New England settlers. He married the daughter of Madocawando, the implacable enemy of the English, and so influential did he become that, at his summons, all the tribes on the frontier between Acadia and New England, would lift the hatchet and proceed on the war-path. He amassed a fortune of three hundred thousand crowns in "good dry gold," but we are told that he only used the greater part of it to buy presents for his Indian followers, who paid him back with usury in beaver skins. His life at Pentagoët, for years, was very active and adventurous, as the annals of New England show. In 1781 he returned to France, where he had an estate, and thenceforth disappeared from history. His son, by his Abenaqui Baroness, then took command of his fort and savage retainers, and after assisting in the defence of Port Royal, and making more than one savage onslaught on the English settlers of Massachusetts, he returned to Europe on the death of his father. The poet Longfellow, has made use of this romantic episode in the early life of the Acadian settlements:—

"The choir is singing the matin song,
The doors of the Church are opened wide;
The people crowd and press and throng

To see the bridegroom and the bride.
They enter and pass along the nave ;
They stand upon the furthest grave ;
The bells are ringing soft and slow ;
The living above and the dead below
Give their blessing on one and twain ;
The warm winds blow on the hills of Spain,
The birds are building and the leaves are green,
The Baron Castine of St. Castine,
Hath come at last to his own again."

As in these later days, the French Canadian seeks the pine forests and the lumberman's camp by a sort of natural instinct, so in the old times he became a *coureur des bois* or *voyageur*. The woods in those days were swarming with many a Robin Hood and with many a band of forest outlaws. Year after year saw the settlements almost denuded of their young men, who had been lured away by the fascinations of the fur-trade into the forest fastnesses of the west. The Government found all their plans for increasing the population and colonizing the country thwarted by the nomadic habits of a restless youth. The young man, whether son of the *gentilhomme* or of the humble *habitant*, was carried away by his love for forest life, and no enactments, however severe, had the least effect on restraining his restlessness. The Marquis de Denonville writes to the French Government :—

" The *coureurs des bois* are a great evil, but you are not aware how great the evil is. It rids the country of its best men, renders them difficult to manage, debauched, and impatient of discipline, and turns them into pretended nobles, wearing the sword, and decked out with lace, both they and their relations, who all claim to be ladies and gentlemen. As for cultivating the soil, they will not hear of it. This, along with the scattered condition of the settlements, causes their children to be as unruly as Indians, being brought up in the same way."

It is not to be wondered at that the habits of this lawless, reckless class should be a continual source of worry to a Government which was offering premiums to marriage and settlement. What use was it for a paternal Government to offer bounties for large families of children, when it could not make matches between the young men and women ! The great Colbert might write time and again to the Canadian authorities that " the prosperity and subsistence of the people, and all that they should consider dear, depended on a general resolution never to be departed from, to marry youths at eighteen or nineteen years and girls at fourteen or fifteen, since abundance could never come to them, except through the abundance of men." But this fatherly advice was of little avail when the young men were wandering in the forest, and loved the camp, with its associates, far better than their village homes, or the pleasures of a regular domestic life.

On the banks of the Detroit, the city founded by De la Motte Cadillac, nearly two centuries ago, now displays to the eyes of the admiring tourist its spacious umbrageous avenues and handsome mansions. Wherever the Indian tribes were camped in the forest or by the river, and the fur-trade could be prosecuted to the best advantage, we see the *coureurs des bois*, not the least picturesque figure of those grand woods then in the primeval sublimity of their solitude and vastness. Many a lake and river, where huge propellors now fret and fume, were first seen by these adventurers of the past. The Ottawa River and its tributaries, like all the rivers and lakes of Canada illustrate the progress of the *coureurs des bois* and *voyageurs*. The falls, rapids, and lakes of the Ottawa district—the *Chenaux*, *Lac des Allumettes*, and *Chats*, for example—undoubtedly received their distinctive names from these rovers of forest and river. On the north shores of Lake Superior—a region which calls up visions of gold and silver, of adventure and danger—we meet with many names which also illustrate the quick imaginations of the voyageurs—*Bête Grise*, *Grand Marais*, *L'anse à la bouteille*, *Bois brulé*, and any number of others, equally characteristic of the ready wit and fancy of a roving class.

Their manner of life can be very simply described. Four or five, and sometimes a dozen or more, would combine and fill a large canoe, generally of their own construction, with such provisions and cheap merchandize as the Indians were likely to buy, and paddle away into the interior of the wilderness, where they would remain for twelve months and often much longer,—Du Lhut and his comrades, it is said, bound themselves to an absence of four years from the settlements—and then they would return to Montreal or Three Rivers, in company with a long retinue of Indians, whose canoes would be deeply laden with a rich collection of furs which, in the course of time, would find their way to the gay capitals of Europe and adorn many a fair lady's white shoulders.

That the majority were a reckless, dare-devil set of fellows, it is needless to say. On their return from their forest hunts after months of savage liberty they too often threw off all restraint and indulged in the most furious orgies. Montreal was their favourite place of resort, for here were held the great fairs for the traffic of furs. The Ottawas and Hurons and other tribes came from distant parts of the North and West, and camped on the shore in the immediate vicinity of the town. When the fair was in full operation, a scene was presented well worthy of the bold brush of a Doré. The royal mountain, then as now, formed a background of rare sylvan beauty. The old town was huddled together on the low ground near the river, and was for years a mere collection of low wooden houses and churches, all surrounded by palisades. On the fair ground were to be seen Indians tricked out in

their savage finery ; *coureurs des bois* in equally gorgeous apparel ; black-robed priests, and busy merchants from all the towns, intent on wheedling the Indians and bushrangers out of their choicest furs. These fairs were almost invariably the scene of rampant license and debauchery, which naturally shocked the missionaries and respectable townsmen.

The principal rendezvous in the West was Michillimackinac. Few places possess a more interesting history than this old head-quarters of the Indian tribes and French voyageurs. Mackinaw may be considered, in some respects, the key to the Upper Lakes. Here the tribes from the north to the south could assemble at a very short notice and decide on questions of trade or war. It was long the metropolis of a large portion of the Ojibwa and Ottawa nations, and many a council, fraught with the peace of Canada, was held there in the olden times. It was in this neighbourhood that Father Marquette, some time in 1671, made the first settlement which the French had then to the north-west of Fort Frontenac or Cataraqui. The French built a chapel and fort, and the Huron and Ottawa Indians lived in palisaded villages in the neighbourhood. The Jesuits also erected a small college alongside the church, and not far from the Huron village. The *coureurs des bois* were always to be seen at a point where they could be sure to find Indians in large numbers. Contemporary writers state that the presence of so many unruly elements at this distant outpost frequently threw the whole settlement into a sad state of confusion and excitement, which the priests were at times entirely unable to restrain. Indians, soldiers and traders, became at last so demoralized, that one of the priests wrote, in his despair, that there seemed no course open except " deserting the missions and giving them up to the brandy-sellers as a domain of drunkenness and debauchery."

But it would be a mistake to judge all the *coureurs des bois* by the reckless behaviour of the majority, who were made up necessarily from the ruder elements of the Canadian population. Even the most reckless of the class had their work to do in the opening up of this continent. Despising danger in every form, they wandered over rivers and lakes and through virgin forests, and " blazed " a track, as it were, for the future pioneer. They were the first to lift the veil of mystery that hung, until they came, on many a solitary river and forest. The posts they raised by the side of the Western lakes and rivers, were so many videttes of that army of colonizers who have built up great commonwealths in that vast country, where the bushranger was the only European two centuries ago. Most of the men were but humble in their origin, and history does not record their names. The most famous amongst their leaders was Du Lhut, whose name has been mentioned more than once in this paper. He became a Canadian Robin Hood, and had his band

of bushrangers like any forest chieftain. For years he wandered through the forests of the West and founded various posts at important points, where the fur trade could be prosecuted to advantage. Posterity has been more generous to him than it has been to others equally famous as pioneers, for it has given his name to an embryo city at the head of Lake Superior. Like many a forest which they first saw in its primeval vastness, these pioneers have disappeared into the shadowy domain of an almost forgotten past, and their memory is only recalled as we pass by storm-swept cape, or land-locked bay, or silent river, to which may still cling the names they gave as they swept along in the days of the old régime.

J. G. Bourinot.

WELCOME, WELCOME, THOU LITTLE BARK.

A SONG OF THE COAST.

Welcome, welcome, thou little bark!
  Love greets thee from the shore;
Through driving mist thy sails I mark,
  I hear thy dashing oar!
Quickly glide o'er the pathless sea,
For dear is thy freight to love and me!

She comes! she comes, with the swelling tide,
  Her keel grates on the sand;
The waves before her course divide—
  Her bold crew spring to land:
Safe from the storm and the raging main,
I hold thee once more to my heart again!

Thy locks are wet with the ocean's foam,
  But our hearth burns bright and clear;
The loved and the loving welcome thee home,
  And prepare thy rustic cheer!
Yes, thou art safe, and I heed no more
The rising wind, and the tempest's roar!

Susanna Moodie.

ARTIFICIAL FISH-BREEDING IN CANADA.

At different points in the Dominion are situated establishments where fish are artificially bred. What is the good of that, some may ask? Simply this—that our rivers, once teeming with fish, are so impoverished as to have become well-nigh worthless. The myriads of salmon that, in former days, swarmed up the rivers of the Maritime Provinces, pressed into the streams of the great St. Lawrence Basin, and travelled up into Lake Ontario, were so decimated that a source of considerable revenue was threatened with extinction, and steps had to be taken to restore our streams and lakes to their ancient status of food-producing areas. The trout, the shad, the bass, the whitefish, had all suffered from the same causes which led to the diminution of the salmon—the king of fishes, and scientific men turned their attention to the discovery of the best means of not only checking the rapid destruction of the finny tribes in our waters, but of stimulating their increase. Legislation did much by enacting a close season, but the regulation of the fisheries was insufficient. Even granting that the fishery laws were carefully administered; the close season rigorously enforced; the fish protected; it would still have taken a long time for the former abundance to be restored. In short, nature could not re-stock our rivers speedily enough, and artificial methods had to be resorted to.

Experience had abundantly proved the feasibility of breeding fish artificially. The science of pisciculture, ignored for many years, had flourished among those determined epicures, the ancient Romans, and had been handed down by the jolly monks of the middle ages, who thoroughly appreciated the value of a plentiful supply of excellent fish-food. In France, the Government had long recognised the wisdom of turning rivers, lakes, ponds, and marshes to account, and there, it may be said, the acres of water are made to be as profitable as the acres of land. In England, Scotland, and Ireland, individual and solitary experiments were carried on with a view of testing the capabilities of artificial fish-breeding, the same causes operating there which have since been experienced amongst us; and success crowned the efforts thus made. Salmon fishing, once of considerable value, had deteriorated in so marked a degree that the proprietors saw their profits diminish, and naturally concluded to adopt remedial measures. In every case, the introduction of artificial breeding has been attended with the happiest results.

But what is meant by artificial breeding? How is it that it is resorted to as a means of re-stocking rivers? Blue books, issued yearly

by Government, are not very generally read, else these questions would not be asked ; yet, in one of these volumes, devoted to reports on the state of Canadian fisheries, can be found all desirable information on these points, pleasantly told by the father of pisciculture in Canada, Samuel Wilmot. It is worth people's while to know what is being done in their country in the way of supplying them with good and cheap food, and the man lives not in the Dominion who cares not for fish of one kind or another. For the proper comprehension of the importance of the subject, however, it is necessary to glance at the causes which have rendered an annual outlay of money, and the founding of large piscicultural establishments necessary.

Fish multiply very rapidly, according to popular opinion ; slowly, according to fact. Popular opinion is based on the fact that a single female bears thousands of eggs ; the deduction made is that, therefore, thousands of young fish are annually hatched. Mr. J. G. Bertram, author of one of the pleasantest books on fishes ever written, gives as the result of several carefully conducted investigations into the fecundity of fish, the following figures :—A cod-fish will bear 3,400,000 eggs ; a flounder, 1,250,000 ; a sole, 1,000,000 ; mackerel, 500,000 ; herring, 35,000 ; smelt, 36,000. The salmon yields eggs at the rate of one thousand for each pound of its weight. This is, of course, a general average, there being frequently cases when that amount is largely exceeded, and, on the other hand, when it is not reached. The sturgeon is one of the most fecund of fish. Mr. Bertram states that from one of this species were taken twenty-two pounds of roe, yielding a total of 7,000,000 eggs. Now, according to these figures, which have been corroborated over and over again, the produce of a single salmon ought to be sufficient to stock a river, and a couple of hundred herrings to lay the foundation of a profitable fishery ; for, allowing the twenty thousand eggs of a fair-sized salmon to come to maturity, and the young fish in their turn to spawn, the difficulty would be to find room in any river, even as mighty as the St. Lawrence, for the innumerable salmon hatched. Similarly with herrings, cod-fish, and all the other inhabitants of the watery deeps. Were their reproduction and the development of their fry unchecked, "the sea would so abound with animal life that it would soon be impossible for a boat to move in its waters," and no one who has gone out for a day's fishing, in fresh water or salt, need be told that such a consummation has not yet been reached, and never will be. The reason is very simple—fish have numberless enemies, not the least formidable of which is man himself. Early accounts of Canada all agree in describing the rivers and lakes as swarming with fish of all kinds, as, in olden times, did the waters of European countries. Even now, in the more remote and sequestered parts of the Dominion, the traveller or settler comes upon

streams abundantly stocked, showing what was once the condition of nearly all the waters; but, wherever settlement has gone on largely, the result has been the same—depletion of the fisheries. Some of the most famous Canadian streams are at this moment almost worthless in a piscatory point of view, from this cause, and old anglers whip in vain pools and runs where erstwhile they had keen sport. It is safe to say that the brooks and streams in the immediate vicinity of our principal towns and cities are not now worth fishing, and the sportsman has to travel some distance before he can "pay expenses." Over-fishing, indeed, has been pursued so long and so systematically, that it is difficult to convince fishermen of the folly of the practice. All manner of traps and engines have been used to catch fish, and legislation has had to be called in to prevent the perpetuation of many murderous and wasteful modes. The Indian fashion of spearing is far from extinct, and many a poacher secures a heavy bag in this way. Scoop-nets and other abominations continue to flourish in spite of law and officers, though not, it must be confessed, to the same extent as formerly.

But even legal modes of prosecuting the fisheries are abused. Fishermen are not a prudential or foreseeing class; if they come upon a bank colonized by fish, they ply line and net till some fine day they discover that their mine is exhausted. They notice that salmon swarm up some particular rivers, and straightway they barricade it with nets so that the poor fish can never reach the spawning grounds and are caught in thousands. This goes on for a few years, and then the cry is raised that the salmon have abandoned the rivers—no wonder, they have all been destroyed, and every impediment placed in their way to the head waters, whither they are driven by instinct to deposit their eggs. As an illustration it may be mentioned that on the river Moisie, in 1859, there were no less than *eighty-five* nets, aggregating fifteen thousand fathoms, set to intercept the fish running up stream. Fortunately for the fishery in that river, the number of nets has been very largely reduced of late years, and the catch has steadily improved. As with the salmon, so with the other species of fish—indiscriminate fishing has been the order of the day all along, and shad, trout, and bass have been decimated and annihilated. And it is not merely by over-fishing that man decimates his supplies of fish food. The establishment of saw mills on streams is a fruitful source of evil. The sawdust from them is thrown into the water, floats along until it is thoroughly soaked, and then sinks to the bottom, where it forms a vile mud, hated and shunned by the fish—by none more than King Salmo Salar. Sawdust is particularly fatal, because it destroys the spawning grounds, covering them up and forcing the fish to seek elsewhere for a convenient place to deposit their eggs. Poisonous sewage from towns and cities is another prominent cause of the

destruction of fish. The Thames, at London, affords a good example of this, and although efforts have been made to remedy the state of matters there, it is very doubtful if the river can ever be made a fishing stream again. The finest kinds of fish love pure water, cannot exist out of it, and will not hesitate to abandon tainted streams.

Along with man—their chief enemy—salmon, trout, and other table varieties of the finny tribe, find dire foes in their fellows. Fish prey on each other very readily; some kinds indeed have acquired a nefarious reputation, and Jack Pike is notorious for his depredations. But he is not the only one; at spawning time all the fish in a river feed upon the ova deposited upon the gravel beds, consume it in vast quantities, and with as much gusto as the most accomplished epicure discusses his *caviare*. And the eggs that are not devoured do not all come to maturity—many of them are never impregnated; others get bruised or suffer damage and disaster to such an extent that it has been calculated that only one egg in a thousand ever produces a fish fit for the table. The young fry form delicious food for the grown fishes, and any one who has seen swarms of tiny salmon in their infantile stage, can understand how easily they must fall a prey to the more voracious of their kind. Enormous, therefore, though the natural reproduction is, it nevertheless is quite inadequate to the demands now made on it.

In France, where, owing to the mass of the people being Catholics, fish food attains great importance, and is much in demand, great attention is paid to pisciculture; and, indeed, it is to a French fisherman that the merit of re-discovering the lost art and turning it to commercial account is due. "The present idea of pisciculture, as a branch of commerce," says Mr. Bertram, "is due to the shrewdness of a simple French peasant, who gained his livelihood as a *pêcheur* in the tributaries of the Moselle and the other streams of his native district, *La Bresse* in the *Vosges*. He was a thinking man, although a poor one, and it had long puzzled him to understand how animals yielding such an abundant supply of eggs should, by any amount of fishing, ever become scarce. He knew very well that all female fish were provided with tens of thousands of eggs, and he could not well see how, in the face of this fact, the rivers of *La Bresse* should be so scantily peopled with the finny tribes. Nor was the scarcity of fish confined to his own district—the rivers of France generally had become impoverished; and, as in all Catholic countries fish is a prime necessary of life, the want, of course, was greatly felt. Joseph Remy was the man who first found out what was wrong with the French streams, and especially with the fish supplies of his native rivers—and, better than that, he discovered a remedy. He ascertained that the scarcity of fish was chiefly caused by the immense number of eggs that never came to life—the enormous quantity of young fish that were des-

troyed by enemies of one kind or another, and the fishing-up of all that was left, in many instances, before they had an opportunity to reproduce themselves; at any rate, without any care being taken to have a sufficient breeding stock in the rivers, so that the result he discovered had become inevitable. Jacobi, in Germany, had previously made the same discovery for himself, but in Remy's case the results were generally beneficial, his labours finally attracting the attention of the Government, and eventually culminating in the erection of the great piscicultural establishment of Huningue, in Alsace, near Bâsle, under the direction of that able scientist, Professor Coste. The Huningue establishment has done a very great deal of good to France, and commercially has proved an excellent speculation.

The success attending artificial hatching and breeding was so marked that a rapid development of the system might be looked for. In Scotland, the proprietors of the Tay salmon fisheries erected a large establishment at Stormontfield; and both in England and Ireland, private enterprise took up this new and profitable business. In the States much has been done in the same way, both the Federal Government and the State Legislatures having made appropriations for the promotion of pisciculture. At Penobscot, in Maine, there is one of the largest establishments of the kind, and private establishments are numerous. In Canada, with which we are more immediately concerned, there are at present seven fish-breeding establishments:—Newcastle, Ontario; Restigouche, Quebec; Miramichi, New Brunswick; Gaspé Basin, Quebec; Tadousac, Quebec; Sandwich, Detroit River; and Bedford, near Halifax, Nova Scotia. Besides these, Mr. Haliday, lessee of the net fishery on the Moisie River, has a salmon-breeding establishment, which does much good work. The Newcastle establishment is the parent one, from which sprang not only the other Canadian establishments, but also those in the States. It is under the immediate supervision of Mr. Samuel Wilmot, to whom is due the credit of practically introducing pisciculture in the Dominion. In addition to salmon ova, the eggs of salmon trout and whitefish are hatched here; at Sandwich, whitefish only, and at the other places, salmon only.

The process of hatching having been frequently described in our leading papers, we need not enter upon that phase of the subject, interesting though it undoubtedly is. Let it suffice to say that, instead of only one per cent. of the eggs attaining maturity and being hatched, as is the average with natural propagation, there is but a small percentage of loss, from seventy-five to ninety per cent. of the eggs being hatched out in the various Dominion establishments.

In 1873, Mr. Wilmot distributed, from the Newcastle establishment alone, 350,000 salmon fry. The rivers selected were the Trent, in

Grafton Creek, the Rouge, Highland Creek, Wilmot's Creek, the Humber, Credit, Saugeen, near Mount Forest, and the Salmon, below Ottawa. Large numbers have also been distributed from the other establishments in Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, with the most gratifying results. In 1874, fully 3,000,000 young salmon were distributed from the five houses then at work, and in his report, Mr. Wilmot anticipated that, in 1875, the operations would be nearly doubled, which proved to be the case. All this work has not been unproductive of good results, and in the rivers first stocked, salmon have increased largely during the past two or three years, and the outlook is encouraging in the highest degree. From a purely commercial point of view, also, the advantages of pisciculture are numerous. In Scotland, the value of the Tay fisheries, which had fallen with the diminution of the numbers of the salmon, increased rapidly after the Stormontfield establishment had been at work for a few years, and it is not too much to expect that the Canadian fisheries will benefit in an equal manner from the efforts now being made. From the Columbia River, on the Pacific Coast, there is exported annually an immense quantity of canned salmon, which finds its way readily into the markets of the world, and sells with great facility. Once our rivers are restored to their former plenteousness, the Canadian trade in canned, dry, and pickled fish will assume great proportions, and form a lucrative source of revenue.

Much might be written on the advisability of extending the operations of oyster culture, which has proved so profitable in France and in England. Canada has every advantage required for the successful prosecution of this business on the largest scale, but hitherto fishermen have devoted their attention rather to exhausting than to replenishing the numerous oyster-beds, and the consequence is that consumers, instead of being supplied from home beds, are supplied with imported oysters. It would extend the limits of this paper too far to enter into this subject, which, from its importance, merits ample consideration.

F. C. SUMICHRAST.

EVENINGS IN THE LIBRARY.

No. 4. LOWELL.

"JOHN SELDEN has told us that old friends are the best, and that King James used to call for his old shoes, because they were the easiest for his feet," said the professor at the next assembly in the library, "and I have asked you to consider Lowell to night, because he is one of my favourites. Perhaps I am selfish, but I love to talk of the poet of Elmwood, and the delightful conceits which people his brain, and the splendid literary work he has performed. His is a superior genius, and every year gives greater evidence of the growth and fertility of his wonderful mind. He is one of that coterie of Boston scholars, one of that famous Harvard class, which has enriched our common literature, and which gives such splendid promise for the future. Lowell, perhaps, is the most English of them all in style, though the most thoroughly American in his feeling and sentiments. He has given us little more than half a dozen books, but these cover a wide range, and not one of them has been written in vain. Three volumes of essays, literary and social, one book of fire-side travels, and a few books of poetry, complete his labours in letters. His writings show a wide scholarship, and much careful observance of nature. For many years he has held the professorship of *Belles Lettres* in Harvard University, and his lectures before the classes of that seat of learning, have been unsurpassed for their singular beauty of style and finish. [Here the nephews exchanged quick glances with one another. Surely the professor was himself lecturing; but they said nothing and he went on.] Lowell is always telling us something new. Even of Shakespeare, and of Milton, and of Chaucer, he can find something to say, not spoken of before by the Hazlitts or the Coleridges, or the Macaulays of literature. He gives us intelligent criticisms and lucid explanations of obscure passages. He brings to his aid the vast resources of his well-trained mind, and he never writes a line which he has not thoughtfully and carefully considered. This is why Lowell's opinions of books and authors are so valuable, and he takes so high a place among critics. In England, he holds equal rank with Matthew Arnold, whose book, *Essays in Criticism*, has become so popular with all classes. It is very interesting; but to my mind, Lowell's last volume, the second series of his delightful literary estimates, is superior to it. I like it better than David Masson's work on the same subject. The criticisms are more finely drawn, the style is more epigrammatic, and the delicate vein of satire which runs

through the work gives it a certain freshness and vigour which do not appear in the other. Professor Lowell's book is partly biographical as well as critical, and his notices of Keats and Wordsworth are admirably made. Dante, Spenser, and Milton are the subjects of the other essays. In the latter Mr. Lowell discusses Masson's life of Milton, and gives us a deal more about Masson than I would wish, or than would seem necessary. Beyond this, the estimate of the great poet is nobly done."

"What do you think of his Dante?" said Charles. "He seems to have expended considerable labour upon it."

"I am still in doubt over it. When I read it, it takes such a hold on me that I cannot read anything else on that day, and I would accord it the foremost place in the book. The Italian's imagination is finely described. His wealth of imagery is glowingly descanted on. His breadth of mind and rich fancy are ably portrayed. Dante's poem was to be didactic: but the exuberance of his warm fancy made the change in his work, that places it beyond any poem of similar scope in the language. When Dante walked about the streets of Florence, men shuddered and said to each other with blanched cheeks, 'There goes the man who descended into Hell!' The poem is a marvellous one, possibly the greatest ever written, and Mr. Lowell's criticism of the author's genius, is one of his finest efforts. On the whole, I think our author's sketch of Spenser is the best thing he gives us in this book. He discusses this great genius, the greatest since Chaucer, in the leisurely and piquant style of Leigh Hunt, who never did a thing in a hurry, or put himself out in the least. Spenser is one of Lowell's favourite poets, and he never tires of reading him or talking about him. His criticism is more friendly than critical. He has said some pleasant things in a pleasant style, about a pleasant author. It was a labour of love with Lowell to write as he has done about the author of *The Faerie Queene*: Mr. Lowell's humour has full vent in this fresh and delightful volume."

"He seems to have caught the mantle of Sainte-Beuve, as it fell from the shoulders of the great French critic. He has all his piquancy, freshness, fulness and suggestiveness. He has, too, his cautious insight, and exquisite way of saying things. Whoever and whatever Mr. Lowell writes about, forthwith the subject becomes Lowellized, if I might say so. I can hardly go as far as Mr. Disraeli and declare that our critics are those who have failed in literature and in art. Lowell has not failed as an artist, and he is one of our finest critics. Carlyle is not a failure as an author, and he is a great critic. Matthew Arnold, Stoddard, Stedman, Howells, and I might go on and enumerate a hundred others who have become great in both fields of literary labour, to illustrate this point. It is a mistake to think otherwise. Many of our best critics have been poets. Sir Walter Scott was a good reviewer in his day. Lowell's

other volume, *Among my Books*, is more general in tone than the one of which we have just been speaking. It takes up the question of 'Witchcraft'—a fruitful theme for New Englanders to write about, and the question receives a thorough examination at his hands. It is discussed in a good-tempered, moderate way, and a vast amount of new light is brought to bear on the subject. Milton's contemporary, John Dryden, is another notable review in the book. Prof. Lowell's happy faculty of taking his reader into his confidence, and making him think as he thinks, without apparent effort, largely enters here. All the beauties of the Catholic bard are placed before the reader, and he rises from the perusal of Lowell's estimate of him with his soul full of Dryden, and his lips uttering snatches of his verse. The same power of the critic appears in his criticisms of Shakespeare, of Lessing, and of Rousseau, and we find the same delicate humour playing a prominent part in his pages. The diction is of the choicest, and the sentences are turned with exquisite grace and tact. Prof. Lowell's manner is probably his most charming characteristic, and his satire is more like Samuel Butler's than Swift's. It is as keen as that of the author of *Hudibras*, and not so remorselessly rancorous as that employed by the Dean of St. Patrick's."

"A companion volume to *Among my Books* is *My Study Windows*, and the essays in it are more social in tone. *My Garden Acquaintance* is an admirable paper, and in every way worthy of the author, while lovers of Chaucer will be delighted with the painstaking examination into his works which Prof. Lowell furnishes. This paper is especially valuable to students of English literature. It is written in better style than M. Taine's, and the beauties of the first of English poets are presented to the reader in simple and chaste language. Lowell always writes lightly and cheerfully, and seemingly without effort. He was the first editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and at one time he edited *The North American Review*—a journal whose merits are far beyond its reputation. I have not dipped into *Fireside Travels* yet, but of Lowell's prose works, I think the second volume of *Among my Books* is the best collection of papers which he has thus far written. He displays in that work the functions of a true critic, and the line which he draws between the author and the reader is a very marked one indeed. He writes independently, and weighs well the defects as well as the beauties which belong to every author. No true critic cuts and carves at random. It is only your pretender who grudgingly bestows praise as if the effort cost him pain, and who takes delight in cutting up a victim merely to show his own cleverness. His opposite, though better-natured, is still an unfair critic, and his opinions soon lose weight with the general reader, who likes to have the defects as well as the excellencies in literature pointed out to him. The critic should be the

judge, and his decisions should be unbiassedly and impartially made. Addison was the first English critic who deserved the name in all its broad significance. His papers on Milton have never been surpassed, even by that artist in letters, Macaulay. The Edinburgh Reviewer's Milton is a series of beautiful paintings, warm-coloured and rich in a glowing fancy. It is a pictorial view of the great Captain of English Epic and his work. I might almost call it an Italian estimate of the *Paradise Lost*. Addison's wonderful papers upon the bard, which enriched the *Spectator*—now a classic—will never be forgotten as long as people read. They are models of clear reasoning and clever analysis. They are worded cautiously, and the great poet's defects as well as his beauties are shown. Since Addison's and Steele's day, the number of good critics may be counted on one's fingers. In England and Scotland, we have only had seven or eight, and in America but three or four. Mr. Lowell is one of these. He never utters an opinion at haphazard, or until his mind is fully made up. His style is so good, and he can popularize thoughts so well, that anything he writes always finds acceptance with people of any degree of intelligence, from the lower to the higher order."

"I have sometimes met men who pretended to think that Lowell injured his position as an author by writing *The Biglow Papers*. They considered them unworthy of him, and professed to see nothing to laugh at in them."

"When I meet men with no humour in their souls, who would try to make you believe that their lives were made up wholly of work and no play whatever, and who shudder at a joke and groan at a pun, I always think such men are at least worth careful watching. They are even worse than those detestable creatures who are forever grinning and smiling. They wear a mask for some craftily hidden purpose which must sooner or later develop itself. I once knew a man whose face was all pinched and screwed up, and he wore the most disagreeable and anxious expression I ever saw. He always gave me the idea that it was caused by remorse for some concealed crime, and I found myself playing forever the detective, whenever my eyes came upon him. I was mistaken, however, for I found out afterwards that the expression on his countenance was caused by the twinges of rheumatism, but I could never quite forget my first impressions. When a man gravely tells me that the first American humorist has lowered his dignity by stooping to humour and fun, and that he should always write seriously, I begin to think that a good many Dogberrys are still to be found in the world. An old critic once found fault with the grave-digger's scene in *Hamlet*, and considered it quite beneath Shakespeare's genius, and very unbecoming such a piece. It is only pardonable as it gives rise to Hamlet's fine moral reflections,

said he, upon the infirmity of human nature. Such a man should be condemned to read, for the remainder of his days, *Hervey's Meditations Among the Tombs*, and the manuscript edition of *Jenks' Devotions.*"

"The *Biglow Papers* have a merit of their own, as distinctive in its way as the humour which abounds in the comedies of Shakespeare. It is the only true type of the typical New Englander. We have had nothing like it before or since. The flavour is truly Yankee. *Sam Slick*, by our own Judge Haliburton, is a caricature, a gross impossibility, rich in its way, curious as a work of art, fresh as a new thing in literature, quaint in conception, and interesting withal; but as a specimen of Yankee drollery, it is a complete failure. Hosea Biglow is not a caricature, but a genuine living specimen of the man who lives in the New England village of to-day. Mr. Lowell is only the historian, not the creator of this character. His own exquisite humour, of course, enriches the sketch, but the base of the whole individuality is historic and real. Parson Wilbur is the New England parson one can meet after a drive of a few hours through the hamlets of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine. Sam Slick never existed. Hosea Biglow lives to-day in not so exaggerated a form perhaps, but still he lives. To write these droll papers, the author gave the subject a vast amount of study, and, in one of his prefaces, he furnishes an exhaustive treatise on Yankee words, which is as valuable as it is interesting. The philologist, if he cares to examine this treatise closely, will find a near resemblance of the vernacular of New England to the language of Chaucer. Some of the words are exactly the same. The two series of papers, one before the Civil War in America, and the other while it raged, stand alone the finest examples of American humour extant, and worth a hundred Josh Billingses, Artemus Wards, Orpheus C. Kerrs, Mose Skinners, Widow Bedotts, Mrs. Partingtons, Major Dowlings and the rest of the tribe. These *Biglow Papers* were written for a purpose, and they exercised a great deal of influence in their day, and commanded the attention of statesmen and philanthropists. The first set of papers were levelled at the War in Mexico, and Professor Lowell unsparingly criticised the raid on that country in the severest terms. He denounced it as an unholy, oppressive, and cruel war, and a disgrace to American civilization. He lost no opportunity to employ his terrible powers of invective and satire, in these lampoons. His blade was a highly polished Damascus steel, and everything yielded beneath its stroke. Not a man escaped the biting and bitter irony of the satirist. From Winfield Scott down to the humblest private in the ranks of the American soldiery, all felt the blows of his trenchant sword. He believes in the potency of satire as a weapon which can sweep all before it. The fire of the *Biglow Papers* is contained in the quaint spelling and curious verbiage of the

poet, and the philosophical reflections of Parson Homer Wilbur. The spice of the literary *Biglow* pudding is to be found in the Rev. Homer's crisp, natty notes, and explanations, so remindful of Carlyle in his chatty days, and so suggestive of Holmes's *Breakfast Talks*. Not the least charming feature in these droll papers, is the Parson's little scraps of learning which he is constantly introducing in his talks and letters. The only fault I can find with Mr. Lowell is his killing off of the Parson at an early juncture of the second series. It is like parting with an old friend."

"The second series appeared in 1862, and were first published in *The Atlantic Monthly*. The same delicious and pungent humour characterizes the papers of this set. The subject only is changed. One of his best things *The Courtin'*, was produced by the merest accident. The introduction to his *Biglow*, first series, was running through the press, when the printer sent him word that there was a blank page left which must be filled. The author sat down to his table and began writing another fictitious notice of the press. He wrote it in verse, because it would fill out more quickly and cheaply, and then sent it off with a note to the compositor, to cut it off when he had enough to fill the gap. The book was printed, and every one read the little pastoral which set forth so humorously a New England courtship scene, and noticing its incomplete state the public mind craved for the balance. To satisfy this demand, Professor Lowell, a short time afterwards, completed the poem, and presented it to the Baltimore Sanitary Commission Fair. It is now considered one of the gems of his book. In an English edition, published by Routledge, I think, strange to say *The Courtin'* is left out, as well as several others of Mr. Lowell's best pieces, including the whole of the introduction to the second series. This is unpardonable, and I can tolerate abridgment less and less."

"I fully sympathize with you," said Frank, "clipping a book is a gross imposition on the reader as well as the author. I once suffered that way in a book of Irving's. I bought his sketches at a stall, and looked for the *Stout Gentleman* and the *Stage Coach*. Would you believe it, neither of them were there. We have considered Lowell as a critic. He sometimes casts aside the pen of the critic, the pencil of the caricaturist and the lance of the satirist, and writes with a powerful earnestness of purpose and trenchantness of will. He employs the most vigorous phrases of our language, and every line stands like an Imperial Guard before the breastworks of a fortress. Not a word falters, but each part stands firm and preserves the strength of the whole. We have also considered Lowell as a humorist and satirist. He is a poet of liberal thought and delightful fancy. In his *Fable for Critics*, he passes in review almost every American bard of note. There is a good deal of neat satire

in these criticisms, as sprightly in its way as Byron's attack on the Edinburgh Reviewers, though hardly as spiteful, or Pope's raillery in *The Dunciad.* No opportunity is lost to give full scope to the shafts of good-natured, even kindly ridicule. Mr. Lowell never wounds when he is in play. He only strokes the wrong way sometimes, but no one gets angry with him. Every one takes his satire in good part. He says oftentimes some pleasant things about the poets he describes. Emerson's words he likens to the 'gold nails in temples to hang trophies on.' Bryant is 'as quiet, as cool, and as dignified as a smooth, silent iceberg, that never is ignified.' Whittier's heart, he tell us in his glowing way, 'reveals the live Man, still supreme and erect,' and Hawthorne 'so earnest, so graceful, so solid, so fleet, is worth a descent from Olympus, to meet.' Thus he descants upon them all as they pass by, not sparing even himself when his turn comes."

"Of his serious poetical performances, the one which to my mind contains the greater depth of thought and felicity of construction, is Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal.* The San Grael—that revered cup out of which, according to the old romances, Jesus partook of the last supper with His disciples—has afforded a noble theme to poets of many ages. The keepers of this Holy Grail were always believed to be pure and chaste in action, word and thought. For many years the cup remained in the possession of the lineal descendants of Joseph of Arimathea, till one of them broke the condition of his keepership, and the Holy Grail passed away and was lost. The Knights of Arthur's Court felt it a duty incumbent on them from that time to make pilgrimages in search of it. Tennyson has told us, in his warm cadences, the story of this legend, and the finding of the cup at length by Sir Galahad is, perhaps, the most delightful of the *laureate's* idyls. Prof. Lowell exhibits this idyllic power with great fluency. Indeed, he is not far behind Tennyson in his exquisite *Vision of Sir Launfal,* which is based upon this story of King Arthur's days. There are bits in it which remind us of the old masters of English verse, of George Wither, of Herrick, and the rest. The prelude to the second part is a noble specimen of healthy descriptive verse, equal in every respect to any poem which we have. Every line is an image. Every stanza sparkles and crackles with the most eloquent description of the season of jollity and good cheer ever penned. No poet has better described the grand Christmas of the good old times than Lowell has in this metrical essay. Let me quote a little, and you will agree with me in my estimate of this poem. I will read you a couple of verses, though it is a poem which should be considered in its entirety. Clipping it, mars it, as it destroys everything else :

"'Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,

And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear;
So threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.' "

"I think," said Charles when the Professor laid down his book, and removed his glasses, "that Lowell shows more imagination in this poem than in any of his other efforts. The story is extant, I know, but Lowell has only used the frame-work in his *Vision.* The plot is his own, and other knights than those of the Round Table of King Arthur take part in the expedition in search of the mystical cup. The time too, is fixed subsequent to the reign of Arthur. In this elegant work, Mr. Lowell teaches a broad healthful moral, and introduces a fine vein of sentiment."

"His wide scholarship is more noticeable, perhaps, in his *Cathedral.* This poem was written, I think, during the poet's visit to Florence, some half a dozen years ago. It bears unmistakable evidence of the influence which Italian poetry has had upon his mind. It illustrates the poetry of Dante and Tasso, and the religion which one finds in Rome and in Florence, and indeed in the whole of Southern Italy. The Church there is the great power. It exerts an ever-widening influence, and all yield to its sovereign sway. The people reverence religion more, and its forms and ceremonies carry all men and women with it. The great cathedrals with their grand organs and chanting choristers, and hundreds of priests and monks and bishops, the brilliant array of archbishops and cardinals, present a spectacle which lifts the soul and warms the heart. The mind is in another atmosphere. The delightful music sweeps in triumph through the air; the gorgeous costumes of the churchmen, the resonant voices of the priests, the exercises of the white-robed boys before the great altars, show us in indisputable language the glories of that old religion of Rome which has its home under no other sky. The air is changed there, the churches, the monasteries, the convents, the poetry, literature, are all in one mould and from one common origin. For centuries, Florence and Rome have been the great seats of learning, of the arts and of religion. An influence has been created from these circumstances, and visitors of every nationality have been more or less impressed by it. Even Puritan John Milton felt this strange influence when he called on Galileo. It would be curious indeed, if Russell

Lowell, in this nineteenth century, could not be impressed by the magnificent surroundings in which he found himself. Under these circumstances, he wrote his great poem of *The Cathedral*, a work of the most delicate poetic art and full of beauty of conception and idea."

"Another splendid poem of Lowell's is his memorial tribute to Agassiz, also written, I think, abroad, in which all of Lowell's generous characteristics appear. It is a fine remembrance of a much-loved friend, as gorgeous in its way as Tennyson's tribute to Hallam's memory, *In Memoriam*. It is a sweet, tender poem, not mawkishly sentimental, but a vigorous outburst of genuine poetry, every line of which breathes true affection and reverence. Mr. Lowell has not been more successful in any of his writings than he has in his *Agassiz*. It has the ring of the true metal. The lines to William Lloyd Garrison, the apostle of slave freedom, is a patriotic lyric, and I have read no tenderer verses than those which Lowell wrote to the Memory of Hood, a poet with whom Lowell held much in common. *Under the Willows* is a true New England pastoral—delicate, refined, and musical. The scissors-grinder, a much-wandered man, who comes along his way and sharpens his blade and chats awhile, is a charming touch of nature, which Lowell aptly describes. And then the children who come and rest by the tree occasion some exquisite verses, which show how much the tender-hearted bard loves the "shrilling girls" and boys who cross his pathway. This little poem is full of good things; all of them gems. Lowell is always happy in the bits he gives us about nature, which are as natural as the subject is itself. His reputation will rest as a humorist on his *Biglow Papers*, grim and full of satire as they are; and it is a pity he has resolved to give us no more of the same. A third series, after more than a decade of years has passed, would enlist a new and greater force of admirers. As a poet, his *Sir Launfal* and *The Cathedral* will mark his place in literature. Many of his minor poems and sonnets do him infinite credit, and had he not written three or four great poems, these alone would entitle him to rank among the chief of the poets of our age. Lowell does not look the least like a poet. He has more of the appearance of a severe critic, though his manner is kindly and genial. His home in Cambridge is pleasantly situated off the road, and the tall trees which are in front of the house give the place a picturesque and beautiful appearance. He calls his home Elmwood, a name that is singularly appropriate. He is very hospitable and kind, and every one loves him in return. He lives a little distance beyond the house of Prof. Longfellow, whom, by the way, we had better discuss at our next evening meeting, before we cross the river which separates Cambridge from Boston."

GEO. STEWART, JUN.

A LONDON MODERN GREEN-ROOM.

THE fascination which the stage exercises over a large portion of mankind extends to all its belongings. Charles Lamb has celebrated in a never-to-be-forgotten essay the rapture he experienced at his "first play," and the species of ecstasy with which he contemplated the uplifting of that curtain which was to him "a veil drawn between two worlds." Most playgoers can recall a somewhat similar experience. Not a few are there, indeed, who never lose the freshness of delight, and to whom a theatre remains something like a paradise. It is a well-known fact that an actor's holiday is ordinarily spent in a theatre, and the afternoon performances which during recent years have been established in London, and which seem likely in time to restore the primitive hours of theatrical representations, are crowded with members of what is affectionately called *the* profession. This devotion is not confined to men who have followed the art as a means of livelihood, but extends to those who might be supposed to be most *blasés*. I remember to have seen again and again a display of enthusiasm absolutely boyish on the part of a critic of half a century's standing, to whom every form of theatrical exhibition must have been familiar and commonplace. The playgoer is, in fact, and ought to be, always a child. If he cannot surrender himself to the illusions of stage magic, if he remain "nothing if not critical," and reason concerning the origin of his emotions instead of yielding to them, he ceases soon to deserve the name. When, however, he is a playgoer in the full sense of the word, that mimic world retains its fascination, and is for ever

> Apparelled in celestial light—
> The glory and the freshness of a dream.

We follow the actors with a personal regard such as no other class of men can inspire. Their haunts, their habits, are matters of interest to us, and their death, as Johnson said of Garrick, "eclipses the gaiety of nations, and impoverishes the public stock of harmless pleasure."

Whoever has seen the children outside the booths of a fair, striving to find a chink in the canvas through which a glimpse may be obtained of the fairy realm within, and listening to the music that reaches them in maddening strains, will find some analogy between their proceedings and those of some "children of a larger growth." The behind-scenes life of a theatre is to not a few of us like the circus tent to the child. We know no "Sesame" that will open its doors, and we are eagerly attent to catch every sound or sight that may reach us from within. It is the few

"PERIL" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.

only who know that the attractions of behind-scenes' life exist solely in the imagination of those who are never admitted. It is the wisdom of experience and disenchantment that tells that the work is best seen from the point of view with regard to which it is prepared, and that the attempt to know more than is intended for public exhibition ends always in disappointment.

Theatrical management is now a serious, responsible, and, when successful, most profitable undertaking. The profit from a theatre in the full tide of prosperity rises to many hundreds of pounds weekly. On the other hand, the loss is corresponding. Theatrical affairs seem, indeed, to have undergone some such change as has come over warfare. Battles are short, sharp, and decisive. Two or three defeats involve of necessity the close of a campaign, and leave the vanquished no choice but surrender. When such important interests are at stake, when commercial enterprise and commercial system are at the root of success, it follows absolutely that commercial system will be observed. In the green-room of a well-managed theatre, accordingly, an idler during performance will be about as much in place, and as comfortable, as he would be standing in a busy office and attempting to converse with those at work about him. The entry to the green-room is accorded to those only who come upon business, and an inclination to stay would not be likely to develope itself in the minds of those who contemplated the work around them. To be the only drone in a hive of bees is a position few men would unblushingly maintain for any long space. Matters were otherwise once, when the beaux used to have their seats upon the stage, and smoke their tobacco in the very nostrils of the actors; when a noble Mohawk—

Flown with insolence and wine—

would invade by force the dressing-rooms of the actresses, and inflict, by means of his servant, a beating upon any actor manly enough to stand up for womanhood and his profession. More than one actor was murdered in those evil days of the stage by men who called themselves patrons of the drama. It is painful even now to read of the humiliations to which artists like Molière in France and Garrick in England were exposed at the hands of the powdered and essenced coxcombs who used to claim the right of entry behind the scenes, and who held that their own presence upon the stage was more important than that of the performers. What Garrick felt on being so

Pestered with a popinjay

he shows us in a conversation between Æsop and a fine gentleman, which he introduces in his comedy of "Lethe:"—

Fine Gentleman.—Faith, my existence is merely supported by amusements;

I dress, visit, study taste, and write sonnets ; by birth, travel, education, and natural abilities I am entitled to lead the fashion ; I am principal connoisseur at all auctions, chief arbiter at assemblies, professed critic at the theatres, and a fine gentleman everywhere.

Æsop.—Critic, sir ! pray, what's that ?

Fine Gentleman.—The delight of the ingenious, the terror of poets, the scourge of players, and the aversion of the vulgar.

Æsop.—Pray, sir (for I fancy your life must be somewhat particular), how do you pass your time ; this day, for instance ?

Fine Gentleman.—I lie in bed all day, sir.

Æsop.—How do you spend your evenings, then ?

Fine Gentleman.—I dress in the evening, and go generally behind the scenes of both Play-houses ; not, you may imagine, to be diverted with the play, but to intrigue, and show myself. I stand upon the stage, talk aloud and stare about, which confounds the actors and disturbs the audience ; upon which the galleries, who hate the appearance of one of us, begin to *hiss*, and cry "*Off! Off!*" while I undaunted stamp my foot—so ; loll with my shoulder—thus ; take snuff with my right hand and smile scornfully—thus. This exasperates the savages, and they attack us with volleys of sucked oranges and half-eaten pippins.

Long after such scenes of disorder had ceased to be witnessed on the stage, and a prohibition had been obtained against the intrusion of those who were not concerned with the representation, the "dandies" used to find their way into the green-room. It has been left, however, for the present day to purge the stage of this reproach, and there is not now a green-room in any first-class theatre into which any are admitted except those who have some claim. It is not the least of the obligations we owe to W. C. Macready that his influence and example were always on the side of the reformation of whatever in the conduct of the stage was intrinsically condemnable, or whatever lent itself in the mouth of enemies to purposes of reproach.

Amongst those who in subsequent days have carried out the reform Macready began, are Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, whose management of the Prince of Wales's Theatre has had an influence altogether incommensurate with the size of the house. To these conscientious artists and energetic managers it is attributable that we have now a school of young actors from whom the highest things are to be hoped, that our performances have an *ensemble* which at one time seemed to be lost to our stage, and that stage decoration has become a fine art. It is but just, when the history of the stage is written, that these facts should be remembered. At the time when Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft first took possession of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, things histrionic were probably at the lowest ebb. In that theatre sprang the current which has since spread itself over London. Much remains yet to be done before acting in Eng-

land becomes all that it should be. Schools and colleges must be founded, professors must be appointed, and the educational influences of the stage must be raised in all respects, until we accept it as a school of pronunciation and grammar. What progress in this direction has already been made has, however, taken its rise in the room of which a picture is now given. It is a pleasant task to trace the familiar features in the disguise which some of the characters wear. Except Mrs. Bancroft, who does not act in "Peril," all the members of the company are *en costume*—Mrs. Kendal as Lady Ormond, Mr. Bancroft as Sir George, Mr. Sugden and Miss Lucy Buckstone, being easily distinguishable. Mr. Arthur Cecil disguised as Sir Woodbine Grafton is not to be recognised except by those who have seen him in the character. To afford too much information would be, however, to interfere with the gratification of those who seek to find out for themselves the various likenesses. The picture will prove a welcome souvenir to all interested in the growth of that stage which, after being England's glory, came to be almost her disgrace, and which now, under such influences as these we preserve, again

Repairs its drooping head.

JOSEPH KNIGHT.

London, England.

PANDORA.

WHEN that the sacred fire warmed into life
The fair Pandora, every goddess vied
In adding to her beauty such rare gifts
As would adorn the lovely miracle.
Despite her jealousy, fond Venus gave
Her cestus, but great Jove, struck with the charms
Of this new marvel, feared for mortal man
The power of such attractions. Venus smiled
And whispered in his ear, "She will wound hearts
Innumerable, but in my zone
Lies hid Caprice to mollify the wounds
And Favour for their cure."

From the French of Florian, A.D. 1775-1794.

CRUISE OF H.M.S. CHALLENGER.

NATIVES OF SANTIAGO, CAPE DE VERDE ISLANDS.

THE most important surveying expedition which ever sailed from any country left Portsmouth on the 21st of December, 1872, in H.M.S. Challenger, a corvette of 2,000 tons displacement and 400 horse-power. After circumnavigating the globe, and traversing the great oceans from north to south, and from east to west, the expedition again reached Portsmouth on the 24th of May, 1876. There is always something which appeals to the imagination in the very idea of a voyage round the world. When, nearly a century ago, Anson's *Voyage Round the World* was published, the book met with a success which, for that time, was unprecedented. Since then, however, all the different parts of the globe

have been made more or less familiar to us, and the modern Marco Polo, or Captain Cook, has to be either a peripatetic scientist, or an instrument in the hands of men of science. The Challenger expedition furnishes us with a characteristic instance of the scope and direction of a modern voyage of discovery,—the *terræ incognitæ* to be discovered pertaining now-a-days to the realms of nature rather than to the undiscovered lands of the earth. The expedition in question was sent out by the British Government (at the instance of the Council of the Royal Society), with a view to extending our knowledge of the configuration and soundings of the sea, the shape and character of its bed, the nature of the creatures and plants that haunt its depths, the force and set of its currents, the figure and dimensions of the great ocean basins, and the temperature of the water at various depths.

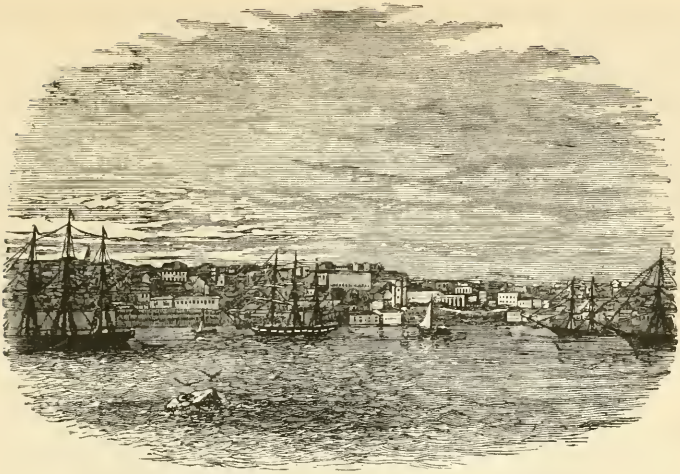
Until 1868, nothing like a systematic examination of the ocean's bed had been undertaken in connection with natural history and physical geography. In that year the Royal Society succeeded in getting H.M. S. Lightning placed at their disposal for some six weeks ; and, though for so brief a period, the results were such as to give great encouragement for further investigation. In the following year the Council of the Royal Society succeeded in securing H.M.S. Porcupine, which was fitted out for a more extended exploration of the deep sea. The first cruise was between the latitudes of Cape Clear and Galway, on the west coast of Ireland, where a series of soundings and dredgings were effected in 1500 fathoms, which was more than double that of the previous year. The second part of the cruise extended to the south and west coast of Ireland, where a depth of 2,400 fathoms was reached with successful results ; and the third part extended over some portion of the survey of the previous year—between the coast of Scotland and the Faröe Islands. Taking into account the time occupied and the extent of the investigations, the cruise of the Porcupine was considered to have done more to advance our knowledge of the physical condition of the ocean than any former expedition that had ever left England. In 1870, the Porcupine was again engaged in the service of the Council of the Royal Society, and proceeded at first in a south-westerly direction towards the furthest point to which the survey extended one year before, and afterwards to the coast of Portugal, and to Gibraltar, where a vast quantity of interesting and important data was obtained.

The scientific and practical importance of the fact revealed by these short and imperfect investigations was such as to render their continuance a matter of the greatest importance ; so the Council of the Royal Society brought before the Government a project for extended investigation, which was eventually approved of. The result was, that H.M.S. Challenger, under the command of Captain George S. Nares,

R.N., (who, it will be remembered, was recalled while the expedition was in Chinese waters, in order to take command of the recent Arctic expedition) was fitted out for a three or four years' cruise. All the guns on the main deck (with the exception of two 64-pounders) had been removed so as to obtain the required accommodation. In addition to cabins for the Captain, Commander, and Director of the Scientific Staff, there were spacious compartments for surveying operations and analyzing purposes, a laboratory for the chemist, and a studio for the photographer, all fitted with every appliance which skill and science could suggest. On the upper deck stood an 18-horse double-cylinder engine, with shafting and drums for heaving in the dredging and sounding lines, extending entirely across the ship; and on the afterpart of the deck, besides the usual standard and other compasses, was a Fox dipping-circle, with which to make a daily series of magnetic observations. The instructions given to the expedition were, that throughout the cruise, sounding, dredging, thermometric observation and chemical examination of sea-water should be carried on continuously, with a view to a more perfect knowledge of the physical and biological conditions of the great ocean basins, of the direction and velocity of the great drifts and currents, of the fauna of the deep water, and of the zoology and botany of those portions of the globe which were comparatively unknown. The Scientific Staff was under the direction of Professor Sir Charles Wyville Thompson, F.R.S., and doubtless that distinguished scientist will take an early opportunity of making known the scientific results of the expedition, with a view to their application to the furtherance of physical knowledge.

The mere narrative of the cruise, however, is one of surpassing interest, and has been graphically told by Mr. W. J. J. Spry, R.N., in a volume, the Canadian copyright edition of which is now in the press, and will be published shortly by Messrs. Belford Bros. One of the chief interests connected with the book will be the vast extent traversed in the pursuit of knowledge, which admits of the combination in this narrative of a general outline of the manners and customs of nations and tribes rarely visited, with descriptions of scenery under every condition of temperature, from the Tropics to the Antarctic regions.

After leaving the English Channel the expedition steered south, crossing the Bay of Biscay and coasting Portugal (where the first sounding and dredging operations took place), after which the Challenger anchored off Lisbon. The next point touched at was Gibraltar, and from thence the expedition proceeded, first, to the Canary Islands, and then to St. Thomas, in the West Indies. The next point made was Bermuda, then Halifax, and back again to Bermuda. While the Challenger lay at Halifax, some of our readers will remember that several officers and gentle-



CITY OF LISBON.

men of the expedition took the opportunity of visiting various parts of Canada. Speaking of Bermuda (which is rapidly becoming a favourite winter resort for Canadians), Mr. Spry says:—

"Nature looks beautiful, and the temperature is genial and pleasant. These islands, situated as they are between the parallels of 32° and 33° north latitude, are about equally distant from the West Indies and the coast of North America, consequently the climate is a mean between the

CAMBER AND FLOATING DOCK, BERMUDA.

two, partaking neither of the extreme heat of the one nor the excessive cold of the other.

"The morning (April 5) was lovely, and from the anchorage the view in either direction was very beautiful; look where we would there was a sort of prettiness. The land broken up in little knolls and cays; the sparkling sea running here and there into creeks, bays, and inlets, together with the evergreen foliage of the cedar and oleander, made up a very attractive landscape."

From Bermuda, the expedition again crossed the Atlantic, by a more northerly route than they had come, to the Azores and Canary Islands. The illustration at the beginning of this article represents some natives of Santiago, Cape de Verde Islands. Mr. Spry says, "The population appears to be made up of an intermixture of descendants from Portuguese settlers and negroes from the adjacent coast, who cultivate little patches of land in the valleys, where are produced a few varieties of tropical fruits for the market." The Challenger next proceeded to South America, touching at Bahia, and then eastward again, across the South Atlantic, to the Cape of Good Hope. Our author says:—

"There is scarcely anything remaining to indicate that Cape Town was founded by the Dutch, and were it not for the yellow Malay faces,

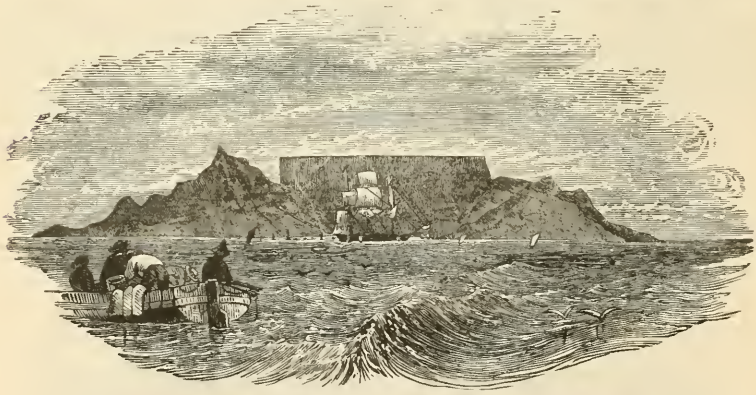


TABLE MOUNTAIN, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

with their gaudy head-covering or umbrella-shaped hats, and the tawny Mestizos, who remind us of the aboriginal inhabitants, and give a complete foreign colouring, one might easily fancy we are in an old English provincial town. Generally speaking, any one arriving here with pre-conceived notions of finding himself amongst Hottentots and Bushmen, or in a state of society differing materially from that of Europe, will soon find that he has been entirely mistaken, for they are only to

be met with after a troublesome long journey into the inhospitable interior."

The Challenger then entered upon a long cruise in the Antarctic seas, afterwards proceeding to Melbourne, Sydney, Wellington (New Zealand), Fiji, the New Hebrides, Queensland and the Molucca Islands. It would be impossible for us, in the short space at our disposal, to give anything like an adequate idea of the scenes visited or the wonders met with. The following description of the reception of the expedition at Dobbo, in the Arru Islands, is a fair specimen of the lighter parts of Mr. Spry's book :

STREET ARCHITECTURE, DOBBO, ARRU ISLANDS.

"Immediately after we anchored, we were visited by the Malay officials in their gay and pretty state dresses, their prahs being decorated with numerous flags, and their approach announced by the sound of the tom-tom, and the shouts of the rowers. Others who came on board afterwards looked and seemed remarkably awkward and out of their element, probably because they felt dressed up for the important occasion ; for every one, it seems, holding a government appointment (under the Dutch), *must* appear in a black suit when paying official visits. It was with the umost difficulty we kept from laughing, when it was expected we should look very solemn at their reception, for some of our visitors appeared in costumes apparently of the last century,—in long-tailed coats which trailed on the ground, for which they had never been measured, or with sleeves so long that the tips of their fingers could scarcely be seen. But their hats were the treat to see, for each

sported a chimney-pot of some distant age, which was, in some cases, three or four sizes too large for the wearer, and to make a fit a large pad of paper or rag had been introduced. After fulfilling their mission on board, they were glad to hurry away, and could be seen stripping off their official dress on their way to the shore."

Some of the scenes amidst these islands of the Indian Archipelago are of surpassing loveliness. In the vicinity of Manilla, for instance, the

INDIAN VILLAGE ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER PASIG, MANILLA.

scenery of river, road and village is described as exquisitely lovely. Mr. Spry declares that he will not easily forget the country villages, the beautiful tropical vegetation, the banks of the rivers, and the streams adorned with scenery so picturesque and pleasing. Almost every house in these Indian villages has a pretty little garden, with bamboos, plantains and cocoa-nut trees, and some have a greater variety of fruit. Nature has decorated them with spontaneous flowers which hang from the branches or fences, or creep up around the simple dwellings.

The Challenger expedition passed through the Philippine Islands, both when going to and when returning from Hong Kong. Their cruise then took them to New Guinea, Japan, Sandwich Islands, Society Islands, and Chili. In the original programme it was laid down that after leaving Japan, the expedition was to cross the Northern Pacific to Vancouver's Island, British Columbia. For some unexplained reason, this programme was slightly departed from, so that, from Vancouver's Island westward to about longitude 155°, the configuration of the ocean

NATIVES OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

bed remains still to be examined. This circumstance is the more to be regretted, that an ocean telegraph from this continent to Asia would most likely be laid, if laid at all, in the latitude of Vancouver's Island. Japan and the Japanese appear to have made a strong impression upon the members of the expedition. The people are highly civilized, and their country abounds with proof of their general intelligence and good taste. In the rural parts one passes through fragrant avenues of peach, cherry, and plum trees, over arched bridges spanning the bright blue river that flows through the adjacent city, getting here and there glimpses of the exquisite taste displayed in the gardens and cottages along the roadside. No model estates in England can produce structures in any way comparable with those which adorn the suburbs of Yedo. Charming little *châlets*, raising their thatched roofs amid numberless fruit trees and creepers, are usually surrounded by flower-beds, and artificial rockeries, laid out with exquisite taste. Frequently one meets men, children, and beautiful girls looking at once aimable, winning, and full of gentleness, in light and gauzy costumes; their hair tastefully drawn from off their forehead, and fastened with gold or silver pins in graceful knots on the crown. All seem happy, talking, laughing and smiling—their greetings and salutations assailing you wherever you go. It is surely something to look forward to, that with the com-

pletion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Canada will be the nearest of all occidental countries, to this most remarkable of oriental peoples.

From Valparaiso, the capital of Chili, the Challenger proceeded through the Straits of Magellan (after touching at the island of Juan Fernandez), to the Falkland Islands, and then to Monte Video. The expedition

THE CITY OF MONTE VIDEO, LOOKING TOWARDS THE HARBOUR.

then traversed the Atlantic ocean from south to north, and after touching at Vigo Bay, arrived safely at Portland on the anniversary of Her Majesty's birthday—an auspicious omen, surely, in the eyes of Jack Tar. In the words of Mr. Spry, "it is impossible at present to estimate the vast amount of information that will result from this the greatest scientific expedition that ever sailed from any shore."

W. B.

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XI.—(*Continued.*)

"No, I thank you, it is gone now. Yes, as you were saying, I am fortunate in being my own mistress, in having no tie that would bind me in this matter."

"Unless it were a loving one, Ella," resumed the invalid, thoughtfully. "I would you had a mother—not like me, useless, and a burthen———"

"Mamma!" cried Gracie, in painful accents.

"Forgive me, darling, I know I am no burthen in your eyes; what I wished for Ella was that she had a mother, fond as I—for I will boast so far—but wise as well as tender, to give advice as even she would take it."

"Am I so very self-willed, then?" inquired Ella gravely.

"Oh, I didn't mean that, dear," exclaimed her hostess, the colour mounting to her worn and weary face.

"Yes, you did; only you did not mean to say it; and it's true, 'temper' is a failing with us," she went on more gaily. "Uncle Gerard is a perfect mule, as I once told him. 'Aye, a mule indeed,' he said, 'to bear the things you put on me,' and indeed on that occasion there were faults on both sides."

"This little cross of 'temper' comes from your uncle's side of the house, then, does it?" inquired the invalid. She had taken up her knitting since she last spoke, and when one knits, one's thought for others suffers; the mind grows half unconscious of what is passing, if it does not leap back to what is past. Otherwise this good lady could certainly not have referred, however indirectly, to Ella's family. All they knew of it—and all, as they were well aware, she wished them to know—was that her mother was dead. It was upon this dead mother that Mrs. Ray had inadvertently, and by implication, made reflection.

"Yes," said Ella, in harsh and grating tones, "my temper comes to me that way."

"Oh, Ella, I can see you are offended," cried Gracie, alarmed by her friend's frigid look even more than by her tone. "Mamma is the last person to give offence designedly———"

"Offence!" interrupted the invalid, dropping her work and wringing

her hands, as usual with her when greatly moved : "What have I said? What have I done?"

"It is nothing," said Ella, forcing a laugh, and rising from her chair; "nothing, at least, that is inexpiable. But if you are really racked by remorse, I will impose a penance."

"I am very, very, sorry, dear Ella; our friends are not so many—Heaven help us!—that we can afford to offend them."

"My dear Mrs. Ray, you can make it up to me if you please."

"Make it up to you! If there is anything—anything that lies in my poor power, Ella———"

"Well, then, there is. I have often offered to walk by your bath chair, and you have refused to let me."

"But that is so wearisome for you," pleaded the invalid, "and so—so unbecoming in a young lady of your position."

"Oh, never mind my dignity," laughed Ella; "let me only have my whim and my way. When you and Gracie go out as usual for your constitutional on Sunday, let me make one of the party."

"By all means, if you really wish it, dear Ella; but I am sure my husband, rather than that should happen, would drive us out in a fly."

"Good gracious! I don't want your husband, nor yet his fly," exclaimed Ella impatiently; "I want the chair, and you and Gracie. I shall see you in the meanwhile, no doubt, but, remember, whatever happens, that is settled. And now, my dear friends, good-bye, for it is getting near dinner-time, and if the colonel has to wait, his language is such as should not be repeated—and he does repeat it."

"What on earth was it I said, Gracie, that put out poor Ella so?" inquired the invalid, nervously, so soon as their visitor had left them.

"I don't quite know what it was, dear mamma. You alluded, in some way, however, to Ella's family, which is a pity, because we know how she dislikes it. There is some mystery—at all events some unpleasantness—about her parentage, no doubt."

"But why should she want to walk by my wheel-chair?"

"Well, that's another mystery," said Gracie laughing, and smoothing her mother's hair—which somehow always soothed her; "but we shall know the secret of that on Sunday.

CHAPTER XII.

THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN'S VIEW OF IT.

It was strange, considering that Ella had expressed herself so forgivingly with respect to Mrs. Ray's mal-apropos allusion, that she should not

again have presented herself at Officers' Quarters, letter Z, from the date of that occurrence until the Sunday following; but so it was.

To some minds, so long an absence, contrasted with the usual frequency of her visits, might also have suggested rancour, or at all events that she wished to mark it by her extreme displeasure, and put out of all possibility any recurrence of what had so much annoyed her. But Mrs. Ray and Gracie were too modest and unselfconscious—Ella herself well said of them that they were at once both "gentle and simple"—to attach such importance to any word of theirs, and thought it the most natural thing in the world that their prosperous young friend should have engagements of a more attractive nature to take her elsewhere. This was not, however, the case. Ella kept a good deal within doors during the period in question, and, so far from mixing with society, passed her time chiefly in writing letters and reading them. Only those she read she did not write. A very little time sufficed her to dash off the communications she sent away; whereas those she received, which by comparison with her own were brief enough, she pondered over long and lovingly, and when interrupted, would hurriedly thrust into her bosom. When you fall in love at first sight, a week (that is if you don't fall out of it again by that time) makes a deal of difference in the way of ripening; it is like very warm weather in the month of May, which brings on everything very quickly, though not always to maturity.

Young ladies nowadays do not, I notice, fall in love; they appear to be all furnished, like the railway trains, with brakes (only these act and the railway ones don't always) to stop themselves at any point of the incline; they know all the danger of it, and the futility, and (some people think) even more about it than they ought to know; and no sooner does the danger signal flash forth (from the eyes of mamma) than they stop themselves instantaneously, and even proceed to retrace their steps.

Ella belonged to an earlier generation, to whom expeditions to Gretna Green had hardly yet become things of the past. Her affections were strong, her impulses even stronger; the flame of her suddenly kindled admiration burnt like that of a petroleum-well, and it was no one's duty to quench it.

The colonel saw how the case stood quite plainly; and remarked to himself that the girl had got the bit between her teeth, and would run till she found ploughed land, or a clayey soil, and devoutly hoped she would come upon such obstacles; but he uttered no word of remonstrance. He contented himself with making inquiries, "in case the worst should come to the worst" (so he designated the possible union of these two fresh young hearts), into the position and prospects of Mr. Cecil Landon, and found them eminently satisfactory.

His father was something in the city—the colonel called him a "hunks," but that was his generic term for any elderly person engaged in commercial pursuits—and was very much "respected," a word applied to no class of persons while alive, except to city magnates, but reserved for most of us when we have departed this life. There was no doubt in the colonel's mind, but that the old "hunks" would "jump" at the notion of his son's alliance with the house of Juxon. If any slip between the cup and the lip was to be hoped for, it must occur between the young people themselves; and it was certainly fortunate that they could not meet one another. He did not himself believe in love-making by pen and ink, his own epistolary efforts in that way having been framed with considerable caution, and an eye to possible actions for breach of promise.

"Woman, lovely woman, I adore her," he would confess in moments of candour and whiskey-toddy, to the commissary; "but as to committing matrimony, the idea never entered my brain. Many a soldier who fears fire and steel not a wit, cannot stand shell; and the idea of a wife is my shell. Whiz—woo!" and he imitated the bursting of that projectile, and shrugged his shoulders.

"It all depends," said the commissary.

In blissful ignorance of these terrible views, Ella went her own road as was her wont, and felt it could have but one ending. She did not even need Mr. Landon's corroboration of her view upon that subject, though in truth he did corroborate it by implication. She met him. as the phrase goes, half-way—nay, it must be confessed, three-quarters—but then he came the rest of the distance very readily. If she was flame, he was tow or touchwood, which burn, we know, with great brilliancy, though from the brevity of their incandescence they are little adapted for domestic use.

He did not put her letters into his bosom; he generally tossed them over to Darall, who at first declined to read them; but on being assured that there was nothing private in them—"nothing catching," was Landon's phrase, "that you haven't got yourself"—and also that there was something about Gracie, which was generally the case, consented.

"You should be a happy man," sighed he, "to be beloved like that."

"Ya-as," said Landon, slowly expelling the smoke from his short pipe. These confidences took place chiefly in one of the back-yards for the convenience of unmolested smoking, which was at that time contrary to orders. Then, seeing his friend grow grave, he added, laughing, and in his natural tone, "No, Darall, I don't pretend to be indifferent to all this incense; a puppy of that sort would not deserve to be loved at all—would deserve only to be kicked."

"So I was thinking," observed Darall, drily.

"But it is astonishing how one gets to take these things as a matter of course."

"Does one?"

"Well, yes; this is the third note Ella has written—she sends one a day—and it does not affect me, though it's ever so much stronger—half so much as the first. In that respect it is like domestic medicine."

"It is plain that this girl loves you, Landon," said the other, slowly folding up the letter; "but I am not so sure, from the symptoms you describe, that—that—"

"That the feeling is reciprocated, you would say. Oh, but it is, by jingo! Love her? Why, of course, I love her! Who could help loving her? She is beautiful, and clever and rich, and very fond of me. What the deuce would you have?"

"Oh, as for me, I should not venture to hope for half as much," said Darall, still gravely.

"Well, and then she's no belongings; one has not to marry a whole family, as so often happens, There will be no mother-in-law, which is itself a great stroke of luck, and no father-in-law, though that doesn't so much signify."

"That's true," said Darall, who had not yet seen the commissary. "Miss Mayne has been very confidential, my dear fellow, to tell you all these particulars."

"Well, she has not gone into details, which I am glad to say she seems, like me, to have no fancy for; but she says that she is absolutely her own mistress, with none but her uncle to be consulted; and then she playfully added that he is the last person in the world she would dream of consulting."

"Then you mean to say that you are already thinking seriously of marriage; you, who are not even of age yet."

"That's no matter, the point is that the young lady is of age," observed Landon. "I hate a fellow that marries for money, but it is pleasant to find it where you have already invested your affections—not only the nest, as it were, but the nest-egg. If it was not so, the governor might forbid the banns, and make himself very unpleasant. He hates my shirking the high desk, and I have heard him express himself strongly against early marriages. A man does not know his own mind, according to him, until it is almost time for him to lose it."

"I sincerely hope you will have your father's consent before you marry," said Darall gravely; "at least I know if my mother was averse to my doing so—didn't like my choice, for instance, or anything of that sort—that it would make me very miserable."

"My dear Darall, you are very easily made miserable," rejoined his friend, rattling the silver with which his pockets were generally well

provided. "You should not suffer the feelings of others to affect you so much; they are to be respected, and so forth, of course. But when people cannot be persuaded into one's own view of a projected step, my notion is to give up persuading, and to take it. Then the argument is at once removed to another plane. Opposition is not to be grappled with like a nettle and crushed; this is a free country; let every one keep their opinion; but take your own way."

"That sounds pleasant enough;" said Darall, smiling.

"And it is pleasant, my dear fellow. The same system is to be employed with disagreeable people. Do not ruffle them by your companionship; do not rub them the wrong way, as you must do if you rub together at all, and make them hate you; but simply avoid them. If I had a disagreeable father—which I have not; the governor and I get on capitally except on points where we agree to differ—or an objectionable mother, or an unpleasant wife, I should simply go my own way, and let them go theirs. The loss would then be on the right side."

"But my good friend, a man can't avoid his wife; that is one of the reasons why marriage is such an important step. You have seen two pointers of different opinions coupled together, and what happens."

"Well, the stronger always goes where he likes, and the other follows—though it is true rather unwillingly. But if you are thinking of Ella, who would wish to do anything to displease her? Is it likely that any man should be attracted elsewhere from her?"

"Indeed, I should think not," said Darall; "and especially when he has won her love as you seem to have done. Only as yet, you see, you have not known one another a whole week."

"In that week, my dear fellow," returned Landon, comically, "as the novelists say, we have lived a lifetime. Our future is cut and dried for us. I am not to be expelled, it seems, and her income, combined with the governor's allowance, will enable us to live in clover; it is not the case of a married sub, who has to live in barracks, with only a curtain to divide his sitting-room from his bed-room."

"But will your father make you an allowance if your marriage displeases him, as your choice of a profession has already done?"

"Well, in that event, Ella has enough for two."

"But you wouldn't like to live on your wife's money?"

"Well, a great many better men than I are quite content to do that, and think themselves very lucky. However, I hope matters will be better arranged, though I am bound to say the governor is just now a little ruffled. Sir Hercules wrote rather seriously about me. 'Your son has disgraced himself,' he said, 'but it has been decided to give him one more chance.' Now my father would in reality have been better pleased if the chance had not been given me. 'You are now about to

persevere,' he writes, 'in a calling of which I do not approve, and for which you, at the outset, have proved yourself unfitted; for my part, I am not surprised that one who has been so disobedient as a son should have shown contempt for military authority.' That was rather strong for the governor. Now your mother—excellent woman—seems to have taken a much more sensible view of the matter, though it is true Sir Hercules in your case abstained from using such bad language."

"If he had said 'disgraced,' my mother would not have believed him," said Darall, proudly.

"Of course not, that is where women are so wise; they never believe anything they don't want to believe. And that is not only judicious so far as they are concerned, but fortunate for us men."

"I am bound to say," continued Darall, earnestly, and without taking notice of this philosophical observation, "that the letter Sir Hercules sent home was a very considerate one; and I have little doubt that I am indebted for his forbearance—at all events to some extent—to the good offices of Colonel Juxon; in other words, to you, Landon."

"Say rather to Ella, my dear fellow," returned the other gaily. "'Your friends, Cecil, will be always my friends,' she writes, which was really very pretty of her; and, you see, she has already proved her words; you may be sure I do not love her the less on that account."

Darall held out his hand, which the other clasped. "You are a good fellow," said Darall, simply; but his thought was something more. "There is no wonder that any girl should fall in love with this man, who has such a gracious way with him, even with me. 'Look and die,' may have been old Juxon's name in his younger days; but here is 'Look and listen,' too. He will surely make her happy."

Friendship was one of the few sentiments in favour at the Royal Military Academy, though in Darall's case it was not wholly unmixed with envy; he envied Landon his manners; Landon, on the other hand—though, as we know, he acknowledged its goodness—did not envy Darall his heart, being tolerably well satisfied with his own. It was a notable feature in his character, and certainly added to its charm, that he was jealous of nobody.

Circulars, as we have hinted, had been already issued by the authorities concerning the cadets and their late transgression; Senior-under-officer Bex, and one or two "corporals" had received their congés, while the rest were to have their leave stopped for the remainder of the term, and to be "severely reprimanded;" this last operation (which most naval and military persons, especially cadets, are found to survive) had not yet taken place, and the whole corps were still under arrest until it did.

Consequently, church-parade, which necessitated the marching down

to barracks, and so far a temporary enfranchisement, was looked forward to with an unwonted satisfaction. Never before had they donned shako and plume—the latter in "hours of ease" often used as a shaving brush—with such hilarity. All the garrison knew, of course, that the cadet company was in disgrace, but if remorse gnawed their young breasts, they hid it, as the Spartan did the fox, beneath a sunny smile. In church they were always merry; and when they came out of it, and were marching home with that even step—the one hundred and eighty all moving like one—for which they were so justly celebrated, you would never have supposed they were returning to a prison. On their way thither, this martial throng encountered a certain civil procession consisting of an invalid lady in a bath chair, propelled by a shambling ancient (the commissary got him threepence an hour cheaper because of his weak legs), and attended by two young ladies of surpassing loveliness. The whole affair, made up as it was of such curious elements—youth and age, health and decrepitude, beauty and Jennings (which was the name of the ancient)—had quite an allegorical effect.

"By jingo!" cried Landon, to Darall, who was marching before him, "Eyes right, man there's ———."

CHAPTER XIII.

"POOR ELLA."

A SALUTATION was out of question, but in default of it, Darall hung out his usual red flag. "You blush like a blonde," a cadet friend had once said to him, for which Darall, who was sensitive on some points, had knocked him down. The next moment he received permission, demanded on his behalf by Landon, from the senior under-officer (vice Bex departed), to "fall out," and converse with friends "upon urgent private affairs."

"My dear Ella, this is most charming and unexpected," said Landon, rapturously, notwithstanding that the cadet company had not yet dragged its caterpillar length beyond them, and was concentrating its gaze upon his beloved object and her friend, as directly as the discipline of the Service permitted.

"Not unexpected, I should think, sir," returned she, reprovingly, "since you told me you should be in prison 'except when you marched to church on Sunday.' Well, I think Mr. Darall might have spoken to me."

"Oh, Darall's all right," said Landon, in a tone that seemed to say: "Time's precious, think of me;" and then his voice dropped to a whisper.

Darall could certainly not be accused of impoliteness, yet for the moment he had lost his head—"couldn't have been more abroad, old fellow, if you had been on foreign service," Landon subsequently said. The sight of Gracie, followed by the sound of her voice, the touch of her hand, had utterly taken away his presence of mind. He had resolved never to see her again, but his eyes had hungered for her, and now that she was set before them, they devoured her.

Shy as Gracie was, she was more equal to an occasion of the kind than this young gentleman (as was only natural), and she at once introduced him to her mother.

"This is Mr. Darall, mamma, who was so good as to help Ella and me —so—so——"

"So gallantly," said the invalid, with a smile that had once been charming and was still gracious. "I am very glad to have the opportunity of thanking you, Mr. Darall, for your kindness to my daughter."

Landon here came up, and was formally presented to Mrs. Ray, and after some pretty speeches on all sides, drifted back to Ella, while the other two young folks walked on with the arm-chair and its occupant. The company proved so agreeable to one another—notwithstanding that the talk was neither wise nor witty—that the far-off barrack clock, striking three strokes instead of two (as was expected), was the first incident to remind them of the flight of time.

"Good gracious!" cried the invalid, "your father will be wondering what has become of you, Gracie"—she did not even pretend to others that he would wonder what had become of her—"and only think how tired poor Jennings must be with pushing my chair!"

"He has not been pushing it this half-hour," said Gracie, laughing; "he is sitting yonder with his pipe, and Mr. Darall has been doing his work for him."

"He looked so tired, and so doubtful of his legs, that I took the liberty," observed Darall, smiling.

"Oh! dear, dear; to think that it was you who have been pushing my chair all this time! I thought it seemed to be going very nicely. It is certain you must be very good-natured, Mr. Darall, and not proud."

"Nay, but I am proud, Mrs. Ray, to have been able to be of the smallest use to you."

It was not a very good *mot*, but it showed that the young gentleman had recovered himself. As usual he had found himself at home with his new friends just as it was time to part with them. The conversation upon urgent private affairs had lasted quite as long as was, under the circumstances, permissible.

"I wish," said Mrs. Ray, in hesitating tones, "that we were in a position to invite you to our house, Mr. Darall; but the fact is I am

such an invalid and my husband has such pressing duties, that we see no company."

"I hope I should not be 'company,'" said Darall softly as he took Gracie's hand. Perhaps it was because he had such a very meagre chance of obtaining it permanently, that he now held it as long as he could. ("I thought you had taken a lease of it, old fellow," said Landon afterwards.)

"We would make no stranger of you, certainly," returned Gracie, warmly; "but the fact is, papa is rather peculiar, and except a few old friends——"

"I understand," said Darall gravely, as indeed by a certain intuition he did. "Then I must trust to the chapter of accidents—or rather of fortunate events—to see you again,"

Whereupon it may be gathered that if Mr. Darall had not volunteered for this forlorn hope (as he so well knew it to be), yet being in it, he had pushed on with considerable vigour, and behaved—very literally—with gallantry.

"Well Gracie, you must not throw any more stones at me about short attachments," whispered Ella slily, as the two girls were once more behind Mrs Ray's chair, "for you and Mr. Darall have taken a glass house yourselves."

"No, dear Ella, such houses are too dear, because of the window tax," smiled Gracie sadly, "for such poor folks as we are. Of course, if we could —— But what's the use of wishing, when nothing can come of it. Ours is not even one of those melancholy cases in which the wise say 'Wait,' and 'Patience.' All the waiting in the world would not avail us."

"Of course not. Waiting never did," answered Ella, quite gravely, as though she had tried it; "but there may be other ways."

"What others?"

"I have thought of one at least."

And when the little party had arrived within doors, and the invalid had been carried up-stairs by Jennings and the commissary's man—who fortunately was in the department of the service used to burthens, Ella, with some diplomatic introduction, unfolded her plan.

"Well, my dear Mrs. Ray, and how did you like Cecil?"

"Cecil? Oh, I forgot. You mean Mr. Landon, of course—a very handsome, gentleman-like young man, I'm sure. Otherwise I could not judge, because he did not give me very much of his society, being otherwise—well—wrapped up."

"You might have said 'engaged' without indiscretion," said Ella laughing, "for we are engaged."

"Lor' my dear; what, to-day, on the common?"

"Why not? I told you it was about to happen," answered Ella, rather petulantly. "The common was as good a place as anywhere, I suppose; or must that kind of thing always take place in an arbour, with spiders and things?"

"Oh dear no," said the poor lady apologetically, "not necessarily an arbour, and certainly not spiders; only I had no idea."

"The fact is, my dear Mrs. Ray," said Ella, laughing, "you were so 'wrapped up' as you call it, with another young man, yourself, that you had neither eyes nor ears for anybody else. I almost think it my duty to tell the commissary."

"Oh, pray don't," returned the invalid gravely; the commissary was much too serious a subject to be spoken of in connection with a joke. "I must say, however, I was delighted with Mr. Darall. It is not every young gentleman who would have pushed an old woman's chair for her—and on the common too."

"The common appears to be a crucial test with you, dear mother," said Gracie, turning to her young friend; "she has fallen in love with Mr. Darall upon it, it seems, herself."

"I do think him a very kind-hearted and good young man," said the invalid warmly.

"Then at least you do not wonder if Gracie has fallen in love with him?"

"Yes, I should wonder, Ella, because she has too much good sense," returned Mrs. Ray simply. "If she was free to choose, as you are, I don't say but that it would be welcome news to me to hear that she had chosen so well as Mr. Darall—supposing, that is, he should turn out, upon inquiry, to be as good as he seems. That beggars must not be choosers, however, is a proverb that holds good with beggar girls especially."

There was a tone of bitterness for once in the poor lady's speech very alien to her disposition, and which Ella rightly judged to have been evoked by the particular occasion; that Hugh Darall would never be anything more to her than a friend—and even so without the opportunities of friendship—was no doubt a source of sorrow to the poor lady. She had not been used to have civilities paid her by young men for many a year, and far less any tender attention.

"But if it could be done—if the young gentleman, on inquiry, should prove eligible," persisted Ella, "and Gracie should be induced to get over her present prejudice against him——"

"Oh Ella!" remonstrated Gracie.

"Well, my notion is there must be a prejudice, or else you could never be so cool about it; if I was in your place, even if I couldn't marry Mr. Darall, I should say at once I wish I could. However, I am

addressing myself to your mother. I was about to ask you, dear Mrs. Ray, not from mere curiosity, you may be sure, whether you would really like this young man for a son-in-law—whether his presence here would not be like a sunbeam—his love and care for Gracie a sight to warm your heart?"

"God bless her, yes," sighed the poor lady; "if such a thing might be, though it took her away from her old mother, I would be thankful to see it." Yet the tears stood in her eyes the while she spoke; the blankness of her remaining span of life, left as it were to perish by inches without her darling, having suddenly presented itself to her view.

"Oh! but Mr. Darall will 'get the Sappers,'* Cecil tells me, and they, you know, have lots of home appointments, and can live almost where they please."

This was rather a sunny view of an engineer's career, but the fact was, Ella had forgotten that Darall's profession must needs prevent him from being an inmate at officer's quarters, letter Z, and that whither he went Gracie would also go.

"But even if he got the Sappers, Ella, he would never be able to keep a wife."

"Well, not at first perhaps, without some help; and that's what I am coming to, dear Mrs. Ray. Look here now; don't let us misunderstand one another; don't let us give ourselves airs, and be proud and disagreeable; don't let us be carried away with the notion of what the world will think, or say in the matter—for the world need never know, to begin with, and its opinion, if it did know, would be not worth having; but let us be sensible, and listen to love and reason. If your daughter is not rich, Mrs. Ray, I who claim to be her dearest friend have got enough for two. Singularly enough, too, Cecil, who is Mr. Darall's dearest friend, has got enough for two also; but as matters are not yet settled with his father, I will leave him out of the calculation; only you may be sure that whatever I may propose will have his cordial approval. Now what I do propose is that I should be dear Gracie's fairy godmother for a year or two, till Mr. Darall becomes a major or something—and make her an allowance of say two hundred pounds a year, to be a little increased if there are any young major-minors. Now don't interrupt me, and especially don't contradict me, because that tries my temper, and my temper is not good. When the major becomes a major-general, or even before that, if he has been lucky as to 'loot' and prize money, Gracie might begin to pay me off, and eventually get rid of the obligation. Only, of course it will never be an obligation between us two.

* The phrase for commissions in the Engineers, which are given to those who come out of the Royal Military Academy at the head of the list; the others go into the Artillery.

Delicacy about money between true friends is simply disgraceful, and discreditable. I suppose if I had a large umbrella, and you had none, and it rained, you would have no scruples about sharing it; and in this case I am only offering you a very small portion of my umbrella."

Here Ella came to a pause, being out of breath from having spoken very rapidly to prevent either of her companions striking in, as they had shown some disposition to do.

"It is very very kind of you," began Mrs. Ray, "but——"

"Now I know you are going to try my temper," interrupted Ella. "It has been tried, I do assure you, as often as guns are proved in the dockyard, and has been very much weakened by the experiments. It will bear nothing more at all, but simply burst or blow up. If you only knew how very much I dislike contradiction and opposition of any kind. My dear Mrs. Ray, you are shedding tears, which I am very glad to see; it is the white flag that shows the fortress has capitulated. You are going to be wiser and dearer to me than ever."

And indeed it is possible that, for a brief space, the invalid had allowed herself a glimpse of happiness such as was rare to her, except in dreams. She beheld, maybe, her daughter the wife of a man she loved, and not a mere purchased commodity: she felt the touch of a tender hand—the same that had pushed her bath-chair so deftly—and heard a gentle but manly voice calling her "mother."

"Ella," said Gracie firmly, "you should not tempt mamma, through her great love for me, even to think of such a proposal. I will add, though the confession is most painful to me, that your offer—generous and noble as it is—is a positive cruelty to me. First, because it holds out a happiness that is impossible of attainment; and secondly, because it credits me—and someone else—with a want of self respect. What do you think Mr. Darall—nay what do you think Mr. Landon—would reply if you were to say to him, 'If you really care to marry me, Gracie has offered to maintain us'?"

"That is not a wise way of putting it, Gracie," answered Ella. The flush of generous impulse had faded from her cheek, and her voice had lost its fervour.

"I see I have offended you, darling," said Gracie sadly, "when Heaven knows my heart is full of gratitude and love towards you. If I could only tell you all I feel——"

"It is unnecessary," said Ella coldly. "The obstinacy of false pride, and the exaggerated value commonplace natures set on a few pounds sterling, are quite familiar to me."

"Ella, Ella!" exclaimed the invalid in agitated tones, "come here, darling, and let me speak with you; lean down and listen. You are right," she whispered, "because you have spoken out of a great, gener-

ous heart, but Gracie is right also. She has not answered you thus upon her own account, nor yet on mine. I think if we two were alone concerned she would have no scruples; indeed we have shown that. But, Ella dear, she loves him—that is what wrings my heart—I see she loves him; and, loving him, she cannot bear to think of him consenting or being asked to consent to what he might think—though I should not, nor she—humiliating conditions. It was not pride that made her so resentful, but love; and therefore you, of all women, dear Ella, must needs pardon her."

"I am a fool!" cried Ella, passionately, "and worse than a fool; I believe I was angry because Gracie said 'Suppose it was Mr Landon?' and put my case in place of hers. Am I better than she because I am richer? Heaven knows that I am not. It was a baseness——"

"No, darling, no," interrupted her friend, embracing her; "it was only that you liked no one to be compared with Mr. Landon, which was very natural."

"I say it was a baseness," repeated Ella, vehemently, "and I ask your pardon. Gracie dear, forgive me."

"I have nothing to forgive in you, dear Ella; and only a world of kindness to forget."

"Then keep your forgiveness for another time, darling; I shall need it yet. When I say hard things, you will make allowance, remember what we read together the other day in Shakespeare:

> 'Have you not love enough to bear with me,
> When that rash humour which my mother gave me makes me forgetful?'"

With a wave of her quick hand for farewell, she was gone. Mother and daughter looked at one another in hushed amaze.

"What a fiery nature, and yet what tenderness!" exclaimed Gracie.

"So much the worse for her," rejoined the invalid sadly. "To wound, and then to feel the wound, will be her fate. The fault comes from the mother's side, it seems! Poor Ella!"

CHAPTER XIV.

AN "ESTEEMED FAVOUR."

It was some weeks after the battle of Charlton Fair, the incidents of which, however, were by no means forgotten, that Cecil Landon found himself, not for the first time, sitting alone with Ella in the little drawing-room of Hawthorne Lodge.

The leave of the gentlemen cadets as respected the metropolis, was still stopped, but they were permitted to visit their friends in the vicinity of the Academy, and of this privilege Mr. Landon had taken the fullest

advantage. If he was not exactly an honoured guest at the Lodge, neither was he there upon sufferance. The colonel had been informed by Ella that the marriage was to be, and he had acquiesced, though with a shrug of his lean shoulders; and having gone thus far, it had been necessary to go farther and give the young gentleman the run of the house ("and of his teeth too, ocnfound him," added the colonel). The sun there fore shone on one side of the hedge, that is on Ella's, brightly enough, as concerned the future prospects of the young pair; but upon Cecil's side, the sky was cloudy—the course of true love did not run, in that direction, quite so smooth. The governor, that is to say, not Sir Hercules (who didn't care if he married ten wives, provided he didn't bring them into barracks), but his paternal parent, objected to the match with unlooked for pertinacity.

"It is plain, my dear Ella," said the colonel, "that this old hunks, who has the atrocious taste not to wish you to be his daughter-in-law, has a pig's head. He is a man to stick to his point: he is standing right in your road with his four legs planted like a beast that has been too heavily laden. I have seen 'em at it in Spain. It is astounding to me that you should consider it consistent with your dignity to endeavour to move the animal."

"I would do anything, Uncle Gerard, short of giving up dear Cecil, to prevent his quarrelling with his father."

There was a certain significance as well as determination in this reply, which the colonel thoroughly understood and resented.

"You will take your own way, of course," answered he bitterly; "you would not be yourself if you didn't."

"I shall take my own way this time, uncle, because I am quite sure it is the right way."

"Which means that you have found out quite a new reason for doing as you please," snapped out the colonel.

"You have almost made an epigram, Uncle Gerard," was Ella's quiet reply," and with a little cultivation——" But the colonel had cut her short by leaving the room, and banging the door.

Ella had persuaded Cecil to write a propitiatory reply to his father's very unpromising epistle, and that morning had brought a second later from the City.

"Well, dear, it is 'veto,' I see," said Ella cheerfully, after that salutation of lips and cheek which will outlast all forms and ceremonies.

"Yes, indeed: it is very much 'veto.' He has received, he says, my 'esteemed favour,' yet has only to refer me to his 'communication of the 14th ult.'"

"What a funny old gentleman he must be!" cried Ella, clapping her hands and laughing.

"Well, I call it gibberish," said Cecil gloomily, "and upon my word Ella, I don't see the fun of it. If he won't make me any allowance——'

"We must make some for him," interrupted Ella, brightly. "You can't expect 'parties' in the city, who are 'warm' from other causes, to sympathise with the ardour of love. You and your father evidently don't understand one another. You want some unprejudiced person—like myself—to place this matter before him in its proper light."

"You don't know the governor," observed Cecil simply.

"At present, it is true, I have not that honour, except by letter—addressed to a third person; but I intend to know him; and his letters charm me. Now, let me look at his '14th ult.' There's a military curtness about that, by-the-by, which should please Uncle Gerard: 'Of this young lady' (that's me), he writes, 'I know nothing, but am willing to believe all you say.' (Well, I call that very nice of him.) 'Her family may very likely have the bluest blood in all England; though I should not put that down as an advantage: it appears to me that health must have been sacrificed—for some generations—in the attainment of the colour.'"

Ella leant back in her chair, and sent forth peal after peal of silver laughter. Cecil sat with a frown on his brow, and stroking the down on his upper lip, which was within a very few years of becoming moustaches. "It is surprising to me that you don't see the fun of that," said she. "'This is a subject, my dear boy, upon which I am in a position to offer an opinion.' Why what does he mean by that? You never read that out to me, Cecil; why should this dear old gentleman be a judge of colour?"

"Well, the fact is," stammered Landon, "it's in a very large wholesale way, and of course it's nothing to be ashamed of—but my father is a dyer."

Here Ella gave quite a little scream of delight, and the tears fairly rolled down her beautiful cheeks in her exuberant mirth. "The idea of you not having told me that, Cecil."

"I didn't think it of any importance; at least I hoped it would be none."

"It is of the utmost importance—to the joke, my dear. And I wouldn't have him anything but a dyer for worlds. 'It is no doubt a matter of congratulation to herself that this young woman has money; but you, with your fine views of honour and chivalry, would scarcely marry her, I suppose, if you had none; and you will not have a penny, if you do marry her.' I like his straightforward way of putting the matter."

"I don't," said Cecil decisively.

"There you are wrong, my darling, for it shows your father has com-

mon sense, and will listen to reason. 'I object, as you know, to the military profession, and Miss Mayne's connections would be very distasteful to me.' There again, dear Cecil, your father shows his sense: his fine intuition, you see, has already pictured to him Uncle Gerard."

"Upon my word, Ella, you seem to me to have taken up the cudgels for my father against ourselves."

"Not at all, my darling, but I am trying to put myself in his place: and in the mean time, I own, I'm rapidly falling in love with him. 'I will take your word for it that she is "the most beautiful girl that the sun ever shone upon.' Oh dear!"

"So you are," said Cecil, tenderly. Here was a little interval—what the playwrights call "a carpenter's scene"—uninteresting to spectators, and only indirectly tending to the development of the plot, but very conscientiously enacted.

"'Her beauty, however, is nothing to me,'" continued Ella, "'nor her youth neither.' Well, I'm sure—or rather I'm not sure; for, you know, he hasn't seen me. 'She may be as young as she pleases.' Well, that again is considerate, and I hope you will always allow me the same privilege, my darling; 'but it is your being so young on which I base my objection; you are as yet a mere boy, with your judgment quite unfit for so serious a step as matrimony. It is impossible you can know your own mind, much less that of this young woman. You have a strong will, it is true; indeed, you have always placed it in opposition to your father's wishes—but that does not show judgment, but the want of it. In choosing your profession you have got your own way; in choosing your wife—at all events for some years to come—I will have mine; and you will not marry Miss Mayne, and I will have no more words about it.' He has certainly a very perspicuous style. 'I beg to remain (just as you behave) your affectionate father,

'BART. LANDON.'

"Why he is funny to the last, Cecil. What does he mean by 'Bart.?' You are not concealing from me, I hope, that he is a baronet?"

"Bart. is short—or at all events his short—for Bartholomew. It's the way he always signs his cheques—of which," added Landon, doggedly, "I expect I shall never see another."

"There are worse things than not getting cheques, dear Cecil," said Ella, gravely.

"Um," said Cecil, a little incredulously.

"Oh yes," continued she, with earnestness, "to lose the esteem and affection of him from whom they are naturally due, is worse than to lose money. To know that a great gulf is fixed—no matter whether it is of your own digging or his—between yourself and the author of your being."

"My dear Ella, I don't want to quarrel with the governor; but I honestly tell you I think I could survive a quarrel with him, if I had you to comfort me for the calamity."

"That might not be a lasting comfort, Cecil, while your remorse would last, till, perhaps, the day came when you heard that he was 'dead,' and past all reconciling. Don't let us talk of it, don't let us think of such a misfortune."

Her tone was no longer light, her face no longer radiant; she spoke not only sadly, but with a certain sternness which seemed strange, considering their mutual relation.

"Well, it's no use preaching, Ella, we have made up our minds to marry, have we not?"

"I can answer for myself, dear Cecil," said she, quickly; "but are you quite sure——?"

"Yes, yes!" cried he, interrupting her with a caress; "I will do anything to oblige the governor—anything—except give my darling up."

"You mean that—upon your honour," asked Ella, earnestly.

"Of course I mean it," said Landon, a little stiffly; "I am a man of my word, I hope."

"I know you are in general, darling, but I thought you might make an exception with a young lady," said Ella simply. "Uncle says men often do. Well, I have a plan in my head; I think I see my way. Now, suppose I was to send him my picture?"

"Your picture? You silly puss. He doesn't care for pictures of such as you, nor even for the originals. No, Ella, it is very good of you, who have no governor of your own to appease, to be so solicitous that I should keep in with mine, but it will all be useless. I know him too well not to be sure of that. That letter of his is final. And now I must be off to my duties. They have made me an acting corporal on probation, and I must not be a naughty boy. With good conduct and a little luck I shall join the 'practical class' next term with Darall, and get my commission in six months, and then—then we shall be married, darling."

"That will be nearly ten months in all," sighed Ella; "why I shall be twenty-two!"

"Yes, but I don't mind marrying an old woman;" laughed Landon, "and I doubt whether the Board of Ordnance will annihilate time and space—in the way of my exceptional promotion—to make two lovers happy. Of course I should like to marry you to-morrow, but I am not sure it isn't contrary to the Academy regulations to do such a thing."

"I should certainly not dream of marrying a cadet," said Ella, pouting, "even if the regulations enjoined it."

"The announcement would certainly look funny in the newspaper," continued Landon, comically; "'On the 14th ult.' (as the governor puts it), 'Gentleman Cadet Cecil Landon, to Ella, daughter of the late, &c., &c., &c.' I should think it would upset all your uncle's notions of discipline. The idea seems to shock you yourself, darling. What is the matter?"

"Nothing; only a passing shiver; the air is getting a little cold. Good-bye, darling."

"Good-bye, my precious, and take care of yourself." He closed the window before he left the room to shut out the evening air, but it was not cold that had made Ella shiver. Now she was alone, her face was no longer gay, but grave and pinched; she put her heavy hair back with her hands, and pressed them to her temples, gazing the while before her with that awed yet eager look with which poor mortals are apt to contemplate their future. "I had forgotten the newspapers," she murmured. "I must see to that; it must be kept out of the newspapers."

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE LIFT.

On the morning after her interview with Cecil, Ella called on her friends at Letter Z. They had both altered in appearance, and for the worse, since we met them last, some few weeks ago. A few weeks, a few days even, will make a difference in one in the sad case of Mrs. Ray. She even flattered herself she had advanced half way on her journey. Without that expectation of a good reception which is the source of satisfaction to so many, the toil of travel was so great with her that she yearned for it to be over. The one strand that held her to life was the love of her daughter, and if her remaining in this world would have benefited Gracie, she would have been willing to prolong her stay; but she felt herself to be a burthen, gladly borne indeed, but still a useless weight even to her. Some may think it strange that such a kind, harmless creature should have been so lacking in faith and hope. But there are many things stranger—and even more sad—to those who have the courage to regard them. She had lived and loved in her time, not wisely, nor yet well; she had married, as we know, neither wisely nor well; but since our story is not of her, there is no need here to account for it. Suffice it to say that where she had loved she had found Falsehood, and where she had married, Misery. She was weak and far from wise—except where bitter experience too late had taught her wisdom; and life had gone very, very hard with her from first to last.

There is a comfortable notion among comfortable people that everybody has sooner or later their share of good fortune in the world; if that is so, Mrs. Ray was the exception that proves the rule; and the woman whose fate was to restore the average must have been born under a lucky star. The poor lady had a smile however, for others, still, and welcomed Ella with it as usual.

"You are very early, dear, this morning—though you cannot be too early, you know, in our house."

"I always come to you when I want to be spoilt, dear Mrs. Ray, and I want to be spoilt to-day, very particularly. I have a great favour to ask of you; I want you to lend me Gracie for the whole morning."

"You are very welcome to her, because you always make her happy, my dear Ella."

"But this is a free country," said Gracie, "and I am not going to be disposed of in this summary manner. Mamma is less well than usual to-day, Ella," she whispered hurriedly. "Don't press it."

"It is not any scheme of pleasure I have to propose," said Ella, answering both her companions in one reply. "It is an important matter that concerns only myself. But if to-morrow or the next day will be more convenient——"

"Gracie has no pressing engagements that I know of. One day is very like another to her," said Mrs. Ray, with a little sigh.

"And why should it not be, mamma," replied Gracie, quickly, with that smooth of her mother's hair that had more significance—and conveyed more—than the touch of any mesmerist. "One would think to hear you talk, that I had a raging thirst for excitement."

"You are young, Gracie, and must needs have the tastes of youth, although they are so seldom gratified. Take her away, Ella, by all means; and if you can put a little colour into her cheeks——"

"I am going to take her to the very place for it," said Ella, laughing; "but that must be a secret till she comes back again. Now do as your mother tells you, and go and put on your things, Gracie—your very smartest things—for we are going to London."

"My darling is looking ill, Ella, don't you think so?" inquired the invalid, nervously, when Gracie had left the room.

"She is looking pale and a little thin," said Ella; "but the weather has been very depressing."

"The weather did not affect me when I was her age, dear. Oh, Ella—we have only a moment together—it is so difficult to get you alone, for her affection makes her cling to me like my shadow, and I want to say so much; I am very miserable about her. It was not your fault; you did it all for the best in getting Mr. Darall to meet us on the common;

but Gracie has never been herself since. I fear—I fear that she has lost her heart to him."

"It is in good and honest keeping, at all events," said Ella, quietly. "But this is quite new to me."

"No doubt it is; she would be much annoyed if she knew I had told you. When an attachment is hopeless, no girl likes to speak of it except to her mother."

"You astound me, dear Mrs. Ray. It was so with me, I confess; but that meeting with Mr. Darall once or twice, should, in Gracie's case—who is all propriety—have proved so serious——"

"Nay, but they have not met since then; he has been here, to this house; and had a long talk with Gracie."

"Oh, indeed," smiled Ella. "I like Mr. Darall for that; I confess I had thought him just a little, what one calls in a woman prudish."

"He is one of ten thousand for all goodness," replied Mrs. Ray, with warmth; "it is not necessary to waste words on that point. And our loss—that is, Gracie's loss—is all the greater."

"But is it certain loss? I do not again renew an offer which I have seen to be ill-judged; but can nothing be done?"

"Mr. Darall has seen my husband," said Mrs. Ray, with a little groan.

Ella's sense of humour was, for a woman's, very keen, and she restrained a smile with difficulty. She understood (without the groan) that an introduction to the commissary must have been very formidable to an intending son-in-law.

"Then you suppose that what was said was final?"

"My dear, of course it was. When my husband means that anyone is not to call again, he gives him to understand as much; and dear Mr. Darall is so sensitive. I am very sorry for him; but of course I am more sorry for Gracie. He is so honest and good; and somehow I had almost begun to hope against hope that my husband might have seen something in him that would have compensated for his want of means. I had ventured to indulge myself—though I must have been mad to do it—in the idea that when I was dead and gone, Gracie would have had somebody leal and true, and who would have made her life a happy one."

"Don't weep, Mrs. Ray, I can't bear it," cried Ella, passionately. "You make me abhor the—the people that make you weep. I wish them dead, and worse. Everything—everything seems wrong in the world when I see grief oppressing you, upon whom Fate has laid so heavy a hand already. You say 'when you are gone,' as if you were going for a drive; or else I could not bear to speak of it; but, as it is, let me promise you this, that when God, who wipes away all tears, has

taken you to Himself, Gracie will have a friend in me, always, always, and a home with me if she will accept of it."

"Oh, Ella, you are goodness itself!"

"No, dear Mrs. Ray, I am nothing of the kind; if you knew me as I am, you would know otherwise. I am—but no matter. I am good for this at all events. If the way can be made smooth between Gracie and Darall, I will do it (it is not the commissary who will stop me); and if not, your Gracie will possess her soul in patience in safe hands."

The invalid lifted up her own in mute thanksgiving, and ere she could reply, her daughter had re-entered the room.

"I am afraid I have been an unconscionable time, Ella."

"It has not, at all events, been mis-spent, my dear, to judge by the result."

"It is your dress," said Gracie, simply, "the one you sent me to replace that one——"

Here her voice began to fail a little; she had inadvertently touched on tender ground.

"I was not referring to the dress," laughed Ella. "I will not keep Gracie long, dear Mrs. Ray; and when she returns you will be rewarded for the loan of her, by hearing all our adventures."

"I have been rewarded already," whispered the invalid, as Ella took her leave. "You have made me—oh, so happy."

"My mother always looks better for a visit from you, Ella," observed Gracie, as the two girls walked towards the steamboat. "And now, may I ask, where are you going to take me?"

"To No. 10 Wethermill Street, City," answered Ella, referring to a memorandum.

"But who lives there, my dear?"

"A dyer. That is why I said it was the very place for you to get a colour."

"But, my dear Ella, ain't we a little smart for that kind of shopping? Won't there be vats about, and flapping things on poles?" and she looked down at her new dress, the texture and tint of which were delicate.

"I don't know, I'm sure, Gracie. The fact is, I'm going to call upon my papa-in-law that is to be. He is a little rusty about Cecil's marriage, and I am going to oil him."

"My dear Ella, but does he know you're coming?"

"Certainly not; nobody knows it except you and me. We are going to be two 'delightful surprises' to him. He writes that it is nothing to him that girls should be young or beautiful: but that's all nonsense; it's a great deal to him and to all mankind. My notion is—though it is quite crude as yet, and subject to your better judgment—that we should

each pretend to be the other. Then he will snub you (thinking you to be Cecil's young woman), and fall in love with me ; after which matters will be easy. What do you think of the idea."

"My dear Ella, it is not to be entertained for a moment. What? Pass under a false name——"

"Well, and what harm is there in that?" interrupted Ella, brusquely. "It is not forgery, I suppose? Many excellent people have concealed their own identity before now, and for the best of reasons."

"It may be so, Ella ; but I really should not like to do it myself."

They walked on towards the steamboat pier in silence. Ella's face had grown suddenly so white and hard that poor Gracie's speech was frozen by it.

"I am so sorry to disoblige you, dear," at last she stammered ; "I hope I have not offended you by my refusal."

"By your refusal, no," returned Ella ; "but I don't like such scruples. They seem to me, to say the least of them, priggish. However, let us say no more about it. Here's the boat, Gracie dear," continued she, so soon as they got on board, "come down into the cabin."

"The cabin!" Nothing can be more unattractive, even on a wet day, than the so-called "saloon" of a Woolwich steamboat ; but on a fine day like the present, why Ella should have wished to visit its dust and gloom was inexplicable to Gracie. However, she followed her friend's footsteps down the brass-edged stairs. No sooner had she reached the bottom than she found herself almost to her alarm, in the other's embrace.

"I couldn't kiss you before all those people, or tell you how sorry I was to have shown such temper."

"You were a little 'over earnest with your Brutus,' darling," answered Gracie, laughing ; "that was all."

It was not Gracie's way at all to act the part of mentor, and certainly not to Ella, yet she could not help adding: "Such a kiss more than makes up for everything, darling ; but surely, surely, it is wrong to allow yourself to be so easily put out."

"Of course it's wrong, my dear," answered Ella gaily, "and it's not pleasant, like most things that are wrong. But at all events that storm is over ; let us enjoy the sunshine—and the open air."

And so she chatted on in the brightest spirits until they reached London, nor even when they had entered their cab and were driving eastward upon the errand that must needs be so momentous to herself, did she show any sign of anxiety or doubt. To Gracie, who expressed her wonder at such presence of mind, she said: "It is because I don't think about it at all ; in my complete ignorance of how I shall be received it is better to leave things to the chapter of accidents. Cecil, who knows

nothing of this expedition, however, has unconsciously buoyed the channel a little, and told me some things about his father which give me hope. He is obstinate, but very good-natured: just, and fond of a joke. These are kindly elements. If he is a little bit vulgar—which between you and me is probable—I will take care he shall not relish our visit less on that account; and if he is really chivalrous, we are sure of him."

"You mean to say, you are sure of his not turning us out of the house, Ella; not of gaining your point with him?"

"The one includes the other. 'Veni, vidi, vici;' if I see him he is done for."

"Oh, Ella, you would not be so courageous if you did not know that you were sure of your love in any case."

"That is true, Gracie; I am sure of Cecil." The look of triumph faded from her face as she marked the cloud upon that of her friend, and called to mind Mrs. Ray's words. She was not one of those who enjoy their own prosperity the more because of the lack of it in others.

"It is not a cheerful place, this City, is it?" said Ella, looking out upon the sombre street with its eager crowds of business men, so unlike in visage the pleasure seekers of the west. "I don't wonder Cecil 'shied' at it, as he calls it, and 'bolted out of the course.' Dear me, this is Wethermill-street, I suppose."

The cab had stopped before a huge building, with a broad flight of steps, up and down which a stream of men were hurrying.

"Are they all come to be dyed, I wonder?" interrupted Ella.

"Oh, Ella, how can you? my heart is all of a flutter. How rich Mr. Landon must be to have such a house of business."

"This is not all his; it is a great block of offices of which he rents one of the floors. Look at the names written on the wall, 'Landon & Son'—that was Cecil's grandfather and his son—'third floor;' and a hand—let us take that hand for a good omen; he holds his hand out to me already, you see."

The hand pointed to a doorway on the left, which led into an empty room with high walls, and a great hole where half the ceiling should have been.

"My dear Ella, what is this? It looks like a well; Mr. Landon cannot live here."

"Yes he does; a well is the very place for him, since Cecil says he is truth itself. Here is a bell, and the legend 'Ring the Bell' under it; so far things seem very easy."

Ella rang the bell: a whistle was heard, and down through the hole in the ceiling, and just fitting into it, came a huge box, of the height of the room, with a wooden bench in it.

"This is like the 'Arabian Nights,' is it not Gracie? Don't be afraid; this must be the new contrivance, of which Cecil told me, called a 'lift.' We must take our seats upon the bench."

"I would much rather walk up if it was five hundred steps," said Gracie hesitatingly.

"So would I, but they are whistling for us. 'Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad, though father and mother and all should go mad.' That is an invitation you know I am just now bound to obey, my dear."

With a bright smile she took her place in the lift, and Gracie followed just as it began to ascend.

"This is terrible!" gasped Gracie, as they presently found themselves in darkness; "it is worse than the diving bell in the Polytechnic."

"But there's a floor to it luckily for the two ascending belles," returned Ella; "and here's light."

There was a flash of it as they flew past the first story; then another on the second; and at the third the machine stopped. The two girls found themselves in a bare room like that below, which opened on a sort of passage, in which, however, was a desk with a clerk behind it; and beyond it a huge apartment filled with desks and clerks, the latter of whom looked up to a man, at the rustle of the young ladies' dresses. The clerk in the passage put his pen behind his ear by way of polite salutation, and gazed at them with astonished looks. He was almost as nervous as they were, for visitors of the female sex were unknown in the third story, and he knew that his fellow clerks behind him would make their criticisms upon how he acquitted himself.

"We wish to see Mr. Landon senior," said Ella, addressing this gentleman in low but distinct tones.

"There is no Mr. Landon junior—at least in the firm," explained the clerk.

Ella felt herself growing crimson, partly with confusion at having inadvertently alluded to Cecil, partly with indignation that he should be thus ignored.

"We wish to see Mr. Bartholomew Landon," said she, with dignity.

"Upon business, Madam?"

"Yes, upon business."

"Would you favour me with your name."

"That would be of no use; I am a stranger to him."

"I am afraid—indeed I am sure—Mr. Landon would decline to see anybody unless he—that is you—perhaps, Madam, you would permit me to take in your card."

"Gracie, have you your card case with you," whispered Ella rapidly, "with one of your father's cards in it?" Ella knew her friend was

accustomed to leave them at people's houses for the commissary, whose forte did not lie in fulfilling polite obligations of any kind.

Gracie handed the case to Ella, who selected a card and handed it to the clerk.

"Acting-Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General Ray," muttered he, looking from one to the other in astonishment. It was unusual in those days for women to take a prominent part in official life, even by deputy, and in the commissariat.

"Please to walk this way, ladies;" the clerk opened a door upon the right, and ushered them into a small waiting-room, in which he left them.

"So far, so good!" exclaimed Ella triumphantly.

"When he hears we are two young ladies, however, I believe he will decline to see us," said Gracie, looking very much as if she hoped he would.

"The clerk won't dare to tell him; I read cowardice in his eye, and the old gentleman is a tartar, I understand, in what are delicately termed his 'business relations.' No, he will expect to see the commissary."

"Oh! good gracious!"

"Well, I don't wish to pay an extravagant compliment to ourselves at the expense of your father, but I think Mr. Landon ought to be reconciled to the disappointment. Pray don't look so frightened, Gracie; it is most important to appear at our ease. What a queer little room this is, is it not, and what a catalogue of furniture?—three chairs, an almanack, and a mineralogical cabinet; see what pretty colours, it can't be mineralogy; it's dyes,—the blue one is indigo; and that's about all I know about them. I don't wonder Cecil feels such little interest in—"

"Ladies, your humble servant," said a sharp but not ill-humoured voice.

Gracie gave a little scream, and Ella an elaborate curtsey. Before them, with his hand upon the door, as though to make sure of his escape, stood a stout elderly man in a drab Welsh wig. He had the commissary's card in his hand, and looked from one to the other of his visitors out of a pair of screwed-up eyes, the expression of which it was difficult to gather; you could not even tell whether he was frowning; for the spectacles which most folks of his age wear upon their nose were in his case pushed up on his forehead. His iron-grey eyebrows, however, were very bushy, which gave him a formidable appearance, and his face was puckered up with smiles in the wrong place—wrinkles.

"I understood from this card, that your business was about some Government contract—but your sex——"

"We did come about a contract, sir," interrupted Ella, in a tone in

which timidity and drollery were strangely blended; "but it is not a Government one."

"Very good; provided the parties are responsible, it is nothing to me whom they employ as their agents. Pray be seated, ladies."

CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH GRACIE'S CHARACTER IS DISCOVERED AND DEFINED.

THE old gentleman released his hold upon the door, and drawing his chair between the two young ladies in a very sociable manner, touched his right ear, as in intimation that that was his best one, and placed it, as it were, at Ella's disposal. It was almost as bad as having an ear-trumpet offered one, the effect of which, upon the unaccustomed mind, is paralysis of the tongue; and considering that Ella was already at her wits' end as to how to introduce her subject, the situation was certainly an embarrassing one.

"These are the specimens of dyes," observed the old gentleman, touching the cabinet on the table, and speaking in anything but the tone of a tartar—"more like a wicked old Turk," as Gracie afterwards declared. No doubt his object was to set both his visitors at their ease, but his attention was certainly most devoted to Ella. "The colours are very brilliant, are they not; this scarlet for instance?"

"I don't care for scarlet," said Ella.

"Well now, that's curious," observed the old fellow, "for I don't care for scarlet either."

"It reminds me of poppies and soldiers," continued Ella; "and I prefer something useful."

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Landon, "those are quite my sentiments: but in your case—being a young lady—I am surprised——"

Here was a knock at the door, and the clerk of the passage pushed his head in, with, "Mr. Villette to see you, sir."

"I will be with him in five minutes or so; ask him to wait. And what is your opinion, miss, as to colours?" inquired Mr. Landon, turning sharply upon Gracie, and regarding her not without considerable interest, though she at once assumed the tint to which he had so decided an objection.

"Well, I think the blue," said Gracie at a venture.

"Um, that's not my colour," returned the old gentleman, in dissatisfied tones. "What's your favourite, my—I mean, Miss Ray?" And this time he turned his eyes, not his ear, to Ella, quite briskly.

(To be continued.)

Current Literature.

THIS is, by all odds, the most delightful and instructive biography* of a great man published during the present generation. It is not mere curiosity which provokes public interest in the lives and personal characteristics of those exceptional individuals whose part in the world of politics or literature has made them, in some sort, the property of the world at large. Thomas Babington Macaulay was eminently a man of that select class, and that in a larger sense than any other *littérateur* of the century, with the possible exception of Charles Dickens. Not in the United Kingdom alone, but in both hemispheres, south as well as north of the equator, wherever the English language is spoken, his works are familiar as only a few cherished classics in our tongue have ever been. It was his avowed intention to make history as attractive as fiction, and the result has been a measure of success unparalleled in the annals of literature, immediate, strongly pronounced, and, to all appearance, abiding. As a Minister of the Crown and as an Indian statesman, Lord Macaulay's name will probably soon be forgotten by all but the politician and the lawyer ; as a poet his reputation is dead already ; but, as an essayist and historian, his name will doubtless survive so long as the English language is spoken or studied, even to so far distant and problematical a time as that foreshadowed in his essay on Ranke's Popes, "when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand upon a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Pauls."

Everyone is interested in knowing something accurate of so distinguished a writer; in learning from what stock he sprang, his mental and moral idiosyncrasies, his educational training and culture, his habits of study and composition, his domestic tastes, his personal attachments and antipathies, and their cause—in short, all that made him the man he was. Mr. Trevelyan, his nephew, the son of his beloved sister, Hannah, Lady Trevelyan, has had exceptional opportunities of acquiring information, and he has performed the task faithfully, lovingly, and with singular taste and discrimination. He was the playfellow, if we may use the expression, of Lord Macaulay's later years ; he had access to all the correspondence, to the diaries of his subject, and of the lamented sister Margaret, as well as the reminiscences of Lady Trevelyan. The biographer expresses some fear that the temptations which peculiarly beset "a near relative" may partially mar the impartiality of his work ; but the fear was groundless, for no work of the kind is less obnoxious to the charge of unfaithful concealment or indiscriminate eulogy.

It would be obviously impossible within the limits of a brief review to give an adequate notice of this interesting work. A considerable part of its inte-

The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay. By his nephew, GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, M P in two volumes. Detroit : Belford Brothers.

rest consists in piquant anecdote, quip and epigram relating to domestic, social, political and literary life. The brilliance of these gems depends much upon their setting, and can only be appreciated by the reader of the biography. It must suffice if a general account of the work be given as illustrating the life and character of the man. Lord Macaulay came of a Highland stock—a family of Argyllshire Presbyterians, whose rallying place or sphere of distinction was the parish manse. His father, Zachary Macaulay, as Mr. Trevelyan observes, was a noble character of whom less is known by the world than he deserved. To him more than to Wilberforce, Clarkson, or Buxton, was due the agitation for the abolition of slavery. His expedition, in early days, to Sierra Leone was a self-denying labour of which few men of his time, perhaps none, were capable. Returning home, he wasted his substance in the cause of religion and philanthropy, self-denying and earnest to the last. Yet he was no visionary fanatic, but a man of shrewd, sound sense and cultivated understanding, as his admirable letters to Lord Macaulay sufficiently prove. He was not a bigot, although a devout and fervent believer in the truths of Christianity ; but only a noble philanthropist with a rooted hatred of oppression and wrong, willing to spend and be spent in the humane cause he had espoused. Such then was the parent from whom Lord Macaulay derived the masculine qualities of his nature, his active intellect, his strong moral principle, his indignation at everything crooked, unjust, or untrue. Early in the historian's life there was a divergence of opinion between father and son on many subjects as might have been expected, yet, although they differed on religion, on party allegiance, on points of literary taste or propriety such, for example, as the utility of fiction, the views of the son were never hampered by the authoritative dictation of the parent. The one was, indeed, a nineteenth century version of the other. The mother, Selina Mills, came of a Quaker family, living at Bristol, and we have an interesting account of the courtship, which was materially aided by the kindly interposition of Hannah More. Mrs. Macaulay appears to have been a woman of strong affections and a clear and well cultured understanding, as the solitary letter to her son in these volumes very pleasingly indicates. Lord Macaulay used to say that he inherited his sense of humour from his mother, for his father was evidently destitute of the slightest perception of the *bizarre* or ludicrous. From her also, he, no doubt, derived his deep and fervent affections—affections which formed the chief joy of his life from its dawn to its close.

Lord Macaulay was born at Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire, the residence of his aunt, Mrs. Babington, on the 25th October, 1800. The historian would have seen the light in Cockaigne, but for the prejudice of the aunt in favour of country air under the circumstances. The child first appears upon the scene biographical, when three years of age, a dapper little figure reading incessantly, "for the most part lying on the rug before the fire with his book on the ground, and a piece of bread and butter in his hand." From that time to the hour of his death *helluo librorum*—a glutton of books, devouring everything that came in his way, from Pindar to the penny street ballad. There are two youthful traits to be remarked—his precocity and his wonderful memory. Some very droll and quaint sayings are recorded of his childhood. His talk was not like that of other little ones—he talked, as the servant said,

"quite printed words." Some coffee had been spilt over his legs, and after a time, being asked how he felt, he said, "Thank you, Madam, the agony is abated." So when the girl had cleared away some oyster shells with which he had fringed the little garden plot assigned him at Clapham, he entered the drawing-room, and in the midst of a number of visitors pronounced her sentence, "Cursed be Sally, for it is written, 'Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark.'" At seven or eight years of age he was planning and executing universal histories, epics, lays, and what not; and then came his school-days under a kind and discriminating master. During that time, and at college afterwards, he read as he chose, partly to learn, but mainly to be amused. His studies in the ancient classics seem almost incredible in extent, and these he pursued all his life with unabated zest, were a never failing source of delight. It is natural to contrast Lord Macaulay's classical studies with those forced upon Mr. J. S. Mill at too early an age by the mistaken views of his father. He took up the Greek tragedians and historians, when it pleased him, and they continued to please him through life; the latter conscientiously devoured the ancient authors, but they rather left the memory of a painful burden weighing on the tender shoulders of youth. Lord Macaulay's University career was not a brilliant one; he did not study for distinction, and, therefore, failed to obtain it. Of his contemporaries at Cambridge the chief were Charles Austin, Derwent, and Nelson, Coleridge, Moultrie, Praed, the late Lord Romilly, and the present Lords Grey and Belper. John Stuart Mill's account of him in his early manhood is no doubt as just as it is appreciative. "The impression he gave was that of boundless strength, together with talents which combined with such apparent force of will and character, seemed capable of dominating the world." Of the anecdotes of Cambridge life, there is one election scene which illustrates Macaulay's quickness in repartee. He and Thornton were witnesses of a riotous attack on the Hoop Hotel, the headquarters of the successful candidates. A dead cat was flung which struck Macaulay full in the face; thereupon the man who had thrown it hastened to apologize to the gownsman, assuring him that it was meant for Mr. Adeane. "I wish," said Macaulay, quietly, "you had meant it for me, and hit Mr. Adeane."

Mention has been made of Lord Macaulay's prodigious memory, which manifested itself early in the recital of entire poems after one or at most two readings. He used to say that, if all the copies of Paradise Lost and the Pilgrim's Progress were, by any chance, lost, he could supply them both from his own memory. Throughout life, whatever he read, no matter how trifling or worthless in itself, seemed to take up a permanent abiding-place in a mind which was "wax to receive and marble to retain." This mental gift caused him to be impatient of incorrect quotation; it seems to us to have had also a more important influence, not always salutary, upon his character as a historian. Macaulay's mind was a store-house of facts; as Sydney Smith said, "There is no limit to his knowledge, on small subjects as well as great, he is like a book in breeches." At the same time he was a man of strong moral convictions, and hence the facts of which he was possessed naturally grouped themselves about pre-conceived views or prejudices concerning men or measures. Once let the historian form a liking or a hatred for a

character, and the facts immediately marshalled themselves to illustrate it, as iron filings in the sand rush to the magnet. Add to this the penchant for antithesis—the chiaroscuro of style—which makes his writings so seductive, and we have a clue to all Macaulay's graver faults as a historian.

His literary career began at an early age, and we have mention of a disagreeable contretemps which caused his father trouble. The latter was connected with the *Christian Observer*, a strictly orthodox periodical, but, by some means or other young Macaulay, unthinkingly procured the insertion of an article on fiction, in which he scandalized religious people by warmly eulogizing Fielding and Smollett. *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* was the field of his earliest regular labours for the press, and, at length, he appeared and took the country by storm in the *Edinburgh Review*, in which his brilliant paper on Milton was published in 1825. Meanwhile he had been called to the bar, though he entertained no serious idea of pursuing the profession. There is a graphic account of Macaulay's professional work and observations on the Northern Circuit in this work from his own pen. Review articles now-a-days do not ensure their writers access to the House of Commons ; a few of them, however, sufficed for Macaulay, and he took his seat for Calne, a family borough placed at his disposal by the Marquis of Lansdowne. It was a critical time for England and for Europe. The Revolution of July 1830, was at hand to unsettle the popular mind in England, as well as elsewhere, and give a powerful impetus to the progress of democratic opinion. The Reform movement instantly assumed threatening proportions, and it depended upon the moderation of the Whigs and the conciliatory spirit of the King and the aristocracy to decide whether the mother-land should pass through a peaceful, constitutional change, or a violent and sanguinary revolution. It is unnecessary to repeat the old story of the terrorism of that time. Mr. Trevelyan gives an admirably concise review of the grinding despotism of British Government in those days. It was full time that liberal opinion should make itself heard and felt where treason laws, press laws, and the other engines of tyranny were powerless to arrest it. Macaulay entered the House at the nick of time, and his maiden speech was a plea for the removal of Jewish disabilities. The 24th of July arrived, and the Bourbon was sent into exile ; Louis Philippe, with his Charter, reigned in his stead to be himself overthrown eighteen years after, on another 24th—that of February, 1848. Sympathy was immediately aroused on the English side of the channel. As Mr. Trevelyan remarks—" One French Revolution had condemned English Liberalism to forty years of subjection, and another was to be the signal which launched it on as long a career of supremacy." The tyranny and fatuousness of Polignac, in short, undid the tyrannous work of Liverpool, Castlereagh and Wellington. It was now that the agitation began for the Reform Bill, until it swelled into a menacing, uncompromising cry for " the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill." During the exciting struggles which ensued, Lord Macaulay, in a series of speeches, performed valuable service in the cause of Reform. What the matter of these speeches were, we have ample means of judging, since tolerably full reports of them have been collected and republished. The reasoning is close, and the declamation nervous and effective ; but even if the delivery had been unexceptionable, it hardly

appears as if they deserved the extravagant eulogiums of contemporaries. Macaulay's oratory was compared by one to that of Burke, by another to Plunkett, and a third declared that no such speaking had been heard since Fox. These compliments cannot have been paid wholly at random, and it is quite certain that Macaulay did "gain the ear of the House," as few young men since Pitt had done. How far his literary reputation may have smoothed his Parliamentary path it is impossible now to guess. To us, the published speeches smell too much of the lamp, and the ornate phrases and deftly-turned sentences become as monotonous as the voice in which they are said to have been delivered. At times Macaulay, when excited in debate, spoke effectively without preparation ; but, as a rule, his efforts were all carefully elaborated in his chamber. It is unnecessary to review here the events of 1831 and 1832. They are recorded in history, and the stirring incidents of the time are not yet forgotten. Some idea of the excitement prevailing may be gathered from a graphic letter of Macaulay's, written in the Spring of 1831, just after the second reading of the Bill had been carried by a majority of one. At the announcement of the numbers, he says :—"Then again shouts broke out, and many of us shed tears. I could scarcely refrain. And the jaw of Peel fell ; and the face of Swiss was as the face of a damned soul ; and Herries looked like Judas taking his necktie off for the last operation. We shook hands and clapped each other on the back, and went out laughing, crying, and huzzaing into the lobby." In these days of political lassitude and easy-going compromise, the English people of the existing generation can form but a slight conception of the passions aroused in that eventful time : from the resignation of Wellington, in November, 1830, until the 7th of June, 1832, when the Bill received the royal assent. It was a time of mad agitation and madder obstructiveness ; of extravagant hopes and gloomy forebodings. To some, the approaching shipwreck of the Constitution was clearly revealed in the lurid smoke of Bristol burnings ; to others, the fresh vitality, the inflexible determination of the nation, seemed to promise a renewed lease of national greatness. One party prophesied utter destruction ; the other expected an impossible millennium, and both were doomed to disappointment.

Towards the close of 1832, Earl Grey offered Macaulay the post of Commissioner of the Board of Control, an office which first brought him in contact with Indian affairs, and probably had an important bearing upon his future. In 1833 he had the opportunity of proving at once his adherence to principle and his affectionate respect for the self-denying labours of his father. In the Government Bill to abolish slavery in the West Indies, the term of apprenticeship which was to precede manumission, was fixed at twelve years. Macaulay and his father thought this period too long, so the former, having placed his resignation in the Premier's hands, opposed the clause. It was in vain that he was implored not to "embarrass" the Government—a phrase always in vogue when political friends take an awkward stand upon principle. His answer was, "I cannot go counter to my father. He has devoted his whole life to the question, and I cannot grieve him by giving way when he wishes me to stand firm." Ultimately the matter was arranged by a reduction of the apprenticeship term from twelve years to seven.

Literary and political distinction had been followed by social distinction. About Holland House and its coterie, we have some exceedingly interesting anecdotes; there and elsewhere Macaulay was a favoured guest. But his purse was low; his father, who had thought and felt for everybody but himself, found himself a poor man, and nothing was left Macaulay but to accept a seat in the Supreme Council of India. His sister Hannah, afterwards Lady Trevelyan, accompanied him to Calcutta, where she met and married the father of our biographer. The five years or thereabouts, spent in the East, were busy years, full of hard study and faithful work, and marked also by a sorrow, which seemed to take all the joy out of Macaulay's life for years, and certainly left a festering sore for life, which time never permanently knitted together. To him his two sisters were everything; more especially Margaret, whom he had left behind him a happy wife. In 1834, he was about to lose the other by a marriage of which he heartily approved. One letter, which his sister at home probably never saw—for it could hardly have reached home when she was snatched away by death—pathetically describes the fearful wrench which these partings had given to his affections. "I remember," he says, "quoting some nursery rhymes, years ago, when you left me in London to join Nancy at Rothley Temple or Leamington, I forget which. Those foolish lines contain the history of my life:—

> "'There were two birds that sat on a stone;
> One flew away, and there was but one.
> The other flew away, and then there was none;
> And the poor stone was left all alone.'"

Happily in later years, Macaulay's nephews and nieces were, to some extent, the solace of his life. He was never weary of romping with them, devising amusements, and stimulating their desire for knowledge. In 1838, he returned to England to find that his father had died during their homeward voyage. Trevelyan and his wife had accompanied him, the former on leave of absence, and it was with inexpressible joy that Macaulay learned that an appointment at home would keep his sister near him *en permanence.*

The second volume is not so full of stirring public events; yet the amount of anecdote and character-sketching renders it, on the whole, even more interesting than the first. It is not our intention to attempt an analysis of it, or to pursue the work further. Henceforth the chief interest the public have in Macaulay centres about his History. In comparison with it, his acceptance of office and his defeat in Edinburgh sink into insignificance. The merits and shortcomings of Macaulay's *magnum opus* have been discussed too often and too exhaustively to need special reference here, even were there space at our disposal. After all the deductions ingenuous criticism may make, it remains a magnificent fragment. Without leaving a formal lament, as Mr. Buckle did, that he should come far short of his design, the work remains its own best commentary on the text, "Man proposes, but God disposes." Read in that light there is a touching and impressive lesson in the opening sentence of the work, written when his hopes were high and his energies unimpaired. "I propose to write the history of England from the accession of King James the Second, down to a time which is within the memory of men still living." Unfortunately, Macaulay did not live to complete the story of his favourite

hero, William of Orange, the account of whose death, after an hiatus, was disinterred from his notes by the affectionate care of his sister, Lady Trevelyan. The historian died soon after he had entered upon his sixtieth year, and found a fitting resting place, in England's Pantheon at the feet of Addison, and with "the tombs of Johnson, and Garrick, and Handel, and Goldsmith, and Gay, lying around him." In the span of his life he crowded more of work, more of fame, more of joy, than falls to the lot even of the most favoured octogenarian, bequeathing to posterity a legacy to be available even to the latest generation. 'His body is buried in peace; but his name liveth for evermore.'"

The publication of Miss Harriet Martineau's Autobiography,* will be regarded as an event by all who take an interest in the history of literature and culture. For more than half a century, Miss Martineau was one of the most active literary workers in England; and the range of her work was almost as extensive as her productions were numerous. She was born in 1802, in the City of Norwich, where her father was a manufacturer, and she received as good an education as the district at that time afforded. Her first appearance in print was before she was out of her teens; and her first book, "Devotional Exercises for the Use of Young Persons," appeared in 1823. What really opened up her literary career, however, was her series of publications entitled "Illustrations of Political Economy." There is no merit of a very high order in these productions, beyond the original idea of exhibiting the great natural laws of society by a series of pictures of selected social action, and by tales initiating a multitude of minds into the conception of what political economy is, and of how it concerns every one in a community. In 1834, Miss Martineau visited the United States, where she remained for about two years. In her "Society in America," she discusses the political and domestic economy, the civilization and religion of the United States. That book she published in 1837, and in the following year appeared her "Retrospect of Western Travel," which comprised her personal experiences of the tour, and portraitures of American celebrities. Her first novel, "Deerbrook," which appeared in 1839, was her most popular work of fiction. After a protracted illness, which lasted from 1839 to 1844, she devoted herself to the treatment of philosophical subjects: and during the latter part of her life (she died in the June of last year), she was employed chiefly in writing leading articles for the *London Daily News*, and social sketches for *Once a Week*. This outline of the literary career of one of the most notable of English literary women, necessarily brief and imperfect, will give some idea of Miss Martineau's life-work.

Her autobiography, however, has a charm which attaches to no other single work she has ever produced. There we are brought into familiar contact with the woman herself, and, through her, with nearly every one of those men and women who have produced the English literature of the last fifty years. The autobiography is divided into six periods, the last of them bringing us down to her fifty-third year. She says, herself, that she had always felt it to be one of the duties of her life to write an autobiography,

* *Harriet Martineau's Autobiography*, edited by MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN. 2 vols. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1877.

and one cannot peruse the book without feeling that her heart was in the work. That portion of the first volume which is devoted to the period of her life between thirty and thirty-seven years (extending over some two hundred and sixty pages), is most delightful reading, for she takes occasion to mention scores of literary, artistic, and political lions with which she came more or less in contact, describing with great *naïveté* the circumstances under which she met them, anecdotes respecting, and her opinions of, them. Her dislikes, as well as her likes, are indicated with vigour and emphasis, and one has to smile at the particularity with which she describes the circumstance of her declining to be introduced to the poet Moore (p. 233).

With Mr. Sidney Smith, Miss Martineau was very intimate. The circumstances under which they were introduced were very comical, and characteristic of the man. "At a great music party, where the drawing-rooms and staircases were one continuous crowd, the lady who had conveyed me, fought her way to my seat—which was, in consideration of my deafness, next to Malibran, and near the piano. My friend brought a message which Sidney Smith had passed up the staircase :—that he understood we desired one another's acquaintance, and that he was awaiting it at the bottom of the stairs. He put it to my judgment whether I, being thin, could not more easily get down to him, than he, being stout, could get up to me ; and he would wait five minutes for my answer. I really could not go under the circumstances ; and it was a serious thing to give up my seat and the music ; so Mr. Smith sent me a good-night and promise to call on me, claiming this negotiation as a proper introduction."

Her gossip about Carlyle is charming—Thomas Carlyle of whom she says, "I have seen his face under all aspects, from the deepest gloom to the most reckless or genial mirth, and it seems to me that each mood would make a totally different portrait." Fancy the Chelsea philosopher reading the following about himself in Miss Martineau's *Autobiography* :—

"I remember being puzzled for a long while as to whether Carlyle did or did not care for fame. He was forever scoffing at it ; and he seemed to me just the man to write, because he needed to utter himself, without ulterior consideration. One day I was dining there alone. I had brought over from America twenty-five copies of his 'Sartor Resartus,' as reprinted there ; and having sold them at the English price, I had some money to put into his hand. I did put it into his hand the first time ; but it made him uncomfortable, and he spent it in a pair of signet rings for his wife and me. Having imported and sold a second parcel, the difficulty was what to do with the money. My friend and I found that Carlyle was ordered weak brandy and water instead of wine ; and we spent our few sovereigns in French brandy of the best quality, which we carried over one evening when going to tea. Carlyle's amusement and delight at first, and all the evening after whenever he turned his eyes towards the long-necked bottles, shewed us that we had made a good choice. He declared that he had got a reward for his labours at last ; and his wife asked me to dinner, all by myself, to taste the brandy. We three sat round the fire after dinner, and Carlyle mixed the toddy while Mrs. Carlyle and I discussed some literary matters, and speculated on fame and the love of it. Then Carlyle held out a glass of his mixture to me,

with 'Here, take this. It is worth all the fame in England.' Yet Allan Cunningham, who knew and loved him well, told me one evening, to my amusement, that Carlyle would be very well and happy enough if he got a little more fame. I asked him whether he was in earnest; and he said he was, and, moreover, was sure he was right—I should see that he was. Carlyle's fame has grown from that day; and on the whole, his health and spirits seem to be improved, so that his friend Allan was partly right."

The limited space at our command forbids us doing more than indicate the charms of these delightful volumes, which will be sure to be widely read.

The author of *The Wooing O't* has given us a new novel*, the plot of which is laid in historical times. Mrs. Alexander has tried, with more or less success, to give her story the flavour of age by interweaving with the narrative historical events and historical personages. The period chosen is the latter part of last century, when Jacobinism was going out of fashion and the House of Hanover was beginning to strike deep root in English soil; when John Law was working his paper currency in France, and the South Sea Scheme was producing a speculative craze in England. Most novels end with a marriage; *The Heritage of Langdale* begins with one. Mistress Maud Langley, the daughter of an attainted baron, who dies before the story opens, is the victim of a designing relative who is also her guardian. He constrains her to consent to marry his son, a scapegrace of the most orthodox pattern, and everybody imagines she does so in a chapel which has more than the ordinary dimness of religious light. It turns out that she had married an unknown man, who has previously caused to be kidnapped the intended bridegroom, and assumed his clothes. For reasons which appear in the course of the story, Maud refuses to take steps to have this extraordinary marriage cancelled. The hero of the book is a Don Juan di Monteiro, who had been a buccaneer on the Spanish Main and who not only turns out to be Rupert Langley, a cousin of Maud's, but also the Unknown who had married her at the beginning of the story, and who wins her at the end of it. The story is a powerful one, but of a more conventional type than we would have expected in a book from the pen of Mrs. Alexander.

To surround familiar scenes, domestic incidents, and everyday pursuits with the halo of romance, is the task which the average novelist of the period sets before him. In *The Great Match** this task has been accomplished with considerable success, although the "society" depicted is no more than the ordinary types to be found in New England life. There are so many stories now-a-days which are nothing more than weak imitations of oft-told tales, that the book we have named—simple in its plot, and dealing with neither grand passions nor subtle characters—is quite refreshing in its way. It is George Eliot who says, that poetry and romance are as plentiful as ever in the world for those who choose to see them. The nameless writer of *The Great Match* conjures up with considerable vividness both the poetry of

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**The Heritage of Langdale.* By MRS. ALEXANDER. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

* *The Great Match. No Name Series.* Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson 1877.

nature and the romance of human nature as it is to be found in manufacturing centres as well as the rural parts of New England, besides giving to the sketch that interest which the original treatment of a somewhat new field cannot fail to command. *The Great Match* is a base-ball match—not a match matrimonial as one would naturally expect; and the author has invested that favourite American game with quite as much dignity and importance, for the purposes of the story, as those English writers who associate with their plot the game of cricket or other manly sport. This book furnishes another of the many evidences that American novel writers are beginning to shake off that slavery to the orthodoxy of the English novel, which has so long characterized their ordinary story-telling. We are also glad to note that manly sports, both in novels and in real life, are now finding due favour with our American cousins.

Bret Harte's ability as a writer does not get that unqualified recognition which it deserves. His style is as exquisite as his stories are touching ; yet we have frequently heard assiduous novel-readers express extreme disappointment with them. We fear the taste of the ordinary novel-reader has become so vitiated with the sensational plots of the day, that he finds it irksome to give sufficient attention to the text to derive enjoyment from the author's literary cunning. *Thankful Blossom*,* to our mind, is a little gem ; and the literary workmanship which it exhibits is of a very high order. Take this description of a New Jersey scene, as one might see it "in the waning light of an April day :" "There were icicles on the fences, a rime of silver on the windward bark of maples, and occasional bare spots on the rocky protuberances of the road, as if Nature had worn herself out at the knees and elbows through long waiting for the tardy spring. A few leaves disinterred by the thaw became crisp again, and rustled in the wind, making the summer a thing so remote that all human hope and conjecture fled before them." The story itself is charming, and surrounds with a halo of romance the circumstances attending the American War of Independence.

The number of dyspeptics on this continent must be something enormous, yet the author of *How to Live Long*, in a new work on dyspepsia* and its kindred diseases has shown, that an intelligent knowledge of their causes, and due attention to obvious methods of counteracting these causes, cannot fail to alleviate a great deal of suffering. The object of the book is to give plain, exact, and practical information on the subject, so that the dyspeptic may be able to conduct his own cure. The fundamental principle laid down by Dr. Hall, though of a negative character, is of most positive import, and that is, that "medicine cannot cure dyspepsia."

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* *Thankful Blossom*, by BRET HARTE. Illustrated. Toronto : Belford Bros., 1877.

**Dyspepsia, and its Kindred Diseases.* By Dr. W. W. HALL. Toronto and Detroit : Belford, Bro., 1877.

Musical.

The history of the piano is more confusing than the history of any other instrument. Three inventors of the piano have been named, Silbermann, of Dresden ; Stein, of Augsburg ; and Cristoforo, an Italian. The right of the latter is almost indisputable ; he it was who substituted the hammer system for the tong system which set the chords of the harpsichord vibrating, and he also invented the expressive name, which shows, at least, what object he had before him in proposing to substitute for the ancient harpsichord a modified one on which it would be possible and easy to mark graduations of sound, from *pianissimo* to *fortissimo*. It was in the year 1716 that Cristoforo constructed the original type of the modern piano ; like other pioneers his way was hard and his efforts unrecognised, and after his death so many imitators and elaborators of his scheme sprang up on every side, each taking the credit of the original idea and scheme to himself, that poor Cristoforo was soon forgotten. In a few years more the invention was attributed among others to an Englishman, a Mr. Mason, author of "Caractacus," although in the year 1767 a piano made by Silbermann, who, since 1760, had been established in both London and Dresden, was used for the first time in London at the King's Theatre. The announcement ran that "after the first act of the piece, Miss Brickler will sing a favourite air from Judith, accompanied by Mr. Dibdin on a new instrument called the piano." It is not to be supposed that the "new instrument" thus cautiously ushered in, rose to the position it now occupies in the public favour all at once. Conservative England was shy of the piano, particularly it would seem, of the *upright* piano. Those who have read the recollections of Lord William Lennox may remember, the following anecdote of the Rev. Edward Cannon, a musical divine of the day. Being asked one day by George IV, then Prince of Wales, to give his opinion as to an upright grand purchased by his Royal Highness for Mrs. Fitzherbert, he replied that it was "good enough for her to lock up her bread and cheese in," but for nothing more. Now, however, how different things are ! The Erards, the Pleyels, the Brinsmeads, the Broadwoods, and the hosts of other celebrated English and foreign manufacturers tell us that no other business on record has grown so fast and put forth such splendid branches in all parts of the world. An English paper has the following paragraph, however, which may serve to show what in time may reasonably be supposed to become of English pianos : "The Steinways, the Chickerings, the Knabes, the Stecks, and the Deckers, of the New World, are well nigh unknown in this country, and yet there is no doubt some of their instruments are at least equal, if not superior, to those of the best of the European make. The magnificent instrument supplied to the Alexandra Palace by the firm of Steinway—the greatest of the American manufacturers—however, opened our

eyes not a little, and those eyes were further opened when Mdlle. Krebs and other great pianists played at the Alexandra Palace concerts on the Steinway instrument instead of on those of English manufacture. * * * * The overstrung scale is an invention of the Steinways, and although the idea has been imitated by almost all the manufacturers of the day, yet in the Steinway piano, by a peculiar arrangement, the strings are placed wider apart than usual, the result being a fuller tone and a more sympathetic quality. Thanks to improved construction and better material, Steinways' attain a mean tension of 75,000 lbs. on each note, while in Broadwood's the mean tension is but 37,000 lbs. ; a result which is admitted by Mr. Hipkins (Messrs. Broadwood's manager) himself."

If this admiration of the Steinway piano exists much outside the pages of the *Figaro*, there is every reason to fear that British piano manufacturers will soon feel as another class feel at the present time. Cattle and pianos ! here is a noble use to put the "Great Eastern" to, her owners not knowing what to do with her.

It is with great regret that we chronicle the death of so skilled a musician, so genial a gentleman, and so true a friend, as Mr. J. Dodsley Humphreys. His long career is over, and we know it will not soon be forgotten by even those who only knew him slightly. Within a year of his death, his fine tenor had still much of its wonted power, and with him perished not only a good teacher but perhaps the best performer in our midst.

On the 12th of January, died at Croydon, aged 77, John William Hobbs, a Gentleman of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, and Lay-Clerk of Westminster Abbey. He was a contemporary of Braham, Phillips, and Sims Reeves, and possessed a beautifully modulated, clear and expressive tenor voice, which brought him before the public at the astonishingly early age of three years. At five he was actually enrolled as a chorister of Canterbury Cathedral, and from that time forward his life was devoted to a quiet but prosperous musical career. He sang at the funeral of George III., and at the coronations of George IV., William IV. and Victoria. Henry Phillips characterized his singing of "In Native Worth" as perfect, and the tenor solos in Spohr's "*Last Judgment*" have never found a better interpreter. He was also a composer, the best known and remembered of his songs being "The Captive Greek Girl," "Phillis is my only Joy," "My Ancestors were Englishmen," and "The Old Temeraire." His private life was in every respect worthy of his profession, and it is pleasant to know that, as a mark of respect, funeral anthems were performed, on Sunday, the 21st January, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and Westminster Abbey.

The death is also announced of Mr. Fred. Sullivan, brother of Dr. Arthur S. Sullivan, the composer. He was an actor of some merit, and much liked and esteemed in private life. The burial service was read by the Rev. J. Helmore, of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal.

On the 25th of January, being the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, as well as the Annual Dedication Festival of St. Paul's Cathedral, the latter edifice was crowded to the doors, the number of those present exceeding eight thousand. Instead of the ordinary Anthem, there was a lengthy and varied selection from Mendelssohn's Oratorio "*St. Paul*," including the

most beautiful airs and choruses, notably the chorus "Rise up, arise," and the chorale "Sleepers, wake, a voice is calling." The Cathedral choir was supplemented by a fine band of fifty performers and a special choir of four hundred. Dr. Stainer conducted, and Mr. G. C. Martin (composer of the "Magnificat" and the "Nunc Dimittis" given during the service) presided at the organ.

The Leeds Triennial Festival of 1877, to commence on Wednesday, September 26th, promises to excel, in many respects, all previous events of the kind. In 1874 the total fund was £4,500 less than the guarantee fund for this year at present. There will be seven performances, including Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and "Walpurgis Night," Bach's "Magnificat," and Motet "*I wrestle and pray*," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Macfarren's "Joseph," which is reported to exceed in dramatic interest and general excellence "St. John the Baptist," by the same composer, and a new cantata entitled "The Fire King." This latter work is by Mr. Walter Austin, a native of Leeds, and is to take the place of a secular cantata which had been promised by Henry Smart.

It is quite possible that few, very few in this country, know anything of the career or abilities of the late Mr. William Shore, another musical veteran, who died at Buxton, in his 86th year. For all that, he was most gifted and honoured in his profession, and well known at home as a musician and composer. He was originator and conductor of the Madrigal Society, in Manchester, and a promoter of the Gentlemen's Glee Club. Sir Henry Bishop, Madame Malibran, and the charming Clara Novello, were among his personal friends.

The name of Sir Henry Bishop naturally brings to our minds that of his gifted wife Madame Anna Bishop, whose visits to Toronto can surely not be forgotten by at least the older population. To her friends and admirers in Canada it may be interesting to know that she is at present in England, after having made the tour of the world. The *Cape Argus* of November 21st, speaking of her recent visit to Africa, says :—"Madame Anna Bishop last evening made her last appearance before an audience in South Africa. When it is remembered that Madame Bishop has been a prominent figure in the musical world since 1839, when with Grisi, Garcia, Tamburini, and Lablache, she appeared in the Royal Italian Opera House, London, one is lost in amazement at the power and sweetness of tone, and the delicate vocalization which she displayed in Norma." Madame Bishop visited more than thirty towns in Africa, and to quote again from the *Argus* :—"This should be a fair amount of work for any one in fourteen months, but it is somewhat surprising in a lady who had previously undergone so much as Madame Bishop." We suppose her professional career is now over ; still, her energy and elasticity are something truly remarkable, and should she ever be induced to visit America again, we are certain a hearty welcome will be afforded both the woman and the artist.

We wonder how many of our readers are acquainted with the fact, that the growth of plants may be influenced by sounds. At least so says the *English Mechanic*. The writer, living in Portugal, moved on one occasion an harmonium into his green-house, and was surprised to see a gradual but rapid recovery of health to his plants. The experiment is worth trying, and very

easily done. Let our lady friends combine their music room with their conservatory or whatever stands for one with them, and report to us of the progress in health and growth their plants are making. But let them be careful to choose correctly, for it cannot be possible that different plants have not also different airs or tunes answering to them, so to speak. We await results.

The fiftieth anniversary of the death of Beethoven will be completed on the 26th of this month (March), in commemoration of which the long talked of monument to the supreme master of the tone-art will be erected in Vienna. The intended statue, designed by Zumbusch, is partially completed, and at the Imperial Opera several performances have taken place in aid of the praiseworthy undertaking. Verdi led the way, it is said with a contribution of 500 francs. In England the anniversary will be celebrated by a performance of *Fidelio*, conducted by Carl Posa.

The so-called Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine will be celebrated at Whitsuntide in Cologne, under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller. Haydn's *Seasons*, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and Verdi's *Requiem*, are among the compositions to be performed, the last being conducted by the composer.

The anniversary of Mendelssohn's birthday, February 3rd, was observed in Leipsic by the entire devotion of the programme of the fifteenth Subscription Concert to his works, namely, the "St. Paul" Overture, an air from "Elijah," the 114th Psalm, the pianoforte concerto in D minor, played by Miss Dora Schumacher, a pupil of the Conservatorium, and Die Walpurgisnacht.

In London the usual programme of the Saturday afternoon concert at the Crystal Palace was also devoted exclusively to the favourite Master. Joachim, the unsurpassed Hungarian violinist, played the concerto in D, to which a peculiar interest attaches, for when Joachim was still a boy in 1847, he played the same concerto at the Leipsic Genandhaus, with his friend and master, Mendelssohn, present. This was the last concert Mendelssohn ever attended. The delicious Scotch Symphony, an adagio, in E flat from an unpublished symphony written at a very early age were included in the programme, which might have been more varied and characteristic, the part songs and solos being almost too familiar, if one can say so with regard to anything Mendelssohn wrote.

Paris has not been behind other musical centres in rendering suitable homage to the illustrious ones of her country. The 29th of January saw a most imposing ceremony at the famous Cemetery of Père La Chaise, where a monument has been erected to the memory of Auber. The spot selected is not far from the graves of Arago, Rossini, and Alfred de Musset, and the "monument" really consists of two pillars—the larger one of black marble, bearing a cross, and the names of all the deceased composer's works engraven on the sides, while a smaller one, a little in advance of the first, is surmounted by Auber's bust. Many composers, singers, actors, journalists, were collected to do him honour, and speeches were made by Ambroise Thomas, the Mayor of Caën, Auber's birthplace, and others, more or less distinguished. At the conclusion of the speeches, the society of musical composers placed on the tomb a large gold laurel wreath. The students of the Conservatory followed with another of immortelles, while the band of the Republican Guards wound up by offering a third and last of jet. With all due deference to Auber, the

Conservatory, and the artistic community of Paris, we venture to think that in France alone would a composer of Auber's rank be treated with such honours, and we fail to conceive what the French would have done had they produced a Beethoven or a Mozart.

The distribution of the favourite prime donne seems to be entirely European at present. Albani is enjoying a most unquestionable triumph in Paris, her most successful rôle appearing to be Amina. Nilsson in Vienna, and Adelina Patti in her favourite St. Petersburg, have each had ovations exceeding in enthusiasm those of previous seasons. Mdme. Nilsson—not understanding the German language—sang her rôles throughout in French, while the rest of the performers gave their parts in German. Marguerite and Ophelia have been the favourite impersonations of this gifted lady in Vienna, but who can conceive of the garden duet being rendered by a French Gretchen and a German Faust. Patti is supposed to be engaged for the coming Exposition of 1878, but the ways of managers and directors are past finding out, and one learns to distrust nearly all reports of the kind. Mademoiselle Tietjiens still holds her own ; there is no one yet to equal her grand dramatic and declamatory power. After a triumphant progress through Ireland, she is in England again. Madame Trebelli-Bettini, the famous contralto, is enjoying immense success in Sweden, supported by Mr. Behrens. They have also visited Copenhagen and return to England for the Drury Lane season early in April. It is said that, incited by her present warm reception, Madame Trebelli has signed an engagement for North Germany and Finland for the months of September, October, November and December next, prior to her reappearance in Stockholm next January. We give this bit of information, as an English Operatic Company, organized by Mr. Mapleson and headed by Tietjiens, Trebelli, Marie Roze and Behrens, was spoken of in connection with the United States. We fancy that Mademoiselle Tietjiens for one, is not to be easily brought here again. As for Pauline Lucca no one seems to have a very clear idea where she is and what she is doing. Ilma di Murska is soon to start on a concert tour in the United States, having returned from California. The number of débutantes this year seems very small. Both Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson have done all they can on the continent and at home, and now at last we can form some idea of what the summer season in London is likely to be. At Covent Garden Mr. Gye is to have Madame Patti (Adelina of course), Frau Materna, who will possibly appear in Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba," Albani, Mdlle. Thalberg, and M. Capoul. One novelty is to be "Paul and Virginia," the leading parts to be undertaken by Patti and M. Capoul. Mr. Mapleson, on the other hand, will have Mdlle. Tietjiens, Mdlle. Nilsson, Madame Trebelli, M. Faure, and possibly Herr Tamberlik. Faure should prove a greater attraction than ever after his brilliant progress through the French provinces.

MY DEAREST, DEAR LITTLE HEART.

BALLAD.

H. MILLARD.

Moderato con esp.

All the

mf

semplicemente

dreams of youth now are broken through, Both what is done and un - done I rue; There is

con callore. accel. *con esp. porto*

Nothing steadfast and nothing true, But your love for me, and my love for you, My

cres. col canto. *f*

dearest, dear - est, dear li tle heart, My dear - est, dearest, dear little heart!

slento *accell.* *a* *stento*

2. When the wild waves ebb, when the wild waves flow, When the

winds are loud, when the winds are low, When the ro-ses fade, when the ro-ses blow, One

thought, one feel-ing is all I know, My dear-est, dear - est, dear lit-tle heart, My

cres. col canto. *f* *slento* *accell.* *a*

dear - est, dear - est, dear lit - tle heart. 3. Now

stento

time is wea - ry, for time is old, The light of the li-ty burns low in the mould, The

cresc. *con calore.*

grave is cru - el, the grave is cold, But the oth - er side is the ci-ty of gold. My

ff *cres. col canto.* *f*

dear - est, dear - est, dear lit-tle heart, My dear - est, dear - est, dear lit - tle heart!

stento *accell.* *a* *stento*

3

Humorous Department.

LA SONNAMBULA.

Old Ruggles had just bought the house,
  And wasn't to be daunted
'Cause, through the antics of some mouse,
  The servants thought 'twas haunted.

Now Sairey she did testify
  That, very late one night,
A Ghostly Sight she did espy,
  And nearly died with fright.

Maria, too, had seen the Thing
  A gliding through the hall,
Not steady-like, but staggering,
  And roll from wall to wall.

Now Jeames was bold, and he declared
  That he would watch one night ;
He wasn't going to be scared !
  No bogle could *him* fright !

A ghostly Presence glided past ;
  Collaps'd he at the sight ;
He lock'd his door and lit the gas,
  And slept no wink that night.

But Ruggles wasn't in a mood
  To tol'rate ghost or devil,
So he determined that he would
  The mystery unravel.

'Twixt midnight and the stroke of one
  His grog-cup got quite low,
So he meander'd to the tun
  Of brandy kept below.

When lo ! towards the cellar stalk'd
  A Ghost all dress'd in white !
Old Ruggles' knees together knock'd
  As he beheld the sight.

The Ghost in hand a candle bore
  Which spread a ghastly flicker;
It hurried 'cross the dank brick floor,
  And made straight for the liquor.

From phantom goblet then, mayhap,
  A phantom drink it quaff'd?
Oh no! it simply mouth'd the tap,
  And drained a Thracian draught.

Old Ruggles chuckles deep and deeper;
  "I'll give that woman warning!
I see what makes my housekeeper
  So sleepy of a morning."

And he declines to take her back,
  Because she drinks so steep;
While she maintains she got the sack
  For walking in her sleep.

FAUST.

Old Faust he was a bachelor,
  And over fifty years;
He sat within his counting-house,
  And felt like shedding tears;
For though he'd made of wealth galore,
  —Was rich beyond compare,
Yet in his heart of hearts he felt
  A terrible despair.

While other men had those they loved,
  And those who them adored,
Ah! none there were who cared for him,
  A fact he now deplored.
He long'd for human sympathy
  As once he longed for wealth,
And pined for love like any swain;
  It e'en impair'd his health.

He *had* a friend, from whom he might
  Quite possibly discover
A scheme by which he, Faust, might be
  Transform'd into a lover—
Mephistopheles! now-a-days
  Better known as Mammon,
And, popularly, as the friend
  Of men like Oily Gammon.

To him he went and told his case ;
  "Oh, I will fix it soon,
Before another month is out
  Begins your honeymoon ;
I know a girl who loves her dad ;
  That dad howe'er 's in trouble ;
You bring your money-bags along,
  And soon she'll be your double."

And true it was that that sweet girl
  Accepted him in marriage ;
And for a time she thought it fine,
  Because she had a carriage.
But soon the cloven hoof appear'd,
  And Faust he had no heart ;
So she, who craved for more than wealth,
  Declared they'd live apart.

And Faust he died as he had lived--
  Unhonour'd and unloved ;
And she remain'd to marry one
  By Cupid more approved.
The moral of the tale is this—
  If you'd enjoy your life,
Before the age of thirty years,
  Take to yourself a wife.

THE NEXT MOMENT IT WAS IN THE YOUNG, STRONG ARMS."

BELFORD'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1877.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER XIII

If Nicholas Minturn had undertaken to account to himself, or had been called upon to account to others, for the reasons which had induced him to take up his residence in New York for the winter, he would have been puzzled for his answer. To be near Miss Larkin was, undoubtedly, a first consideration. He had a hunger of heart that could only be fed by breathing the atmosphere in which she lived; but this he hardly understood himself, and this, certainly, he could not betray to others. He had had a taste, too, of society; and as Ottercliff could give him no opportunity for its repetition, his life in the ancestral mansion had become tame and tasteless to him. All this was true, but there was something beyond this. He was interested in himself. His interrupted voyage upon the Atlantic had been a voyage of discovery, pursued but half across his own nature. Of independent action he had had so little, that he was curious to see how he should come out in a hand-to-hand encounter with new forms of life. He had no business except such as came to him in connection with the care of his estate, and this was not absorbing. He found his mind active, his means abundant, his whole nature inclined to benevolence, and his curiosity excited in regard to that great world of the poor of which he had heard much, and known literally nothing at all.

He was entirely conscious of his ignorance of the ways of men. He was aware that he had no scheme of life and action, based upon a knowledge of the world. All that he had done, thus far, had been accom-

plished through the motive of the hour. He had seen, in moments of emergency, the right thing to do, and he had done it. He knew that other men had a policy which had come to them with a knowledge of motives—which had come with the experience of human selfishness,—which had come with a keen apprehension of ends and a careful study of means. He very plainly saw this; and he was cute enough to apprehend the fact, not only that he would be obliged to rely on his instincts and his quick and unsophisticated moral and intellectual perceptions for maintaining his power and poise, but that he had a certain advantage in this. The game that policy would be obliged to take at long range,—with careful calculations of deflections, distances, and resistances,—a quick and pure perception could clap its hands upon. A mind that knew too much—a mind that was loaded with precedents, gathered in the path of conventionality and custom—would be slow to see a new way, while one to which all things were new would be hindered by nothing.

All that education and association could do to give Nicholas a woman's mind and a woman's purity, had been done; but behind this mind, and pervaded with this purity, there sat a man's executive power. Of this he had become conscious in his occasional contact with men whose life was a scheme and a policy. What wonder, then, that he was curious about himself? What wonder that the discovery of himself should have been esteemed by him an enterprise quite worthy of his undertaking?

He had been installed in his apartments but a few days, when his presence in New York seemed to have been discovered in quarters most unlikely to acquire the knowledge. College friends who were having a hard time of it in the city found it convenient to borrow small sums of money of him. He was invited to dinners and receptions; and he learned that the flavour of his heroism still hung about him, and that he was still an object of curious interest. Then, various claims to his beneficence were presented by the regular benevolent societies. To all these he turned a willing ear, and lent a generous hand. It was a matter of wonder to him, for a good many days, how so many people, of such different grades, should know just where to look for him.

One morning, as he had completed some business of his own that had cost him an hour at his desk, Pont appeared with the card of "Mr. Jonas Cavendish." Who Mr. Jonas Cavendish was, he had not the remotest apprehension; but he told Pont to show him up.

Mr. Jonas Cavendish came in, holding before him, as if he expected Nicholas to take it, an old and carefully brushed hat. The weather was cold, but he wore no overcoat. There was a cheerful—almost a gleeful—look on the man's face, a dandyish air about his buttoned-up

figure, and a general expression of buoyancy in his manner, that gave Nicholas the impression that he had suddenly fallen heir to a vast fortune, and had come to tell a stranger the news before visiting his tailor.

Nicholas rose to receive him, and Mr. Cavendish extended his blue hand, with which he shook that of the young man very long and very heartily.

"I suppose I ought to know you," said Nicholas, doubtfully. "Be seated sir."

Mr. Cavendish sat down, and gave Nicholas a long and interested examination.

"Well it doesn't seem possible! It—does—not—seem—possible!' said Mr. Cavendish. "To think that the little lad that I used to see at Ottercliff has come to this! Ah! Time flies!"

Nicholas was so much embarrassed that he took up the man's card, and looked at it again, to see if it would not touch the spring in his memory that seemed so slow in its responses.

"I see that you are puzzled," said the man, "and I ought to say, in justice to—to all concerned, that, in one sense, you ought to know me, and in another sense that you ought not to know me. Now, let me try to assist you. Flat Head? Flat Head? Does it help you any? Don't you catch a glimpse of a pale enthusiastic young man, bending over you, and playing with your curls? Flat Head, now!"

"No, I must beg your pardon. I cannot recall you."

"Don't feel badly about it, I beg of you. I'll tell you who I am in a moment; but psychology has always been a favourite study with me, and I want to make a little experiment. I have a theory that every event in a man's life makes an impression upon the memory, and can be recalled, if we touch the cords,—if we touch the right cord, you know. Now, don't you remember hearing old Tom say to your mother: "Here's that plug of Cavendish turned up again? Don't that start it?"

"So you knew old Tom?" said Nicholas.

"Yes, and a good old fellow he was. Queer, but good at heart, you know?"

"Won't you sit nearer the fire?" Nicholas inquired, seeing that Mr. Cavendish was in a shiver.

"No, sir,—no. You wonder why I wear no overcoat. I would not consent to such a degree of effeminacy. My life has inured me to hardship. When I am within the confines of civilization, I endeavour, as far as possible, to preserve the habits I am compelled to follow among the wild tribe that engages my poor services. I should be ashamed to wear an overcoat, sir. Ah! your dear departed mother has talked to me about it, with tears in her eyes, again and again."

Here Mr. Cavendish withdrew a soiled handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his eyes and blew his nose.

"The cold, as an exciting agency, will have its effect upon the mucous membrane," said Mr. Cavendish, with a trembling voice and an attempt to hide from Nicholas the cause of his emotion.

"I shall be obliged to trouble you to tell me who you are," said Nicholas.

"I suppose a young man like you never reads the reports of the missionary operations," said Mr. Cavendish; "but I have given my life to the Flat Head Indians. I have not been able to do much. but I have modified them,—modified them, sir. If I may be permitted the rare indulgence of a jest, I should say that their heads are not so level as they were, speaking strictly with reference to their physical conformation. The burdens which they bear upon them are lighter. There has been, through my humble agency—I hope I say it without vanity—a general amelioration. The organ of benevolence has been lifted. Veneration has received a chance for development."

"And did my mother formerly help you?" inquired Nicholas.

"That woman forced things upon me, sir. I couldn't get out of the house empty-handed. I shall never, never forget her."

"Are you now at the East collecting funds?"

"No; I'll tell you just how it is. I am not here to collect funds. I am here, mainly, to report facts. I have all I can do for to hinder my mission from assuming a mercenary aspect, and to prevent a mercenary aspect from being thrown over my past life. It vexes me beyond measure."

Mr. Jonas Cavendish was now approaching the grand climax of the little drama he had brought upon the stage, and rose to his feet for more convenient and effective acting.

"Only last night," said he, "I was with friends. I was just as unsuspicious as an unborn babe of what was going on. We talked about the past and its sacrifices. They ought to have known better. They had been acquainted with me and my work for a life-time, and it was not my fault that they presumed to cast a veil of mercenariness over my career. They knew—they must have known—that I had worked solely for the good of the cause. And yet, those friends, meaning well, but obtuse—utterly obtuse to the state of my feelings, proposed a testimonial: Sir, I give you my word that I was angry. I raved. I walked the room in a rage. 'Good God!' said I, 'has it come to this: that a miserable pecuniary reward is to spread its golden shadow over the sacrifices of a life!' I was indignant, yet I knew that they meant well. I knew that their hearts were right. They couldn't see that they were

wounding me at the most sensitive point—that they insulted while they attempted to compliment me."

Mr. Cavendish here gave a complimentary attention to his "mucous membrane," and proceeded :

"Then I relented, and as my passion died, and my mind came into a frame more favourable to the conception of expedients, a thought struck me. 'I have it!' said I. 'Go away from me with your testimonials! Go away, go away! I shut my ears to you. Not a word, not a word about it! but make it an endowment, said I, and I'm with you!"

Here Mr. Cavendish had arrived at a high pitch of eloquence. His face glowed, his eyes flashed, and he stood before Nicholas, quivering all through and all over with earnestness and excitement.

"It ran through them like wild-fire," he went on. "They chose a president and a secretary. They prepared the papers. They accomplished their object and they spared me. We parted amicably, and here is the paper. If you esteem it a privilege to aid in this endowment, you shall have it, as the son of a woman whom I honoured and who honoured my mission. Act with perfect freedom. Don't put down a dollar more than you find it in your heart to put down. Think of it only as an endowment. Twenty-five dollars is a fair sum for any man. I don't want it in large sums. It ought to be a general thing, in which the whole people can unite. Then all will be interested, and all will feel that they have had a chance. Just put your name there, at the head of the third column. I confess that I have a little feeling on the matter of leading names, and I trust you will pardon the vanity."

Nicholas drew up to the table, with a feeling of utter helplessness. The nice distinction which Mr. Jonas Cavendish recognized between a testimonial and an endowment was not apparent to him, but he saw that that individual apprehended it in a very definite and positive form. He was at a loss, also, to comprehend the propriety and the modesty of the missionary's agency in working up the endowment. The whole performance seemed to be an ingenious piece of acting, yet he was under an influence which compelled him to sign the paper, and to write the sum which Mr. Cavendish had mentioned, at the end of his name. He could not bring his mind to regard it as a privilege, but he seemed shorn of the power to repel the offer.

"I may as well pay this now," said Nicholas, rising to his feet and producing the money.

"You remind me of your mother, in many things,—in many things," said Mr. Cavendish, smiling his approval of the proposition, and pocketing the notes.

Then Mr. Cavendish gathered up his papers, thanked Nicholas on be half of the committee and the cause, shook his hand and retired, with

the same buoyant and business-like air which he wore upon his entrance.

Nicholas found himself unhappy and discontented when Mr. Cavendish closed the door behind him. He had done that which he knew Glezen would laugh at, but he felt, somehow, that he could not have helped himself. The man's will and expectation were so strong that he was powerless to disappoint him. He determined only that he would be more careful in the future.

He had thought the matter over in a vague uneasiness for half an hour, when Pont appeared again, with the announcement that a sick man was at the door, and insisted on seeing Mr. Minturn.

"I don't want to see him," said Nicholas, shrinking from another encounter.

"Dat's jes what I tole him," said Pont; "but he says he *mus'* see you, mas'r."

"Well, I'm in for it to-day, Pont. "I'll see it through. Show him up."

Pont was gone a long time, but at last Nicholas overheard conversation, a great shuffling of feet upon the stairs, and the very gradual approach of his visitor.

The door was opened, and a feeble-looking, shabby fellow appeared, creeping slowly upon feet that were apparently swollen to twice their natural size. They were incased in shoes, slit over the tops, to accommodate the enlarged members, with their manifold wrappings. With many sighs and groans, he sank into a chair, and Nicholas observed him silently while he regained his breath. There was no doubt in the mind of Nicholas that the man was not only poor, but miserable.

"I am troubling you," said the panting visitor at length, in a feeble, regretful voice, "because I am obliged to trouble somebody. I have had no experience in straits like these, and I have no arts by which to push my claims upon your charity. I am simply poor and helpless.

"How long have you been so?" inquired Nicholas.

"Only a day and a night, in which I have neither slept nor tasted food."

"Tell me your story," said Nicholas.

The invalid had a twinge of terrible pain at this moment, and lifted and nursed one of his aching feet.

"I walked the streets all last night, until just before morning, and I don't feel much like talk," said the man. "However, I'll make it short. I came here nine months ago, looking for work. Before I had been here a week, I was taken down with acute rheumatism. I ought to say that I am a son of Dr. Yankton, of Boston, and that my home has been in Virginia for the last twenty years, though my life has been an official one,—at Washington,—in the departments. As I said, I came here for

work, and then I was taken down. I had to go to Bellevue, and there I stayed until they got all my money, and then they sent me to the Island." (Another twinge.) "They dismissed me yesterday, without a word of warning. I had no chance to write to my friends for money, and I have no way to get home."

"And you say that you have neither eaten nor slept since your discharge?"

"Not a morsel and not a wink," said Mr. Yankton, comprehensively. "I couldn't beg. I can't now. Gracious Heaven! what a night! If I were to live a thousand years, I couldn't forget it. I went into the Bowery Hotel at midnight, and sat down. I sat there about ten minutes, when the clerk came to me and said he wasn't allowed to have tramps sitting round in the house, nights, and told me I must move on. He wasn't rough, but he was obliged to obey orders. Then I walked until three, and found myself at the Metropolitan. I went in and told the clerk I wanted to sit down awhile, and he bade me make myself comfortable till the people began to stir. But I couldn't sleep, and here I am."

All this was very plausible, and Nicholas felt the case to be genuine but he was bound to take the proper precautions against imposition.

"You have some credentials, I suppose?" said Nicholas, in a tone of inquiry.

"Plenty of 'em."

Then Mr. Yankton withdrew from his pocket, and carefully unfolded, a package of papers, and handed them to Nicholas. They showed very plainly, on examination, that Mr. Yankton, or somebody who bore his name, had been in the departments at Washington, and that he had left a good record.

"I would like to borrow," said Mr. Yankton, "the sum of six dollars. When I get to Baltimore, I shall be all right, and I shall at once sit down and return you the money."

Nicholas handed the sum to him, partly from benevolence, partly to get an unpleasant sight and an unwholesome smell out of his room; and he was surprised, when Pont had helped the cripple fellow down stairs and into the street, that a vague sense of dissatisfaction was left, in this case, as in the other. He asked himself a good many questions in regard to the matter that he could not satisfactorily answer. He was, at least, in no mood for meeting any new applicant for money. So he put on his overcoat, and prepared himself for the street. When he emerged upon the side-walk, he suddenly conceived the purpose to walk to Bellevue Hospital, and inquire into Mr. Yankton's history in that institution. Arriving there, he was informed, after a careful examination of the books,

that no man bearing the name of Yankton had been a patient in the institution within the space of the previous ten years.

Nicholas left the hospital sick at heart. It did not seem possible, to his simple nature, that a man could lie so boldly and simulate disease so cleverly, and do it all for a paltry sum of money. He thought of what Glezen had said at Mrs. Coates's dinner table, and concluded that his friend should not know how thoroughly he had been deceived.

He took a vigorous turn about the streets, until it was time for him to return to his lunch. Pont met him at the door, and informed him that during his absence a gentleman had called, who would be in again at three o'clock. Nicholas took the man's card without looking at it until he reached his room. Then he tossed it upon the table, removed his overcoat and gloves, and as he drew up to the fire, picked up the card and read the name of "Mr. Lansing Minturn, of Missouri."

The name startled him. He knew that his family was small, and he had never heard of the Missouri branch. But this was not the most remarkable part of the matter. His own mother was a Lansing, a name as honourable as his own, and representing a much larger family. Here was a man who, apparently, held a blood connection with him on both sides of the house. The love of kindred was strong within the young man, and he found his heart turning with warm interest and good-will toward the expected visitor.

Indeed, he was impatient for him to appear, for he anticipated the reception, through him, of an accession of knowledge concerning his ancestry and his living connections.

He ate his lunch and passed his time in desultory reading, until, at last, Mr. Lansing Minturn was announced. He rose to meet his unknown relative with characteristic heartiness and frankness, and invited him to a seat at the fire.

Mr. Lansing Minturn, it must be confessed, did not bear a strong resemblance to Nicholas. He was plainly but comfortably dressed, bore upon his face the marks of exposure, and apparently belonged to what may be called the middle class of American citizens. He was modest in demeanour, respectful without being obsequious, and self-possessed without obtrusiveness.

"I have called," said he, "not to make any claim of relationship—for I should never have presumed to do that—but in the pursuit of an errand which has brought me to the city. Four months ago a brother of mine left home for the East, and not a word have we heard from him since. I have come to New York to find him. So far, I have been unsuccessful. He had but little money when he left, and it occurred to me that, in his straits, he might have come to one of his own name for help. That's all. Has he done so?"

"Why, no, I haven't seen him," said Nicholas.

"Then I'll not trouble you longer," said Mr. Lansing Minturn, with a sigh, and he rose to take his leave.

"Don't go!" exclaimed Nicholas, "I want to talk with you about your family."

"I am delighted, of course, to rest here awhile," said the visitor; "but I had no intention to take up your time."

Then the two young men, in whom the sentiment of consanguinity rose into dominant eminence, sat and talked through a most interesting hour. It was a matter of profound grief to Mr. Lansing Minturn and his family that none of them had been able to attend the grand gathering of the Lansing family, which had taken place a few years before. Some of their neighbours had attended the meeting, and brought back glowing reports of the festivities and the speeches. He, himself, had read the record with great interest. He was thoroughly posted in his pedigree, on both sides of the family, and was proud of it, in the humble way in which a man in humble circumstances may cherish a pride of ancestry, but he had never gone among the rich members of the family. Poor relations were not usually welcome. His grandfather was still living in Boston—a man once rich, but now in greatly reduced circumstances, and very old. Indeed, it was the failure of his grandfather in business which had sent his children into the West when it was little more than a wilderness.

"By the way," said Mr. Lansing Minturn, rising and taken his hat; "how far is it to Boston?"

"Seven or eight hours' ride, I suppose," Nicholas replied.

"Ride? yes!" and the remote cousin extended his hand in farewell, and started for the door.

"Look here! What do you mean?" said Nicholas, rushing toward him.

"Nothing—nothing—I can do it."

"Of course you can do it."

"I'm a civil engineer by profession," said Mr. Minturn from Missouri. "Walking is my business, and I can do it."

His hand was upon the knob, and one of the hands of Nicholas was in his pocket, while the other grasped the retreating figure of his newly found relative. There was a harmless little tussle, an exclamation, "You are too kind," and both became conscious, at subsequent leisure, that a ten-dollar bill had passed from Minturn to Minturn. It was a comfort to each, for several hours, that the money had not gone out of the family, yet Nicholas was not entirely sure that he had not been imposed upon. The last look that he had enjoyed of his relative's eyes and mouth—of the general expression of triumph that illuminated his fea-

tures—made him uneasy. Could it be possible that he had been imposed upon again? Could it be possible that he had been led into a trap, and had voluntarily made an ass of himself? It was hard to believe, and therefore he would not believe it."

Nicholas sat down and thought it all over; he knew that Glezen would not be in that night, for he had informed him of an engagement. Coming to a conclusion he rang his bell for Pont. When his servant appeared, he told him to go to the house of Talking Tim, the pop-corn man, whose address he had learned, with the message that he (Nicholas) wanted to see him at his rooms that evening.

It was still two hours to dinner, and he went into the street, called on one or two friends, and got rid of his lingering time as well as he could. His dinner disposed of, he was in his room at seven, and soon afterward Talking Tim appeared, with his basket on his arm.

Nicholas gave him a warm, comfortable seat at his fire, and then told him, with entire faithfulness, the story of his day's experience.

Tim listened with great interest and respectfulness to the narrative, but when he concluded, he gave himself up to an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"You really must excuse me," said the pop-corn man, "but I know every one of these fellows. They are the brightest dead-beats there are in the city."

"You are sure you are not mistaken?" said Nicholas lugubriously.

"Say!" said Talking Tim, using a favourite exclamation for attracting or fastening an interlocutor's attention, "would you like to take a little walk this evening? I think I can show you something you'll be pleased to see."

"Yes, I'll go with you anywhere."

"Then put on your roughest clothes, and your storm hat, and leave your gloves behind. Make as little a difference between you and me as you can, and we'll indulge in a short call."

Nicholas arrayed himself according to Tim's directions, who sat by and criticized the outfit.

"You are a little more respectable than you ought to be," said Tim, "but if you'll button your coat up to your chin, so as to leave it doubtful whether you have a shirt on, you'll do."

They started out in great glee, and by Tim's direction took a Broadway car, and rode to the lower terminus of the road. Then they crossed Broadway, and soon began to thread the winding streets on the eastern side of the city. Nicholas was quickly beyond familiar ground, but he asked no questions, and took little note of his bearings, trusting himself to his guide. Many a joke was tossed at Talking Tim on the way, of which he took little notice. Low bar-rooms and saloons were ablaze

with light and crowded with drunken, swearing men. They jostled against staggering ruffians and wild-eyed, wanton women. They saw penniless loafers looking longingly into bakers' windows. They saw feeble children lugging homeward buckets of beer. They saw women trying to lead drunken husbands through the cold streets to miserable beds in garrets and cellars, and other sights, sickening enough to make them ashamed of the race to which they belonged, and to stir in them a thousand benevolent and helpful impulses.

"Here we are!" said Tim, after a long period of silent walking.

Nicholas looked up, and saw at the foot of a shallow alley two windows of stained glass. Clusters of grapes were blazoned on the panes, and men were coming and going, though the opening door revealed nothing of the interior, which was hidden behind a screen. By the light of a street-lamp, which headed and illuminated the alley, he could read the gilt letters of the sign, "The Crown and Crust," over which stood, carved in outline and gilded like the letters, a goat *rampant.*

"Now," said Tim, "we'll go in, and we'll go straight to a stall, and not stop to talk with anybody. I know the stall I want, and, if it's empty, we shall be all right. Don't follow me, but keep by my side, and don't act as if you'd never been here before."

When they opened the door, they were met by a stifling atmosphere of tobacco-smoke and beer, which at first sickened Nicholas and half determined him to beat a retreat, but this was overcome. Nicholas saw a large room and a large bar, behind which stood three or four men in their shirt-sleeves, and two girls, dressed in various cheap finery. Customers filled the room—chaffing, swearing, laughing riotously, staggering about, or sitting half asleep on lounges that surrounded a red-hot stove. Opening out of the room on three sides were rows of stalls, each with its narrow table running backward through the middle, and with unceiled walls not more than a foot higher than a standing man's head. The stalls were closed in front by faded red curtains, that the customers parted on entering, and dropped behind them.

Tim gave a bow of recognition here and there, as he passed through the crowd, many of whom looked strangely and questioningly at Nicholas. Such crowds always have a wholesome fear of detectives, and suspicions attached to him at once,—precisely the suspicions which would secure to him respectful treatment, for there were probably not five men in the room who had not good reason to fear the police.

The two men went across the room to a stall, and disappeared within it. Tim left his basket inside, and, telling Nicholas to remain while he should order something, as a matter of form, he went out. As he stood at the bar, one of the crowd approached him, and inquired the name and business of his companion.

"Oh, he's an old one," said Tim, "and can't be fooled with. He's no detective, if that's what you're after, and he's all right."

When Tim returned, he found Nicholas in great excitement. The latter put his finger to his lip, and made a motion of his head, which indicated that interesting conversation was in progress in the adjoining stall. Tim sat down in silence, and both listened. Soon a voice said:

"Boys, that was the cleanest raid that's been executed inside of a year. The family affection that welled up in that young kid's bosom when he realized that the mingled blood of all the Minturns and Lansings was circulating in my veins, it was touching to see. I could have taken him to my heart. I tell you it was the neatest job I ever did."

"I came pretty near making a slump of it," said another voice. "I was telling him about my dear old Flat Heads, you know, and how much good I had done them. Well, when I told him that I had ameliorated them, and all that sort of thing, an infernal suggestion came to me to say that I had planted in their brains the leaven of civilization, and that the mass was rising; and the idea of an Indian's head as a loaf of bread was a little too many for me. I didn't dare to speak it out for fear I should laugh, and put the fellow on his guard."

Following this, there was a boisterous roar of merriment, which continued until another voice exclaimed:

"Oh, my rheumatiz! my rheumatiz!"

Then there was another laugh, and Nicholas and Tim exchanged smiling glances.

Then, rebuttoning his coat, and putting on his hat, he left the stall, and threading his way through the crowd, that grew silent and made way for him as he passed, he quickly sped through the alley and emerged upon the street. He remembered that a few rods from the alley he had passed a police-station. Making sure of his point of compass, he walked slowly back upon the track he had traversed on approaching "The Crown and Crust," and soon found the house he sought, and entered. Addressing the officer in charge, he told him his story and explained to him his wishes. The officer was obliging, and immediately detailed three policemen, who accompanied him back to the saloon.

There was a general silence and scattering as he entered with his escort, and made directly for the stall in which Talking Tim was waiting impatiently, and with many fears, for his return. As he parted the curtains, Tim caught a glimps of the policemen, and sprang to his feet. Nicholas raised his finger, and then quietly parted the curtains which hid the three rogues who had preyed upon him during the day, and looked in upon them without saying a word.

To the face of one, the Minturn and Lansing blood mounted with painful pulsations. The rheumatic patient, with great liveliness of limb

and utter disregard of his tender feet, endeavoured to clamber over the partition, but was knocked back by the pop-corn man. The missionary to the Flat Heads was pale, but calm.

"You are in very bad company to-night, sir," said Mr. Jonas Cavendish.

"I am aware of it," Nicholas responded, "but I have the police at my back and am likely to be protected. Are you enjoying yourselves?"

"Very much so, indeed," said Mr. Cavendish.

"How much money have you left? Put every dollar of it on the table here before you, or I will have you searched for it."

There was a great, though a painfully reluctant, fumbling of the pockets, and at length each produced the sum he had received from Nicholas, diminished only by the moderate expenses of the day. Nicholas gathered the sums together, ascertained the aggregate, and then said:

"You will probably want a dollar apiece for the expenses of the night and the morning, I will hold the rest in trust for you. I do not propose, for the present, to treat it as my own, and whether you get it or not, will depend upon your behaviour."

Then Nicholas called in the policemen, and enquired if they knew these men. On being assured that they knew them very well, and that they had known them a long time, he asked them to send the crowd away that had gathered excitedly around the stall, and to listen what he had to say.

The policemen turned upon the crowd and sent them back. The sale of liquors had stopped, and the bar-keepers were sourly looking on at a distance. Curtains were parted along the line of stalls, and curious eyes were peering out.

"I want these three men to come to my room to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. If they do not come, I shall arrest them as vagrants, I shall prosecute them for conspiracy and for obtaining money under false pretences, and spend all the money that is necessary to make them uncomfortable for a year. I shall get them into the State Prison if I can, where they will be taught how to work. I have nothing to do but to attend to this matter, and I propose to devote myself to it. Now," turning to the men, "will you come?"

"Better go, boys," said one of the policemen. "Better go. He don't mean you any mischief, and he'll be hard on you if you don't."

The three men looked into one another's faces. They were suspicious, but they were helpless. Finally, the missionary inquired if he was going to have a policeman there.

"Not a policeman," said Nicholas emphatically. "I wouldn't have had one here, except for this damnable crowd of thieves and ruffians,

that would have made mince-meat of me if I had undertaken to deal with you alone, for you know I can whip the whole of you."

"Minturn blood, boys" said the remote relative, by way of enlivening the solemnity of the occasion.

"All I've got to say, is, that if you don't promise me, these policemen will take charge of you at once," said Nicholas decidedly; "and that if you don't come after you have promised, I'll follow you until I get every one of you in the lock-up."

"Oh, we'll go, of course," said the missionary.

"And I'll go in my good shoes," said the rheumatic man, laughing.

"Count on us," said the distant relative.

"Will they keep their promise?" inquired Nicholas of the nearest policeman.

"Well, I reckon so. They're not bad fellows at heart, and they'll keep their word."

This little compliment went home, and each man rose and gave his hand in pledge of his sincerity.

"All right, I trust you," said Nicholas.

Then he turned and thanked the policemen for their service, and told Talking Tim that they would go. Tim lifted his basket, and, as they made their way through the curious assemblage, the pop-corn man cried his merchandise:

"Pop-corn, gentlemen, just salt enough. It strengthens the appetite, sweetens the breath, beautifies the bar-maid, restores consciousness after a stroke of Jersey lightning, steadies the nerves, makes home happy, quenches thirst, widens sidewalks, and reduces the police. Five cents a paper, gentlemen, and the supply limited by law. How many papers? —what the—?"

Talking Tim had gathered the whole crowd around him, including the three policemen, who seemed as much amused as the motley assembly that had immediately grown quiet and lamb-like under the influence of their presence. His sudden pause and exclamation were produced by seeing Nicholas dart out of the door, as swiftly and furiously as if he had been projected from a cannon. He did not pause to sell the article whose virtues he had so attractively set forth, but followed Nicholas as swiftly as he could pierce the crowd that interposed between him and the door. When he reached the sidewalk, there was nobody to be seen. He heard rapid footsteps in the distance, as if two men were running, and knew the attempt to follow them would be vain. So he stood still, calculating that Nicholas would return. The policemen came out to him, at their leisure, and questioned him in their lazy and indifferent way, about the "rum boy," and prophesied that he would get himself into difficulty. Then they moved off toward the station.

Talking Tim waited with great impatience and distress for ten minutes, when Nicholas came up slowly and alone, panting with the violent effort he had made, and showing by his smirched clothing that he had been upon the ground.

"You haven't had a fight?" said Tim.

"No," said Nicholas painfully and out of breath. "I fell down."

"What have you been up to?"

"Wait. Let us go along quietly. Wait till I get my breath."

"You see," said Nicholas at length, "I happened to get a glimpse of an old acquaintance, while you were talking He opened the door fairly upon me, and we knew each other at once. He was the man I saw twice in connection with the Ottercliff robbery, and he wasn't in any hurry for another interview, and I was; but he was too fast for me, and knew the sharp corners and lurking-places better than I did. I chased him to the water, and lost him among the wharves."

"Will you pardon me if I say that you are a very careless man?" inquired Tim with a respectful air, and in a tone that betrayed almost a fatherly interest.

"I suppose I ran some risk," Nicholas responded, "but I didn't stop to think."

"What are you going to do with these three fellows? I should think you had had enough of them."

"I don't know; but I have a little plan. I am going to think about it to-night."

When the oddly matched companions reached Broadway, they were not far from Talking Tim's home, and there Nicholas insisted on their parting for the night, but Tim would not hear of it. What new complications Nicholas might find himself in before reaching his apartments, was a matter of serious question with the pop-corn man. So when Nicholas took a seat in a passing omnibus, Tim followed him in, refusing to leave him until he saw him fairly to the steps of his home.

"You are careless," said Tim, as he bade Nicholas good-night, "but I like you. May I come to-morrow night and hear the rest of this story?"

"Yes, if you are interested. You certainly have earned the privilege, and I am a thousand times obliged to you besides."

"You'll not be troubled any more with dead-beats," said Tim. "They'll all know about this affair before to-morrow night."

And with this assurance they parted.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE affairs of Tim Spencer, the pop-corn man, and his large family, were a frequent theme of conversation among the coterie that had its head-quarters in Miss Larkin's little parlour. Nicholas had helped him to his money, in the way already recorded, and with this he had been enabled to change his tenement to a more salubrious location, where the health of his children was already improving. He had thus been measurably relieved of their care, and was again pushing his humble business with industry and moderate success.

But Tim was a hard man for persons of benevolent impulses and intentions to deal with. The sentiment of manhood and the love of independence were strong within him. Anything that had the flavour or suggestion of pauperism was so repulsive to him that he regarded it with almost a morbid hatred and contempt. He knew he was poor, and that he needed many things; but to anything that the hand of a sympathetic beneficence could bestow, he preferred the depressing hardship it would cost him and the self-respect of which it would rob him. Every attempt to help him had been repelled, and he was fighting his battle bravely alone.

This spirit of independence was one which, of course, his friends admired. Indeed it was the principal agent in evoking their sympathy. He was the sort of man to be helped. If he had been a whining pauper, like thousands of others around them, they would have cared less for him, and been less desirous of assisting him. They would have found no fault with him but for his persistent determination to shut his children away from the mission schools. They had once been there, and, then, after a few months he had withdrawn them. All the efforts of teachers and patrons had not availed to shake his determination that they should never resume the connection. He would give no reasons for his course, but he had made up his mind, and showed very plainly that the whole subject was distasteful to him.

All this had been talked over at what Glezen had facetiously called "The Larkin Bureau;" yet with Miss Coates, to whom the word "fail" was neither familiar nor agreeable, the determination to secure and do something with Tim Spencer's children remained unshaken. To use her own expressive phrase, she was "bound to get hold of them."

Half a dozen members of "The Bureau," including Nicholas and Glezen, were talking the matter over one evening, when Miss Coates reminded Glezen of the promise he had made her at dinner to accompany her on one of her visits to the poor. "And now," she said, "I want you to go with me to see Tim Spencer, and to go this very evening. Miss Pelton will go with us, I am sure."

"Oh! no, no!" said Miss Pelton at once. "It would be such larks if I dared, but I'm sure my sister would never consent to it. Oh! I wouldn't go for the world. Such horrid places, you know, and such people!"

Miss Pelton was one of those nice, fashionable young ladies, who are fond of handling the poor with gloves, and at arm's length. Benevolence was one of her amusements. She taught in the mission-school, because that was one of the things to do. It formed, too, a satisfactory sop to conscience previous to the feasts of frivolity with which the following days and nights of the week were made merry. When a member of the family is ill, it is customary to feed him or her first, that the dinner of the rest may be enjoyed. She fed her conscience first, that her pride, vanity and frivolity might dine at leisure.

"I'll tell you what I think," said Miss Larkin. "I think if you wish to prosper in your errand, the fewer people you take with you, the better. Tim Spencer is sensitive. He does not like to be meddled with, and he does not like to have gentlefolk in his home. He is poor, and feels that he cannot meet you on even ground—that you can only look upon his humble home with a sense of the contrast that it presents to your own. It will mortify him to have you see his straitened rooms and their homely and scanty appointments. There is really nothing improper in your going alone with Mr. Glezen."

Miss Larkin said all this to Miss Coates, for she knew that Miss elton's presence would be an embarrassment, and was only sought for the sake of appearances.

All agreed that this was right, and as for Glezen, he was only too glad to go with Miss Coates anywhere. He had a liking, too, for any sort of adventure, and a sure reliance upon his own quick wits to win his way successfully through it.

"I am ready," said Glezen.

"And I," responded Miss Coates, rising to her feet.

"Come back and report to us," said Miss Larkin.

"Certainly."

Then Glezen and Miss Coates left the room, and were soon on the street. It was a raw and chilly night. Little needles of falling snow defined themselves against the flickering street lamps, the eastern wind beat upon their faces, and they bent their heads to it and walked in silence. No line of public conveyance favoured their route, and they arrived at their destination only after a walk and a battle with the elements which had sent the blood to their faces and the tears to their eyes

"You know I'm nothing but a passenger, to-night," said Glezen to his companion, as they stamped their feet upon the door-steps.

"You are to win a victory to-night, and I'm to see you do it."

"Very well, show me the enemy," said Miss Coates.

They entered a hall which would have been utterly dark had it not been for a feeble lantern hung at the top of the first staircase. They mounted to the second story, meeting on the way a slatternly woman, with a basket, who stared at them until they had passed above her sight, in mounting the second flight of stairs. On the third floor, they came to a door that bore the printed card of "T. Spencer." It was evidently cut from a pop-corn paper, but it was the first sign of civilization they had discovered in the building.

Glezen boldly, and without the slightest hesitation, rapped.

There was a hurried conversation inside, a moving of chairs, a hustling of unsightly things into closets and corners, and then Tim himself opened the door. He showed plainly that the call was anything but a pleasant surprise. With all the nonchalance and impudence which he was accustomed to use in pushing his trade outside, he was abashed by the beautiful face and richly draped figure that Miss Coates presented. He grew pale at first, then he blushed, and then there came to his help his unbartered sense of manhood. He shook hands cordially with Glezen, and with Miss Coates, as she was presented to him. Turning, as self-respectfully as if he were a lord, he introduced the pair to Mrs. Spencer and a young daughter, who hovered at the uncertain age between girlhood and womanhood. Bringing chairs for them, he invited them to be seated.

Miss Coates had seen everything at a glance. The room was of fair dimensions, and as neat in appearance as it could be kept with the crowded life that made it its home. The mother was a pale woman, worn and weary looking, and plainly dressed, with a snowy white kerchief pinned around her throat. She held in her lap a baby, convalescent from a long illness, that fretted constantly, and seemed disturbed by the entrance of the visitors. The daughter was evidently overworked, but presented a good physique. The other children had gone to bed, with the exception of Bob, who has been already incidentally introduced to the reader, in a conversation in Glezen's office. He sat in the chimney-corner, with both feet upon the jamb, engaged in the congenial employment of chewing gum, and occasionally spitting through an orifice made in his upper jaw by the loss of a tooth—a loss (as he afterwards explained to Miss Coates) that had been sustained in a "game scrimmage with a Mickey."

There was something about the air of Tim Spencer, in his house, and in the presence of his wife and daughter, that made it impossible for Glezen to address him by his familiar title.

"Mr. Spencer," he said, "Miss Coates has a little business with you, I believe, and I am here simply as her protector."

"I suspect what the business is," said Tim, "I suspected it when I first set my eyes on her; and I am sorry she has come so far, on so unpleasant a night, to be disappointed."

Miss Coates laughed, in her own hearty way, and presented a very pretty picture as she turned towards him, with her ruddy face, merry eyes, and dazzling teeth, and said:

"Shall we go away now?"

"I didn't mean that," said Tim.

Bob understood the business quite as readily as his father did, and, instead of facing the group, turned his back upon it, put his feet a little higher up upon the jamb, chewed the gum more furiously, and spat with greater frequency. He knew that he was to be the subject of the conversation, and so placed himself in a judicial attitude.

"Yes," said Miss Coates, "I have come for your children, I want them in my mission-school."

"They have been there once—not in yours, perhaps, but they have been there," said Tim.

"Now," said Glezen, "tell her frankly just what the trouble is. People who have been here, and who mean well towards you and yours, say you won't talk about it, and they think you are unreasonable."

"I'm not an unreasonable man," said Tim, "and I don't mean to be foolishly proud. I certainly don't intend to hurt the feelings of those who have tried to do good to my children. The truth is, I can't tell them how I feel without hurting them, and that is the reason why I have refused to talk. I am going to talk now, since you insist on it, and tell you the whole story. The truth is, they have done my children harm. They didn't mean it, of course, but they don't understand their business."

"What can you mean?" inquired Miss Coates eagerly.

"If I show some earnestness in this matter," said Tim Spencer, "you must forgive me, for you have told me to speak, and I have been so besought and badgered that I must tell you just how strongly I feel about it. I heard a good deal of good preaching in the early part of my life. If I am not a good man, I have myself to blame for it. Of late years I haven't been able to own a seat in any church, and I have stayed at home. I have a theory that a church ought to be the house of God, where men and women of all grades and all circumstances can meet on an even footing. None but the Catholics have such a church here, and I'm not a Catholic. So I and my children have no place to go to, and we have our choice between heathenism and pauperism, and I haven't hesitated to choose the former. A heathen may maintain his self-respect: a confirmed and willing pauper, never. Let a man, woman or child once get the impression that they are to be supported by people

outside of their family—let them be once willing and greedy to grasp for benefactions that will relieve them from want and work—and they are lost."

"I don't see what that has to do with mission-schools," interjected Miss Coates.

"I'll tell you what it has to do with them," said Tim. "You bring my children first into direct association with paupers. More than half of your schools are made up of the children of people who care nothing whatever for the schools, except what they can get out of them. The children are taught at home to select for their teachers, as far as possible, those who are rich and generous. They even divide their children among different schools in order to secure their ends. They send them to school to get them clothed, and to open channels of sympathy and benevolence toward themselves. They take advantage of your interest to push their own selfish schemes. They even assume the attitude of those who grant a favour, and they expect to get some tangible return for it. They lend their children to you for a consideration."

"I am afraid this is partly true," Miss Coates responded.

"True? I know it's true," said Tim, "and you teachers play directly into their hands. You don't intend to do it, but you do it; and you do something worse than this. You foster the spirit of dependence. It is a part of the business of your church to support a mission, and it is the policy of your church to keep it dependent upon you. You do not even try to develop your mission into a self-supporting church. You find your children mainly paupers, and you keep them so, and once a year you march the whole brood over to your big church and show them—not as a part of the children of your church, but as a separate and alien brood, with which the real children of the church have nothing in common. You do not attempt to give them any practical idea of their responsibilities in connection with Christian work, and when they leave you they go without a single impulse to take care of themselves."

Miss Coates felt all this to be true. She had seen the class distinction between the supporting church and the dependent mission carried into every department of the enterprise. She had seen the teachers who had been developed in the mission socially snubbed, and knew that nothing was further from the thought and policy of the church than the development of the mission into a self-directing and self-supporting body of disciples. She knew that her church looked upon the mission as a sort of preserve, where her own young people could be trained in Christian service, and where the beneficiaries should be forever treated as paupers. In truth, her democratic instincts were bringing her rapidly into sympathy with Talking Tim.

"Here's Bob," Tim went on. "He caught the wretched pauper spirit in less than two weeks after he began to go to a mission-school. I found that he had straddled two Sunday-schools, and went to one in the morning and another in the afternoon, and when I asked him what he meant by it, he informed me that he was 'on the make,' and intended to get two sets of presents at Christmas time."

Glezen could not resist the temptation to laugh at this, while Bob himself condescended to smile, and changed his gum to the other side of his mouth.

"I found," said Tim, "that the only interest he had in either school was based upon the presents he could win, and that he and all his companions thought more of these than of anything else. I verily believe that he thought he was conferring a great favour upon the schools by attending them, and that his teachers owed him a debt, payable in candy or picture-books. I believe, too, that their treatment of him fostered this idea."

"But what can we do?" inquired Miss Coates in distress. "What can we do? Shall we let these poor children live in the streets, and play in the gutter, when, by a little self-denial, we can bring them together and teach them the truth, and train them to sing Christian songs? Children are children, and I don't know that poor children are any more fond of gifts than the children of the rich."

"I will tell you what you can do. Open your churches to them. Give them, for one day in the week, association with your own children. That would be a privilege that even their parents could comprehend, and it would do your children as much good as it would them to learn that, in the eye of the One who made them all, worldly circumstances are of little account, and that Christianity is a brotherly thing if it is anything at all. True Christianity never patronizes: it always fraternizes."

Poor Miss Coates was utterly silenced. She had come to plead with such eloquence as she possessed for the possession of this man's children, and she had received a lesson which had opened her eyes to the essential weakness of her position and her cause. Tim, in his poverty, had thought it all out, and she saw very plainly that there was another side to a question which she supposed could have but one.

Tim saw that she was troubled, and in the kindest tone continued:

"I have felt compelled to justify myself to you, and now, as I am talking I would like to say just another word. When Bob was going to the mission-schools, I used to try to find out what he was learning, and I assure you that I was surprised with the result. I give you my word that it had nothing whatever to do with Christianity. One would suppose that a body of Christian teachers, with five hundred or a thousand

poor children in their hands every Sunday, would try to make Christians of them. Now, I can't understand what the history of the Jews has to, do with a child's Christianity. We have Jews enough now. It isn't desirable to increase the sect. These children need to learn how to be good; and I can't comprehend how the fact that Jonah lay three days and three nights in a whale's belly is going to affect their characters or their purposes. Bob came very near putting one of the children's eyes out with a sling, with which he was trying to imitate or celebrate David's encounter with Goliath."

"Doesn't it strike you that you are a little severe?" said Miss Coates biting her lips and smiling in spite of herself.

"Perhaps I am, and I won't say anything more," said Tim. "This daughter of mine, poor child, must be at home to help her mother. The other children, with the exception of Bob, are too young to go out in this rough season. If Bob is willing to go, I will make no objection. He can hardly be doing worse anywhere than he is doing at home, and I'll consent to another experiment."

"Well, Robert," said Miss Coates pleasantly, "it rests with you."

"Humph!" exclaimed Bob, with a shrug of the shoulders and an extra ejaculation of saliva. "'Robert' is good. That's regular Sunday-school."

"Very well—Bob," said Miss Coates sharply, "If you like that better."

"Yes, sir-ee, Bob," responded the lad.

"Will you go, Bob?"

"What'll you gimme?"

"Instruction, and kind treatment," replied Miss Coates.

"Oh, take me out! R-r-r-r-remove me!" said Bob, rolling his *r* with powerful skill.

"Don't you want instruction?"

"No, that's played out."

"You'll need it, my boy."

"I'm not your boy."

"Well, I'm sure!" exclaimed Miss Coates, turning to Tim with a helpless appeal.

"Bob," said his father, "answer this lady properly."

"Well," said Bob, "I axed her what she'd gimme, but she won't pony up anything but instruction, and that's a thing I can't eat and can't swap. I don't want no instruction. If I go, I can bring another feller. Larry Concannon an' me always goes pards."

"Who is Larry Concannon?" inquired Miss Coates.

"Oh, he's a little Mickey round the corner. Now, what'll ye gimme for two fellers, and I'll fetch 'em both—me and Larry?"

"Nothing," said Miss Coates decidedly.

"Bets are off," said the imperturbable Bob.

"And you won't go?"

"Nary once. It don't pay."

As the talk had been incessant, and somewhat earnest during the interview, the little patient in Mrs. Spencer's lap grew more and more fretful, and Miss Coates saw that the weary mother did not know what to do with it. All her soothing was of no avail, and at last, the feeble little creature set up a dismal wail. Miss Coates looked at it, in its white night-dress, and, sympathetic with the mother's weariness, rose to her feet, threw off her fur wrapper, and approached the child with a smiling face and extended hand. The little one was conquered by the the face and the offered help, and put up its emaciated hands in consent. The next moment it was in the young, strong arms, that bore it back and forth through the room. The child looked, with its large hollow eyes, into the beautiful face that bent above it, for a long time; then gradually its tired eyelids fell, and it was asleep. A door was opened by the mother into an adjoining apartment, and into it Miss Coates bore her burden, and deposited it in its nest. For a few minutes the two women stopped and whispered together.

Meantime Bob had been watching the whole operation over his shoulder. The first effect upon him was an increased activity of his jaws, and the more frequent outward evidence of the secretion of his salivary glands. Then he began to mutter a great number of oaths. He did not intend them for anybody's ear, but he was engaged in an inward struggle with a foe that seemed to demand rough treatment. To betray Bob utterly, they were benedictions in the form of curses. The "God bless you" of his heart, took a very strange form upon his lips. He was fighting his tears. The beautiful woman, with his own little sister in her arms, borne backward and forward in grace and strength and sympathy, the relief that came to his mother's patient face, the stillness, all moved him, and putting his rough coat-sleeve to his eyes, he began to shake convulsively.

Glezen saw it and was glad. He had all along fancied that the boy had something good in him, although he saw that he was rough and irreverent. He could have taken him to his heart as Miss Coates had taken his sister, for sympathy in his emotion; for he had not been unmoved, himself, by this little "aside" in the drama of the evening.

When Miss Coates re-appeared, Bob had succeeded in swallowing not only his emotion but his gum. Then in an indifferent, swaggering tone —carefully indifferent—he said:

"I don't care if I go to your old Sunday-school, if you want me to. I reckon you mean to be fair. Larry and me'll come, I guess."

It was quite easy for all the auditors to give smiling glances at each other, for Bob sat with his back to the group, and was steadily looking into the chimney.

"All right!" said Miss Coates, "and now I'll go. At nine o'clock, remember."

"Well, I don't know whether I'll be there on time or not," said Bob. "You'll have trouble with me. You'll find out that I'm no sardine."

All laughed at this; but Bob was sure that he was a hard boy to manage, and took appropriate pride in his character

"You'll see," he said.

And with this suggestive warning in her ears, Miss Coates, with her escort, bade the family "good evening," and departed to rejoin, and report to, her friends.

CHAPTER XV.

Bob Spencer had made a concession, but it went no further than the consent to join the class of Miss Coates. He had his character as a bad boy to maintain, and he confidently calculated that she would get enough of him in a single Sunday, to be willing to release him from his promise. He held all mild and conciliatory modes of treatment in contempt. The "regular Sunday-school" regimen was but warm milk and water to Bob. He regarded it as a sort of trick, or policy, and steeled himself against it. If he had not seen that the impulse of Miss Coates, in relieving his mother, was hearty and sincere, and had not the slightest reference to himself, it would not have affected him.

Larry Concannon, the little "Mickey" who stood in the relation of "pard" to Bob, resembled him in no particular. Larry was a slender lad, whom Bob had taken under his wing for protection. If Larry was insulted or overborne, Bob did the fighting. The two boys were inseparable on the street—a fact that was agreeable to Bob in many ways. It gave him two chances for a fight, when most bullies enjoyed but one. The imaginary chip which his companions bore upon their shoulders as a challenge, was, in this case, multiplied by two. Larry bore one of them, and he the other, and in defending both, he had a lively and interesting time. Larry, too, was a profound admirer of Bob, so that the latter always had at hand an appreciative witness and a responsive auditor. Larry laughed at all Bob's jokes, echoed his slang, praised his prowess, and made him his boast among the other boys. In short, he was Bob's most affectionate slave—a trusting and willing follower into all his schemes of mischief, and a loyal servant to his will in all things.

Bob took occasion, on the next morning after the call of Miss Coates,

to inform Larry of the engagement he had made for himself and on his friend's behalf; and bade him be ready at the appointed day and hour.

"Put on your best rig, Larry," said Bob. "You and me's going to be little lambs, we is."

Larry laughed, as in duty bound, at this fancy.

"What are you going to do?" inquired Larry, confidentially.

"I am going to make the teacher cry," Bob replied. "And I'm going to catch her tears in my hat, and peddle 'em at ten cents a quart."

Larry went into convulsions of laughter, while Bob put on the sober airs of one who did not think very much either of his wit or power of mischief.

"Perhaps you'll be took up," suggested Larry.

"Oh, pard! you don't know nothing. That ain't the Sundy-school style," said Bob. "We's lambs, we is. They'll put a blue ribbon round our necks, and hang a bell to it, and call us pretty names, and feed us with sugar plums. That's the way they do. The worse you treat 'em, the more they love ye. I've tried 'em. Ye can't tell me."

Larry had some doubts about the experiment, and expressed them; but Bob said:

"You needn't do nothin'. You jest keep your eye open, and see me do it. I'd like to see the man that would lay his hand on me! Do you twig that?"

Before Larry could dodge, or guess what Bob was doing, he realized that his forelock was in Bob's fingers, and Bob's thumb-nail was pressed gently in above his left eye.

"Oh, don't!"

"That's what the fellow 'll say that lays his finger on this lamb," said Bob decidedly.

And Larry implicitly believed it.

A preparation for the expected encounter was, meantime, going on in the mind of the spirited lady who was to be his teacher. She had no doubt that he would try her patience, and she knew that, under insult and provocation, she had but little of that virtue. She determined, therefore, that on that particular Sunday morning, she would lay in an extra stock of it. She had seen that there was a tender spot in Bob. She had touched his heart, and she believed that he liked her. So she determined that she would conquer him by kindness, and that no provocation, however gross, would betray her into anger. When the Sunday morning came, Bob and Larry were sharply on time, and, meeting Miss Coates at the door of the mission, accompanied her to her seat. In accordance with an old custom of the leading "lamb" of the pair, he secured a seat at the head of the form, for greater convenience in the trans-

action of the mischief he had proposed to himself; and he began his work by thrusting out his foot and tripping up the muffled little figures that went by him. Several children fell their full length upon the floor, and went on up the hall, crying, with bumped heads. Finding that nothing but gentle reprimands were called for by these operations, he extended his field by pulling convenient hair; and when the recitation of the lesson began, he gave all sorts of wild answers to the most serious questions. In short, the class was in a hubbub of complaint or laughter from the beginning of the hour to the end.

Miss Coates had need of all the patience she had determined to exercise, and when she found that she could do nothing with the boy, or with her class, she called Bob to her side, put her arm around him, and gave him a long and quiet talk. She was quick enough to see that he was making fun of it all, by sundry winks thrown over his shoulder at Larry, who was too much scared to respond with a confident grin. Bob was ready to promise anything, and became so quiet at last that she hoped she had made an impression.

When the school was dismissed, Miss Coates bade Bob and Larry "good morning," and told them they must be sure to be in their seats on the following Sunday. The promise was readily given, as Bob had not yet made her cry. The passage to the door was accompanied by various squeals and complaints; and a great many more children fell down than usual.

After Miss Coates had gone half of her way home, a snow-ball whizzed by her ear. On looking quickly around, she saw the two boys following her at a distance, and knew from whose hand the missile had proceeded. She could not believe, however, that the little rascal was using her for a target; but the next ball struck her fairly between her shoulders. She could do nothing, and no one was near to act as her defender. She quickened her pace, and her persecutor and his companion quickened theirs. There was no getting away from them. The snow-balls increased in frequency. Sometimes they hit her, and sometimes they went by her. She saw ladies behind the windows watching and commenting upon the strange and disgraceful scene, yet not a man appeared to turn back her merciless pursuers. Her patience at last gave way. She was filled with shame and rage; and she had just reached and mounted the steps of her home, when a final shot hit her head and hurt her cruelly.

On the landing at the top of the flight, she turned and said in a kind voice:

"Come Bob, come in. I want to give you something."

Bob turned to Larry, and said: "We's lambs, we is. I'm agoin' in. Say" (addressing Miss Coates), "can Larry come in?"

"No, I haven't anything for him."

"I'll give ye a taste of it," said Bob, by way of consolation to his "pard." "You stay out, and knock around, and I'll be out afore long."

Bob was well used to this kind of thing, and went in as unsuspectingly as if he had been really the "lamb" that he called himself. He mounted the steps at leisure, looking up sweetly into the face of his teacher, and followed her into the hall.

"Take off your cap," said Miss Coates, "and walk into the parlour. You'll see a great many pretty things there."

Bob accepted the invitation, and took an observation. Meantime, Miss Coates slipped off her overshoes, removed her damaged hat, her bespattered furs and her gloves, and went into the parlour and warmed her hands. She found Bob examining the pictures.

"Scrum house!" said Bob.

"Do you think so?" responded Miss Coates.

"Yes, I don't think I ever see one so scrum as this," said Bob in a patronizing tone.

Then he planted himself before a picture in the attitude of an admiring connoisseur, with his two hands behind him, holding his cap. He had just opened his mouth to make some appreciative or complimentary remark, when he suddenly found that he had been approached from the rear, and that a supple but inflexible hand had him by the hair.

Bob made no outcry. He didn't even wink. He knew, however, that he was undergoing a new kind of Sunday-school treatment, and suddenly prepared himself for the worst. He could not stir to the right or left. He could not make a motion which did not add a new spasm to his agony.

The next sensation was a box upon the cheek and ear that gave him a vision of a whole galaxy of stars. Then the other cheek and ear were treated to a complimentary blow. He stood like a post, and ground his teeth in pain. He would have scorned the weakness of crying; and not a tear was permitted to fall. The blows came thicker and faster, until he hardly knew who he was or where he was. His brain was stunned, his ears and cheeks tingled and burned, but he would not have cried for quarter if she had half killed him.

When her hands were tired, Miss Coates led her prisoner to the door, and said:

"Bob, I don't want Larry to see that I have flogged you, and if you will go peaceably out of the door, I'll take my hand from you."

"All right! I'll go," said Bob, between his teeth,—and he went without pausing a moment.

Miss Coates closed the door after him, and then, with trembling limbs,

went directly to her room. She had strength to wash her hands, and then she locked her door, and threw herself into an easy-chair, and burst into an uncontrollable and almost hysterical fit of crying. Her kindness had been trampled upon, her scheme was a failure, she had been maltreated and insulted, and, worst of all, she had been tempted to take vengeance into her own hands, and had lost the boys whom she had hoped to mend and to help.

Bob found the street in rather a dizzy condition. Larry was waiting a few rods away, and, eagerly expectant, came up to him.

"Say, Larry, are my cheeks red?" said Bob.

"Red aint no name fer't," said Larry.

"It was awful hot in there," remarked Bob, as they quietly resumed the backward track.

"Well, I never see hotness make such marks as them," said Larry.

"I didn't mean to tell ye, Larry, cause I'm ashamed to be kissed by women. Don't you never blow, now. Such huggin' and kissin' you never see in your life. That biz, and the fire jest about finished me up."

Larry had been waiting very impatiently to hear something about the material benefits of the call, and to receive his promised share; and as Bob appeared to forget this most important matter, he said:

"What did she give you?"

"Don't you wish you knew?"

"You said you'd give me some of it."

"Oh, Larry, you wouldn't like it. It wasn't anything to eat. I can't cut up a gold breast-pin, ye know, with a big diamond into it. Now, you jest shut up on that."

Poor Larry was disappointed, but he saw that Bob was not in a mood for talk, and so withheld further questions.

But a great tumult was raging in Bob's breast. The reaction had set in, and he found that he could contain himself but little longer. Coming to a narrow lane that led to a stable, he said:

"Larry, let's go in here. I'm kind o' sick."

A bare curb-stone presented itself as a convenient seat, and the two boys sat down, Bob burying his face in his mittens. Larry did not understand the matter, but he watched Bob curiously, and saw him begin to shake, and convulsively try to swallow something. Then the flood-gates gave way, and Bob cried as if his heart was broken.

"Say, Bob what's the matter?" said Larry, in a tone of sympathy.

"Oh, I don't know," Bob responded, with a new burst of grief, and with suspirations quite as powerful as those with which his teacher was exercised at the same moment.

"Come, you shall tell, Bob," Larry persisted.

"She got the bu—bu—bulge on me!" exclaimed Bob, sobbing heavily—by which he intended to indicate that she had had the advantage of him in a struggle.

"And what did she do?" inquired Larry.

"She pu—pu—put a French roof on me, and a—a—a cupola—and a—a—a liberty pole, and a—gold ball!"

And then Bob bawled in good earnest. It was all out now, and he was at liberty to cry until nature was satisfied. He was utterly humiliated and conquered, and, worse than all, his prestige with Larry was destroyed, or he felt it to be so.

When his overwhelming passion had in a degree subsided, Larry said:

"I think she was real mean. I never would go near her old school again."

"Now, you dry up," said Bob, and then he began to laugh.

It seemed as if the tears that the little reprobate had shed had absorbed all the vicious humours of his brain, and left him purged and sweet.

"I shall go again, and you'll go with me, Larry," said Bob. "She's a bully teacher, I tell *you*. She's the bulliest teacher I ever see."

"I don't care," Larry persisted, "I think she was real mean to sock it to ye that way."

"You must be a fool," Bob responded. "She couldn't have did it any other way. Don't you see? She had to dip into the fur to do it. She owed me a lickin,' you know. Oh! wa'n't them side-winders!" and Bob subsided into a period of delighted contemplation upon the punishment he had received, as if it had been bestowed upon an enemy.

Larry could not understand it, and wisely held his tongue. By the time Bob reached home, the marks upon his face had toned down to the appearance of a healthy response to the influences of the keen morning air; but there was a streaky appearance upon his cheeks which aroused the suspicions of his parents, though they instituted no uncomfortable inquiries.

But the influence of the Sunday-school was evident in his subsequent conduct that day. Such a filially obedient and brotherly little chap as he was during that blessed Sunday afternoon was not to be found in all New York. He was helpful about the fuel, helpful in amusing the baby, and sweet-tempered about everything. He tried over his Sunday-school songs, and his peaceful happiness fairly welled up within him, and overflowed upon the family group. Talking Tim looked on in wonder. Such a sudden transformation he had never witnessed, but he knew the boy too well to utter the surprise which he felt.

All the following day, Miss Coates remained at home, dreading a call from the enraged and outraged parent; but the day passed away, and

the ring at her door-bell which was to sound the knell of her peace was not heard. At about eight o'clock in the evening, however, there came a sudden jerk at the bell. The servant went to the door, and received from the hand of a boy who was very much muffled up, a package for Miss Coates, which was no sooner delivered than its bearer ran down the steps and disappeared.

Miss Coates on opening the package, found it to be a little nosegay, with a note attached to it. She opened the note and read :—

"Dear Miss Kotes : Larry and me is komen agin, with a lot ov fellers. Dad thinks you have wunderfull influance on yure skollers. This bokay cost five cents. So no more at present from yure affeckshant skoller

"Bob Spencer."

Miss Coates's bread, which she had sown so vigorously upon the waters, had thus returned to her within thirty-six hours.

(*To be continued.*)

WELCOME TO MAY.

May with her songs and her blossoms is come,
Is this the time for a bard to be dumb ?
Shall the glad valleys re-echo the lays,
I never join in the chorus of praise ?
Wake a sweet song ! With the dawn of the day
Carol triumphantly, welcome to May !

Long separated by oceans of space,
Now we are clasping in fondest embrace ;
Past are the months that divided us twain,
Thrilling with pleasure we're meeting again :
Light of my eyes ! I will linger for aye
Kissing exultingly, welcome to May !

Parted so sadly how often before,
Heart-wringing sund'rings forever are o'er,
Never again shall a parting destroy
Sunshine, or gladness, or music, or joy.
Beautiful sweet-heart ! Forever and aye,
Happy, delighted, I'll cling to sweet May.

C. C.

COLONIAL CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN EDUCATION.

BY CANADENSIS.

It may be interesting at this stage of our educational progress to take a brief glance at what was done by our fellow colonists at a corresponding early period in the history of the "old thirteen colonies," which formed the nucleus of the present American Confederation.

It has been the custom, probably unwittingly, but chiefly on the part of certain American writers, to exalt every good in their political and social condition, as of revolutionary origin, and reluctantly to admit that anything which was really excellent in both, in the early colonial times, was of British origin. One unacquainted with the processes and progress of civilization in America would, on consulting such writers, suppose that, Minerva-like, the young Republic had sprung from the head of Revolutionary Jove, fully equipped if not fully armed for the battle of life, into the arena of the new world, and that this phenomenon happened just at the extinction of British power in the old colonies, and as the result of it. The policy of these writers has been either to ignore the facts of history, or to keep entirely out of view the forces which had been operating in the British colonial mind, before and at the time of the Revolution. They have never stopped to enquire as to the source whence they derived their idea of political freedom, but have attributed it to their own sagacity, or regard it as the outgrowth of their own enlightened speculations and thinkings when emancipated from British control. There never was a greater mistake as to fact, or a greater wrong done to the memory and example of such noble English patriots as Hampden and his compeers, who laid down their lives for political principles which, considering the times in which they lived, were even more exalted and ennobling than those which were professed by the American revolutionists of 1776. In fact, no proper parallel can be instituted between them. John Hampden, in our humble judgment, was as far superior to John Hancock, "President of the Continental Congress," in the purity of his political motives and aspirations, as Cromwell was above Jack Cade.* However, it is not our purpose

* Thus, in regard to the chivalrous destruction of tea in Boston harbour, in 1773, an American historian says :

"The object of the mother country in imposing a duty of three pence per pound on tea imported by the East India Company into America, while it was *twelve* pence per

to discuss this question, but rather to vindicate the sagacity of the old colonists, who (at a time when loyalty was the rule and not the exception), laid the foundation of those educational institutions, which to this day are the glory of the American Republic.

Nor were the British colonists into those early times peculiar in their zeal for the promotion of Education. The Dutch, Swedish, and Irish colonists who settled in Pennsylvania, New York, and Maryland did their part in his great work, and on the whole did it well, according to the spirit of the times.

In 1633, the first schoolmaster opened his school in the Dutch Colony of New Amsterdam ; and in 1638, the "articles for the colonization and trade of New Netherlands," provided that, "each householder and inhabitant shall bear such tax and public charge as shall hereafter be considered proper for the maintenance of schoolmasters." General Eaton, the United States Commissioner of Education, in his valuable report for 1875, says :

"We find, in numerous instances, the civil authorities of these Dutch colonies acknowledging, (1) The duty of educating the young, (2) The care of the qualification of the teacher, (3) provision for the payment of his services, and 4 The provision of the school-house. When, in 1653, municipal privileges were granted to New Amsterdam [New York], the support of schools was included."

In 1642, the instruction sent to the Governor of New Sweden [Pennsylvania], was "to urge instruction and virtuous education of youth and children." In 1693-6, large numbers of primers, tracts, and catechisms were received from Sweden, for these schools on the Delaware. This was the educational state of the Swedish settlement in what was afterwards known as Pennsylvania, on the arrival of its noble English founder, William Penn. His views on education were well expressed in the following declaration :

"That which makes a good Constitution must keep it, viz : men of wisdom and virtue ; qualities which, because they descend not with worldly inheri tance must be carefully propagated by virtuous education of youth, for which spare no cost ; for by such parsimony, all that is loved is lost."

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pound in England, was mainly to break up the contraband trade of the colonial merchants with Holland and her possessions." . . . "Some of the merchants [of Boston] had become rich in the traffic, and a considerable part of the large fortune which Hancock [President of the Insurgent Congress] inherited from his uncle was thus acquired." . . . "It was fit, then, that Hancock, who . . . was respondent in the Admiralty Courts, in suits of the Crown, to recover nearly half a million of dollars, . . . should be the first to affix his name to the [declaration of independence] which, if made good, would save him from ruin." . . .—*Sabine's American Loyalists*, Vol. I., (Boston, 1865), pages 8, 9, 13.

So much for the much-valued patriotic act, which was a vast pecuniary gain to Hancock and other contraband tea merchants of Boston.

The first real systematic efforts to promote popular education began in New England, from thence it has spread in all directions. In 1635 the first school was opened at Boston, Massachusetts, and brother Philemon Purmount was appointed schoolmaster by the Town Committee. Thirty acres of land were given for his support. In 1642 the General Court, (or Legislature) passed a resolution enjoining on the local authorities :

"To keep a watchful eye on their brothers and neighbours, and above all things to see that there be no family in so barbarous a state, that the head thereof do not himself, or by the help of others, impart instruction to his children and servants, to enable them to read fluently the English language, and to acquire a knowledge of the penal laws, under a penalty of twenty shillings for such neglect."

In 1647 the first legislative enactment in favour of schools was made in Massachusetts; and, in 1670, the Governor of Connecticut declared that "one-fourth of her revenue was devoted to schools."

General Eaton in his recent report says :

"History, with hardly a dissenting voice, accords to the English Colonists of New England, the credit of having developed those forms of action, in reference to the education of children, which contained more distinct features adopted in the systems of the country, than any other."

It is, however, with the system of higher education in the old colonies which we propose to deal in this paper. In the early colonial times, before the revolution, there were nine colleges established in seven out of the thirteen colonies.

These colleges, with the date of their foundation, are as follows :—

1. Harvard—Massachusetts.....1638
2. William and Mary—Virginia.....1693
3. Yale—Connecticut.....1700
4. Nassau Hall, (Now Princeton)—New Jersey 1748
5. Columbia—New York.....1754
6. Brown—Rhode Island.....1765
7. Dartmouth—New Hampshire.....1770
8. Queen's (Now Rutgers)—New Jersey.....1771
9. Hampden—Sidney—Virginia.....1775

The Legislature of Massachusetts, aided by the Rev. John Harvard, founded Harvard Congregational College, in 1638, and the colonists of Connecticut, established the Yale Congregational College in 1700.*

The New Hampshire colonists endowed the Congregational College

* "The project of founding a College in Connecticut was early taken up (in 1652), but was checked by well-founded remonstrance from Massachusetts, who (sic), very

at Dartmouth with 44,000 acres of land in 1770. The Episcopalians of the English colony of New York, aided by the Legislature, founded King's, now Columbia College, in 1753. Indeed, so true were the English colonists to the educational instincts of the mother land, that when the Dutch Province of New Netherlands fell into their hands in 1644, the King's Commissioners were instructed "to make due enquiry as to what progress hath been made towards ye foundaçon and maintenance of any College Schools for the educaçon of youth."—(Col. Hist. N. Y., Vol. III. page 53.)

The English Province, *par excellence*, of Virginia made various praiseworthy efforts to promote education. Soon after the settlement of Jamestown, Sir Edwin Sandys, President of the Company, had 1,500 acres of land set apart for the establishment of a college at Henrico for the colonists and Indians. The churches in England gave £1,500 sterling to aid in this cause. Other efforts were made in the same direction. The colony also nobly determined to establish a University; and in 1692-3, the project was practically realized by the founding by the King and Queen, under royal charter, of the Church of England College at Williamsburgh, of William and Mary. To this College the King gave nearly £2,000, besides 20,000 acres of land, and one penny per pound on all the tobacco exported from Maryland. The Legislature also gave it the duty on skins and furs exported, and on liquors imported. The plans of the College were prepared by Sir Christopher Wren. Among the first donors to the College was the celebrated Robert Boyle.* Of all the colonial Colleges few exercised a greater educational influence among the leading men than did this royal College. Jefferson, Munroe, Marshall (afterwards Chief Justice of the U.S.), the two Randolphs, and Governor Tyler, of Virginia, received their education here.

The Irish Roman Catholic Province of Maryland, was not, at least in purpose, much behind her English sister. In 1671 an Act was passed by one of the Houses of the Legislature for the establishment of a School or College, but owing to religious differences the other House did not concur. In 1692, the Legislature passed an Act for the encouragement

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justly observed that the whole population of New England was scarcely sufficient to support one institution."—President Dwight's *Travels in New England*, vol. I. p. 168.

The Legislature made a grant of £50 a year to Yale College, from 1701 to 1750, when "it was discontinued, on account of the heavy taxes occasioned by the late *Canadian* War."—C. K. Adams, in *North American Review* for October, 1875, p. 381

* General Eaton, United States Commissioner of Education, in an educational retrospect in his Report for 1875, speaking of this College says:—"The first commencement, in 1700, was a noted event. Several planters came in their coaches, others in sloops from New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. Even Indians had the curiosity to visit Williamsburgh," the seat of the College.—Page xix.

of learning; and in 1696, King William's Free School, Annapolis (afterwards St. John's College), was established.

New Jersey was one of the colonies which early promoted higher education by founding the Presbyterian College at Princeton, under the name of Nassau Hall, in 1746, and the Dutch Reformed College at New Brunswick (N. J.), under the name of Queen's, now Rutger's College, in 1770.

The little colony of Rhode Island did not fail in its duty to higher education, for in 1764, it founded the Rhode Island College, now Brown University.

The Quaker colony of William Penn, following the example of the Anglicized Dutch colony of New York, established the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia—the metropolis of the colonies in 1755.

Of these nine ante-revolution Colleges, Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and Princeton, maintain an equally high reputation; while Brown University, the University of Pennsylvania, Rutgers, William and Mary, and Dartmouth Colleges are more or less about the average standard of American Colleges.

Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia, was a graduate of Oxford. He, with other English University colonists, conceived the idea of a College for this, the then youngest of the English colonies. The project of his friend, the Irish Bishop Berkeley, of Cloyne, of founding a College in the Bermudas having failed, he secured £10,000 of the Bishop's funds to aid him in his settlement of the colony. The seed sown by Oglethorpe bore fruit; and while Georgia was still a colony, provision was made for a generous system of education.

D. C. Gilman, Esq. (now President of the John Hopkins' University, Baltimore), in his admirable sketch of the growth of education in the United States during the last century, pays a high tribute to the nine Colonial Colleges to which we have referred. He says:—

"These nine Colleges were nurseries of virtue, intelligence, liberality and patriotism, as well as learning; so that when the revolution began, scores of the most enlightened leaders, both in the council and upon the field (on both sides) were found among their graduates. The influence of academic culture may be distinctly traced in the formation of the Constitution of the United States, and in the political writings of Adams, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison. Munroe and many other leading statesmen of the period. A careful student of American politics has remarked that nothing more strikingly indicates the education given at Cambridge than the masterly manner in which different problems of law and government were handled by those who had received their instruction only from that source."*

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* In illustrating the fact that college-bred graduates are considerably less numerous and less conspicuous in the professions and in political life than were men of a similar

A recent American publication on revolutionary topics, thus deals with the question of the superior education of the British colonists who formed the first American Congress :—

"An examination of the Continental Congress, composed as it was of leading men of all the colonies, affords some light upon the topic of popular education at that period. The Congress, whose sessions extended through some ten years, comprised in all some three hundred and fifty members, of whom one-third were graduates of colleges. A recent writer in one of the most intelligent and accurate of American Journals* has taken pains to collect and array a paragraph of important statistics upon this subject, which we have taken leave to insert here, though without verification, that, however, being hardly necessary for our present purpose.

"There were in the Continental Congress during its existence, 350 members, of these 118, or about one-third of the whole, were graduates from colleges. Of these, 28 were graduates from the College of New Jersey in Princeton, 23 from Harvard, 23 from Yale, 11 from William and Mary, 8 from the University of Pennsylvania, 4 from Columbia College, 1 from Brown University, and 1 from Rutger's College, and 21 were educated in foreign universities. These 118 graduates were distributed in the colonies as follows :—New Hampshire had 4 college graduates among her delegates ; Massachusetts had 17 ; Rhode Island had 4 graduates ; Connecticut had 18 graduates ; New York out of her large delegation, had but 8 graduates ; New Jersey had 11 graduates ; Pennsylvania had 13 graduates ; Delaware had 2 graduates ; Maryland had 7 graduates ; Virginia had 19 graduates ; North Carolina had 4 graduates ; South Carolina had 7 graduates ; Georgia had 5 graduates. We find that Princeton had representatives from 10 of the colonies ; Yale from 6 ; Harvard from 5 ; the University of Pennsylvania, from 3 ; William and Mary, from 2 ; and Columbia, Brown, and Rutger's, from 1 each. 56 delegates signed the Declaration of Independence. Of these, 28, or just one-half, were college graduates."

Incidentally, and as illustrative of the influence of college-bred men in the Legislature, Mr. Adams, speaking of the great liberality of South Carolina in founding a college in that State, says :—

"But no State ever made a better investment. During the first part of this century, the general accomplishments and political ability of the Statesmen of South Carolina, were the just pride of the State, and would have been the pride of any State. In forming this high standard of intellectual and political power, the influence of the college was immeasurable."—*North American Review*, January, 1876, pages 215, 216.

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education 50 or 100 years ago, Mr. C. K. Adams, in the *North American Review* for October, 1875, says that, "of the 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence, 36 were college-bred, and 15 of the 26 Senators in the first Congress ; while now there are only 7 of the 26 Senators 'college-bred.'" He thinks that the comparison, if extended the House of Representatives and the State Legislatures, would be still less favourable as to the number of college-bred men in these bodies.

* New York *Evening Post*, January, 1876.

It is gratifying to us, British Colonists, and to the descendants of the U. E. Loyalists, thus to have from so important a source, an acknowledgment so candid and so honourable to men, many of whom were the founders of Ontario, and the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion. It is an historical fact of equal significance, and an element of social and political strength to us in these British provinces, to know that it was to the thoroughness and breadth of culture which the American "Revolutionary heroes" received in their early days in British colonial institutions, which fitted them afterwards to take so prominent and effective an intellectual part in the great struggle which took place when they were in the prime of manhood. Another gratifying reflection arises out of the fact that the high place which the United States has taken in later years as a great educating nation, is due to her following out the traditional policy of the colonists of ante-revolution times.*

This fact is clearly brought out by Mr. Gilman in the *North American Review* for January, 1876. We only quote the following remarks on this point, he says:—

"When the new constitution of Massachusetts was adopted in 1780, public education received full recognition. An article, (the spirit of which was fully in accordance with the legislation of 1647 [more than 200 years before]) was adopted, and *still remains the fundamental law of the State.* . . . . The constitution of New Hampshire, as amended in 1784, transcribes very nearly the same words of that section of the constitution of Massachusetts already quoted," etc.—Pages 198, 199.

Thus, Andrew Ten Brook, Esq., in his *American State Universities,*" says:—

"The introduction of an educational system into the New England Colonies may be deemed substantially contemporaneous with their settlement. It was of such a character, too, and so energetically prosecuted, that education suffered little if any deterioration in passing from Old to New England. It was even more on this side than the other side of the ocean. . . . Thus Common School instruction at least was provided for all. Higher Schools too, had an early beginning. What afterwards was Harvard College was established but six years after the settlement of Boston. . . . Every town [township] of fifty families was obliged to support a school, and the same general state of facts existed throughout New England. Classical Schools followed in regular succession. These were modelled after the Grammar Schools of England, in which the founders of the colonies had themselves received their first classical training. . . . As early as 1701, the law of Connecticut required every parent to see that he had no child or apprentice in his household who could not read the Word of God, and 'the good laws of the colony.' The system embraced a high school in every town [township] of seventy families, a Grammar School in the four chief county towns to fit pupils for college, and a college to which the general court [Legislature] made an annual appropriation of £120."—Pages 1-3.

Mr. Ten Brook, speaking of these New England Schools, which were afterwards transplanted to each of Western States, says :

"They were the elements of that noble system out of which has grown the present one, by the natural laws of development" etc.,—Page 18.

Mr. C. K. Adams, in his interesting paper on State Universities, in the *North American Review* for October 1875, in speaking of the educational policy of the colonies, "pursued up to the time of the Revolution," says :

"In general terms it may be stated that, through all the dark periods of our Colonial history, the encouragement of higher education was regarded as one of the great interests of the State. It was no doctrine of the Fathers that higher education was less entitled to the fostering care of the Commonwealth than was the education offered by the Common Schools."—Page 374.

The "Free School" idea, of which we hear so much as the outgrowth of "modern American civilization and enlightenment," was due to colonial thought and foresight. It was first broached by Jefferson, three or four years before the treaty with Great Britain was signed, by which the United States became a nation. His plan was so comprehensive that we reproduce it here. In a letter to the veteran philosopher, Dr. Priestley, he thus unfolds it :—

"I drew a bill for our [Virginia] Legislature, which proposed to lay off every county into hundreds, or townships, of five or six miles square. In the centre of each of them was to be a free English School [to be supported, as his bill provided "by taxation according to property."]

The whole commonwealth was further laid off into ten districts, in each of which was to be a college for teaching the languages, geography, surveying, and other useful things of that grade, and then a single university for the sciences. It was received with enthusiasm (he goes on to say), but as he had proposed to make the Episcopal College of William and Mary the university, "the dissenters, after a while began to apprehend some secret design," etc.—*Ten Brook's American State Universities*, Pages 9, 10.

A writer in the *North American Review* for October, 1875, in referring to Jefferson's scheme, says :—

"The view entertained by Jefferson was by no means exceptional. Indeed a similar spirit had pervaded the whole history of our colonial life."—Page 379.

Thus this comprehensive scheme of Public Instruction for Virginia unfortunately failed ; and that noble "old Dominion" is in consequence to day immeasurably behind even the youngest of her then New England contemporaries, in the matter of public education.

As to the abiding influence of the old colonial ideas in regard to

higher education, we quote the following additional remarks from Mr. Gilman, in the *North American Review*, he says:—

"In reviewing the history of the century, it is easy to see how the colonial notions of college organization have affected . . . the higher education of the country, even down to our own times. The graduates of the older colleges have migrated to the Western States, and have transplanted with them the college germs . . . and every Western State can bear witness to the zeal for learning which has been manifested within its borders by enthusiastic teachers from the East."—Page 217.

Mr. Ten Brook, in his *American State Universities*, also says:—

"The New England colonists left the mother country in quest of greater religious freedom. Their religious system was put first, and carried with it a school system as perfect in organization, and administered with equal vigour. This formed an active leaven, which at a later day, was to spread to other parts. . . . . Everywhere there was a considerable infusion of men who had received in the European universities a liberal culture which they desired to reproduce on these shores. Early action was full of promise. Probably, at a period from just before the Revolution to the end of it, the average position of the colonies in regard to lighter education relatively as to age, and to the population and wealth, was quite as good as it is at the present time."—Pages 16, 17.

This opinion of the writer is a virtual admission that in reality higher education in the United States has not advanced in quality, though it has in quantity. To be in 1876 merely where education was "relatively" in 1776, is no advance at all, but rather retrogression. The cause of this declension, the writer thus incidentally admits:—

"Most of the Colonies established, or aided, the (ante-revolution colleges named). The principle of the State support to higher learning was not merely accepted, but was the prevalent one."—Page 17.

Mr. Gilman, touching on the same point, says:—

"There was a civil as well as an ecclesiastical element in most of these foundations. Harvard and Yale were chartered, and, to some extent, controlled by colonial government of Massachusetts and Connecticut, and were for a long time nurtured by appropriations from the public chest...page 215.

"These institutions were colleges of an English parentage and model, not Scotch nor continental universities.....They were disciplinary in their aim, and had more regard for the general culture of large numbers, than for the advanced and special instruction of the chosen few. They were also, to a considerable extent, ecclesiastical foundations—finding the churches and ministers their constant, and sometimes their only efficient supporters. Harvard, Yale and Dartmouth were controlled by the Congregationalists; Princeton was founded by the Presbyterians; and New Brunswick, N.J., [Queen's, now Rutgers] by the Dutch Reformed; William and Mary was emphatically a child of the Church of England; and King's (now Columbia) was chiefly,

but not exclusively, governed by the Episcopalians; while Rhode Island College (now Brown University) was under the patronage of the Baptists.. ..

"The declaration of the original supporters of these colleges indicate a desire to train up young men for service of the State, not less distinctly and emphatically than to desire to provide an educated ministry. Individual aid was also expected and invited, and the names of Harvard and Yale perpetuate the remembrance of such generous gifts."

Then follows a eulogy upon these colonial colleges, and a tribute to the intellectual vitality of their teaching, as shown in the mental equipment and breadth of culture exhibited by men who took part in the perilous and stormy times of the American revolution. To this we have already referred. Mr. Gilman, in following up his remarks in the extract which we have just given says:

"Hence these nine colleges were nurseries of virtue, intelligence, liberality and patriotism, as well as of learning; so that when the revolution began, scores of enlightened leaders, both in council and in the field [and on both sides], were found among their graduates. The influence of academic culture may be distinctly traced in the formation of the Constitution of the United States, and in the political writings of Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Munroe, and many other leading statesmen of the period. A careful student of American politics has remarked that nothing more strikingly indicates the influence of the education given at Harvard, 'than the masterly manner in which difficult problems of law and government were handled by those who had received their instruction only from that source.'" Pages 215, 216.

We might pursue this branch of our subject further, were it desirable. But that is not necessary. Our object was to show that to British Colonial foresight, zeal, and self-sacrifice was due, not only the foundation of the best colleges and universities on the continent, but the introduction and diffusion of the principle of "free and universal education for the masses of the people." This we have done on the authority of American writers themselves, We might multiply examples on the subject; but the fact is already sufficiently established. We should rather seek to draw lessons of instruction from the noble example of the devotion to education on the part of our British colonial progenitors, whose descendants have shed such a lustre of heroic self-sacrifice and patriotism on the history and exploits of the United Empire Loyalists of the thirteen colonies. To the Americans they have left a rich legacy from the Colonial times in such universities as Harvard, Yale, Columbia and Princeton—of which the descendants of the expatriated Loyalists, no less than those of the victorious revolutionists, are so justly proud. Let us, as worthy representatives of these clear-headed and far seeing Loyalists, bequeath to our children as noble a heritage as the fathers of the founders of this Province did to New England, and indeed to the whole republic.

THE GERRARD STREET MYSTERY.

I.

My name is William Francis Furlong. My occupation is that of a commission merchant, and my place of business is on St. Paul Street, in the City of Montreal. I have resided in Montreal ever since shortly after my marriage, in 1862, to my cousin, Alice Playter, of Toronto. My name may not be familiar to the present generation of Torontonians, though I was born in Toronto, and passed the early years of my life there. Since the days of my youth, my visits to the Upper Province have been few, and—with one exception—very brief; so that I have doubtless passed out of the remembrance of many persons with whom I was once on terms of intimacy. Still, there are several residents of Toronto whom I am happy to number among my warmest personal friends at the present day. There are also a good many persons of middle age, not in Toronto only, but scattered here and there throughout various parts of Ontario, who will have no difficulty in recalling my name as that of one of their fellow-students at Upper Canada College. The name of my late uncle, Richard Yardington, is of course well known to all old residents of Toronto, where he spent the last thirty-two years of his life. He settled there in the year 1829, when the place was still known as Little York. He opened a small store on Yonge Street, and his commercial career was a reasonably prosperous one. By steady degrees the small store developed into what, in those times, was regarded as a considerable establishment. In the course of years the owner acquired a competency, and in 1854 retired from business altogether. From that time up to the day of his death he lived in his own house on Gerrard Street.

After mature deliberation, I have resolved to give to the Canadian public an account of some rather singular circumstances connected with my residence in Toronto. Though repeatedly urged to do so, I have hitherto refrained from giving any extended publicity to those circumstances, in consequence of my inability to see any good purpose to be served thereby. The only person, however, whose reputation can be injuriously affected by the details has been dead for some years. He has left behind him no one whose feelings can be shocked by the disclosure, and the story is in itself sufficiently remarkable to be worth the telling. Told, accordingly, it shall be; and the only fictitious element introduced into the narrative shall be the name of one of the persons most immediately concerned in it.

At the time of taking up his abode in Toronto—or rather in Little York—my uncle Richard was a widower, and childless; his wife having died several months previously. His only relatives on this side of the Atlantic were two maiden sisters, a few years younger than himself. He never contracted a second matrimonial alliance, and for some time after his arrival here his sisters lived in his house, and were dependent upon him for support. After the lapse of a few years, both of them married and settled down in homes of their own. The elder of them subsequently became my mother. She was left a widow when I was a mere boy, and survived my father only a few months. I was an only child, and as my parents had been in humble circumstances, the charge of my maintenance devolved upon my uncle, to whose kindness I am indebted for such educational training as I have received. After sending me to school and college for several years, he took me into his store, and gave me my first insight into commercial life. I lived with him, and both then and always received at his hands the kindness of a father, in which light I eventually almost came to regard him. His younger sister, who was married to a watchmaker called Elias Playter, lived at Quebec from the time of her marriage until her death, which took place in 1846. Her husband had been unsuccessful in business, and was moreover of dissipated habits. He was left with one child—a daughter—on his hands; and as my uncle was averse to the idea of his sister's child remaining under the control of one so unfit to provide for her welfare, he proposed to adopt the little girl as his own. To this proposition Mr. Elias Playter readily assented, and little Alice was soon domiciled with her uncle and myself in Toronto.

Brought up, as we were, under the same roof, and seeing each other every day of our lives, a childish attachment sprang up between my cousin Alice and myself. As the years rolled by, this attachment ripened into a tender affection, which eventually resulted in an engagement between us. Our engagement was made with the full and cordial approval of my uncle, who did not share the prejudice entertained by many persons against marriages between cousins. He stipulated, however, that our marriage should be deferred until I had seen somewhat more of the world, and until we had both reached an age when we might reasonably be presumed to know our own minds. He was also, not unnaturally, desirous that before taking upon myself the responsibility of marriage, I should give some evidence of my ability to provide for a wife, and for other contingencies usually consequent upon matrimony. He made no secret of his intention to divide his property between Alice and myself at his death; and the fact that no actual division would be necessary in the event of our marriage with each other, was doubtless one reason for his ready acquiescence in our en-

gagement. He was, however, of a vigorous constitution, strictly regular and methodical in all his habits, and likely to live to an advanced age. He could hardly be called parsimonious, but, like most men who have successfully fought their own way through life, he was rather fond of authority, and little disposed to divest himself of his wealth until he should have no further occasion for it. He expressed his willingness to establish me in business, either in Toronto or elsewhere, and to give me the benefit of his experience in all mercantile transactions.

When matters had reached this pass I had just completed my twenty-first year, my cousin being three years younger. Since my uncle's retirement I had engaged in one or two little speculations on my own account, which had turned out fairly successful, but I had not devoted myself to any regular or fixed pursuit. Before any definite arrangements had been concluded as to the course of my future life, a circumstance occurred which seemed to open a way for me to turn to good account such mercantile talent as I possessed. An old friend of my uncle's opportunely arrived in Toronto from Melbourne, Australia, where, in the course of a few years, he had risen from the position of a junior clerk to that of senior partner in a prominent commercial house. He painted the land of his adoption in glowing colours, and assured my uncle and myself that it presented an inviting field for a young man of energy and business capacity, more especially if he had a small capital at his command. The matter was carefully debated in our domestic circle. I was naturally averse to a separation from Alice, but my imagination took fire at Mr. Redpath's glowing account of his own splendid success. I pictured myself returning to Canada after an absence of four or five years, with a mountain of gold at my command, s the result of my own energy and acuteness. In imagination, I saw myself settled down with Alice in a palatial mansion on Jarvis Street, and living in affluence all the rest of my days. My uncle bade me consult my own judgment in the matter, but rather encouraged the idea than otherwise. He offered to advance me £500, and I had about half that sum as the result of my own speculations. Mr. Redpath, who was just about returning to Melbourne, promised to aid me to the extent of his power with his local knowledge and advice. In less than a fortnight from that time he and I were on our way to the other side of the globe.

We reached our destination early in the month of September, 1857. My life in Australia has no direct bearing upon the course of events to be related, and may be passed over in very few words. I engaged in various enterprises, and achieved a certain measure of success. If none of my ventures proved eminently prosperous, I at least met with no

serious disasters. At the end of four years—that is to say, in September, 1861—I made up my account with the world, and found I was worth ten thousand dollars. I had, however, become terribly homesick, and longed for the termination of my voluntary exile. I had, of course, kept up a regular correspondence with Alice and Uncle Richard, and of late they had both pressed me to return home. "You have enough," wrote my uncle, "to give you a good start in Toronto, and I see no reason why Alice and you should keep apart any longer. You will have no housekeeping expenses, for I intend you to live with me. I am getting old, and shall be glad of your companionship in my declining years. You will have a comfortable home while I live, and when I die you will get all I have between you. Write as soon as you receive this, and let us know how soon you can be here,—the sooner the better."

The letter containing this pressing invitation found me in a mood very much disposed to accept it. The only enterprise I had on hand which would be likely to delay me was a transaction in wool, which, as I then believed, would be closed by the end of January or the beginning of February. By the first of March I should certainly be in a condition to start on my homeward voyage, and I determined that my departure should take place about that time. I wrote both to Alice and my uncle, apprising them of my intention, and announcing my expectation to reach Toronto not later than the middle of May.

The letters so written were posted on the 19th of September, in time for the mail which left on the following day. On the 27th, to my huge surprise and gratification, the wool transaction referred to was unexpectedly concluded, and I was at liberty, if so disposed, to start for home by the next fast mail steamer, the *Southern Cross*, leaving Melbourne on the 11th of October. I *was* so disposed, and made my preparations accordingly. It was useless, I reflected, to write to my uncle or to Alice, acquainting them with the change in my plans, for I should take the shortest route home, and should probably be in Toronto as soon as a letter could get there. I resolved to telegraph from New York, upon my arrival there, so as not to take them altogether by surprise.

The morning of the 11th of October found me on board the *Southern Cross*, where I shook hands with Mr. Redpath and several other friends who accompanied me on board for a last farewell. The particulars of the voyage to England are not pertinent to the story, and may be given very briefly. I took the Red Sea route, and arrived at Marseilles at two o'clock in the afternoon of the 29th of November. From Marseilles I travelled by rail to Calais, and so impatient was I to reach my journey's end without loss of time, that I did not even stay over to behold the glories of Paris. I had a commission to execute in London,

which, however, delayed me there only a few hours, and I hurried down to Liverpool, in the hope of catching the Cunard Steamer for New York. I missed it by about two hours, but the *Persia* was detailed to start on a special trip to Boston on the following day. I secured a berth, and at eight o'clock next morning steamed out of the Mersey on my way homeward.

The voyage from Liverpool to Boston consumed fourteen days. All I need say about it is, that before arriving at the latter port I formed an intimate acquaintance with one of the passengers—Mr. Junius H. Gridley, a Boston merchant, who was returning from a hurried business-trip to Europe. He was—and is—a most agreeable companion. We were thrown together a good deal during the voyage, and we then laid the foundation of a friendship which has ever since subsisted between us. Before the dome of the State House loomed in sight he had extracted a promise from me to spend a night with him before pursuing my journey. We landed at the wharf in East Boston, on the evening of the 17th of December, and I accompanied him to his house on West Newton Street, where I remained until the following morning. Upon consulting the time-table, we found that the Albany express would leave at 11.30 a.m. This left several hours at my disposal, and we sallied forth immediately after breakfast to visit some of the lions of the American Athens.

In the course of our peregrinations through the streets, we dropped into the post office, which had recently been established in the Merchants' Exchange Building, on State Street. Seeing the countless piles of mail-matter, I jestingly remarked to my friend that there seemed to be letters enough there to go round the whole human family. He replied in the same mood, whereupon I banteringly suggested the probability that among so many letters, surely there ought to be one for me.

"Nothing more reasonable," he replied. "We Bostonians are always bountiful to strangers. Here is the General Delivery, and here is the department where letters addressed to the Furlong family are kept in stock. Pray inquire for yourself."

The joke, I confess, was not a very brilliant one; but with a grave countenance I stepped up to the wicket and asked the young lady in attendance:

"Anything for W. F. Furlong?"

She took from a pigeon-hole a handful of correspondence, and proceeded to run her eye over the addresses. When about half the pile had been exhausted, she stopped, and propounded the usual inquiry in case of strangers:

"Where do you expect letters from?"

"From Toronto," I replied.

To my no small astonishment she immediately handed me a letter,

bearing the Toronto post-mark. The address was in the peculiar and well-known handwriting of my uncle Richard.

Scarcely crediting the evidence of my senses I tore open the envelope, and read as follows :—

"TORONTO, 9th December, 1861.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,—I am so glad to know that you are coming home so much sooner than you expected when you wrote last, and that you will eat your Christmas dinner with us. For reasons which you will learn when you arrive, it will not be a very merry Christmas at our house, but your presence will make it much more bearable than it would be without you. I have not told Alice that you are coming. Let it be a joyful surprise for her, as some compensation for the sorrows she has had to endure lately. You needn't telegraph. I will meet you at the G. W. R. station.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"RICHARD YARDINGTON."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked my friend, seeing the blank look of surprise on my face. "Of course the letter is not for you; why on earth did you open it?"

"It *is* for me," I answered. "See here, Gridley, old man; have you been playing me a trick? If you haven't, this is the strangest thing I ever knew in my life."

Of course he hadn't been playing me a trick. A moment's reflection showed me that such a thing was impossible. Here was the envelope, with the Toronto post-mark of the 9th of December, at which time he had been with me on board the *Persia*, on the Banks of Newfoundland. Besides, he was a gentleman, and would not have played so poor and stupid a joke upon his guest. And, to put the matter beyond all possibility of doubt, I remembered that I had never mentioned my cousin's name in his hearing.

I handed him the letter. He read it carefully through twice over, and was as much mystified at its contents as myself; for during our passage across the Atlantic I had explained to him the circumstances under which I was returning home.

By what conceivable means had my uncle been made aware of my departure from Melbourne? Had Mr. Redpath written to him, as soon as I acquainted that gentleman with my intentions? But even if such were the case, the letter could not have left before I did, and could not possibly have reached Toronto by the 9th of December. Had I been seen in England by some one who knew me, and had that some one written from there? Most unlikely; and even if such a thing had happened, it was impossible that the letter could have reached Toronto by the 9th. I need hardly inform the reader that there was no telegraphic communication at that time. And how could my uncle know that I

would take the Boston route? And if he *had* known, how could he foresee that I would do anything so absurd as to call at the Boston post-office and inquire for letters? "*I will meet you at the G. W. R. station.*" How was he to know by what train I would reach Toronto, unless I notified him by telegraph? And that he expressly stated to be unnecessary.

We did no more sight-seeing. I obeyed the hint contained in the letter, and sent no telegram. My friend accompanied me down to the Boston and Albany station, where I waited in feverish impatience for the departure of the train. We talked over the matter until 11.30, in the vain hope of finding some clue to the mystery. Then I started on my journey. Mr. Gridley's curiosity was roused, and I promised to send him an explanation immediately upon my arrival at home.

No sooner had the train glided out of the station than I settled myself in my seat, drew the tantalizing letter once more from my pocket, and proceeded to read and re-read it again and again. A very few perusals sufficed to fix its contents in my memory, so that I could repeat every word with my eyes shut. Still, I continued to scrutinize the paper, the penmanship, and even the tint of the ink. For what purpose, do you ask? For no purpose, except that I hoped, in some mysterious manner, to obtain more light on the dark subject. No light came, however. The more I scrutinized and pondered, the greater was my mystification. The paper was a simple sheet of white letter-paper, of the kind ordinarily used by my uncle in his correspondence. So far as I could see, there was nothing peculiar about the ink. Anyone familiar with my uncle's writing could have sworn that no hand but his had penned the lines. His well-known signature, a masterpiece of involved hieroglyphics, was there in all its indistinctness, written as no one but himself could ever have written it. And yet, for some unaccountable reason, I was half-disposed to suspect forgery. Forgery! What nonsense. Any one clever enough to imitate Richard Yardington's handwriting would have employed his talents more profitably than by indulging in a mischievous and purposeless jest. Not a bank in Toronto but would have discounted a note with that signature affixed to it.

Desisting from all attempts to solve these problems, I then tried to fathom the meaning of other points in the letter. What misfortune had happened to mar the Christmas festivities at my uncle's house? And what could the reference to my cousin Alice's sorrows mean? She was not ill. *That*, I thought, might be taken for granted. My uncle would hardly have referred to her illness as "one of the sorrows she has had to endure lately." Certainly, illness may be regarded in the light of a sorrow; but "sorrow" was not precisely the word which a straightforward man like Uncle Richard would have applied to it. I could con-

ceive of no other cause of affliction in her case. My uncle was well, as was evidenced by his having written the letter, and by his avowed intention to meet me at the station. Her father had died long before I started for Australia. She had no other near relation except myself, and she had no cause for anxiety, much less for "sorrow," on my account. I thought it singular, too, that my uncle, having in some strange manner become acquainted with my movements, had withheld the knowledge from Alice. It did not square with my preconceived ideas of him that he would derive any satisfaction from taking his niece by surprise.

All was a muddle together, and as my temples throbbed with the intensity of my thoughts, I was half-disposed to believe myself in a troubled dream from which I should presently awake. Meanwhile, on glided the train.

A heavy snow-storm delayed us for several hours, and we reached Hamilton too late for the mid-day express for Toronto. We got there, however, in time for the accommodation leaving Hamilton at 3.15 p.m., and we would reach Toronto at 5.05. I walked from one end of the train to the other in hopes of finding some one I knew, from whom I could make inquiries about home. Not a soul. I saw several persons whom I knew to be residents of Toronto, but none with whom I had ever been personally acquainted, and none of them would be likely to know anything about my uncle's domestic arrangements. All that remained to be done under these circumstances was to restrain my curiosity as well as I could until reaching Toronto. By the by, would my uncle really meet me at the station, according to his promise? Surely not. By what means could he possibly know that I would arrive by this train? Still, he seemed to have such accurate information respecting my proceedings that there was no saying where his knowledge began or ended. I tried not to think about the matter, but as the train approached Toronto my impatience became positively feverish in its intensity. We were not more than three minutes behind time, and as we glided in front of the Union Station, I passed out on to the platform of the car, and peered intently through the darkness. Suddenly my heart gave a great bound. There, sure enough, standing in front of the door of the waiting-room, was my uncle, plainly discernible by the fitful glare of the overhanging lamps. Before the train came to a stand-still, I sprang from the car and advanced towards him. He was looking out for me, but his eyes not being as young as mine, he did not recognize me until I grasped him by the hand. He greeted me warmly, seizing me by the waist, and almost raising me from the ground. I at once noticed several changes in his appearance; changes for which I was totally unprepared. He had aged very much since I had last seen him, and the lines about his mouth had deepened considerably. The iron-

grey hair which I remembered so well had disappeared; its place being supplied with a new and rather dandified-looking wig. The old-fashioned great-coat, which he had worn ever since I could remember, had been supplanted by a modern frock of spruce cut, with seal-skin collar and cuffs. All this I noticed in the first hurried greetings that passed between us.

"Never mind your luggage, my boy", he remarked. "Leave it till to-morrow, when we will send down for it. If you are not tired, we'll walk home, instead of taking a cab. I have a good deal to say to you before we get there."

I had not slept since leaving Boston, but was too much excited to be conscious of fatigue, and as will readily be believed, I was anxious enough to hear what he had to say. We passed from the station, and proceeded up York Street, arm in arm:

"And now, Uncle Richard," I said, as soon as we were well clear of the crowd—"keep me no longer in suspense. First and foremost, is Alice well?"

"Quite well, but for reasons you will soon understand, she is in deep grief. You must know that——"

"But," I interrupted, "tell me, in the name of all that's wonderful how you knew I was coming by this train; and how did you come to write to me at Boston?"

Just then we came to the corner of Front Street, where was a lamp-post. As we reached the spot where the light of the lamp was most brilliant, he turned half round, looked me full in the face, and smiled a sort of wintry smile. The expression of his countenance was almost ghastly.

"Uncle," I quickly asked, "what's the matter? Are you not well?"

"I am not as strong as I used to be, and have had a good deal to try me of late. Have patience, and I will tell you all. Let us walk more slowly, or I shall not have time to finish before we get home, In order that you may clearly understand how matters are, I had better begin at the beginning, and I hope you will not interrupt me with any questions till I have done. How I knew you would call at the Boston post-office, and that you would arrive in Toronto by this train, will come last in order. By the bye, have you my letter with you?"

"The one you wrote to me at Boston? Yes, here it is," I replied, taking it from my pocket-book.

"Let me have it."

"I handed it to him and he put it into the breast pocket of his inside coat. I wondered at this proceeding on his part, but made no remark upon it.

We moderated our pace, and he began his narration. Of course I

don't pretend to remember his exact words, but they were to this effect. During the winter following my departure for Melbourne, he had formed the acquaintance of a gentleman who had then recently settled in Toronto. The name of this gentleman was Marcus Weatherley, who had commenced business as a wholsesale provision merchant, immediately upon his arrival, and had been engaged in it ever since. For more than three years, the acquaintance between him and my uncle had been very slight, but during the last summer they had had some real estate transactions together, and had become intimate. Weatherley, who was a comparatively young man, and unmarried, had been invited to the house on Gerrard Street, where he had more recently become a pretty frequent visitor. More recently still, his visits had become so frequent that my uncle had suspected him of a desire to be attentive to my cousin, and had thought proper to enlighten him as to her engagement with me. From that day his visits had been voluntarily discontinued. My uncle had not given much consideration to the subject until a fortnight afterwards, when he had accidentally become aware of the fact that Weatherley was in embarrassed circumstances.

Here my uncle paused in his narrative to take breath. He then added, in a low tone, and putting his mouth almost close to my ear. :

"And Willie, my boy, I have at last found out something else. He has forty-two thousand dollars falling due here and in Montreal within the next ten days, and *he has forged my signature to acceptances for thirty-nine thousand seven hundred and sixteen dollars and twenty-four cents.*"

Those, to the best of my belief, were his exact words. We had walked up York Street to Queen, and had then gone down Queen to Yonge, when we turned up the east side on our way homeward. At the moment when the last words were uttered we had got to a few yards north of Crookshank Street, immediately in front of a chemist's shop which was, I think, the third house from the corner. The window of this shop was well lighted, and its brightness was reflected on the sidewalk in front. Just then, two gentlemen walking rapidly in the opposite direction to that we were taking, brushed by us ; but I was too deeply absorbed in my uncle's communication to pay much attention to passers-by. Scarcely had they passed, however, ere one of them stopped, and exclaimed :

"Surely that is Willie Furlong ! "

I turned, and recognized Johnny Gray, one of my oldest friends. I relinquished my uncle's arm for a moment, and shook hands with Gray, who said :

"I am surprised to see you. I heard, only a few days ago, that you were not to be here till next spring."

"I am here," I remarked, "somewhat in advance of my own expec-

tations." I then hurriedly inquired after several of our common friends, to which inquiries he briefly replied:

"All well," he said; "but you are in a hurry, and so am I. Don't let me detain you. Be sure and look in on me to-morrow. You will find me at the old place, in the Romain Buildings."

We again shook hands, and he passed on down the street with the gentleman who accompanied him. I then turned to re-possess myself of my uncle's arm. The old gentleman had evidently walked on, for he was not in sight. I hurried along, making sure of overtaking him before reaching Gould-Street, for my interview with Gray had occupied barely a minute. In another minute I was at the corner of Gould Street. No signs of Uncle Richard. I quickened my pace to a run which soon brought me to Gerrard Street. Still no signs of my uncle. I had certainly not passed him on the way, and he could not have got farther on his homeward route than here. He must have called in at one of the stores; a strange thing for him to do, under the circumstances. I retraced my steps all the way to the front of the chemist's shop, peering into every window and doorway as I passed along. No one in the least resembling him was to be seen.

I stood still for a moment, and reflected. Even if he had run at full speed—a thing most unseemly for him to do—he could not have reached the corner of Gerrard Street before I had done so. And what should he run for? He certainly did not wish to avoid me, for he had more to tell me before reaching home. Perhaps he had turned down Gould Street. At any rate there was no use waiting for him. I might as well go home at once. And I did.

Upon reaching the old familiar spot, I opened the gate, passed on up the steps to the front door, and rang the bell. The door was opened by a domestic who had not formed part of the establishment in my time, and who did not know me; but Alice happened to be passing through the hall, and heard my voice as I inquired for Uncle Richard. Another moment and she was in my arms. With a strange foreboding at my heart I noticed that she was in deep mourning. We passed into the dining-room, where the table was laid for dinner.

"Has Uncle Richard come in?" I asked, as soon as we were alone. "Why did he run away from me?"

"Who!" exclaimed Alice, with a start; "What do you mean, Willie? Is it possible you have not heard?"

"Heard what?"

"I see you have not heard," she replied. "Sit down, Willie, and prepare yourself for painful news. But first tell me what you meant by saying what you did just now,—who was it that ran away from you?"

"Well, I should perhaps hardly call it running away, but he certainly

disappeared most mysteriously, down here near the corner of Yonge and Crookshank Streets."

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Of Uncle Richard, of course."

"Uncle Richard! The corner of Yonge and Crookshank Streets? When did you see him there?"

"When? A quarter of an hour ago. He met me at the station, and we walked up together till I met Johnny Gray. I turned to speak to Johnny for a moment, when——"

"Willie, what on earth are you talking about? You are labouring under some strange delusion. *Uncle Richard died of apoplexy more than six weeks ago, and lies buried in St. James's Cemetery.*"

II.

I DON'T know how long I sat there, trying to think, with my face buried in my hands. My mind had been kept on a strain during the last thirty hours, and the succession of surprises to which I had been subjected had temporarily paralyzed my faculties. For a few moments after Alice's announcement, I must have been in a sort of stupor. My imagination, I remember, ran riot about everything in general, and nothing in particular. My cousin's momentary impression was that I had met with an accident of some kind, which had unhinged my brain. The first distinct remembrance I have after this is, that I suddenly awoke from my stupor to find Alice kneeling at my feet, and holding me by the hand. Then my mental powers came back to me, and I recalled all the incidents of the evening.

"When did uncle's death take place?" I asked.

"On the 3rd of November, about four o'clock in the afternoon. It was quite unexpected, though he had not enjoyed his usual health for some weeks before. He fell down in the hall, just as he was returning from a walk, and died within two hours. He never spoke or recognized any one after his seizure."

"What has become of his old overcoat?" I asked.

"His old overcoat, Willie—what a question!" replied Alice, evidently thinking that I was again drifting back into insensibility.

"Did he continue to wear it up to the day of his death?" I asked.

"No. Cold weather set in very early this last fall, and he was compelled to don his winter clothing earlier than usual. He had a new overcoat made within a fortnight before he died. He had it on at the time of his seizure. But why do you ask?"

"Was the new coat cut by a fashionable tailor, and had it a fur collar and cuffs?"

"It was cut at Stovel's, I think. It had a fur collar and cuffs."

"When did he begin to wear a wig?"

"About the same time that he began to wear his new overcoat. I wrote you a letter at the time, making merry over his youthful appearance, and hinting—of course only in jest—that he was looking out for a young wife. But you surely did not receive my letter. You must have been on your way home before it was written."

"I left Melbourne on the 11th of October. The wig, I suppose, was buried with him?"

"Yes."

"And where is the overcoat?"

"In the wardrobe up stairs, in uncle's room."

"Come and show it to me."

I led the way upstairs, my cousin following. In the hall on the first floor we encountered my old friend Mrs. Daly, the housekeeper. She threw up her hands in surprise at seeing me. Our greeting was very brief; I was too intent on solving the problem which had exercised my mind ever since receiving the letter at Boston, to pay much attention to anything else. Two words, however, explained to her where we were going, and at our request she accompanied us. We passed into my uncle's room. My cousin drew the key of the wardrobe from a drawer where it was kept, and unlocked the door. There hung the overcoat. A single glance was sufficient. It was the same.

The dazed sensation in my head began to make itself felt again. The atmosphere of the room seemed to oppress me, and, closing the door of the wardrobe, I led the way down stairs again to the dining-room, followed by my cousin. Mrs. Daly had sense enough to perceive that we were discussing family matters, and retired to her own room.

I took my cousin's hand in mine, and asked:

"Will you tell me what you know of Mr. Marcus Weatherley?"

This was evidently another surprise for her. How could I have heard of Marcus Weatherley? She answered, however, without hesitation:

"I know very little of him. Uncle Richard and he had some dealings together a few months since, and in that way he became a visitor here. After a while he began to call pretty often, but his visits suddenly ceased a short time before uncle's death. I need not affect any reserve with you. Uncle Richard thought he came after me, and gave him a hint that you had a prior claim. He never called afterwards. I am rather glad that he did'nt, for there is something about him that I don't quite like. I am at a loss to say what the something is; but his manner always impressed me with the idea that he was not exactly what he seemed to be on the surface. Perhaps I misjudged him. In-

deed, I think I must have done so, for he stands well with everybody, and is highly respected."

I looked at the clock on the mantelpiece. It was ten minutes to seven. I rose from my seat.

"I will ask you to excuse me for an hour or two, Alice. I must find Johnny Gray."

"But you will not leave me, Willie, until you have given me some clue to your unexpected arrival, and to the strange questions you have been asking? Dinner is ready, and can be served at once. Pray don't go out again until you have dined"

She clung to my arm. It was evident that she considered me mad, and thought it probable that I might make away with myself. This I could not bear. As for eating any dinner, that was simply impossible, in my then frame of mind, although I had not tasted food since leaving Rochester. I resolved to tell her all. I resumed my seat. She placed herself on a stool at my feet, and listened while I told her all that I have set down as happening to me subsequently to my last letter to her from Melbourne.

"And now, Alice, you know why I wish to see Johnny Gray."

She would have accompanied me, but I thought it better to prosecute my inquiries alone. I promised to return sometime during the night, and tell her the result of my interview with Gray. That gentleman had married, and become a householder on his own account during my absence in Australia. Alice knew his address and gave me the number of his house, which was on Church Street. A few minutes' rapid walking brought me to his door. I had no great expectation of finding him at home, as I deemed it probable that he had not returned from wherever he had been going when I met him; but I should be able to find out when he was expected, and would either wait or go in search of him. Fortune favoured me for once, however; he had returned more than an hour before. I was ushered into the drawing room, where I found him playing cribbage with his wife.

"Why, Willie," he exclaimed, advancing to welcome me, "this is kinder than I expected. I hardly looked for you before to-morrow. All the better; we have just been speaking of you. Ellen, this is my old friend, Willie Furlong, the returned convict, whose banishment you have so often heard me deplore."

After exchanging brief courtesies with Mrs. Gray, I turned to her husband.

"Johnny, did you notice anything remarkable about the old gentleman who was with me when we met on Yonge Street, this evening?"

"Old gentleman! who? There was no one with you when I met you."

"Think again. He and I were walking arm in arm, and you had passed us before you recognised me, and mentioned my name."

He looked hard in my face for a moment, and then said positively:

"You are wrong, Willie. You were certainly alone when we met. You were walking slowly, and I must have noticed if any one had been with you."

"It is you who are wrong," I retorted almost sternly. "I was accompanied by an elderly gentleman, who wore a great coat with fur collar and cuffs, and we were conversing earnestly together when you passed us."

He hesitated an instant, and seemed to consider, but there was no shade of doubt on his face.

"Have it your own way, old boy," he said. "All I can say is, that I saw no one but yourself, and neither did Charley Leitch, who was with me. After parting from you we commented upon your evident abstraction, and the sombre expression of your countenance, which we attributed to your having only recently heard of the sudden death of your Uncle Richard. If any old gentleman had been with you we could not possibly have failed to notice him."

Without a single word by way of explanation or apology, I jumped from my seat, passed out into the hall, seized my hat, and left the house.

III.

Out into the street I rushed like a madman, banging the door after me. I knew that Johnny would follow me for an explanation, so I ran like lightning round the next corner, and thence down to Yonge Street. Then I dropped into a walk, regained my breath, and asked myself what I should do next.

Suddenly I bethought me of Dr. Marsden, an old friend of my uncle's I hailed a passing cab, and drove to his house. The doctor was in his consultation-room, and alone.

Of course he was surprised to see me, and gave expression to some appropriate words of sympathy at my bereavement. "But how is it that I see you so soon?" he asked—"I understood that you were not expected for some months to come."

Then I began my story, which I related with great circumstantiality of detail, bringing it down to the moment of my arrival at his house. He listened with the closest attention, never interrupting me by a single exclamation until I had finished. Then he began to ask questions, some of which I thought strangely irrelevant.

"Have you enjoyed your usual good health during your residence abroad?"

"Never better in my life. I have not had a moment's illness since you last saw me."

"And how have you prospered in your business enterprises?"

"Reasonably well; but pray doctor, let us confine ourselves to the matter in hand. I have come for friendly, not professional, advice."

"All in good time, my boy," he calmly remarked. This was tantalizing. My strange narrative did not seem to have disturbed his serenity in the least degree.

"Did you have a pleasant passage?" he asked, after a brief pause. "The ocean, I believe, is generally rough at this time of year."

"I felt a little squeamish for a day or two after leaving Melbourne," I replied, "but I soon got over it, and it was not very bad even while it lasted. I am a tolerably good sailor."

"And you have had no special ground of anxiety of late? At least not until you received this wonderful letter"—he added, with a perceptible contraction of his lips, as though trying to repress a smile.

Then I saw what he was driving at.

"Doctor," I exclaimed, with some exasperation in my tone—"pray dismiss from your mind the idea that what I have told you is the result of a diseased imagination. I am as sane as you are. The letter itself affords sufficient evidence that I am not quite such a fool as you take me for."

"My dear boy, I don't take you for a fool at all, although you are a little excited just at present. But I thought you said you returned the letter to—ahem—your uncle."

For the moment I had forgotten that important fact. But I was not altogether without evidence that I had not been the victim of a disordered brain. My friend Gridley could corroborate the receipt of the letter, and its contents. My cousin could bear witness that I had displayed an acquaintance with facts which I would not have been likely to learn from any one but my uncle. I had referred to his wig and overcoat, and had mentioned to her the name of Mr. Marcus Weatherley—a name which I had never heard before in my life. I called Dr. Marsden's attention to these matters, and asked him to explain them if he could.

"I admit," said the doctor, "that I don't quite see my way to a satisfactory explanation just at present. But let us look the thing squarely in the face. During an acquaintance of nearly thirty years, I always found your uncle a truthful man, who was cautious enough to make no statements about his neighbours that he was not able to prove. Your informant, on the other hand, does not seem to have confined himself to facts. He made a charge of forgery against a gentleman whose moral and commercial integrity are unquestioned by all who know him. I

know Marcus Weatherley pretty well, and am not disposed to pronounce him a forger and a scoundrel upon the unsupported evidence of a shadowy old gentleman who appears and disappears in the most mysterious manner, and who cannot be laid hold of and held responsible for his slanders in a court of law. And it is not true, as far as I know and believe, that Marcus Weatherley is embarrassed in his circumstances. Such confidence have I in his solvency and integrity that I would not be afraid to take up all his outstanding paper without asking a question. If you will make inquiry, you will find that my opinion is shared by all the bankers in the city. And I have no hesitation in saying that you will find no acceptances with your uncle's name to them, either in this market or elsewhere."

"That I will try to ascertain to-morrow," I replied. "Meanwhile, Dr. Marsden, will you oblige your old friend's nephew by writing to Mr. Junius Gridley, and asking him to acquaint you with the contents of the letter, and with the circumstances under which I received it?"

"It seems an absurd thing to do," he said, "but I will, if you like. What shall I say?" and he sat down at his desk to write the letter.

It was written in less than five minutes. It simply asked for the desired information, and requested an immediate reply. Below the doctor's signature I added a short postscript in these words:—

"My story about the letter and its contents is discredited. Pray answer fully and at once.—W. F. F."

At my request the doctor accompanied me to the Post-office, on Toronto Street, and dropped the letter into the box with his own hands. I bade him good night, and repaired to the Rossin House. I did not feel like encountering Alice again until I could place myself in a more satisfactory light before her. I despatched a messenger to her with a short note stating that I had not discovered anything important, and requesting her not to wait up for me. Then I engaged a room and went to bed.

But not to sleep. All night long I tossed about from one side of the bed to the other; and at day-light, feverish and unrefreshed, I strolled out. I returned in time for breakfast, but ate little or nothing. I longed for the arrival of ten o'clock, when the banks would open.

After breakfast I sat down in the reading-room of the hotel, and vainly tried to fix my attention upon the local columns of that morning's paper. I remember reading over several items time after time, without any comprehension of their meaning. After that I remember—nothing.

Nothing! All was blank for more than five weeks. When consciousness came back to me I found myself in bed in my own old room, in the house on Gerrard Street, and Alice and Dr. Marsden were standing by my bedside.

No need to tell how my hair had been removed, nor about the bags of ice that had been applied to my head. No need to linger over any details of the "pitiless fever that burned in my brain." No need, either, to linger over my progress back to convalescence, and from thence to complete recovery. In a week from the time I have mentioned, I was permitted to sit up in bed, propped up by a mountain of pillows. My impatience would brook no further delay, and I was allowed to ask questions about what had happened in the interval which had elapsed since my overwrought nerves gave way under the prolonged strain upon them. First, Junius Gridley's letter in reply to Dr. Marsden, was placed in my hands. I have it still in my possession, and I transcribe the following copy from the original now lying before me :—

"Boston, Dec. 22nd, 1861.

"Dr. Marsden :

"In reply to your letter, which has just been received, I have to say that Mr. Furlong and myself became acquainted for the first time during our recent passage from Liverpool to Boston, in the *Persia*, which arrived here on Monday last. Mr. Furlong accompanied me home, and remained until Tuesday morning, when I took him to see the Public Library, the State House, the Athenæum, Faneuil Hall, and other points of interest. We casually dropped into the post-office, and he remarked upon the great number of letters there. At my instigation—made, of course, in jest—he applied at the General Delivery for letters for himself. He received one bearing the Toronto postmark. He was naturally very much surprised at receiving it, and was not less so at its contents. After reading it he handed it to me, and I also read it carefully. I cannot recollect it word for word, but it professed to come from 'his affectionate uncle, Richard Yardington.' It expressed pleasure at his coming home sooner than had been anticipated, and hinted in rather vague terms at some calamity. It referred to a lady called Alice, and stated that she had not been informed of Mr. Furlong's intended arrival. There was something too, about his presence at home being a recompense to her for recent grief which she had sustained. It also expressed the writer's intention to meet his nephew at the Toronto Railway station upon his arrival, and stated that no telegram need be sent. This, as nearly as I can remember, was about all there was in the letter. Mr. Furlong professed to recognize the handwriting as his uncle's. It was a cramped hand, not easy to read, and the signature was so peculiarly formed that I was hardly able to decipher it. The peculiarity consisted of the extreme irregularity in the formation of the letters, no two of which were of equal size ; and capitals were interspersed promiscuously, more especially throughout the surname.

"Mr. Furlong was much agitated by the contents of the letter, and was anxious for the arrival of the time of his departure. He left by the B. & A. train at 11.30. This is really all I know about the matter, and I have been anxiously expecting to hear from him ever since he left. I confess that I feel curious, and should be glad to hear from him—that is, of course, unless

something is involved which it would be impertinent for a comparative stranger to pry into.

"Yours, &c.,
"JUNIUS H. GRIDLEY."

So that my friend had completely corroborated my account, so far as the letter was concerned. My account, however, stood in no need of corroboration, as will presently appear.

When I was stricken down, Alice and Dr. Marsden were the only persons to whom I had communicated what my uncle had said to me during our walk from the station. They both maintained silence on the matter, except to each other. Between themselves, in the early days of my illness, they discussed it with a good deal of feeling on each side. Alice implicity believed my story from first to last. She was wise enough to see that I had been made acquainted with matters that I could not possibly have learned through any of the ordinary channels of communication. In short, she was not so enamoured of professional jargon as to have lost her common sense. The doctor, however, with the mole-blindness of many of his tribe, refused to believe. Nothing of this kind had previously come within the range of his own experience, and it was therefore impossible. He accounted for it all upon the hypothesis of my impending fever. He is not the only physician who mistakes cause for effect, and *vice versa.*

During the second week of my prostration, Mr. Marcus Weatherley absconded. This event, so totally unlooked-for by those who had had dealings with him, at once brought his financial condition to light. It was found that he had been really insolvent for several months past. The day after his departure a number of his acceptances became due. These acceptances proved to be four in number, amounting to exactly forty-two thousand dollars. So that that part of my uncle's story was confirmed. One of the acceptances was payable in Montreal, and was for $2,283.76. The other three were payable at different banks in Toronto. These last had been drawn at sixty days, and each of them bore a signature presumed to be that of Richard Yardington. One of them was for $8,972.11; another was for $10,114.63; and the third and last was for $20,629.50. A short sum in simple addition will show us the aggregate of these three amounts—

$8,972	11
10,114	63
20,629	50
$39,716	24

which was the amount for which my uncle claimed that his name had been forged.

Within a week after these things came to light, a letter, addressed to

the manager of one of the leading banking institutions of Toronto, arrived from Mr. Marcus Weatherley. He wrote from New York, but stated that he should leave there within an hour from the time of posting his letter. He voluntarily admitted having forged my uncle's name to the three acceptances above referred to, and entered into other details about his affairs which, though interesting enough to his creditors at that time, would have no special interest for the public at the present day. The banks where the acceptances had been discounted were wise after the fact, and detected numerous little details wherein the forged signatures differed from genuine signatures of my Uncle Richard. In each case they pocketed the loss and held their tongues, and I dare say they will not thank me for calling attention to the matter, even at this distance of time.

There is not much more to tell. Marcus Weatherley, the forger, met his fate within a few days after writing his letter from New York. He took passage at New Bedford, Massachusetts, in a sailing vessel called the *Petrel*, bound for Havana. The *Petrel* sailed from port on the 12th of January, 1862, and went down in mid-ocean with all hands on the 23rd of the same month. She sank in full sight of the captain and crew of the *City of Baltimore* (Inman Line), but the hurricane prevailing was such that the latter were unable to render any assistance, or to save one of the ill-fated crew from the fury of the waves.

At an early stage in the story I mentioned that the only fictitious element should be the name of one of the characters introduced. The name is that of Marcus Weatherley himself. The person whom I have so designated really bore a different name —one that is still remembered by scores of people in Toronto. He has paid the penalty of his misdeeds, and I see nothing to be gained by perpetuating them in connection with his own proper name. In all other particulars the foregoing narrative is as true as a tolerably retentive memory has enabled me to record it.

I don't propose to attempt any psychological explanation of the events here recorded, for the very sufficient reason that only one explanation is possible. The weird letter and its contents, as has been seen, do not rest upon my testimony alone. With respect to my walk from the station with Uncle Richard, and the communication made by him to me, all the details are as real to my mind as any other incidents of my life. The only obvious deduction is, that I was made the recipient of a communication of the kind which the world is accustomed to regard as supernatural.

Mr. Owen has my full permission to appropriate this story in the next edition of his "Debatable Land between this World and the Next." Should he do so, his readers will doubtless be favoured with an elabor-

ate analysis of the facts, and with a pseudo-philosophic theory about spiritual communion with human beings. My wife, who is an enthusiastic student of electro-biology, is disposed to believe that Weatherley's mind, overweighted by the knowledge of his forgery, was in some occult manner, and unconsciously to himself, constrained to act upon my own senses. I prefer, however, simply to narrate the facts. I may or may not have my own theory about these facts. The reader is at perfect liberty to form one of his own if he so pleases. I may mention that Dr. Marsden professes to believe to the present day that my brain was disordered by the approach of the fever which eventually struck me down, and that all I have described was merely the result of what he, with delightful periphrasis, calls "an abnormal condition of the system, induced by causes too remote for specific diagnosis."

It will be observed that, whether I was under an hallucination or not, the information supposed to be derived from my uncle was strictly accurate in all its details. The fact that the disclosure subsequently became unnecessary through the confession of Weatherley, does not seem to me to afford any argument for the hallucination theory. My uncle's communication was important at the time when it was given to me; and we have no reason for believing that "those who are gone before" are universally gifted with a knowledge of the future.

It was open to me to make the facts public as soon as they became known to me, and had I done so, Marcus Weatherley might have been arrested and punished for his crime. Had not my illness supervened, I think I should have made discoveries in the course of the day following my arrival in Toronto, which would have led to his arrest.

Such speculations are profitless enough, but they have often formed the topic of discussion between my wife and myself. Gridley, too, whenever he pays us a visit, invariably revives the subject, which he long ago christened "The Gerrard Street Mystery," although it might just as correctly be called "The Yonge Street Mystery," or, "The Mystery at the Union Station." He has urged me a hundred times over to publish the story; and now, after all these years, I follow his counsel, and adopt his nomenclature in the title.

HER PORTRAIT.

LADY, see your portrait's finished,
All that heart and hand could do
Have they wrought upon the canvas,
But to win a smile from you.

On your bosom rose-buds resting,
Purple blooms among your hair,
Snowy wreaths of lace around you,
Form a picture passing fair.

Ah! but here I see my failure:
When I gaze upon your eyes,
Every purple-tinted blossom
Seems to wither where it lies.

All the petals of the roses,
When your rounded lips are near,
And your dimpled cheeks are blushing,
Dead as autumn leaves appear.

Yet accept the picture, lady,
Take my wishes for the deed;
For in limning angel's beauty,
How could mortal man succeed.

HER PORTRAIT.

FOREST RANGERS AND VOYAGEURS.

II.—FOREST LIFE IN LATER TIMES.

THE distinctive title of *Coureurs de bois* eventually disappeared when the country became more settled, and the fur-trade, after the conquest, was a monopoly in the hands of wealthy capitalists who had their head-quarters at Montreal. On the ice-bound shores of Hudson's Bay and by the side of the Red, the Assinniboine, and Saskatchewan Rivers, powerful combinations of fur-traders had in the course of years raised palisaded posts, and organized the fur traffic on a colossal scale. More than two hundred years ago a company of traders, known as the "Honourable Company of Adventurers from England, trading into Hudson's Bay," received from Charles II. a royal license for trade in what is known as Rupert's Land, and established posts on the rugged, inhospitable shores of the north. The French had always looked with great jealousy on the English enterprise, and Le Moyne D'Iberville, that daring Canadian sailor, had pounced upon these northern posts and destroyed them. But still the Hudson's Bay Company had persevered in its enterprises, and established itself in the North-West when Wolfe and Montcalm fell on the Plains of Abraham, and the *fleur-de-lys* was struck on the old citadel of the ancient capital. For a short time after the conquest, the fur-trade in Canada ceased, and the Hudson's Bay Company monopolized the trade with those Indians who could be induced to trade with it. Towards the latter part of the eighteenth century, the merchants of Montreal who were individually dealing in furs, formed a Company which, under the title of the North-West Company, was long the rival of the Hudson's Bay Adventurers. Both these Companies were made up of Englishmen and Scotchmen, but they were nevertheless bitter enemies, engaged as they were in the same business in the wilderness. They employed very different materials for the prosecution of their trade. The employés of the Hudson's Bay Company were chiefly Scotch, whilst the Canadian Company found in the French Canadian population that class of men whom it believed to be most suited to a forest life. No doubt in one respect the North-West Company showed its wisdom; for the French voyageurs and rangers were always welcome at the camp-fires of the Indians, whilst the English were long objects of hatred and suspicion: but the selection was far from wise in other ways, since the difference in the nationality and religion of the servants of the rival

Companies only tended eventually to intensify the bitterness of the competition, and led at last to many a scene of tumult and bloodshed in the far west. The feuds between the two Companies lasted until the time of Lord Selkirk, the founder of the Red River settlement, at whose instigation some companies of soldiers were brought into the country for the preservation of peace and order. Not long after this the two Companies were amalgamated, and the Hudson's Bay Company became the ruler, for many years, of that vast territory which has so very recently been made a part of the Dominion of Canada. The French Canadian elements of the population continued to find that employment which was best suited to them. The guides, trappers, and buffalo-hunters of the North-West are the true descendants of those hardy men who were the pioneers of the fur-trade in that wide stretch of country which is washed by Northern Seas, and hemmed in by a vast mountain range. Half Indian, half French Canadian, they possess the same restless nomadic habits that distinguished the *Coureurs de bois* two centuries ago. They are a gay, idle, dissipated class, not very reliable, and very rash and passionate when aroused. They possess an extraordinary power of endurance, and are able to undergo any amount of fatigue. Such a class, like the game they hunt, must gradually disappear beneath the civilizing influences of colonization and commerce. It is difficult to believe that the half-breed can ever be made a settler in the real sense of the term. As population pours into the North-West he will recede further and further, like his Indian ally, into remote fastnesses, where the game may still exist in quantities, or the lumber trade may give some employment less irksome than the monotonous, steady life of the farm and workshop. As a picturesque figure of the North-West—as a gay rover of forest and river and prairie, the half-breed or *métis* of the Red River, of the Assinniboine and of the Saskatchewan, must soon fade away into history and romance, like his old prototype, the *Coureur de bois.*

The French Canadian, in the present as in the past, seems to take naturally to forest life. Since the fur trade has receded into the North-West, his restless, adventurous spirit would not be content were it not for the occupation which the great timber trade offers him. When the canoes of the Fur Company no longer passed over the old Ottawa route to the great lakes, the *voyageurs* and *foresters* of Lower Canada found a home in the *Chantiers,* among the lofty pines. If we visit the Gatineau, the Désert, the St. Maurice or the Ottawa, there we will see the French Canadian as of old the principal denizen of the woodland. It was not long since the writer visited one of the large "limits" of the Gatineau. Here, too, many of the names recalled the nationality of the pioneers of that region. Where the Desert and Gatineau mingle their waters, we saw a huge stone church, crowned by a life-size image of "Our Lady of

the Désert," in which French-Canadians, and Indians are wont to assemble as of old beneath the little Chapel of St. Ignace, where Father Marquette administered the sacraments of his Church to the devout and faithful. At distant intervals around the *Mer Bleue* and *Grand Lac* were scattered huts made of huge unsquared pine logs, with large holes for chimneys in the middle of the roof, which is generally constructed of pine slabs with the bark still left upon them. The picturesque aspect of one of these shanties presents itself once more to the writer as he pens these words on a dull November day. It was a bright day in January, as we stood on a little height from which the pines had been cleared, and looked down on a sheltered nook or glen, in which nestled a little group of buildings from one of which a thin column of smoke rose gently in the still, crisp air of that solitary northern region. The snow which had fallen during the night lay heavy on the slab roofs of the shanties, or mingled with the green of the small spruce and pines which the ruthless axe had left on the slopes of the hills which protected the lumberers' home from the icy northern winds. A brook fell gently in cascades over the rocks, then lost itself for a while beneath the ice and snow, and anon breaking forth with gentle murmurs, passed at last under the sheltering boughs of a spruce grove. Away beyond to the north and west, stretched a vast undulating forest of pine, while to the south east, as far as the eye could reach, lay a dazzling white plain of ice, surrounded by gently rising banks, all covered with a small growth of wood of every kind. Not a sound broke the stillness of the afternoon save the whir of the axe or the crash of a giant pine as it yielded to some dexterous arm. Roads branched off in different directions into the best timbered parts of the forest, and piles of logs lay on the ice until the spring freshets should bear them "on the drive" to their destination. When the sun had gone down and the evening had come, the men, some with axes, others with teams, arrived by degrees from different parts of the limits, and took a hearty meal of the customary fare of hot tea, pork, and bread, while standing or sitting around a roaring fire of huge logs which were piled upon an enormous raised hearth, occupying at least a quarter of the shanty. In the evening some played at cards, some read, and others sang or told stories of their adventures in the forest, until at last one after the other dropped into the "bunks" which were built around two sides of the hut. This monotonous life lasts for some five months, and is only diversified by visits from clerks and managers, or by some accident caused by falling pine or restless horse. In the spring the shanty is deserted, and the drive commences. The logs are moved along the smooth current of solitary lakes and silent rivers, or rush impetuously down foaming rapids and falls, until after many a day's toil they arrive at the different booms, where they are sorted for the

various owners. The "drive" is the most difficult, often the most dangerous part of the lumberers' occupation. It is all well enough when the timber is floating on the smooth current of lakes and rivers; but when, as it sometimes happens, a piece gets jammed in a narrow rapid, and forms a dam where log after log becomes entangled in a huge unwieldy mass, the drivers are sore vexed, for their duty is now one of no little difficulty and peril. The man with the keenest eye, the most skilful arm, and the most daring heart, steps among the logs, around which the water hisses and spurts, and with infinite dexterity and patience searches for the key-log of the trouble. One careless hasty stroke may precipitate that huge mass of timber upon him, and he may in an instant find himself beneath a whirlwind of logs, a mangled, shapeless atom. But accidents now-a-days are of comparatively rare occurrence, so admirable are the facilities for driving, and so skilful are the men engaged in this laborious occupation. All nationalities of our people are employed in the lumber trade, but the majority, as we have already said, are made up of French Canadians, who seem to find in this busy forest life that spice of adventure which fascinated the youth of Canada before the conquest.

III. SONGS OF THE FOREST AND RIVER.

There is another subject to which some reference may be appropriately made in a paper of this character, and that is, the literature of the voyageurs and foresters whose adventurous lives I have endeavoured briefly to sketch. The *chansons*, or ballads, which still live among the French Canadian habitants, have often been mentioned by travellers, novelists, and essayists, though no English writer that I can recall to mind has ever attempted to cultivate the subject as its interest demands. Without pretending to go at any length into this subject—which would require a large volume if it should be treated on its merits—there are a few features to which I may cursorily allude. The ballads which have so long been in vogue among the people of the Province of Quebec and the North-West, are essentially characteristic of a race extremely conservative of old customs and traditions. These ballads are the same in spirit, and often in words, as those which their ancestors brought from Brétagne, Normandy, and Franche Comté, and which were sung by the *coureurs des bois* in their forest haunts, and by the habitants at their village gatherings in old times. Some have been adapted to Canadian scenery and associations, but on the whole, the most of them are essentially European in spirit and allusion. The French matron sang her babe to sleep by her cottage door, the habitant swung his axe among the pines, the voyageur dipped his paddle in Canadian waters, to the same air that we still can hear on the banks of the St. Lawrence or the

St. Maurice. The Celt and Latin races have always been famous for their ballads, and the French Canadian of the present day has preserved the poetic instincts of his race. The Canadian lumberer among the pines of the Ottawa and its tributaries, the Métis of the rivers of the "Lone Land," still sing snatches of songs which the *coureurs des bois* who followed Du Lhut were wont to sing as they flew along Canadian rivers, or camped beneath the shade of the pines and the maples of the Western woods, and which can even now be heard at many a Breton and Norman festival. The words may be disconnected, and seem like nonsense verse, but there is for all a sprightliness in the air and rythm which is essentially peculiar to the old French ballad. It seems impossible to set the words to the music of the drawing-room. There they seem tame and meaningless, but when they are sung beneath the forest shade, or amid the roar of rushing waters, the air becomes imbued with the spirit of the surroundings. It has been well observed by a French Canadian writer* to whom we are indebted for the only collection we at present possess of these ballads "that there are many of these songs "which are without beauty except on the lips of the peasantry." Whoever has heard them sung in French Canadian homes must confess that there is every truth in this remark :—"There is something sad and "soft in their voices which imparts a peculiar charm to these monoton-"ous airs, in which their whole existence seems to be reflected. It is "with the voices of the peasantry, as with their eyes. Their look, ac-"customed to wide horizons and a uniform scenery, has a quietness, a "calm, a monotony, if you like, which is not to be found among the "inhabitants of the cities."

Among the numerous ballads sung in Quebec there is none so popular with all classes, from Gaspé to the Red River, as "En roulant ma boule,"—one of those merry jingles which the people seem always to love, and which is well-suited to the rapid movement of the canoe. It is evidently European in its origin, though its words cannot be traced to any of the songs now in vogue in Old France. The French version is as follows :—

Derrière chez-nous ya-t-un étang,
En roulant ma boule,
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule.

Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
En roulant ma boule,
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
En roulant ma boule,
Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
En roulant ma boule,
Visa le noir, tua le blanc,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

* Chansons Populaires du Canada : Recueillies et publiées par Ernest Gagnon, Quebec : 1865.

Visa le noir, tua le blanc,
En roulant ma boule,
O ! fils du roi, tu es méchant !
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.
En roulant, etc.

O ! fils du roi, tu es méchant !
En roulant ma boule,
D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,
En roulant ma boule,
Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,
En roulant ma boule,
Par les yeux lui sort'nt des diamants,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

Par les yeux lui sort'nt des diamants,
En roulant ma boule,
Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
En roulant ma boule,
Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent,
En roulant ma boule,
Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant,
En roulant ma boule,
C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
En roulant ma boule,
Pour y coucher tous les passants,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

It is difficult to give a literal translation, embodying the spirit of the original, which our readers will see abounds in repetitions—the third line of every verse forming the commencement of the following. It is easy to understand that a ballad of this kind would be very popular with hunters and voyageurs. All its allusions are to field sports and forest life, but the reference to the King's son shows it was originally brought from France. Those of our readers who are not sufficiently familiar with French to understand the original, will be pleased with the following free translation which we borrow from an anonymous writer, who has very properly avoided the repetitions :—

Behind our house a pool you see
Rolling, rolls my ball on—
In it three ducks swim merrily
Rolling, bowling, my ball rolls free,
Rolling, rolls my ball so free,
Rolling, rolls my ball, O !

Behind our house a pool you see,
In it three ducks swim merrily.
The King's son to the chase went he,
With silver gun armed splendidly.
Aimed at the black, the white killed he,
O son of the King, ill hap to thee,
For killing the white duck dear to me !
Beneath his wings the red drops flee
And diamonds fall from either e'e,
And silver and gold at beak drops he.
His feathers on the wind fly free,
To gather them go women three,
To make a bed right fair to see,
To furnish for their hostelrie.

The popularity of this old melody may be imagined from the fact that there is any number of versions of the same ballad throughout the rural settlements, each with a chorus and air varying according to locality. At Berthier we find this true specimen of a Norman chorus :—

Descendez à l'ombre, ma jolie blonde,
Descendez à l'ombre du bois.

Come down to the shade, my beautiful maid,
Come down to the shade of the wood.

Again, there is a still more sprightly air sung on the rivers of Canada :—

V'là l'bon vent, v'là l'joli vent
V'là l'bon vent, ma mie m'appelle,
V'là l'bon vent, v'là l'joli vent,
V'la l'bon vent, v'la l'joli vent,
V'la bon vent, ma mie m'attend.

The wind blows fair,—the wind blows free,
The wind blows fair,—my sweetheart calls,
The wind blows fair,—the wind blows free,
The wind blows fair,—my love waits me.

The words of the following ballad are still sung in Brittany, though the air is different :—

A Saint Malo, beau port de mer, (*bis*)
Trois gros navir's sont arrivés.
Nous irons sur l'eau
Nous y prom' promener
Nous irons jouer dans l'île.

Trois gros navir's sont arrivés, (*bis*)
Chargés d'avoine, chargés de bled.
Nous irons sur l'eau, etc.

Chargés d'avoine, chargés de bled, (*bis*)
Trois dam's s'en vont les marchander.
Nous irons sur l'eau, etc.

Trois dam's s'en vont les marchander. (*bis*)
-Marchand, marchand, combien ton bled ?
Nous irons sur l'eau, etc.

Marchand, marchand, combien ton bled ? (*bis*)
—Trois francs l'avoin', six francs le bled.
Nous irons sur l'eau, etc.

Trois francs l'avoin', six francs le bled. (*bis*)
—C'est ben trop cher d'un' bonn' moitié.
Nous irons sur l'eau, etc.

C'est bien trop cher d'un' bonn' moitié. (*bis*)
—Montez Mesdam's, vous le verrez.
Nous irons sur l'eau, etc.

Montez Mesdam's vous le verrez. (*bis*)
--Marchand, tu n'vendra pas ton bled.
Nous irons sur l'eau, etc.

Marchand, tu n'vendra pas ton bled. (*bis*)
—Si je l'vends pas' je l'donnerai.
Nous irons sur l'eau, etc.

Si je l'vends pas, je l'donnerai. (*bis*)
—A ce prix-là on va s'arranger.
Nous irons sur l'eau
Nous y prom' promener
Nous irons jouer dans l'île.

This curious melange which describes an attempt at bargaining between some corn traders and country folk may be briefly translated in this wise :—

At St. Malo, fair port of sea,
Three ships there in the harbour be,
Laden with grain right heavily,
To cheapen it go women three.
"Merchant, what may your prices be?"
"Six francs the wheat, the oats for three."
"Too dear by half your price for me."
"But ladies come on board and see!"
"Merchant, none of thy corn take we."
"If I can't sell it, take it free."
"Well, at that price, we may agree!"

In Brittany the scene of the foregoing ballad is laid in Nantes, but we can at once conjecture that the Canadian colonists who brought this ballad with them from old France, naturally changed the locality to St, Malo, the home of Jacques Cartier.

In concluding this paper, I cannot refrain from quoting the most popular of all the Canadian ballads, *A la claire fontaine*, though it is probable very many of the readers of this periodical have heard it often amid the jingle of sleigh-bells or the splash of the paddles :—

A la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné.
Lui y'a longtemps que je t'aime
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné.
Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sécher.
Lui y'a longtemps, etc.

Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sêcher ;
Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.
Lui y'a longtemps, etc.

Chante, rossignol, chante
Toi qui as le cœur gai ;
Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai-t'à pleurer.
Lui y'a longtemps, etc.

Tu as le cœur à rire
Moi je l'ai-t'à pleurer ;
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans l'avoir mérité.
Lui y'a longtemps, etc.

J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans l'avoir mérité,
Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai.
Lui y'a longtemps, etc.

Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai ;
Je voudrais que la rose
Fût au rosier.
Lui y'a longtemps, etc.

Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier ;
Et moi et ma maîtresse
Dans les mêm's amities.
Lui y'a longtemps que je t'aime
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

(Translated.)

Of yonder crystal fountain,
As I went o'er the lea,
I found so fair the waters,
That there I bathed me—
Thee long time I've been loving
Ever remembering thee.

I paused to dry me near it,
'neath a tall oaken tree,
The nightingale was singing
On topmost branch sang he.

Sing, nightingale, sing gaily,
Thy heart is glad in thee ;
My heart is full of sorrow,
While thine is filled with glee.

I've lost my darling mistress,
But by no fault in me—
All for a spray of roses
To her I would not gie.

Fain were I that the roses
Once more were on the tree,
And that my mistress bore me
Same love as formerly:
Thee long time I've been loving
Ever remembering thee.

J. G. Bourinot.

LOVE AND FANCY.

Fancy from flower to flower doth gaily range
Through life's broad gardens, gathering only sweets,
Pleased with each gaudy beauty that she meets—
Love knows no change.

And Fancy's art is vain when Love appears ;
Before Love's majesty she stands ashamed,
As a false prophet among holy seers,
When truth is named.

John Reade.

FRANK MAHONY, "FATHER PROUT."*

About two years ago there appeared in the London papers a paragraph stating that the attempt to raise a monument by subscription over the bones of "Father Prout" had failed, no more than a few pounds having been promised for the purpose. It is sad to think that a man who, despite his anti-national proclivities, was still a national genius, should have been so coldly treated by the not ungenerous people of Ireland. Yet after all there is little to be wondered at in the coldness or the refusal. Frank Mahony—Father Mahony—had offended seriously against the deeply-rooted passions of the Irish people. He had deserted and disappointed the priesthood, and he had opposed the agitations of O'Connell. He might have been forgiven the first, for it is a fault frequently forgiven, and he had never dishonoured his cloth or the most sacred of his vows, but he could never hope for forgiveness for the second. He was not forgiven, and is not and never will be. The tone of the Roman Catholic Church against which he offended has only become more severe than ever towards such men as he. Every Irish priest will probably have the "Reliques" in his library, and will enjoy the wit, the pathos, the scholarship, the inimitable brilliancy of epithet and illustration, but a closed volume, shut lips, and shaking head will be the only answer, even from the most genial of priests. When you ask for a monument for Francis Mahony, or for a suspension of judgment on his career, who shall say nay? The man mistook his profession. He was guilty of levity in assuming the vows of the Catholic Church; he was fonder of Horace than he was of his breviary; he paid far too fond court to the brandy-bottle; he quarrelled with his superiors; he carried the habit of his order into the "Caves of Harmony," and other places of bacchanalian delight, where Phil. Firmin and Arthur Pendennis and George Harrington were to be seen, in the old days when the realms of Bohemia were crowded with the brightest of wits; and when Prague, as dear old Thackeray says, was the most delightful city in the world. More than that, he wrote against O'Connell and his friends with such brilliancy as was not equalled by the best of the Quarterly Reviewers. He knew how to hit the national fancy even in insult, and how to stick a shaft in the body of "Dan," as he called him, which could not either be concealed or extracted. Therefore, though we may be sad, we shall not be surprised to find this

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* *The Reliques of Father Prout.* London: H. G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden, 1860.
* *Final Reliques of Father Prout.* Edited by Blanchard Jerrold. London: Chatto & Windus. 1876.

genius neglected, this priest unhonoured, this Irishman denied. "*Obliviscere populum tuum et domum patris tui*," is the stern language used to the candidate for holy orders. In Mahony's case the command is reversed, and his people forget *him*, and the house of his father casts him out. Yet, man of genius, prince of scholars and good fellows, brave-hearted, blithe little "Father" of the London magazines and the Paris boulevards, friend of Maginn and Hogg and Fraser, sponsor of Thackeray, correspondent of Dickens, author of "Prout," there are still some thousands to do thee honour, to doff the hat for thee as it were, and to recall for a little in these days of the making of many books, the wonderful work of one who has given us a book the equal of which, in its own peculiar line, has not been issued from the London press.

Mahony was born in Cork, in 1804. He was educated for the priesthood at his people's will, rather than his own call, first at the Jesuit School at Amiens, afterwards at their Seminary in Paris. The figure and character of the conventional "Jesuit" is familiar enough to all readers; and, strange to say, this superabounding and overflowing young Irishman was taken to be a fierce, stern, uncompromising specimen of the Order, having all the astuteness, and more than all the relentlessness, of the severest type of Jesuit, and was so described by some unwise historian of the modern members of the Jesuit order, to Mahony's infinite amusement. Never was there a greater mistake made in a man. Mahony was no more fitted for the Church than Swift was, or Sydney Smith; and each of these three great men owed his partial failure in life to the very gifts which made him eminent in paths in which his feet had not been taught to tread. If Swift had not written the "Tale of a Tub," he might have died a bishop, in spite of Queen Anne. If Smith had not written "Peter Plymley's Letters," he would not have been tabooed as he was, and driven to go out to dinner with his pumps in his pocket, to be changed in the hall of his host. And if Mahony had been a little less fluent of his Latin, and sharp in his wit, and loved the wine cup a trifle less dearly, he might, nay would, have worn a cardinal's hat, and died amid the lamentations of millions, instead of pottering about the boulevards, dodging about the continent, his head full of jokes, and his heart full of loneliness and sadness, and dying at last in a Paris lodging. No man ever realized more keenly that half gay, half sad, exclamation of Thackeray, "O my jolly companions, I have drunk many a bout with you, and have always found *vanitas vanitatum* written on the bottom of the pot!"

His studies over, Frank Mahony became Father Mahony, and served in Ireland, and on the continent. There is no public record of his gifts in the pulpit. He was also, at one time, one of the professors in Clongowes Wood College, and here he signalized himself by allowing a lot

of his pupils to over-drink themselves at the house of the father of one of their number, and getting one of them nearly suffocated on the road home, and then nearly scalded to death in a boiling hot bath on arriving at the college. About 1831-2 he came to London, and plunged into the ocean of literature, a bold and expert swimmer. He got in among the Tory writers, and all his life had the Tory feeling in him, dashing at the Whigs with a fine scorn and a reckless good humour, which made the political literature of the early Blackwood and Fraser period so particularly pungent. Persons of refined sensibilities, now-a-days, talk of the personalities of the press! will they be good enough to take down the "Noctes Ambrosianæ?" It is not the personalities we have to complain of—personalities are only the materials for biography—but it is the absence of the old time scholarly brilliancy, which made personalities so attractive, and which flashed about its object like the keen steel blade that glitters and beats about an opponent's weapon a moment ere it leaps into his body.

Like so many famous literary men, Mahony was fond of Paris. There he lived in his youth; there he wrote in his manhood; there he prepared some of his most brilliant work; there he passed his age; and there he died. He had seen younger men pass him in the race, and had looked on contented. He had seen other men enjoying all that honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, home and wife and children could give them; for him there was only the lonely lodging and the solitary hearth, and if his tongue was sometimes too sharp, it was the *salva indignatio* which was tearing at his heart that brought out the sharpness of speech. He was the foster father of Thackeray; he had introduced Maginn to Fraser; he had sat at dinner with that famous set of men whom you can see touching their glasses in the frontispiece to the original edition of the "Reliques;" he corresponded for the *Daily News;* he wrote for *Fraser's Magazine;* he nursed Robert Browning in Italy, scaring away the servants with his pipe and his medicinal compounds, which cured the poet; in fine, he lived the life of a man of letters with Bohemian tendencies. Yet he was no loose liver; he loved the wine cup, but there his vices ended; he was no friend of the scoffer or the debauchee; he suffered no insult to his cloth, and would run you through with some savage sarcasm if you took a liberty with him.

Looking at that noble forehead and those firm lips; at those eyes, with the fun in them indeed, but with something deterrent from familiarities, one can fancy that the Father might be a splendid boon companion for scholars, but a dangerous man for a company of dull people like—well, like most of our friends. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold has done a good work in preserving the "Final Reliques of Father Prout;" and he has done his work with considerable judgment, though there is a good

deal of confusion in the arrangement of the materials which have been placed at his command. The letters from Italy give a brilliant history of the state of Rome in the early years of the pontificate of Pius IX.

> Wherever we find him, we honour the man,
> Of improvement who forwards the work,
> Let him do all the good that he possibly can ;
> And we're ready to drink the Grand Turk.

So sang our friend Punch when Pius IX. began his reforming career, though

> We're sure to set Exeter Hall in a flame
> By proposing the health of the Pope,

went on the humorist through a dozen capital stanzas. Well, *con amore*, Mahony wrote that history; though, while he was writing up the Pope he was writing down O'Connell, and describing the condition of Ireland with sharp scorn while pretending to be cutting at Sardinia. These newspaper letters are worth the study of the young men, who, in these days, all write for the papers in the same style, and that a very dull one. Beginning at page 381 and ending at page 413 of Blanchard Jerrold's volume, there are some letters from Rome describing the carnival and the streets of the city, written in a style of exquisite finish and glitter, the work of a scholar and a humorist. That account of the arrival of the Turkish ambassador at Rome in the height of the carnival, and His Highness's astonishment at the mob of dancing lunatics, who passed before his windows, is so good that many a special correspondent would give his eyes to be able to approach it. How much would the —— or the —— give for such a letter?

But while lingering over the "Final Reliques," we forget the brilliant originals which make the remains of any value at all. Let us devote a page or two to them. The original volume was published in 1860, and was illustrated by Maclise. It contained a frontispiece depicting one of the Fraser dinners with all the literary "swells" of the period. Fraser himself is sitting with his back to us, having a copy of the magazine half way out of his pocket. Maginn, the brilliant, the unfortunate, is beaming at the head of the table. Theodore Hook is looking over his shoulder at you, his face showing signs of the pace of life he was making. Thackeray looks at you out of *one* eye-glass. Mahony himself with a very benevolent face, sits at Maginn's left. There is Count D'Orsay, and Harrison Ainsworth and Southey and Barry Cornwall and Coleridge, and a dozen men less known to fame though familiar to students of literature. The volume itself is crammed with beautiful writing; with wit, with scholarship, with abounding good humour. The "Apology for Lent" is admirable in its ingenious drollery, with here

and there a pathetic touch of refined eloquence. Let me give one sentence which has always given me exquisite pleasure. Speaking of the origin of Lent, he says:

"I do not choose to notice that sort of criticism in its dotage, that would trace the custom to the well-known avocation of the early disciples: though that they were fishermen is most true, and that after they had been raised to the Apostolic dignity, *they relapsed occasionally into the innocent pursuit of their ancient calling, still haunted the shores of the accustomed lake, and loved to disturb with their nets the crystal surface of Gennesareth.*"

Turn again to the same paper for a touch of humour. He tells how the Celtic races are most prone to keep Lent, and how this tendency showed itself at the Reformation:

"The Hollanders, the Swedes, the Saxons, the Prussians, and in Germany those circles in which the Gothic blood ran heaviest and most stagnant, hailed Luther as a deliverer from salt fish. The fatted calf was killed, bumpers of ale went round, and Popery went to the dogs. Half Europe followed the impetus given to free opinions and the congenial impulse of the gastric juice; joining in reform, not because they loved Rome less, but because they loved substantial fare more. Meanwhile neighbours differed. The Dutch, dull and opaque as their own Zuidersee, growled defiance at the Vatican when their food was to be controlled; the Belgians, being a shade nearer the Celtic family, submitted to the fast. While Hamburg clung to its *beef*, and Westphalia preserved her *hams*, Munich and Bavaria adhered to the Pope and to sour-crout with desperate fidelity."

The whole paper is crammed with surprising learning and sudden flashes of humour, long continued, and leaves a timid reader half convinced and half bewildered, wondering whether this little Jesuit is laughing in his sleeve, or making his humour the vehicle of his insidious logic. Another paper, the next in the book, is the "Plea for Pilgrimages" and gives an account of "Sir Walter Scott's visit to the Blarney stone." Here again, we have the same lavish display of wit and learning, a carnival display in which this gifted man flings about his pearls as if they were mere pea-nuts. It is this paper which contains the Polyglot edition of the "Groves of Blarney" in English, Italian, Greek, Latin and French, a most wonderful effort of skill and scholarship. The fun breaks out on every page; the history of the Blarney Stone; the account of the dinner with its songs and disquisitions, all are capital, and the picture of the editor, Mr. Jack Maslesquieu Bellew, is exquisitely ludicrous. Perhaps the most characteristic paper is that on "Literature and the Jesuits." In this he gathers up and gives forth all his affection for the Order which had educated him, and all his especial knowledge of their history and works. He assails Robertson the historian, with loud laughter, asking him "Why in the name of Cornelius à Lapide did he undertake to write about the Jesuits?" Then he plunges into the literature

of the Order, and hurls book after book in cartloads, name after name in bewildering profusion, at the head of the reader, till one cries "hold! enough!" and gives up the contest with such a man in despair. Then follow the "Songs of France," the "Songs of Italy," the "Songs of Horace," "Modern Latin Poets," all with the wonderful wit, the extensive, occasionally loose, scholarship, the brilliant style. There is no book in our language, that I know of, which continues so fresh after frequent perusals, or which contains so much in so few pages.

Just listen to his translation of "Lesbia hath a beaming eye":—

"Lesbia semper hic et indè
Oculorum tela movit;
Captat omnes, sed deindè
Quis ametur nemo novit, &c."

Read it with emphasis to any collection of Irish lads, and see if they do not begin to whistle "Nora Creena?" I must close, by imperative orders. Yet one more reference before I do so. In the Songs of Italy there is one gem, "Michael Angelo's Farewell to Sculpture":—

"I feel that I am growing old,
My lamp of clay, thy flame behold!
'Gins to burn low, and I've unrolled
My life's eventful volume!"

* * *

"'Tis time, my soul, for pensive mood,
For holy calm and solitude;
Then cease henceforward to delude
Thyself with fleeting vanity."

* * *

"Are not (God's) arms for me outspread?
What mean those thorns upon Thy head?
And shall I, wreathed with laurels, tread
Far from Thy paths, Redeemer?"

Life's lamp was burning low with the old Pater when he issued his "Reliques" to the world, in 1859. In a little time it was all over. There was left the usual legacy of the literary man of *his* class,—the pointless pen, the powerless hand, the inkstand overturned and empty. But before he died he had reverted to the paths in which in youth his feet had sweetly been taught to tread, and to those consolations which it might have been his own high mission to minister to the unhappy. Kind hands smoothed his pillow, old friends lighted up the lonely Paris lodging, and the rites of his Church were sought and administered. They buried him in Cork, within hearing of those "Bells of Shandon" which he has made famous for all time. But the wittiest, kindliest, brightest, and best of modern Irish writers must remain without a monument among his people.

MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

NOTE.—During a recent visit with a party of Canadian friends to Arlington, in Virginia, the former beautiful residence of the celebrated leader of the confederate army, General Robert E. Lee (but now one of the American National cemeteries), we were particularly struck with the exquisite beauty and appropriateness of the following lines placed over the remains of the soldiers interred there :

> " The muffled drum's sad roll has beat the soldier's last tatoo ;
> No more on life's parade shall meet that brave and fallen few.
> On Fame's eternal camping ground, their silent tents are spread,
> And Glory guards with solemn round the bivouac of the dead."

At the time we were unable to ascertain the name of the writer, but Major-General McCook, A.D.C. to General Sherman, who accompanied us, kindly promised to procure if possible the whole of the lines, and to ascertain the name of the writer. This he did, and I now send them to you for publication. The writer of the poem was Col. O'Hara, a gifted Irish soldier, who served in the United States Army at the time of the Mexican War, and subsequently in the Confederate Army of the South. The lines were written on the occasion of the burial of the Kentucky soldiers who fell in the Battle of Buena Vista, Mexico.

J. G. H.

Toronto, February, 1877.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
  The soldier's last tatoo ;
No more on life's parade shall meet
  That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
  Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
  The bivouac of the dead.

No rumour of the foe's advance
  Now swells upon the wind ;
No troubled thought, at midnight, haunts,
  Of loved ones left behind ;
No vision of the morrow's strife
  The warrior's dream alarms ;
Nor braying horn, nor screaming fife
  At dawn shall call to arms.

The shivered swords are red with rust,
  Their plumèd heads are bowed—
Their haughty banner trailed in dust
  Is now their martial shroud ;
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
  The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms by battle gashed,
  Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
  The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
  The din and shout are passed ;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
  Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
  The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
  That sweeps his broad plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain
  Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
  Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watch-word of the day
  Was "victory or death!"

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
  O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
  The vengeful blood of Spain ;
And still the storm of battle blew,
  Still swelled the gory tide—
Not long our stout old chieftain knew
  Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
  Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his own lovèd land,
  The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of his fathers' gore
  His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
  Their lives for glory too.

Full many a mother's breath has swept
  O'er Angastura's plain
And long the pitying sky has wept
  Above its mouldered slain.

The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
  Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
  That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the "dark and bloody ground!"
  Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
  Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
  Shall be your fitter grave—
She claims from war his richest spoil—
  The ashes of her brave.

So 'neath their parent turf they rest,
  Far from the gory field;
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
  On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
  Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
  The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
  Dear t' us the bloody grave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
  The herbage of your grave:
Nor shall your glory be forgot
  While Fame her record keeps,
Or honour points the hallowed spot
  Where valour proudly sleeps.

Your marble minstrel's voiceful stone
  In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
  The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
  Nor time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light,
  That gilds your glorious tomb.

Washington, D.C.,
  November 15th, 1876.

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XVI.—(*Continued.*)

"I AM not Miss Ray, Mr. Landon; that is, Miss Ray."

"Indeed? I should have thought you were the elder. Well, now, which is the dye you—no, I don't mean that, of course—but what is the tint out of all these that you prefer?"

Ella looked at the cabinet with a pretence of great attention, and with an aspiration of genius suggested by the Welsh wig, exclaimed: "Drab. It's not a striking colour, of course; but it wears well, and that's the main point."

"You are the most sensible young woman I have met for years!" cried the old gentleman, admiringly. "Your choice does you infinite honour, for it suggests good common sense. You're an excellent little housekeeper, I'll warrant."

"I hope to be one soon, sir," said Ella, demurely.

"Oh, dear me; then somebody's a lucky dog," said the old gentleman, roguishly.

"He has a good father, sir, which is certainly something to be thankful for."

"Egad, that's news to hear nowadays," ejaculated the old fellow with a harsh laugh. "My own experience is that sons care deuced little about their fathers, or their father's wishes, and are grateful for nothing that is done for them. It's all take and no give with them—not even thanks."

"Perhaps they are sometimes misunderstood," said Gracie, timidly, conscious of having done little up to this point to further her friend's interest, and thinking she had found her opportunity.

"There's no misunderstanding at all about it, miss!" cried the old gentleman, furiously. "'It's flat,' 'I won't,' and 'I shan't.' When a tom cat flies in your face, you don't talk of his misunderstanding."

"I would never marry a man who flew in his father's face," observed Ella, decisively.

"Quite right, quite right, my dear," said the old gentleman, approvingly. "However, this is not business, and I have very little time to spend, even in such charming society."

He set his wig straight, which had been pushed a little awry, when Ella and he leant over the cabinet together, and his voice became suddenly hard and metallic. "It is very strange that you young ladies should have been commissioned to treat; but who are the parties? What do they want? Do I know their names?"

"Yes, Mr. Landon, you know their names."

"I thought so; otherwise the proceeding would have been most unusual. 'Ray, Ray;' your name is not familiar to me."

"That is Miss Ray, sir, I am no relation, only an intimate friend. My name is Ella Mayne."

"Why, that's the girl my son is making a fool of himself about!" cried the old gentleman, rising from his seat, and speaking very angrily. "You said you were come about a contract." Yet even then he turned and scowled at Gracie, not at Ella.

"Yes, sir; but it was a marriage contract," murmured Ella, demurely. "I came to assure you that I could not become your son's wife without your approbation. He is not so disobedient as you imagine. He will do anything—anything to please you."

"Such as giving up this Miss Mayne?" snapped the old gentleman; "well, let him begin with that, then."

"Well, no, sir, he thought of beginning his new course of obedience and duty by giving up his present profession, which is as distasteful to me as it is to you, and coming into partnership, or to assist you in your business in any way you thought proper."

"Are you sure of this, young woman?"

"He has passed his word to me, sir, to that effect. I have used my influence, such as it is, to persuade him to this course; and if you are still obdurate as regards our marriage, I shall at least have had the satisfaction of having reconciled to a loving father—for I am sure you do love him dearly, as he loves you—the man I love best in the world."

"There seems to be a deal of loving in you, Miss Ella," sneered the old man, but there was a tenderness mingled with the sneer which took away half its sting. "You are a couple of babies, you and he: mere babies. In your case, indeed, it doesn't make so much difference. I don't object to youth in women———"

"If you please, sir," said the clerk, looking in again, "Mr. Villette says———"

"Go to the devil," roared the old gentleman; and the obedient clerk incontinently fled, and was beheld no more.

"I say, Miss Ella, that my son is a mere boy at school."

"It is true he is at present but a gentleman-cadet," urged Ella, "but he may be a member of your house to-morrow, if you choose to make him so. It would be a great position, but I am not asking it on my

own account, dear Mr. Landon. If I could have brought myself to be the cause of a breach between you and Cecil, there would have been no material obstacles to our union. I have twenty-eight thousand pounds of my own, and perhaps if that were added to his capital in business——"

"No, Miss Ella, no," interrupted the old man with dignity. "Our house is in want of no woman's money. That would be settled on you and the children, that is supposing—no, no, I don't mean that"—for the two young ladies were cochineal—"I mean supposing I were ever brought to consent to this marriage."

"Oh, sir, I think you have consented," exclaimed Gracie, pleadingly.

"I have done nothing of the kind, Miss—Miss what's your name?" replied the old gentleman very irritably. "Girls have no business to think, nor boys either. It is their fathers who should think for them: but I dare say your father doesn't open his mouth in his own house."

At this fancy picture of the commissary, Ella, afraid to laugh, experienced all the premonitory signs of suffocation, and even Gracie, though very much alarmed, could not restrain a smile. "Yes," he went on, "to you, and such as you, miss, I fear filial obedience is only a matter for jesting. Whereas in the case of your friend here, Miss Ella—though I have a bone to pick with her still, and don't intend to forgive her yet by any means; and have not given in at all, mind that, or promised my consent in any way to her union with my son—in her case, I say, I will answer for her, that she has at least shown herself to be a good daughter. That she is submissive and tractable, and obeys as well as loves her father———Bless my soul, what's the matter with her?"

Ella's dark face—for though so beautiful it was very dark, being almost of Spanish hue—had grown pale to the very lips.

"She has lost her father, Mr. Landon," whispered Gracie.

"Then why didn't you tell me so before?" snapped the old gentleman; poor Gracie, it seemed, was always doomed to excite his ire; "your neglect, you see, has caused me to give her pain. It is not, however, given to the memory of every father to excite such emotion. Ella, my dear, since you have shown yourself so good a daughter, I had almost a mind to say—if this son of mine is really prepared to listen to reason, and to put his shoulder to the wheel of commerce at once—that I will accept you for my daughter-in-law. I owe you something for having brought the tears to your pretty eyes."

"I shed no tears, sir," said Ella, in that hard, almost defiant tone, with which her friend was by this time not wholly unfamiliar, though its strangeness never failed to strike her.

"Well, if you didn't cry, you lost your colour; and that showed me, you know, there was something amiss in the fabric—I mean that I touched upon a tender string. I say, if you'll bring Cecil here, a

penitent, and prepared to obey my wishes, we may all three, perhaps, go into partnership together—he with me, and you with him."

"Dear Mr. Landon, how good you are!" exclaimed Ella, the colour returning to her cheeks in a sudden flush, and the lovelight sparkling in her eyes.

"Yes, how good you are!" echoed Gracie, trembling with delight at her friend's success.

"I dare say," answered the old gentleman, sardonically; "I am afraid, Miss Ray, you are one of those young ladies who think every man good whom you have succeeded in twisting round your little finger. I feel I have been made a fool of, but I know which of you has done it. It would never have entered into Ella's head—of that I am convinced—to play such a trick upon me."

"Well, really," began Gracie, her gentle nature moved by a justifiable indignation—then she stopped, feeling that it was Ella's part to defend her from so unfounded an accusation.

"Well, you see, dear Mr. Landon," said Ella gravely, "it was only natural that Gracie should interest herself in her friend's happiness."

"Aye, I see," said the old gentleman. "In other words your friend is a born match-maker; well, that is a weakness which she inherits in common with nineteen-twentieths of her sex, so we will say no more about it; and now, since the contract is arranged—you rogues—there is nothing more to be done except to sign and seal." Whereupon he kissed them both.

"There!" cried he triumphantly, while Ella laughed, and Gracie looked rather resentful (though none the less pretty upon that account), "if I have been deceived, I have got something out of the transaction. I have now no more time to waste, so you must both be off; and mind, Ella, I have a line from Cecil by the second post to-morrow. There is only one thing I am afraid you will object to——"

"There is nothing, dear Mr. Landon," interrupted Ella, softly, "if you only say you wish it."

"Well, I don't know," said the old gentleman, screwing his eyes up tighter than ever, and with his face in a thousand puckers, "if my son does intend to take to business, I should like him to become domestic also; and as soon as possible. This marriage of yours must come off immediately."

"Since it is to oblige you, dear Mr. Landon," answered Ella, demurely——"

"There, get along with you both," interrupted the old gentleman with a grin; "and if ever that fool Withers admits ladies again into my waiting room, I'll have him drowned in an indigo vat."

With that he opened the door, and dismissed his visitors with a curt

nod (for the benefit of Mr. Withers), such as he was wont to use when parting with business clients.

The next moment Ella and Gracie found themselves in the lift descending smoothly, and clasped in each other's arms.

"You are the most wonderful girl that ever was," whispered Gracie, admiringly.

"And you are the best, my darling, I am afraid my papa-in-law that is to be was very rude to you."

"Well, he was—rather," said Gracie, candidly. "The very sight of me, or, at all events, any word I ventured to speak, seemed to have the same effect on him as a red rag on a bull."

"Well, you see he doesn't like scarlet," said Ella, the remembrance of her fortunate choice of colours striking her very comically. "The fact is you were the—what-do-you-call-'em? the man who waves the flag, and enrages the animal; while I was the matador who brings him down. The fact is he was irritated at our little deception—well, at my deception, then, if you prefer to call it so—and not liking to be angry with me, he gave you the whole benefit of his indignation. He wouldn't have kissed you, you know," she added, slily, "if he hadn't liked you."

"I thought that very impertinent," said Gracie, gravely; and then she gave expression to the opinion above mentioned that Mr. Landon senior's character was of a Turkish type.

Ella, full of high spirits, had almost remarked, "Never mind, Gracie, I will not tell Mr. Darall," but fortunately she restrained herself, and substituted for that observation, "Oh, it is only his way, and I confess I like it immensely."

"I don't like it at all," said Gracie, still ruffled by the indignity.

"Then consider you have suffered for my sake, my darling."

"I am not sure I would go through it again, even for that," returned Gracie, laughing aloud, however, in spite of herself.

"He did 'scrub,'" said Ella, thoughtfully. "Now, Cecil——"

"For shame;" said Gracie; "I won't hear anything about it."

But both the young ladies laughed very pleasantly for all that, so that the cab in which they drove through Weathermill-street, was likened by a young City wit to a musical-box on wheels. By the time they had reached the steam wharf, however, they had got very grave again in discussing Ella's future.

"By-the-by, I suppose," said Gracie, suddenly, "Mr. Cecil Landon has quite made up his mind as to leaving the army, and taking to a commercial life?"

"Well, he knows nothing of the proposition at present," returned Ella, quietly.

"But, oh Ella, how can you be sure?"

"Well, Cecil is very good, my dear; that, of course, he is in the usual acceptance of the term, but also in the sense in which his father said men were good in your eyes." And she imitated the winding of floss silk upon her little finger.

CHAPTER XVII.

A DEAD LIFT.

On the evening of the visit of the two young ladies, Cecil looked in at Hawthorne-lodge as usual, having obtained leave from Sir Hercules to do so at the request of Colonel Juxton, who had been urged to use his influence to that end by Ella—which is the house-that-Jack-built system in vogue everywhere where interest is made.

One of the effects of it was to bring Mr. Cecil Landon under the governor's eye without reference – which was hitherto unprecedented — to his crimes and peccadilloes; and the consequence was, that the old warrior somewhat cottoned to the young fellow, and repented of the opinion that he had formed to his prejudice. There was a certain bright audacity—even his enemies had no worse name for it than an "agreeable impudence"—about Cecil which took the fancy of most men, and still more of women.

"If the lad had a little more sense of discipline," Sir Hercules observed to the Colonel—whom we should say, however, he imagined to be personally attached to Landon—"he would make a deuced fine soldier."

"Horse soldier," said the colonel, cynically.

"Well, yes, perhaps I should have said 'horse soldier;'" and the two old fellows wagged their heads in a manner that was far from complimentary to the cavalry branch of Her Majesty's service.

"There is something frank and dashing about him, however," continued the governor, "a certain freedom——"

"Damn his impudence, yes," broke in the colonel. "He would make a most excellent officer, if we had war with the Amazons: he would do great execution among the women, I have no doubt."

From which outbreak Sir Hercules Plummet, K.C.B., began to understand that he had been mistaken as to the personal interest felt by his old companion-in-arms, in Gentleman-cadet Landon. This by no means, however, altered his own views with respect to him; and the more so, since Ella happened to sit next to Sir Hercules at dinner, one evening about this period, and made herself especially agreeable to him. The tough old general had a tender spot in his heart still, and had been

always on terms of amity with the Amazons, with the exception of his own Thalestris—Lady Plummet.

"Why, Cecil dear, what makes you so radiant?" inquired Ella, as the young fellow came smiling into the little drawing-room, the colonel being conveniently occupied with his cigar in the adjoining apartment. "You must be the bearer of some good news."

"To see you, darling, is to become radiant—by reflection," returned Cecil, gallantly; "but you are so far right that I have just been put in good spirits by Sir Hercules—and a very jolly old fellow he is, when you come to know him; he says that, provided I don't 'make a fool of myself as usual'—that was his way of putting it—there is every probability of my 'going out' in the same batch with Darall, and quite on the cards that I shall get the Sappers."

"I thought you didn't want to get the Sappers," replied Ella, tapping his cheek with the bouquet he had just brought for her, as his custom was; "I am afraid you are a little changeable, dear Cecil."

"Not I; I am as constant as a needle to the north. But, somehow, I have got to like old Darall so much that I would do almost anything to keep with him."

"What! even work?"

"Yes, even work, Ella. I hate plan-drawing, and all that, but still, if we got in the same corps, we should be at Chatham together ever so long; and then," added he, with a briskness that betrayed the afterthought, "in case the governor proves implacable, one gets choice of quarters in the Engineers, so that even quite poor fellows in it get on very well, as married men."

"But we shall not be quite poor, in any case, Cecil."

"Well, of course not, but I shall feel more comfortable if I bring some grist to our mill that way, however little. One doesn't like to be entirely dependent, even upon one's wife."

"Doesn't one?" said Ella gravely. "I think when two become one, there should be no thought as to which of them supplies the mere money. However, I should indeed regret if I should prove the cause of what should have been your own, being directed from you to other channels. It would, believe me, dear Cecil, embitter a cup however otherwise crowned with happiness."

"Oh, don't think of that, Ella. What is any inheritance compared with the future I have found in you? Moreover, I shall have one thing that even my father cannot give me, a certain position; I know you laugh at all that with your advanced ideas; but I confess that to have 'cut the shop,' as the vulgar say——"

"Don't say what the vulgar say, Cecil," interrupted Ella, gravely, "it does not become you. And remember 'cutting the shop,' as you

have expressed it, involves more or less estrangement from a kind and loving father; the heaviest cross he has to bear in life is the fact that your ways in it and his are divided. Oh, dear Cecil, why should it be so?"

"Why should it? You wouldn't have me take to dyeing, I suppose? The thought sometimes comes across me that the very uniform I wear may have been in my father's vats, and I assure you it gives me quite a shudder."

"I cannot understand that feeling, dear Cecil; and we will not argue about it. Supposing, however, that you are ashamed of your father's trade; is there not a greater shame in the being alienated from your father's heart?"

"Oh! there is no alienation; the governor and I are not bad friends," said Cecil, carelessly. "He takes his way, and I mine—that's all. We are both perhaps a trifle obstinate: and it's just as well that we should not be too much together. He gets on very well without me, you may take my word for it. He is not quite so sentimental, I don't say as you, because you are all sentiment, but as you imagine him to be, my darling."

"He is very fond of you, Cecil," said Ella, softly.

"Yes, he is fond of me, I dare say, in a sort of way. But you don't understand, dear Ella; you have not had to deal with a governor, who has not a single idea in common with yourself, and who insists upon your accepting his views. Here is the question of our marriage, for instance. You think he will give in, but I know better."

"Cecil, darling," cried Ella, putting a little hand on each of his shoulders, "your father has given in."

"What? Have you heard from him? It is inconceivable."

"He has seen me, spoken to me, kissed me. I went up yesterday to Weathermill-street, and bearded the lion in his den; I call him so because of his magnanimity. His roar is worse than his bite, Cecil. He was very kind, and gentle, and good to me."

"And you mean to say, you cunning puss, you have really got the governor's consent to our marriage. How did you manage it? Did you venture on the expedition all alone? And how did you pass the enchanted portal? I have always found a dragon of a clerk in the passage, who wants to know my business with my own father. Everything is business, business, business, in that hateful hole."

"I found a great deal of pleasure there," said Ella quietly. "But to be sure I made a conquest. If you jilt me, sir, your papa will marry me to-morrow."

"I have no doubt of it—who wouldn't?" replied Cecil fondly. "I can scarcely, however, believe your story yet. It seems like an incon-

gruous dream, or an extravaganza on the stage. The idea of such a beautiful fairy venturing into such a place as Weathermill-street! A Cave of Invoices. The Den of the Dyer! Coloured Effects! Subjugation of the Enchanter by means of Natural Beauty unaided by his wares! Vat's Vat, or the Mystery—which I am still 'dyeing' to hear. I believe I could have written punning extravaganzas myself, if my martial soul had not cried 'to arms!'"

"I am glad my news has put you into such good spirits, darling; though I won't have you laugh at your father. If he is an enchanter, he is a good one, and we have every cause to be thankful to him. His evident delight at being reconciled to you—though he would fain have concealed it, for he is as proud and masterful as somebody else—would have gone to your heart, I know. He has consented to our marriage upon one condition, which, though you may think it a little hard at first——"

"Condition!" interrupted Cecil quickly, "what condition!"

"Well, darling, we must give up that programme of our future—I shall be sorry for your sake, though not for my own—and consent to leave the army."

"What! and go into the dyeing trade!"

"Well, yes, my darling, instead of the killing trade."

She spoke with a light smile, which was not, however, reflected in Cecil's face.

"That is quite impossible," he answered curtly. "When my father made that a condition of promising his consent to our marriage, he knew he would never be called upon to fulfil his promise. He was very sure that I would not perform my part of the contract. He has deceived you, Ella, and knowingly deceived you."

"No, Cecil, it is I who have deceived him. I thought that, for my sake, you would not have hesitated to sacrifice your own inclinations so far; and I promised for you."

She had drawn herself up to her full height, and her tones had an unaccustomed firmness and dignity. Cecil cast down his eyes in the presence of that reproachful gaze, and followed the pattern of the carpet with his foot.

"You should not have promised for me," said he, sullenly.

"I trusted in your word, Cecil," answered she, coldly; "it was there, it seems, that I made the mistake."

"In my word, Ella? I do not understand you. I never undertook—I don't say directly, but even by implication—to make such a sacrifice; to undergo such a humiliation. For your sake, of course, I would submit to almost anything——"

"Yesterday, Cecil, in this very room," interrupted she, "you said

these words: 'I would do anything—anything—to oblige my father, except give my darling up.' It was upon the faith of them that I went up to Weathermill-street to-day."

"Did I really use those words?" said Cecil hesitatingly.

"You did. Did you think I was likely to forget them—Oh! Cecil, Cecil," she suddenly broke forth, "is my love then of such little worth, that it cannot be weighed against a few years of distasteful toil? Nay, it will not be toil, a few hours a day, perhaps, passed in the city instead of the camp. Your future will be assured, and—what is better far, believe me, than any fortune—your place assured in your father's heart. If such a consideration does not move you, it will be useless, I fear, for me to add, as an inducement, that your father wishes us to be married immediately."

It was her turn now to cast down her eyes, and for her lover to lift his to her blushing face. She had felt that she was playing her last card, but it was a winning one.

"My darling," cried he, folding her in his arms, "I will go to Weathermill-street to-morrow, if you are really to come with me."

His lips did not utter another, word being otherwise employed.

"Ahem, ahem," cried the colonel, who entered the room a few minutes afterwards with no little precautionary noise, but which, nevertheless, had not had the desired effect. "I really can't crack my throat with any more ahems. I never saw two young people so very much engaged as you are; never!"

"The occasion must excuse us, colonel," said Landon, who had certainly considerable presence of mind—"the cheek of a whole regiment of dragoons," was his host's term for it—"but the fact is, my father has to-day given his consent to our marriage."

"The devil he has," said the colonel, in no very congratulatory tone of voice.

"Thank you, Uncle Gerard, for your felicitations," said Ella, with a pretty curtesy.

Then they all three had a hearty laugh, and two of them at least a happy evening.

But when Cecil had gone, and Ella had retired to her room, the smile faded from her lips, just as it had done the night before, and a shadow quenched the sunshine of her heart; the cause was not the same, though the same cause for sadness still existed. Her present pain arose from the very contemplation of her present happiness, or, rather, of the manner in which it had been secured. She could not forget the gloom that had come over Cecil's face, when she mentioned the condition of his father's consent to their union. With such a bliss in prospect—though it was true he had not then been told how near it was—his

face should have worn no gloom. What conditions would have chilled her tone, or dulled the lovelight in her eyes? "None, none," her heart replied with passionate beat. Was she giving, then, more of love than she was receiving? A question not to be asked; and yet, as she sat at her open window, under the quiet stars, she felt compelled to put it, and to have it answered. She had had to remind him of his words of promise, and even then he had hesitated to fulfil them. She felt ashamed and humbled. There had been a moment, though her tones had—she thanked Heaven—been gentle even then, and her gaze loving, when she had felt far from humble, when her heart was full of scorn and passion, and it had cost her a great effort to keep voice and eye in subjection. With many a pair of lovers there have been, doubtless, such times with one or the other, when a word or a look—speaking the truth within them—would have divided their ways forever; but it seemed to poor Ella that it had been the case with her alone of all fond maidens. If she had spoken her mind, those words—she felt it—would have been the last between her and him to whom her whole being was devoted. She had not spoken then, it was true, and that burning indignation and jealousy of she knew not what, had passed away from her soul for that time; but might they not return on some other occasion and prove her ruin?

She had carried her point, but she had had to use her last argument; she had been victorious, but not without the help of her reserves. And was there not future danger to her in the victory itself? There came into her mind something that her uncle had once told her about the tests applied to bridges: how a very great strain—greater, it was hoped, than they would ever have to bear—was made upon them, and if they bore it, they were judged strong enough.

"But does not such a strain weaken the bridge?" she had inquired.

"Undoubtedly it does," he had replied; "but that is the only way we have of properly testing them."

She had tested her bridge, and it had carried her over in safety. But had not the experiment weakened it? For the moment Cecil was her slave. The immediate prospect of his bliss had mastered him. If it had failed to do so, she would have been powerless indeed. Blinded by passion he had consented—though not without resistance—to embrace a calling that was hateful to him. But when the passion had passed away, and the calling remained, how would it be with him; and might he not repent of the sacrifice?

At present Cecil felt certainly no repentance, though his view of the case was not, perhaps, exactly as Ella pictured it. He walked back to the Academy with heart elate and step as light as air.

"Darall, old fellow," cried he, breaking in upon his friend, who was working in his room as usual, "I have been and done it."

"Done what?" inquired Darall, with a glance at the other two occupants of the apartment, who were apparently fast asleep; but you can never tell when a cadet is asleep, nor—perhaps it should be added—did Darall know what Landon might have done.

"I'm as bad as married. You have heard of dying for love. Well, I have given up my profession for love, and become a dyer."

"I don't believe it," was the quiet reply.

It cost his friend a great deal of explanation and protestation before he did believe it, and even then the result was not perfectly satisfactory.

"Well, I hope you know your own mind, old fellow," were Darall's concluding words.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DECISION.

SINCE the three principals, connected with the contemplated partnership of Cecil and Ella, were for a speedy settlement of that event, the preliminaries were carried on with unusual quickness. Three weeks from that evening on which Cecil consented to his father's conditions, had brought the happy pair to the brink of wedlock, and but one clear day only intervened.

In the meantime a good deal had happened that, under other circumstances, would have been deemed important, but which was, as usual, dwarfed by the neighbourhood of the Greater Event. Cecil had been removed from the Royal Military Academy to the general regret—though with a few exceptions, as in the case of Gentleman-cadet Whymper, who looked forward to more peaceful nights, if not to happier days—and formally created a partner in the house of Landon and Son, of Weathermill-street, and also of the West of England. A charming little furnished house had been taken near Hyde-park, for the reception of the bride and bridegroom after their honeymoon in the Lake District; Mr. Landon, senior—who had been too long a widower not to appreciate the advantages of that second summer of batchelorhood—being of opinion that the "young people" had better have a home to themselves. A change of arrangements was, however, made necessary in the colonel's case, who, deprived of the assistance of Ella's income, did not feel himself "justified" in continuing to inhabit Hawthorne Lodge; and he was once more returning to barracks, close to his old friend the commissary.

The latter gentleman had the affliction—which he bore with the equanimity of a philosopher, if not with the submission of a Christian—

of seeing his wife grow feebler and less sentient daily; but, on the other hand, he was gladdened by another circumstance. Ella had insisted upon giving Gracie, not only her dress as bridesmaid for the approaching ceremony, but also a complete trousseau, just as though that young lady were about to be married herself.

"It will come very handy and save my pocket," reflected the commissary, "if anybody eligible should take a fancy to the girl;" though, at the same time, he confessed to himself that "the girl" was not looking so attractive as heretofore, nor—what was worse—laying herself out to attract. Just now it was quite as well that she should be "hanging on hand" in order to attend to her mother; but in view of certain contingencies, it would become expedient that she should alter her course of conduct. That she would alter it, when the time arrived, the commissary had no grain of doubt; for what was at the bottom of her present behaviour were mere humours and crochets, against which he flattered himself he possessed an antidote. If sentiment had ever led him to write an epitaph for his own tombstone, it would probably have been comprised in four, or, at most, five words, concentrating, though without subliming, the essence of his character, "He stood no (d—d) nonsense."

In this manner, and not otherwise (as is said in the classics), were matters progressing with the various personages in this history, up to a certain morning when the colonel and Ella sat at breakfast at the Lodge together for the last time—for a marriage breakfast is not to be counted in the ordinary catalogue of such meals. Mr. Landon senior was expected in a few hours, and Mr. Landon, junior—who had been in and out of the house on these latter days, as the colonel poetically described it, "like a dog at a fair"—was likely to arrive in a few minutes. It was probably the last occasion on which uncle and niece could count upon being alone together.

"I am afraid you have had a short night," said the colonel, kindly, "for I heard you about your room till the small hours this morning. That is not the way to keep the roses in your cheeks for to-morrow, my dear."

"Yes, I had a bad night," returned Ella, gravely. "I could not sleep for thinking about—about that matter of the name. I have made up my mind to tell all to Cecil."

"It would be stark, staring madness," answered the colonel.

"I am quite aware that your dislike to the person of whom we are both thinking," continued she calmly, "induces you to wish me to defy him—to outrage his sense of what is right as much as possible. But in telling Cecil I shall not have swerved from my resolution in that respect. No one else need know except my husband."

"If you tell him he would never consent to be your husband."

"Why should you say that?"

"Because I know the man. In the first place I doubt whether he would forgive you the past deception. He is a man of honour, and naturally frank; the school in which he has been brought up, too, is, I am glad to say, one in which truth is respected."

"You were brought up in it yourself," answered she scornfully, "and yet have been an accessory to what you please to call my deception."

"It is like a woman to throw that in my face," retorted the colonel angrily. "Just as though one had given some persecuted wretch an asylum under one's roof, and he should say, 'You have knowingly harboured a criminal.' If it was dislike to another as much as liking to yourself that caused me to befriend you, it does not lie in your mouth to say so."

"Don't let us quarrel, uncle, on our last day together. I was wrong to taunt you; forgive me. I want your best advice, or rather the best reasons you have to urge in favour of that silence which, I confess, gives me great uneasiness. Cecil will find out my secret some day, and then it will be the worse for me."

"It will not be pleasant, I have no doubt, but he will be your husband by that time; if you have played your cards well, he will forgive you all for love of you; if not, he must still stick to you. It will merely make 'a scene' between you, such as I fancy is common enough in married life; or, at most, a quarrel of greater or less duration. But, as I say, in the first place, if you tell him now, resentment may make him fly off the hook altogether; and, in the second, it is certain, even if he forgives you, that he will not be a party to the continuance of such a state of things. He will insist upon the truth being told to-morrow."

"Never," cried Ella, passionately. "He will never make me break my oath."

"Then you will keep it, and lose him. He will slip out of the halter just as you are putting it over his head. You have asked for my opinion, and there it is."

And the colonel took up the newspaper and hid his face behind its columns.

"Uncle Gerard, listen to me. All you have said only makes me more resolved——"

"Naturally, my dear," said the colonel bitterly; "that is a family characteristic."

"I say I am resolved to risk it. I cannot, I dare not deceive Cecil, when I know that some day or another he must come to know it—— If you sneer like that, you coward, you will drive me mad."

The colonel had certainly chuckled in rather an aggravating manner;

but the provocation seemed hardly proportionate to the effect. Ella's countenance was distorted with rage. It was as though one of the Graces had changed places—while retaining her beauty—with one of the Furies. Her uncle, too, looked the very picture of curbed passion, and though he had no beauty to lose, it was curious to see how strongly the family likeness came out between them.

"Pray go on, madam," said he stiffly. "This is your house so long as you choose to stay in it, and if you carry out your present plan you will be its tenant for some time to come. Say just what you please, I beg."

"It is cruel and unkind, Uncle Gerard," resumed she, more calmly, "that you will not control yourself——"

The colonel lifted up his hand. "Control *my* self! that is a good joke," the action seemed to say.

"And because," she went on, "the subject of discussion stirs your anger, that you should thus turn on poor me. I must revert to it for a few moments; bear with me a little in patience, since it is for the last time. Here is the record—word for word, so far as I can remember, and the memory of it, God help me! is not like to fade—of what took place at Gadsden. I wrote it out last night, and propose to-day to place it in Cecil's hands. It will, at least, excuse my conduct in his eyes, if it does not justify it."

The colonel shook his head, and with an incredulous smile, took the paper she held out to him.

"Read that," she said, pointing with her finger; "all that goes before is explanatory of my life at home."

The colonel looked up after a minute.

"But I know this, also; this is the last tableau, very vivant, is it not, as you described it to me."

"Yes; but I wish you to read it. If there is anything different—anything extenuated on my own part, or set down in malice, on another's—tell me."

The colonel read on in silence to the end.

"It seems to me a fair account," observed he coldly.

"It is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing——"

"There, there! you are not in a court of justice!" exclaimed he impatiently; "and when folks make oaths only to break them——"

"I don't intend to break mine, Uncle Gerard. If Cecil takes the view you anticipate, I shall not give in. My heart will be broken, that's all. But I mean to show him this." And she touched the paper with her forefinger.

"You mean to put that statement in his hand, do you?"

"I do."

"Then let me tell you, if you do so, and you should gain your point, that your marriage will become invalid."

"Invalid!" She pressed her hand upon her heart, then glared at him with eyes of fire. "You will say anything to have your way, Uncle Gerard. I don't believe you."

"Your manners are not good this morning, Ella. However, it is not a question of my word, but of what the law says." He rose, unlocked a desk, and took from it a document neatly folded. "Here is Mr. Pawson's opinion, given on the hypothetical case you bade me lay before him. As matters now stand, it says the marriage is a good one; if you show Cecil that statement——You can read what the man writes for yourself: 'The marriage, if it should take place under present circumstances, is void.'"

Ella leant over the paper, written out in a clear and legal hand, and read over the words he pointed out, again and again.

"Well, girl; have I spoken truth or falsehood?"

"Truth, Uncle Gerard. I was wrong to doubt you—wrong, too, to anger so the only friend I have in the world."

"Nay; say, rather, the only friend who can make allowance for your tempers, Ella, 'knowing which way they come.' Come, if we must part—and believe me, I grieve that it has come to that—let us part good friends. Kiss me, dear."

She embraced him affectionately. Her passion seemed to have been wholly swept away by some stronger feeling. Her tall frame trembled with emotion; and she was pale to the very lips.

He put the "opinion" in his desk again, and, pointing to the other paper—the "statement," as he had called it—said:

"I think you had better tear that up, Ella."

"No, uncle." She folded it up carefully, and placed it in her bosom. "Cecil shall never see it; but it will be a witness to myself—that I had, at least, intended to be frank and true to him. I perceive that it is not in my power to be so."

"Not if you wish to be his wife."

Here the gate-bell rang, and Ella's colour rushed back to her face; she drew back into a corner of the room, while her uncle walked to the window.

"It is not Cecil," said he. "It is the old hunks himself. He must have sat up all night to get here by this time, unless he got up in the city at sunrise. What a twenty-four hours is before us! I look to you to see me through it, Ella."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WEDDING.

MARRIAGES are not so frequent in garrison towns as might be wished, and, indeed, are wished. I have heard an experienced military matron, with six married military daughters, declare, notwithstanding her success—or, perhaps, because of it—that officers in the army, looked at from a matrimonial point of view, like that celebrated horse described in the pages of Mr. Joseph Miller, have but two faults. They are hard to catch, and, when they are caught, they are good for nothing.

And if the bridegrooms in such localities are commonly persons of small income—which is what the lady meant—how much more is this the case with the brides, who are, of course, the daughters of those who in their time have been "good for nothing," and inherit their parent's property.

Miss Ella Mayne was that rara avis, an heiress, and her wedding would have made a great sensation in any case, but since she married a young gentleman with money, the excitement was doubled. It was Ella's particular desire to have as quiet a wedding as possible—as may be concluded from her having but one bridesmaid—but "society" was not to be baulked in that way, and it was certain that the church would be crowded with spectators.

She had not many acquaintances, however, to whom to make her adieux, and Mrs. Ray and her daughter were the only two who could be called her friends.

The former, of course, could not be present at the ceremony, and Ella came to wish her good bye in private, upon the day before it; not even Gracie was present. A magnificent lace collar, begun by the invalid, in days when she had the free use of her now failing hands, and finished by her daughter, was the single marriage present from them both.

"I shall prize it, as much as this locket of dear Cecil's," said Ella, with much emotion; and certainly no words from her mouth could have expressed a deeper sense of acknowledgment. Nothing else could she say at that moment, for the sense that her visit was a farewell one for ever, weighed heavily on her heart. Mrs. Ray herself, however, was calm and cheerful.

"You should not weep for me, darling, but rather rejoice that my time of Rest is almost come. The promise you have given me as to Gracie has made my burthen light for the end of my journey."

"It will be kept," whispered Ella earnestly.

"I know it. She will do her duty by her father so long as he needs it—she is Duty itself, you know—but when he marries again she may have to seek another home."

"When he marries again," repeated Ella, horrified that her companion should speak of such a contingency at such a time; irritated, as all young people are, at the notion of old folks venturing to make any scheme of happiness after their plan; and outraged, above all, by the commissary being the man to do it. "He will surely never do anything so shameful."

"He has been thinking about it ever so long, my dear," replied the invalid, quietly. "I hope he will be happier with her—whoever she may be—than he has been with me. But I don't think Gracie will be happy with her."

"I should think not, indeed," said Ella, scornfully. This projected union of the far-sighted commissary was certainly more hateful to her, on account of her own approaching nuptials. It seemed abominable that the bliss of matrimony should be shared by her and Cecil in some sort, as it were, in common with this hard-hearted, hard-headed, vulgar, despicable old man. The contrast of her own immediate view of life, all brightness and rose colour, with what this poor lady's must needs be, gave her, too, for the instant, a sense of resentment that was almost disgust. Surely people had no reason to be so miserable. Then her better nature asserted itself, and she took the other's almost impassive hand in her own and pressed it affectionately.

"If I can ever do anything, dear Mrs. Ray——"

"For Gracie," interrupted the invalid, smiling. "You will do it; of that I am certain."

It was terrible to hear a living woman thus talk of herself as though she was already in her grave.

"As for me, darling," she went on "you will never see me again in this world. If I see you, and you are in trouble, and I have not the means of helping you, then the other world will be for me a sad one—also."

Her tone was not one of complaint, but the pathos of that "also" went to her listener's heart.

"It is selfish of me to make you sad, Ella, and very ungrateful. If the kiss I give you now could express all the tenderness and good-will I feel for you, it would be almost as sweet as that of your lover's to-day, or of your bridegroom to-morrow."

Ella had rarely known her invalid friend so demonstrative in her regard, and certainly never so poetic in the expression of it. There had been a romance, she began to understand, even in this poor lady's life, at one time; though it had ended so prosaically. Was it possible that she might one day awaken from her own dream of bliss to some such grim reality?

Not till long after the sad parting was over did Ella become herself again, and even a meeting with Cecil scarcely effaced its memory.

Mr. Landon, senior, was more than gracious to her; the favourable impression she had made upon him from the first had deepened, and he humorously informed the colonel that if "master Cecil" should be "non est" at the last moment, he, Bart. Landon, was prepared to supply the deficiency, and marry Ella himself off hand. It was a picture to see the colonel's face as he received these pleasantries, and grinned at them.

"I may not have done much for you hitherto, my dear Ella," he frankly told her, "but, by jingo! I have made up for it within these twelve hours. In addition to all his horrible qualities, this father-in-law of yours is a wag."

After dinner while the two men sat over their wine, ("that rogue Cecil," as he called him, having stolen away from them into the drawing-room,) Mr. Landon was in dreadful high spirits.

He confided to the colonel how much he expected to "turn over" in the course of the year, in trade; which indeed ought to be considerable, considering the value of the diamonds he had given Ella for a marriage gift; and even whispered into his astonished ear a secret or two of the dyeing business. "When you and I go, colonel, as we soon must——"

"Pray speak of yourself," snapped the colonel, who had the greatest objection to any reference to his own decease.

"Well, well, there can be but a very few years between us. I say when we do go, there will be doubtless something worth having for our young people. I am not one to place an undue value upon money; but it makes things move smoothly. And of course it is a satisfaction to me to see your Ella situated similarly to my own boy; that is as to relatives. If she had a tribe of brothers and sisters, it would be so much the worse for him. And even fathers-in-law and mothers-in-law are apt to interfere with a man's happiness.

"I don't think I would mention that ground of satisfaction to Ella," said the colonel drily.

"No, no, of course not; and to be sure, I had forgotten that her mother must have been your sister. Has her father been dead long, poor fellow?"

"Really, Mr. Landon, the whole subject is extremely painful to me."

"Then I won't mention it. At our time of life I have noticed men are not generally so sensitive upon such matters: but it does you honour. You look warm, let us go into the other room: the young folks ought not to resent it, for they will have one another's company to-morrow, and for years to come, I hope."

The perspiration did indeed stand upon the colonel's forehead, though

not from the cause his companion supposed. "It surely would not be murder," he was thinking, "if I was to strangle such a fellow." He had expected to find his guest a bore and a nuisance, by reason of the shyness and embarrassment that would probably overcome a man in his position upon finding himself in such company as Colonel Gerard Juxon's, upon equal terms. He had made up his mind to be affable, and to put restraint upon that forcible manner in which he was wont to express himself, for the sake of this timorous tradesman. But so far from his expectations having been fulfilled, Mr. Bartholomew Landon had held his own, and something more than his own, during that day at Hawthorne-lodge; and so far from being overwhelmed with any sense of social inferiority, had rather patronised his host than otherwise. It is needless to say therefore how the colonel loathed him. With Ella, on the other hand, her future father-in-law was a favourite, while his presence in the house that day was welcome to her upon another account. After that interview after breakfast with her uncle, she shrank from being left alone with him, from some vague apprehension—though probably groundless—that the topic of the morning might be again alluded to. She had given up her point; being overcome by his argument, but her defeat was gall and wormwood to her. It overshadowed that eve, which, of all eves, should have been a happy one; and even when night came round it found her wakeful, and full of doubt, and disappointment, instead of blissful thoughts, and blissful dreams. In the morning however, though her face was pale, she looked every inch a bride, and drew forth the most genuine encomiums from her future father-in-law.

"I don't think you want mountain air to improve you, my dear, and I still think it would have been more judicious if you had gone for your bridal trip to Birmingham."

This was an allusion to the intention of the young couple to pass their honeymoon in the Lake district, about which there had been three opinions. Mr. Landon, senior, had suggested that that interval of leisure might be advantageously employed by Cecil at the midland metropolis in picking up certain commercial ideas. This suggestion had been received with some irreverance, and a good deal of mirth. Cecil himself had proposed Scarborough, as being a lively place, and without much reference, I am afraid, to its natural beauties; but Ella had been very strong against Scarborough. The whole Yorkshire coast, she said, was familiar to her, but if Cecil liked the North, why should they not select the Lakes? And the Lakes had, accordingly, been fixed upon.

"We'll come back by Birmingham," said Ella, replying laughingly to

Mr. Landon's remark, "and study all the latest mechanical improvements."

"Yes, I dare say; and keep my boy there a week, under pretence of learning them, instead of bringing him home to work," returned the old gentleman. "Oh, Miss Ella, I hope you will give up your deceptive ways. I have not forgiven you yet, remember, the way you humbugged me about that contract."

"What was that?" inquired the colonel, who knew nothing of Ella's visit to Weathermill-street. Mr. Landon read in her face that her uncle had not heard of it, and laughed tumultuously.

"Upon my word you are a sad puss," he said. "Well, I musn't tell tales out of school, colonel. She has bamboozled both of us, that's all. And yet to look at her, one would think she had not a secret in the world."

There was no paleness in Ella's cheek now; her face was in a glow from brow to chin; the colonel's features, too, began to work in a manner that, to those who had studied the nature of that volcanic soil, gave notice of an explosion.

Fortunately, at that moment Gracie made her appearance and diverted the conversation, but it did not escape even Mr. Landon that he had been treading upon dangerous ground.

When, a few minutes afterwards, he happened to be alone with Ella, he addressed her with tender gravity.

"My darling," said he, "I feel I was very nearly putting my foot into it just now with your uncle; if I had known you had not told him about your visit to me, of course I would not have adverted to it; but was it worth while to be so secret? As for me, when my old eyes are hoodwinked by such pretty hands as yours, I rather like it. But I thing it right to warn you not to have any secrets from Cecil; his character is frank to a fault, and——Ah! here comes your confederate. I was just giving Ella a lecture, Miss Ray, upon deception, at which you also ought to have been present. I dare say your father knows nothing of your visit to me about the Government contract. Now just suppose I was to tell him."

"I don't think he would mind very much if you did," returned Gracie, laughing.

"Ah, you are incorrigible, I see; but Ella, I am glad to say is sorry for her misdeeds."

(*To be continued.*)

Current Literature.

We are not astonished that a book like the Rev. Mr. Grant's *Ocean to Ocean** should have proved popular enough to call for an enlarged and revised edition so soon after its first appearance. The country traversed by him, especially that part of it which he mainly treats of, and which stretches from Lake Superior to the Pacific Ocean, has long been regarded with interest and curiosity both here and in England, as witness the manner in which Milton & Cheadle's *North-West Passage by Land* was received, and, more recently, the *Great Lone Land*, and the *Wild North Land*, by Major Butler. What adds a special interest to Mr. Grant's book is the fact that he accompanied, as Secretary, the expedition of the distinguished engineer, Mr. Sandford Fleming, who made the journey through the Great North-West, over the Rocky Mountains, and across British Columbia, in order to see with his own eyes the main features of the country through which the Canadian Pacific Railway is to be built. The route to be taken by this railway has now been located, from the western extremity of Lake Superior to the base of the Rocky Mountains. As there is no more patent agent in transforming the face of a country and the circumstances of its inhabitants than a railway, and as the account to be found in *Ocean to Ocean* of the North-West as it is, will soon become a record of the North-West as it was, it may be claimed for the book that it will soon possess a historic interest as well.

Notwithstanding the fact that, in its general plan, *Ocean to Ocean* simply follows the notes made by Mr. Grant from day to day during the journey, one is gratified at finding substantial and full information in regard to nearly every point concerning which information is likely to be sought. In this respect it excels these excellent works we have named above, besides possessing a special value as the authoritative record of a scientific expedition. In the course of his introductory remarks, Mr. Grant explains the intention and scope of his book. He says: "A diary was kept of the chief things we saw or heard, and of the impressions which we formed respecting the country, as we journeyed from day to day, and conversed with each other on the subject. Our notes are presented to the public, and are given almost as they were written, so that others might see, as far as possible, a photograph of what we saw and thought from day to day. A more readable book could have been made by omitting some things, colouring others, and grouping the whole; but the object was not to make a book. The expedition had special services to perform in connection with one of the most gigantic public works ever undertaken in any country by any people; it was organized and conducted in

* *Ocean to Ocean: Sandford Fleming's Expedition through Canada in* 1872. By the Rev. George M. Grant. Enlarged and revised edition. Illustrated. Toronto: Belford Bros., 1877.

a business-like way, in order to get through without disaster or serious difficulty; it did not turn aside in search of adventures or of sport; and therefore an exciting narrative of hair-breadth escapes and thrilling descriptions of 'men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders,' need scarcely be expected."

It is somewhat difficult for one to realize the vast extent of Canadian territory. Only a few years ago the name "Canada" was applied to but a small portion of British America; now, in order to traverse the Canadian Dominion from east to west, one must "travel a thousand miles up the St. Lawrence, another thousand miles on great lakes and a wilderness of lakelets and streams, a thousand miles across prairies, and nearly a thousand miles through woods and over great ranges of mountains." The greater portion of this enormous territory is still a wilderness of wild lands, but a wilderness which tillage would speedily transform into one of the granaries of the world. Standing on the ridge of sand dunes, near the Assiniboine River, a little to the west of Fort Garry, our author thus describes what he saw: "At our feet a park-like country stretched far out, studded with young oaks; vast expanses beyond, stretching on the north to the Riding Mountains, and on the south to the Tortoise Mountain on the boundary line; a beautiful country extending hundreds of square miles without a settler, though there is less bad land in the whole of it than there is in the peninsula of Halifax, or within five or ten miles of any of our eastern cities. This almost entire absence of unproductive land is to us very wonderful. If we except the narrow range of sand-hills, there is actually none; for the soil, even at their base, is a light sandy loam which would yield a good return to the farmer." Yet even about these sand-hills, the soil and flora are the same as those in the County of Simcoe, Ontario, where, as we know, excellent wheat crops are raised. Further west, as the expedition nears the Saskatchewan, a lovely country is traversed, well wooded, abounding in lakelets, swelling into softly-rounded knolls, and occasionally opening into a wide and fair landscape. The soil is described as of rich loam, and the vegetation on it is most luxuriant. "Faith in the future of the Saskatchewan and its fertile belt," says Mr. Grant, "is strong in the mind of almost every man who has lived on it." The entire district along the Peace River, again, for a distance of 760 miles, and containing an area of 252,000,000 acres, is described to be "as suitable for the cultivation of grain as Ontario." After reading *Ocean to Ocean*, one is impressed with the enormous possibilities of our young Dominion. The destiny of half a continent is hard to forecast, but that it must be a great one is evident, since an almost virgin territory (such as Mr. Grant describes), invites an illimitable expansion of population and production.

The sole evidences of civilised enterprise and progress throughout these great territories are to be found in the little Province of Manitoba, the Island of Vancouver, and a small section of the mainland on the Pacific Slope. The white population (including the Red River half-breeds) does not much exceed 50,000, although these lands are capable of supporting with ease as many millions. In a very valuable appendix which Mr. Grant has added to the present edition of his book, he mentions the fact, that notwithstanding the grasshopper plague, the population of the Red River Valley

has increased in four years from 12,000 to 40,000—the population of Winnipeg alone having risen from 700 to 7,000. There can be no doubt that when the tide of immigration once fairly sets in towards the North-West, population will increase and provinces will spring up with the same magical rapidity which characterised the growth of the Western States of America. The old fallacy that the climate of the North-West made its permanent settlement impossible, is now quite exploded. In 1859, the *Edinburgh Review* proved conclusively that the proposal to form the Red River and Saskatchewan country into a Crown Colony was a wild and wicked notion ; that hailstones, frosts, early and late, want of wood and water, rocks, bogs, and such like drawbacks made settlement impossible. We know better. Travellers and residents bear unvarying testimony to the healthfulness of the climate, the pleasantness of the long winters, and the fertility of the soil. "For the production of cereals, pulse and root crops, and as a stock-raising country," says Mr. Grant, "there seems to be no better anywhere." The average crops of Manitoba, for instance, have been stated to be as follows : wheat, 32½ bushels to the acre ; barley, 42½ ; oats, 51 ; peas, 32 ; potatoes, 229 ; turnips, 662½. In regard to stock, the late Rev. George McDougal, writing in 1875, from near the confluence of the Red Deer and Bow Rivers, says : "A great change has come over the scene in the last fifteen months ; men of business have found it to their interest to establish themselves on the banks of our beautiful river. A stock-raiser from across the mountains had arrived with several hundred head of cattle. And now on the very hills where two years ago I saw herds of buffalo, the domestic cattle gently graze, requiring neither shelter nor fodder from their master all the year round."

It is a fortunate circumstance for us that the isothermal lines should extend so far north in these regions. There are several reasons for it. The low altitude of the Rocky Mountains, as they run north, permits the warm moisture-laden air of the Pacific to get across ; meeting then the colder currents from the north, refreshing showers are emptied on the plains. These northern plains of ours have also a comparatively low elevation, while further south in the United States, on the same longitude, the semi-desert rainless plateaux are from five to eight thousand feet high. In illustration of the practical result of this fact, we quote Mr. Grant (p. 165): "We learned that we were 37° 30′ west of Montreal, or in longitude 111°. At the same time we were in latitude 54°, 350 miles north of the boundary line, and 700 miles north of Toronto. Yet the vegetation was of the same general character as that of Ontario ; and Bishop Taché had told us that at Lac la Biche, 100 miles further north, they had their favourite wheat ground, where the wheat crop could always be depended on. But we can go still further north. Mr. King, the second H. B. Officer, who had joined our party at Carlton, told us that he had never seen better wheat or root crops than are raised at Fort Laird, on the Laird River—a tributary of the MacKenzie River, in latitude 60°. This testimony is confirmed by Sir John Richardson, who says 'wheat is raised with profit at Fort Laird, latitude 60° 5′ north, longitude 122° 31′ west, and four or five hundred feet above the sea.' And numerous authorities, from Mackenzie in 1787, whose name the great river of the Arctic regions bears, down to H. B. Officers and miners of the present day, give

similar testimony concerning immense tracts along the Athabaska and the Peace Rivers." Our Republican neighbours have also a vast territory in the west, but in the very centre of it is a great desert, only the edge of which crosses the boundary line. Our author assures us that the American desert is a reality, and that it is unfit for the growth of cereals or to support in any way a farming population, because of its elevation, its lack of rain, and the miserable quality, or rather the utter absence of soil. It is to the north of the boundary line, therefore, that population will gravitate, and on our territory that the heart of this continent, as respects production and inhabitants, is destined to be. "The Pacific Slope excepted (for there is nothing in British Columbia to compare with the fertile valleys of California), everything is so completely in our favour that there is no comparison except the old racing one of 'Eclipse first and the rest nowhere.'" We have already said that *Ocean to Ocean* furnishes substantial information in regard to most subjects connected with the North-West. For intelligent observation and interesting facts regarding the Indian population, the physical features, the flora, fauna and scenery of the great lone land, we can confidently recommend to our readers the book itself.

In his book on "Self Help," Mr. Smiles had already referred to the labours of Thomas Edward, the Scottish naturalist. The volume before us* contains a complete biography of that remarkable man, with a full account of the struggles he encountered, the difficulties he overcame, and the substantial results he accomplished. The story is as instructive as it is wonderful, and it is no matter for surprise that those who inspected his collections were unable to believe that they were really the work of his own hands and head. Here was a working shoemaker, engaged in a trade he detested, from six in the morning until late in the afternoon, who yet found time, or made it, to explore the wonders of animated nature, with surprising success. He was very imperfectly educated, which was his own fault, or rather the fault of his passion for natural history; he had no books, no scientific knowledge, no scientific appliances, and, it may be added, very little assistance, at least in the earlier stages of his career. And yet this poor shoemaker, with less than a pound, and at first, not half a sovereign, a week, was recognized as an earnest and intelligent co-worker by scientific men from Moray Firth to Land's End. The Linnæan Society placed the stamp of its authority upon this general recognition, by making him an Associate—no empty honour, seeing that the number of Associates is restricted to thirty. What he accomplished, under the inspiration of an absorbing love of nature, backed by his indomitable perseverance, and especially how he managed to accomplish so much, ought certainly to yield a lesson of practical value to his fellows. The more so, when it is considered that, from early youth until past threescore, his labours were unremunerative in the slightest degree. When this biography was in preparation, sitting on his "well-worn cobler's stool," he was obliged to say "And here I am still on the old boards, doing what little I

* *Life of a Scottish Naturalist: Thomas Edward*, Associate of the Linnæan Society. By Samuel Smiles. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1877.

can, with the aid of well-worn kit, to maintain myself and my family, with the certainty that, instead of my getting the better of lapstone and leather, they will soon get the better of me." But then he adds, as the old fire was rekindled in his soul, "Although I am now like a beast tethered to his pasturage, with a portion of my faculties somewhat impaired, I can still appreciate and admire as much as ever the beauties and wonders of nature as exhibited in the incomparable works of our admirable Creator."

During the latter part of the deadly struggle between Napoleon and the allies, all the available troops in Britain were, of necessity, withdrawn from the island and transported to the continent. The militia from all parts of the country took their places, and occupied the garrisons and fortifications, especially on the south coast. Thomas Edward's father, John, was a private in the Fifeshire militia, which was ordered to Gosport, Portsmouth, and there, on Christmas-day, 1814, the subject of this biography was born. After Waterloo, his father returned with his regiment and settled at Kettle—a name not unfamiliar to Canadians, since its "dominie" became the first Bishop of Toronto. It is at Aberdeen, however, to which the family removed, that Thomas Edward's history first becomes of substantial interest. But long before this he had begun to make himself known in the world—that is, the limited world of home. "His mother said of him that he was the worst child she had ever nursed. He was never at rest for a moment. His feet and legs seemed to be set on springs. When only about four months old he leaped from his mother's arms, in the main endeavour to catch some flies buzzing in the window. She clutched him by his long clothes, and saved him from falling to the ground." Before he was ten months old he could walk, and hunted about for living things, screaming if anyone touched him. Mr. Smiles observes that "it is difficult to describe how he became a naturalist. He himself says he could never tell." All that can be said is that he was born one and so grew up. He struck up an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the cats and dogs, and tried to secure the friendship of the poultry and ducks, but they ran away. Then he made overtures to the sow and her litter of pigs. Tom, when missing, was sure to be "awa wi' the pigs." One day he appeared to be lost altogether, and the blame was naturally thrown on the gypsies. Next morning the "pig-wife" brought him in and laid him on his mother's lap, imploring her for God's sake to keep him away from "yon" place or he might fare worse next time. "But whar was he," they exclaimed, "Whar wud he be but below Bet (the sow) and her pigs a' nicht."

At Aberdeen, "Young Edward was in his glory," and commenced collecting animals of all sorts—bandies, eels, crabs, worms, tadpoles, beetles, sticklebacks, horse-leeches, snails, newts, young rats in the nest, field-mice, hedgehogs, moles, birds, birds' nests or anything else that he could lay his hands on. All this might have been endured; the trouble was, he brought them into the house, with woeful results. "The horse leeches crawled up their legs and stuck to them; the frogs and newts roamed about the floor; and the beetles, moles and rats sought for holes wherever they could find them." It was in vain that his parents tried to quench his irrepressible passion, by remonstrance, whipping or confinement; the boy was incorrigible. Send him upon an rrand, and it was bed-time before he returned without

having fulfilled his mission ; leave him to rock the cradle, and he was away as soon as he saw his mother's back turned—he was off no one knew whither. Finally, his father, to make sure of him, removed every stitch of his clothing. His mother pinned an old petticoat about him, saying, " I'm sure you'll be a prisoner this day." She then went down stairs, and Tom, tying a string round his middle, followed her, and hid behind the door till she had passed, he then was off again, free as air, to his crabs and horse-leeches. Many anecdotes are told of this juvenile period ; but we must hasten on.

It has been said that his education was imperfect, and that this was the fault of his invincible attachment to " beasts," as his friends called them. He was expelled from three schools in succession for exploits similar to those performed at home. Now, it was butterflies or beetles ; again, it was horse-leeches ; and then, a nest of live young sparrows. He was next engaged to a tobacco spinner, then in a mill, and finally apprenticed to a brutal shoemaker who killed his birds and compelled him to run away. Coming back, he resumed work under a kinder master. Of the many anecdotes relating to this period, we have only space for one. Edward had enlisted in the Aberdeenshire militia, and while being drilled in the awkward squad, he caught sight of a beautiful brown butterfly, the like of which he had never seen before. Regardless of military discipline he rushed after, and captured it. The following colloquy then ensued between the corporal and the recruit " What's up Edward ? " " Nothing." " The deuce ! " " No, no it wasn't that, it was a splendid butterfly." " A butter-devil ! " " No, it was a butterfly." " Stuff ! " He was then about to be arrested and taken to the guard-house, when some ladies, who were conversing with the officers, successfully begged him off.

He now settled in Banff, the home of his future life, with a wife who was indeed a help-mate for him. The cares of a family weighed heavily upon him, for at last his children numbered eleven, yet both his partner and his offspring were not so much a burden as a comfort and a help to him in the end. Yet the up-hill work was terrible ; he was but a poor journeyman, earning but a paltry pittance, and at times almost reduced to despair. He had scientific tastes, with but scant time and meagre appliances for indulging them. He could not explore by day, for he was at work ; early morning and late evening alone were at his disposal. Sallying out after tea, with an oatmeal cake in his pocket, he worked till he could work no longer, and then slept under the canopy of heaven until the first streak of dawn, when he was up again and engaged in his labour of love, never pausing until it was time to hurry to another sort of work which he detested. All that he could spare of his twenty-four hours was from nine at night till six in the morning, which only the long twilights of the north made available for his purpose. He had his insect boxes and bottles, a single botanical book, and an old gun which was so ricketty that he was obliged to tie stock and barrel together. A coat with a number of capacious pockets, and the supper, completed his equipments. At night he would ensconce himself occasionally in a barn, a ruined castle, or a churchyard. Unfortunately he had too many visitors in these places, some of them, such as polecats, weasels and rats, the reverse of agreeable company. Sometimes he took shelter from the storm in the holes in

sand-banks dug by animals, thrusting himself in feet foremost, and even, as in Boyndie church-yard, under a flat tombstone supported on pillars. As a natural result, rheumatism claimed the poor devotee to science for its own, and this, after years of persistence finally put an end to his night excursions. Added to this were numerous casualties, and several terrible falls from the rocks, particularly two, which are graphically described in this work—at Sarlair and Gamrie. His escape from instant death, on both occasions, seemed little short of miraculous, and yet not a bone was broken.

All this time he was collecting "beasts" of all sorts, animals, birds, fishes, crustacea and insects. These were all arranged with some slight aid from one or two kindly friends. Subsequently, when his name was known to scientific men in England, he would send strange specimens in order to obtain their scientific names. Encouraged by the success of his contributions to the journals, and the praises of those who knew not his needs and were far away, he took his extensive collection to Aberdeen for exhibition. He had made and glazed his own cases and done everything else about it all for himself. And yet it was a failure. The enthusiasm which burned within him was not infectious; so the Aberdonians turned a cold shoulder upon him and his beasts. There was rent to pay, printing, and board for himself and family to be provided for, and all with the two or three shillings left him. Sinking in despair, he was about to end his life at the end of the month, when the sight of a strange bird aroused his ruling passion and saved his life. His cherished collection was sold to pay his debts. A second at Banff, also the work of years, followed it to pay his doctor's bill, and then a third. He needed not Bruce's spider to teach him the virtue of indomitable persevernce, and yet no tangible result flowed from all his efforts. Southward his fame was noised abroad, unfortunately too far off to be within sound of his lapstone. The record of his discoveries will be found in this interesting volume, and we have only room to mention, with pleasure, the affectionate assistance rendered him by his daughters in his pursuits, and the loving sympathy and encouragement unceasingly lavished on him by his wife. He was happy in his home, happy in his love of science, and, in spite of all its toils, sufferings, and privations, his life has been altogether a cheerful one. Mr. Smiles makes some apology for writing the life of a man still living; it was unnecessary, or, if it were, the pension liberally and considerately granted by Her Majesty is a sufficient justification.

Mr. Mackenzie Wallace is no Cook's tourist or any other sort of tourist, but an honest worker, who travelled with a purpose and spent nearly six years in effecting it. The result is a work upon Russia* almost exhaustive—certainly unsurpassed in accuracy, interest, and importance. The author's original intention was to spend but a few months in the Empire, with a view of examining the real effect of the emancipation of the serfs. It would have been comparatively easy to follow in the footsteps of his predecessors—visit St. Petersburgh and Moscow, sail down the Volga to Astrakhan, and pass over to Odessa, taking opinions at second-hand, instead of forming them for himself.

* *Russia.* By D. Mackenzie Wallace, M.A., Member of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1877.

But that was not Mr. Wallace's method of instructing Western Europe and America regarding the colossal power which has exercised, and is destined still more to exercise, its mighty influence in the concerns of Europe and the world. So, after he had arrived at St. Petersburgh the conviction was forced upon him that no thorough and intelligent account of Russia could be written without a knowledge of the language. Nothing daunted, he immediately set to work, perseveringly and without a moment's delay, to acquire it ; how, will appear in the sequel. The consequence necessarily was, that his original purpose was materially altered and assumed an entirely different, because a broader and more comprehensive, aspect. Other works on Russia have been written, giving a more or less complete survey of the people and institutions of the Empire ; but they are now, for the most part, out of date, or written by French and German authors. Mr. Wallace's elaborate book is the most solid, comprehensive, and thorough, as well as the most interesting and readable work yet issued in English on the subject. It is, in short, a full exposition of the Russian people in every aspect—social, religious, and official.

It would be obviously impossible in the few brief pages at our command, to examine throughout an elaborate work of thirty-four chapters, and over six hundred closely printed pages. It must therefore suffice, if its general character be briefly elucidated, and a few of the more important subjects, almost as briefly, examined.

Mr. Wallace has not attempted to write a history of Russia, nor does he pretend to trace the historical development of its people further back than is absolutely necessary to the intelligent understanding of their present condition. Thus, we have a chapter on " the peasant of the old type " ; but Ivan Petroff, the illustrative example, is still living. Only in the case of the serfs does he think it desirable to enter upon the social history of past centuries. The work, then, is primarily and essentially a panorama of Russia and the Russians as they are, the various classes of society, their manners, foibles, and prejudices. All of these, from the noblesse, through the merchant, doctor, and priest, down to the peasant, are treated of separately and with great care. In treating of races other than the Slavs, the Finns, the Sartacs, and the Cossacks, the second only are viewed historically. The Imperial Administration, St. Petersburg and Foreign Influence, and a variety of other important topics, are also considered in detail. It must be further remarked that, instead of being dry and jejune, the style is exceedingly lively, and no reader need be repelled by any fear of yawning over the work. It is full of anecdote, often of the most amusing character; indeed there are few pages in which, like Homer, our author appears to nod, or is likely to make his readers do so.

Having thus cleared the way for a hasty dip into its pages, let us first run over some of the minor heads upon which we do not purpose to dwell. The first chapter, on travelling in Russia, is full of interesting matter. Beginning with the railways, Mr. Wallace points out that they are all constructed strictly from a military point of view, hence they are generally laid so as to fulfil the mathematical definition of a straight line, as the " crow flies," regardless of whether they are near or far from the towns and villages *en route.* When the engineers laid before Nicholas their plan for the road between St.

Petersburgh and Moscow, he took a ruler, and, drawing a straight line between the termini, remarked in a peremptory tone, "You will construct the line so!" It is an interesting fact that at the time of the Crimean War there were but 750 miles of railway, now there are 11,000 with constant additions. Similarly the water communication has passed through a complete revolution. This leads our author into a lively account of steam-boat navigation on the Volga and Don. Concerning the latter river and the craft upon it, he gives an amusing account. Although it makes a great figure on the map, and it is really broad, the water is exceedingly shallow and full of sand-banks. The captain of a boat always gives a free passage to a number of Cossacks, and when a shoal is struck, they are ordered to jump overboard with a stout hauser and haul her off. On one occasion Mr. Wallace saw the captain slacken speed so as not to run down a man who was attempting to cross his bows in the middle of the stream. On another occasion, "a Cossack passenger wished to be set down at a place where there was no pier, and on being informed that there was no means of landing him, coolly jumped overboard and walked ashore." The principal benefit to be derived from these river trips is conversation with the passengers on deck; but, down below, especially in the night time, there is a large number of free passengers, lower down in the scale of creation, who give no end of annoyance to the thin-skinned. On the sea of Azov matters are further complicated by a superabundance of rats, who run over and into the bed according to their own sweet will.

It has been stated that Mr. Wallace determined to master the Russian language, and in order to do so thoroughly and without interruption, he left St. Petersburgh and betook himself to a small village in the Novgorod district to the priest of which he had been recommended. This leads first of all to a dissertation on roads and bridges: hotels also, which had been mentioned in the previous chapter, may be taken in here. It seems that when you engage a bed-room, it by no means follows that you will be favoured with bedding or towels. Pillows, sheets, &c., the traveller is supposed to carry with him; and, in the next place, the waiter not only escorts the traveller to the door of his room, but enters and acts as *valet de chambre*. At table you are asked if you carry your own tea and sugar with you, as all wise wayfarers do, if so, in addition, to the edibles, you are furnished with a Samovar or tea-urn, tea-pot, &c., for a moderate sum. Altogether, the hotels outside the large towns appear to be execrable. Next come the roads and bridges, the description of which is exceedingly amusing. The roads are never repaired, and when one pair of ruts is too deep, another on one side or other of the old ones is commenced. Quoting the well-known couplet, "If you had seen this road before it was made," &c., Mr. Wallace declares it to be no bull, so far as Russia is concerned, where the roads are not yet made, but await the advent of their native Wade. So with the bridges, of which there is a ludicrous account. Some years ago an Irish member was laughed at in the House of Commons, for speaking of "the bridge which separates two great sections of the Irish people." In Russia, bridges generally do separate or at least obstruct, instead of connecting. Then, the Tarantass, "a phaeton without springs," adds to the discomfort—the springs being inadequately represented by two

parallel pieces of wood, which give sudden jerks, like an ill-conditioned spring board.

Passing over some incidents which were comic, and one at least which was grave, Mr. Wallace survived the jolting and reached Ivanofka, the scene of his "voluntary exile." In the absence of the priest, an acquaintance was struck up with one Karl Karl'itch, the German steward of an absentee landowner. His real name was the ubiquitous Schmidt, but it was changed in accordance with a curious Russian custom The family name is not ordinarily used as a surname, but instead of it the father's Christian name, with the addition signifying son or daughter, as the case may be. Ivan's son and daughter for example would be respectively Ivanovitch, pronounced Ivan'itch, and Ivanovua, pronounced Ivanna. This Karl was a thorough pessimist, for he declared that since the emancipation of the serfs everything had been rapidly tending in the direction of "the dogs." The peasants would not work, the courts were infested with a set of pettifoggers who delayed justice, and practically rendered an appeal to the law a losing game. So he took the administration of the law into his own hands, by starving the cattle of the recalcitrants, not merely keeping them off his own land, but off any land on the estate. Karl was a bit of a sharper himself, and had discovered that although the emancipation law decreed that the peasants should receive arable land, there was no word about pasturage. "I have the whip-hand of them there," chuckled the astute German.

At length the priest arrives, and Mr. Wallace commences his studies in earnest. This leads to an interesting account of the Russian clergy. Of this particular priest's name, and he resided with him for months, our author is still profoundly ignorant. He was known as Batushka, not because he was a foundling, for he was the legitimate son of a priest, but because, according to custom, that name had been given to him by the Bishop at his entrance into the seminary. Batushka appears to be an exemplary man with a grown-up family. In a conversation between his pupil and himself he lets us into some of the secrets of clerical marriages in Russia. As soon as he was ordained, the Bishop, in true patriarchal style, "found him a wife," as he does in the case of all seminarists. If one of these priests should die, leaving a widow and marriageable daughter, the Bishop immediately gives the latter in marriage to the new incumbent. Sometimes, however, the widow disturbs the peace of the new ménage. Said the good priest—"a mother-in-law living in the house does not conduce to domestic harmony. I don't know how it is in your country, but so it is with us." "I hastened to assure him that this was not a peculiarity of Russia." The people do not respect the parish priest, and their lives are often hard and humiliating; that, however, is not so much to be wondered at, after reading Mr. Wallace's minute account of their character and general course of life. Nothing could be more dissimilar than the ideal of a Protestant pastor, and that of a Greek parish priest. The latter is by no means required to be a pattern of exemplary conduct. "He is expected merely to conform to certain observances, and to perform punctiliously the rites and ceremonies prescribed by the church. If he does this without practising extortion, his parishoners are quite satisfied. He rarely preaches or exhorts, and neither has, nor seeks to have, a moral influ-

ence over his flock." Moreover, the orthodox priest never interests himself in the education of the people, and hence their ignorance, especially in theological subjects, is of the grossest character. A peasant was once asked by his priest "if he could name the three persons of the Trinity, and replied without a moment's hesitation, 'How can one not know that, Batushka! Of course it is the Saviour, the Mother of God, and St. Nicholas the miracle worker!'" In fine, the peasants "are profoundly ignorant of religious doctrines, and know little or nothing of Holy Writ;" on the other hand, they are grossly superstitious, believing implicitly in prodigies, miracles, and witchcraft.

There are two "peculiar institutions" of Russia, upon which it would be interesting to dwell, but, they can only be briefly referred to here. The Mir or Village Community is one, and the Zemstvo, or new form of local self-government, is the other. Enthusiasts have endeavored to show that Russia has been spared the evils arising from the presence of a hungry proletariat by the rural Commune. Mr. Wallace dissents from this view, and whilst admitting that it has conferred some benefits upon Russia, he is of opinion that the evils arising and likely to arise in the future far exceeds the real advantages of it. Certainly it furnishes no adequate solution of the great social problem. The Mir is thus described by our author: "The peasant family of the old type is, as we have just seen, a kind of primitive association, in which the members have nearly all things in common. The village may be roughly described as a primitive association on a larger scale." The head of the community is the village Elder, but he is only its executive, all real power being vested in the general body of the land-owners. The land is not owned by individuals, but by the Commune, which allots to each his share. The heads of the households cannot begin to mow or plough without the consent of the village community—indeed, all their daily occupations are regulated by communal decrees. There is a periodical revision in the allotment of land when it is divided into a number of shares, corresponding with the number of adult males—each receiving the particular allotment the assembly chooses to assign to him. It may be remarked, finally, that an attempt was made to introduce vote by ballot, but it "never struck root, the peasants calling it contemptuously, 'playing at marbles.'" The Zemstvo, which, generally speaking, is analogous to our municipal council, is a new experiment, and likely to be a promising one. It discharges the functions of our township councils, so far as we can gather, and, in addition, has the supervision of the crops and of "the material and moral well-being of the population" generally. Deputies are elected triennially, "in certain fixed proportions, by the landed proprietors, the rural communes, and the municipal corporations." These assemblies are heterogeneous in composition, partly nobles, partly peasants, sitting together on a footing of perfect equality. It is gratifying to learn that the Zemstvo performs its work tolerably well, and, what is better

The subject of the Serfs and their emancipation naturally occupies a large portion of Mr. Wallace's work; we can only afford a brief meagre summary of the chapters devoted to it. It is often a subject of boasting among the Russians, that slavery never existed among them. Our author, however, is clearly of opinion that it did, and that serfdom arose out of it. There were three kinds of serfs—State serfs, comprising perhaps one-half of the whole,

domestic serfs, and serfs proper. The first named had no masters, and enjoyed a large amount of liberty. They were not allowed to change their official domicile, but by paying a small sum for a passport they could leave their villages for an indefinite length of time, and so long as they paid their taxes and dues they were in little danger of being molested. Many of them, though officially inscribed in their native villages, lived permanently in towns, and not a few of them succeeded in amassing large fortunes. The position of serfs on estates owned by absentee nobles was much the same. The second class Mr. Wallace calls "domestic slaves, because, in spite of Russian assertions to the contrary, they were bought and sold up to a comparatively recent period. In the *Moscow Gazette* for 1801, picked out at random were such advertisements as these :—'To be sold, three coachmen, well trained and handsome ; and two girls, the one eighteen and the other fifteen years of age, both of them good looking and well acquainted with various kinds of handiwork. In the same house there are for sale two hair dressers ; the one twenty-one years of age, who can read, write and play on a musical instrument, &c.'" One wonders whether this attractive young barber had fallen in love with the handsome girl of eighteen, and if so, what was the upshot of it. And again, "in this house one can have a coachman, and a Dutch cow about to calve !" Alexander I. prohibited these advertisements, but the practice of selling domestics continued long afterwards ; certainly, Nicholas made no attempt at its repression. The serfs proper, or *adscripti glebæ*, were in a far better position, being only less free than the State serfs. They had houses and lands of their own, enjoyed a certain amount of self-government, and were rarely sold except as part of the estate. When they tilled communal land they had a right to representation in the village assembly.

It is unnecessary to trace here the difficulties encountered by Alexander in effecting emancipation ; it will suffice to give a general summary of its results. So far as the landed proprietors were concerned, the reform appears to have left them much as they were before. In the Southern Zone, free labour is quite as profitable as serf labour. The dues do not perhaps fully represent the value of the land, yet the deficiency is otherwise compensated for. The only substantial grievance is, that the inevitable rise in the price of land was not sufficiently taken into account. In the north, many landowners actually received compensation, and, in all cases, the dues are in excess of a reasonable rent. Mr. Wallace is not so clear about the results of emancipation to the serfs themselves. A great many wild allusions about the immediate amelioration of the country and the peasants, have been shattered. On the contrary, there have appeared certain very ugly phenomena which were not at all in the programme. It is asserted, though our author is by no means sure of it, that "the peasants began to drink more and work less." The "brawlers" or demagogues began to trouble the Assemblies, and the peasant judges elected by their fellows "acquired a bad habit of selling their decisions." The picture is painted in as dark colours as possible by the noblesse, and, for a different reason, by the Liberals. On the whole, Mr. Wallace, although he admits that matters are now in a very unsatisfactory condition, is inclined to think that emancipation will eventually prove a powerful agency for good to the peasantry.

This work appears just at the very time when the world is most deeply interested in the power and designs of Russia. In the concluding chapter, Mr. Wallace treats of the Eastern Question and territorial expansion generally. So far as India is concerned, he is clearly of opinion that "the Russophobists" are entirely in the wrong. The annexations in Central Asia, he endeavours to prove, have been forced upon Russia by the predatory character of the populations, and the want of any settled government amongst them. "Russia," he observes, "must push forward her frontier until she reaches a country possessing a government which is able and willing to keep order within its boundaries, and to prevent its subjects from committing depredations on their neighbours. As none of the petty States of Central Asia seem capable of permanently fulfilling this condition, it is pretty certain that the Russian and British frontiers will one day meet. Where they will meet depends on ourselves. If we do not wish our rival to overstep a certain line, we must ourselves advance to that line. With regard to the other branch of the subject, now threatening a continental upheaval or at least a sanguinary duel between Russia and Turkey, Mr. Wallace's views are very clearly and incisively stated. After referring at some length to Slav aspirations, he refers to the notion that war is being forced upon the government, "that aristocracy in Russia has lost its power, and that the Czar, like despotic rulers in general, must periodically go to war in order to avert the attention of his subjects from home politics. All these suppositions are utterly false." Mr. Wallace admits that Russia no doubt would very much prefer having in her possession the keys of the Black Sea and Mediterranean. "In many respects it is very disagreeable to her that Turkey should be able, without employing a single ship of war, to blockade effectually all her southern ports. Here is, I believe, the only real, reasonable motive which Russia has for wishing to gain possession of Constantinople. All the others which are commonly quoted are more or less visionary." Even if Alexander II. were ambitious and imbued with Panslavism, our author contends that he would not "have chosen the present moment for raising the Eastern question." The gigantic reforms of his reign have placed Russia in a state of transition; the army has only lately been re-organized, and the other powers, free from complications, are at hand to resist. Finally, "whatever the result of the present negotiations may be, the arrangement will be merely temporary,"—in Mr. Grant Duff's words "the Christian races inhabiting the Eastern Peninsula must eventually grow over the head alike of the Turk and of the Mussulman Slavonian."

Mr. Wallace's work may be sincerely recommended to all who desire, to use his own words, "to know Russia better."

Miss Annie T. Howells, has published in connection with El Conde de Premio Real, the Spanish Consul-General, a small volume entitled *Popular Sayings of Old Iberia.** Some of these brief expressions of popular wisdom are much like old English proverbs and sentences, and the collection possesses on this account much interest to those who speak our tongue. In the joint authorship we must presume that the Consul-General supplied the Spanish

* *Popular Sayings from Old Iberia.* Miss Annie T. Howells, and El Conde De Premio Real, Quebec: Dawson & Co., 1877.

sayings, and that Miss Howells gave them the appropriate English dress in which they appear.

Mrs. Duncan, who took the first prize at the Provincial Exhibition, Ottawa, 1875, proves herself an admirable instructress in the beautiful art of modelling wax flowers.* The book is well got up and beautifully illustrated, and will enable the student with diligence to master this accomplishment.

We have before us one of the best productions of a remarkable man. It is the late Dr. Norman Macleod's *Starling* † (Canadian edition), a story as remarkable for its literary excellence as for its simplicity of style and construction. It was originally written for *Good Words*, and was intended to illustrate the one-sidedness, and consequent untruth, of hard logical "principle" when in conflict with moral feeling, true faith *versus* apparent truth of reasoning. It rarely happens that a story written for some didactic purpose possesses that charm and pathos which we find in *The Starling*. It still more rarely happens that a fictitious narrative is without a love-plot, and that the interest is made to turn upon quite another range of sympathies. Yet this is what is done in the story in question, and done, too, with extraordinary success. *The Starling* is certainly the ablest attempt in fiction of a man of whom Principal Sharp has truly said—"nothing he has written is any measure of the powers that were in him." The story, as we learn from the memoirs of Dr. Macleod, was suggested by the following, sent to him by Mr. Peter Mackenzie, a well-known West-of-Scotland journalist:—"Suffer me to give you the following story, which I heard in Perth upwards of forty years ago: A very rigid clergyman of that city had a very decent shoemaker for an elder, who had an extreme liking for birds of all kinds, not a few of which he kept in cages, and they cheered him in his daily work. He taught one of them in particular (a starling) to whistle some of our finest old Scottish tunes. It happened on a fine Sabbath-morning the starling was in fine feather, and, as the minister was passing by, he heard the starling singing with great glee, in his cage outside the door, 'Ower the water to Charlie.' The worthy minister was so shocked at this on the Sabbath-morning that, on Monday, he insisted the shoemaker should either wring the bird's neck or demit the office of elder. This was a cruel alternative, but the decent shoemaker clung to his favourite bird, and prospered." Out of this simple incident Dr. Macleod evolved a story of Scottish life, which, for exquisite delineation of character and pathetic incident, has rarely been excelled. The characters of the devout sergeant and his wife, of Jack the ne'er-do-well and the Rev. Daniel Porteous, are perfect of their kind. The Canadian edition of this work is printed in pleasant, readable type, and is otherwise neatly got up.

The "Town and Country Series" of Messrs. Roberts Bros., the well-known Boston Publishers, has just had added to it a new story by Holme

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* *A Course of Lessons in Modelling Wax Flowers, Designed Especially for Beginners.* By FLORENCE J. DUNCAN. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.: Toronto, Willing & Williamson, 1877.

† *The Starling; a Scotch Story.* By the late NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D., Illustrated. Toronto: Belford Bros., 1877.

Lee.* The circumstances of Ben Milner's wooing are told in the pleasant way which is characteristic of that author. The plot is not too involved, and Ben and Pattie, the hero and heroine, are happy creations. Holme Lee is not a pretentious writer, and her stories possess that charm which attaches to the productions of those who confine themselves to what is strictly within their powers.

Musical.

We would like to consider, for a few moments, with our readers, the question of cheap musical tuition. The existence of such a thing is patent to everyone. Numbers of impoverished young gentlewomen, daughters of clergymen, of retired and seedy officers, of old and superannuated Government clerks, swell the ranks of music teachers in our midst. Having to contend with long-established and well-known teachers of music, mostly of the other sex, they find naturally enough that the only way to secure even half-a-dozen pupils, is to greatly reduce the prices, which, perhaps originally were quite as imposing as those asked by the first teacher in the city, and one result is that the younger generation are sent to such to be instructed. We would ask, first, the reason why so many young women rush into the musical profession. Is it one that is easily mastered? Is it one always lucrative? Is it one which requires no patience or endurance on the teacher, and no talent or marked inclination in the taught? Surely to all these questions it is easy to answer, "No." Why then, should it be chosen in preference to other occupations, such as drawing or light painting of several kinds, to useful and ornamental needlework, to elocution, to languages, or to the many interesting and noble kinds of *work* now open to women? The chief reason for this preference seems to be that though, in the true and broad sense of things, the study of music is *not* easily mastered, as we have said, yet something which takes its place and serves to instruct the very youngest can easily and quickly be gotten hold of by the person desirous to teach. Some knowledge of "theory," which word, as used by many teachers of the stamp we refer to, always provokes us to smile, and of the the scales, vague talk about "fingering," and an exercise-book, and the *teacher* is made. Now, we do not believe in cramming the head-splitting problems of harmony down an innocent, and perhaps totally unmusical, child's

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* *Ben Milner's Wooing.* By Holme Lee. Boston; Roberts Bros., Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. 1877.

throat, or talking to it about the mysterious depths and ecstatic heights of the art it is about to make the acquaintance of. The child would not, could not, be ready for it, and such teaching would end in the pupil running away, or the master being convicted of lunacy. But neither do we believe in the lame, bald, senseless and utterly incorrect teaching that we have laid to the door of so many female teachers, not unkindly or in malice and uncharitableness, but out of strong conviction and friendly solicitude ; for many of them are conscientious, they teach according to their light, but, alas ! it is a very dim one. And now let us proceed to look at the result of all this. Parents, of course, can hardly be blamed for sending their children to cheaper and inferior teachers. They are, doubtless, well-meaning when they say that any kind of teacher will do till the rudiments are well learned, and then a good master will be in requisition for the finish, if indeed, that can be finished which has never been begun ; and so the child, if musical, soon exhausts the "theory" of its teacher, and is given all manner of showy and fireworky pieces, till the time comes to be handed over to the refiner and polisher, who, if conscientious, laments the loss of a fine artist, and who, if not troubled overmuch with conscientiousness, introduces her too late to good and classical music ; her taste is formed, and though you may break the vase, the rose fragrance haunts it still. Such a term being far too good, by the way, for that taste which hungers for "arrangements," and "fantasias" still. If the pupil, in such a case, be unmusical, what is perhaps originally mild disinclination soon becomes cordial dislike under the dreadful drudgery, which passes by the name of "practice," and as for lesson hours, they become simply unsupportable. And as the pupils grow up and emerge from the school-room into the drawing-room, it is too plainly seen that music has done nothing for them. They cannot read at sight without great difficulty, they cannot play without their music, they vote all good music slow, they know nothing of the lives of the composers, of musical history or growth ; an article on the emotional and metaphysical side of music would be Greek to them. Harmony is recognised as something which is useful to organists, and as to musical thought or feeling they have none.

This is the result ; if it be thought an evil one, wherein lies the remedy ? And here our courage almost fails us. It is not easy to say to those young women, who are the instructors of so many of our youth, "stop teaching, you are not competent, you are unconsciously a stumbling block to many, and it is better for others that you should not teach." It is not easy to say such harsh words as these, for clearly they must do something. To work, they are, perhaps, ashamed. The word "situation" is degradation, and music is so polite, so refined, say they, an open sesame in fact. They do not pretend for the moment to be great masters or professors ; look at their prices ; but simply to give the very first, the very simplest instructions. Ah, but do you not see that *because* the instruction is the first and the simplest, therefore it should also be the *best ?* Again, it is not easy to say such words as these, because we fear that *expensive* musical tuition has its evils as well, if closely looked into, as we have also partly shown how greatly reform is needed in both these matters. We want parents to read the dispositions and inclinations of their children better, to labour at discovering their different fortes,

and when they have traced and distinguished them, to endeavour, by the best means in their power, to cultivate them to the highest degree by choosing the best teachers that, without thereby impoverishing themselves, they can afford. We want pupils who will bring to their work diligence and earnestness, with more of the old-fashioned virtue of obedience, and then, if they are not geniuses, and even if they never become executants, they will gain at least an appreciation of what is good and beautiful and true in music We want teachers, and now, we must be forgiven, if our pen runs away with us ; for whom do we want as teachers ? Men and women of experience, of knowledge, of competence, not afraid of opinion, nor the slaves of fashionable partiality, but strong and original in thought and act, conscientious and self-denying, bringing to their work consecration of self to its glorious purposes, energy and enthusiasm. We do not say we have none such in our midst, but we do say there ought to be more than there are. Music is the noblest, the purest, the most profound, and the most intricate of the arts, and if she is ever to do anything for us, her professors must know a little more about her than we fear many of them know at present. Euerpe is an exclusive muse, but when one is once admitted to her inner halls, the delight of being there more than amply compensates for all the trouble it took to get there. What is really wanted in Canada is a conservatory or place of that kind where persons intending to teach could fit themselves for their work by proper study, thus ensuring the existence of a first-class diplomated staff of teachers. Rumours of such an institution reached us from Montreal, not long ago. We now believe Quebec supports something of that kind, but clearly the want has not yet been supplied.

Circumstances which could not have been prevented have hindered us from attending any one of the four private recitals by distinguished pianists in our midst, which have formed so marked a feature of the musical growth of our city. We can, however, applaud and encourage the movement, if we may not particularize, as at a future season we hope to do. These recitals have been set on foot chiefly through the agency of Mr. W. Waugh Lauder, a young man among us who has added to great natural gifts and fine musical perceptions the advantages of continental study, having been a pupil of the Leipsic Conservatorium. The first and fourth of the recitals were given by Mr. Lauder, assisted by several talented vocalists. The third by Miss Cousins, well-known in Toronto, and the second by a Miss Gilmour, of whom we know no more than that the young lady in question has not yet entered her teens. While we do not wish to particularize, for as we have said before it is impossible in the present case, we believe that Mr. Lauder's playing has given the greatest satisfaction. His selections have embraced the most difficult works of the best masters, and his playing (which we heard to great advantage once in Chopin's A Flat Polonaise—a veritable *cheval de bataille)*, is characterized by a grace and delicacy which is refreshing, after the thunderings and poundings of the piano-forte Titans of the day. We can recollect no flaw in Mr. Lauder's playing, unless it be that slight flurry which besets so many young pianists, and which, we are sure by this time, is quite dissipated. It may be added that Mr. Lauder is pianist to the Philharmonic Society. We are not "writing up" these entertainments, but we do feel it

our duty to press home to the public the necessity of their support in this matter, and we would say to those who furnish the music, above all to keep to a good standard, and not to pander to popular taste. We suppose the public must have its "torchlight marches" and its "imitations of bag pipes," but *artists* are not required to furnish these intoxicants of the popu-- lar mind.

The second performance of Rossini's Stabat Mater by the Philharmonic Society, on Monday, the 16th of April, was, we believe, an advance in many respects on the first. Too much praise cannot be awarded Mr. Torrington for the great zeal and ability he has always manifested as conductor of the Society, and which seem to have culminated on the evening in question. He is, be it remembered, not only the conductor, but the trainer of the Society, consequently the work and responsibility devolve greatly on him, and those who know anything of the position will concur with us in saying that such a position is never an easy, is frequently an unpleasant, one to maintain. The director must always be affable and courteous, he must never be tired or out of patience, he must have due consideration for the whims of soprani, and courage to check insubordination, and at last when he has fulfilled all these duties and many others too numerous to mention, he finds that he has not succeeded in pleasing everyone, he never will. However, we intend here to go back on our own statement and declare that there was universal satisfaction on the occasion we are speaking of. The orchestra must be specially praised, the improvement in this department increasing with each performance of the Society. Mr. Torrington arranged a miscellaneous selection before the Stabat Mater, which was also well rendered. The andante from Beethoven's Second Symphony was beautifully given by the orchestra, no flurry or indistinctness being perceptible, although some of the passages are not inconsiderable. Miss Bridgland must be congratulated on possessing what with due practice and training must become a clear and flexible soprano of more than average power. The quartette, "God is a Spirit," was given most carefully, and the pianissimo parts were particularly effective. We have never heard the Chorus sing better than they did in Hadyn's grand old chorus, "The Heavens are Telling," for not only were precision and correctness assured the moment they began, but an amount of "go" and real enthusiasm seemed to characterize the entire selection, and towards the close when the climax of sound was drawing near, conductor, chorus, and orchestra seemed to mingle and become one, so perfect was the performance.

The Stabat Mater loses, we think, in being sung in English. The meaning of the Latin words is not even kept, as every one knows, and a good orthodox Protestant adaptation is sung instead. The opening quartette and chorus to the familiar words of "Stabat Mater Dolorosa," or as it is in English, "Lord most Holy, Lord most Mighty," was well rendered, particularly by the orchestra, and the effect of the gradual change from *forte* to *piano* on page 7, was almost thrilling. Mr. Hampshire, who undertook the air "Cujus Animam," did his best we have no doubt, and was very well received, but the setting is extravagantly high, and few voices are equal to the double task of reaching the notes and giving to them when required, the expression and dramatic force which create this air. The duett between Miss Hillary and

Mrs. Bradley, and Mr. Warrington's solo "Pro Peccatis," left nothing to be desired, while the chorus and recitative which followed was equally well given, the difficult modulations being splendidly managed, and Mr. Warrington's fine bass showing to perfection. It is scarcely possible to find sufficient praise of Miss Hillary's singing of the Cavatina, "I will Sing of Thy Great Mercy,"—pronunciation, emphasis, and expression were all perfect; and her voice, which improves every day in compass, preserves its old richness and fulness of tone. In the glorious "Inflammatus," Tietjiens' masterpiece, Mrs. Bradley was weak. The high C which should have rung out over the orchestra and chorus, was inaudible, and throughout the number there was a total lack of dramatic power and force. Mrs. Bradley, too, seems to reach the high notes at the expense of the words which belong to them, but the singing was still very sweet and charming, and scarcely any but truly exceptionable voices can do full justice to Rossini's most difficult music. The quartette, "Quando Corpus," and the final chorus in which the performers seemed as much at home as in the Handelian fugues, went gloriously, and so ended a concert of which Mr. Torrington may well be proud.

It is years since any *prima donna*, Adelina Patti excepted, has created such a deep and lasting sensation in gay and volatile Paris, as that which Mdlle. Albani is still causing there. First, her Gilda in Rigoletta, then Amina, and more recently her Lucia, have each met with the most flattering approval. The Parisian journals carry on a praiseworthy rivalry, each one appearing more eulogistic than the other. *Le National* calls attention to her elegant and haughty style of beauty, the *Figaro* notices the general delirium and endless triumph, while the *Finance Comique* records the toilets and diamonds in the front of the house, and six recalls, showers of bouquets, accompanied by a jewelled diadem and bracelet on the stage. We must not forget the *Charivari*, which says, "That Mdlle. Albani is an Æolian harp, which has all at once caused that old used-up capital, Paris, to rouse itself once more." *N'est ce pas Français?* And if we are not mistaken this is the same Albani that nearly failed utterly in New York! Surely for once the discernment of our neighbours was at fault, and we regret that our gifted countrywoman did not visit Canada that she might have been better received here. Adelina Patti is nowhere so successful as in St. Petersburg. She has lately sung in Vienna to crowded but colder audiences than Nilsson inspired there, and of course is now in London for the Covent Garden season, which opened on April 3rd. Nicolini, the impressionable tenor, who it seems is really the cause of the trouble between Patti and her husband, is also in the company. Nilsson and Faure are both in Paris, resting, it may well be supposed, from their arduous and exciting labours. Herr Wieniawski, assisted by Mdlle. Victoria Bunsen, and Herr Conrad Behrens, have lately given some very successful concerts in Copenhagen. In fact, Mdlle. Bunsen seems to have fairly divided the honours with Madame Trebelli Bettini having been presented in the presence of the Royal family with a magnificent gold bracelet, by the Crown Princess. A few days before, Trebelli received from the King's own hands the medal "Littoris et artibus," while Herr Behrens was presented with a ring bearing the King's initials and crown in brilliants. The *début* of Mdlle. Fechten, daughter of the celebrated successor and imitator of the great

Lemaitre, was anxiously looked for. She appeared as Mignon at the Opera Comique, but the Parisians do not seem to have been much impressed by her. She is small, dark-eyed, and not over pretty, while her voice, though sweet and well cultivated, is hardly equal to the demands of the operatic stage.

By this time the London operatic season has well begun, at least at one theatre. The repertoire of the present Covent Garden Company includes fifty operas; while it is the intention of Mr. Gye to produce three at least out of five comparatively new works, viz., Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers," the chief character by Madame Patti; a grand opera seria composed by His Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, entitled "Santa Chiara;" Rubinstein's grand romantic opera, "Nero;" Nicolai's comic opera, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," written for Mdlle. Thalberg; and finally, Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," with Albani in the principal part. As to "Paul et Virginie," which was promised some time ago, a difficulty relating to copyright has set in, which prevents its production. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha can surely not have forgotten the lamentable failure of "Santa Chiara" in Paris some years ago; or that of still another musical venture of his in London, where, in 1852, "Casilda" was dismissed for ever from public hearing after running two nights.

Mr. Mapleson will open in the Haymarket once more, with Titiens, Nilsson and Faure, Sir Michael Costa, wielding the baton again after a lapse of thirty-one years.

Madame Clara Schumann and Dr. Joachim have returned to the Continent, after having shared the homage of a London public for some time. Wagner comes, with him, Liszt, some say, and Rubinstein brings up the rear. A Tetralogy indeed! The English are not all Wagnerites, but nevertheless the all-poet musician is the musical hero of the day. Thousands will flock to see him out of curiosity alone. The festival which is called by his name, will consist of six concerts, beginning Monday evening, May 7th, and closing Saturday afternoon, May 19th. Wagner's friend,—and on whose special invitation he will go to England,—August Wilheling, will conduct the Wagnerian orchestra of two hundred instrumentalists. The *Times* compliments Wagner on having composed music which has done much for the suppression of light, shallow, vaudeville music, and thinks it will do more in the time to come. Apropos of Joachim, are our readers acquainted with the fact that on Thursday, March 8, the gifted Hungarian was created by the University of Cambridge an English Doctor of Music? The Senate Hall was on that occasion crowded with professors, deans and proctors, ladies, and undergraduates. A Latin oration, delivered by Mr. J. E. Sandys, Public Orator of St. John's College, in which were mentioned Sir Sterndale Bennett, Brahms, Prof. Macfarren, and Amalie Joachim, seems to have been the chief feature of the proceedings. It was expected that Brahms would have been present also to receive the degree of "Mus. Doc.," but from some unknown reason he disappointed the large and distinguished assembly. Joachim was further initiated into university life by a banquet given for him in Trinity, which was his first experience of "dining in hall." What must be the feelings of the man who, beginning life in the most humble manner, in a small and insignificant village

near Presburg, has finally been admitted to the highest honour of an English University.

We have received from the publishers—Messrs. Suckling & Co., Toronto, —some new Canadian publications for review. Two songs by Professor Whish, of Belleville (Albert College), are specially worthy of mention. "Meet me, darling, again," a light and taking ballad, and "The wings of a dove," more pretentious in style, and which is, moreover, one of the prettiest songs we have seen for some time, being a contrast from the sentimental ditties that are the order of the day. A "serenade," "Meet me, darling," by Charles W. Stokes, is one of the above, and though by no means original in melody or treatment, is exceedingly pretty, and will be popular. The galop entitled "Sweet Sixteen," by W. Carey, the well-known bandmaster of the Queen's Own Rifles, is for the pianoforte, and a most creditable production in point of melody and rhythm.

We subjoin the following *critique* of Madame Essipoff from a Montreal correspondent :

"We, in Montreal, were last week favoured by a visit from Madame Essipoff, whom, on the whole, we are probably safe in calling the finest lady pianist of the day, for though she lacks the tender depths of feeling possessed by Madame Schumann, and also the mechanical perfection ('icily perfect') of Arabella Goddard, she yet has a fund of poetic originality, and great passion, together with such a wondrous technique, as probably no lady (excepting the aforenamed miracle of execution) possesses. Her power and flexibility of wrist are amazing, her rapidity of articulation almost unrivalled, whilst her delivery of very delicate and rapid ('perle') passages is simply perfect ; this latter quality showed to great advantage in the C ♯ minor valse (Chopin), in which she delivers the passages which constitute a kind of echo by beginning firmly, and in almost *ad libitum* time, and then repeating at an immensely increased speed (*ppp*), those passages, which, though not difficult in themselves, would be found so by any ordinary pianist who tried to emulate the effect made by Madame Essipoff.

"On the whole, her playing of Chopin is the most satisfactory thing she does. It is music which, within certain limits (very distant ones), allows the performer to take almost any liberty with time and reading, it allows a player to express more of *himself*, than almost any other music, and therefore, as Madame Essipoff's playing is essentially original, Chopin's wayward music suits her, we think, better than any other. After this, we would place that of Liszt, which shows both her faults and perfections. It gives full scope for the display of her originality and fire, and also her marvellous executive powers, but, on the other hand, it sometimes hurries her into a certain recklessness, which sometimes shows in her playing, and which, whilst suiting the character of Liszt's music, often betrays her into playing wrong notes. This was the case in the D ♭ 'Etude de Concert' (Liszt).

"Of all the pieces we heard her play, the 'Moonlight Sonata' pleased us least, and made us inclined to agree with a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, whose remarks were alluded to in the March number of your magazine. Madame Essipoff is there accused of playing Bethoven after her own ideas, instead of the composer's, and if her rendering of the Sonata quasi

Fantasia be a fair specimen, she is certainly open to the accusation. Her playing of the slow movement was very massive, in parts almost organ-like in the tone she brought out, but was too loud throughout, and had a peculiar hardness, which most lady pianists give to a singing movement by *striking*, instead of pressing out the melody, thus we lost the wondrously dreaming effect of the slow movement, which used to be brought out in so magical a manner by that departed prince of pianists, Thalberg. In fact, with all due respect to ladies be it said, there is but one lady pianist who plays a slow movement perfectly; she alone, of all we have ever heard, knows how to obtain that combined strength and tenderness, which usually seem to require a male hand. In the Allegretto we think Madame Essipoff sacrificed the plain intention of the composer, by making it light and staccato all through instead of obtaining the charming effect meant by the contrast between alternate smooth and staccato passages. In the last movement we were prepared, knowing the executive power and also the passion of the player, to be carried away by a storm of emotion, instead of which it was taken at very moderate time, which was also considerably broken, and the whole effect was sentimental rather than impassioned.

"Of course we admit that Beethoven's expressive marks cannot always be relied on, and even his metronomic marks he altered over and over again. But nevertheless in a piece like this, where the broad outlines of the expression of each movement are so strongly marked, we feel that a player, while taking full advantage of all the license which the term 'Guasi Fantasia' gives, should be careful not to express themselves at the expense of the composer's plain intention.

"Perhaps Madame Essipoff's greatest merit is in her startling originality; there is a fearless daring in her grasp of all she does, which startles, fascinates, and delights, but it is this very quality which hurries her into faults that place her as an *artist* below Madame Schumann and below Rubinstein, whatever rhapsodic critics may assert to the contrary, although as a mere *pianist* (we hope this distinction is not too nice), she is probably unrivalled by any lady."

Good Night, My Sweet!

SERENADE.

Music by W. K. BASSFORD, Op. 66

Andante.

mf

p

p *Moderato con espress.*

O, sweet my love, the hour is late, The moon goes down in sil - ver state, As

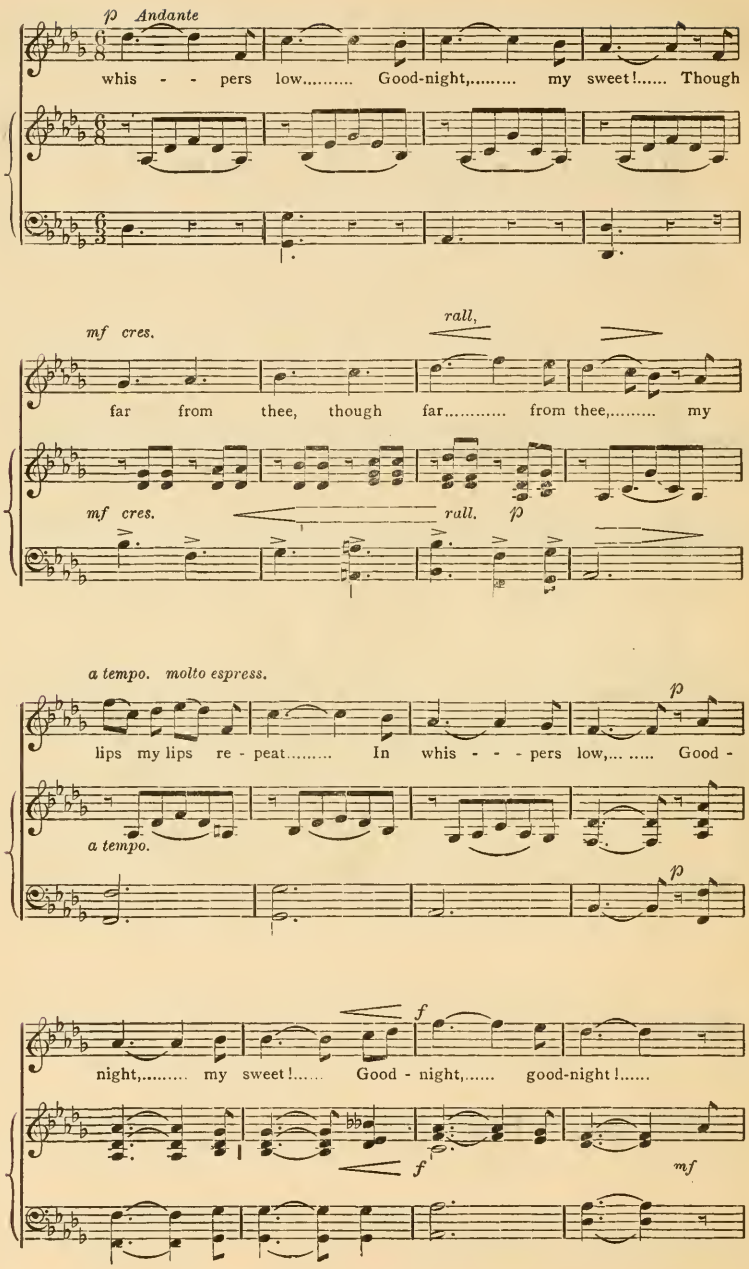
p legato.

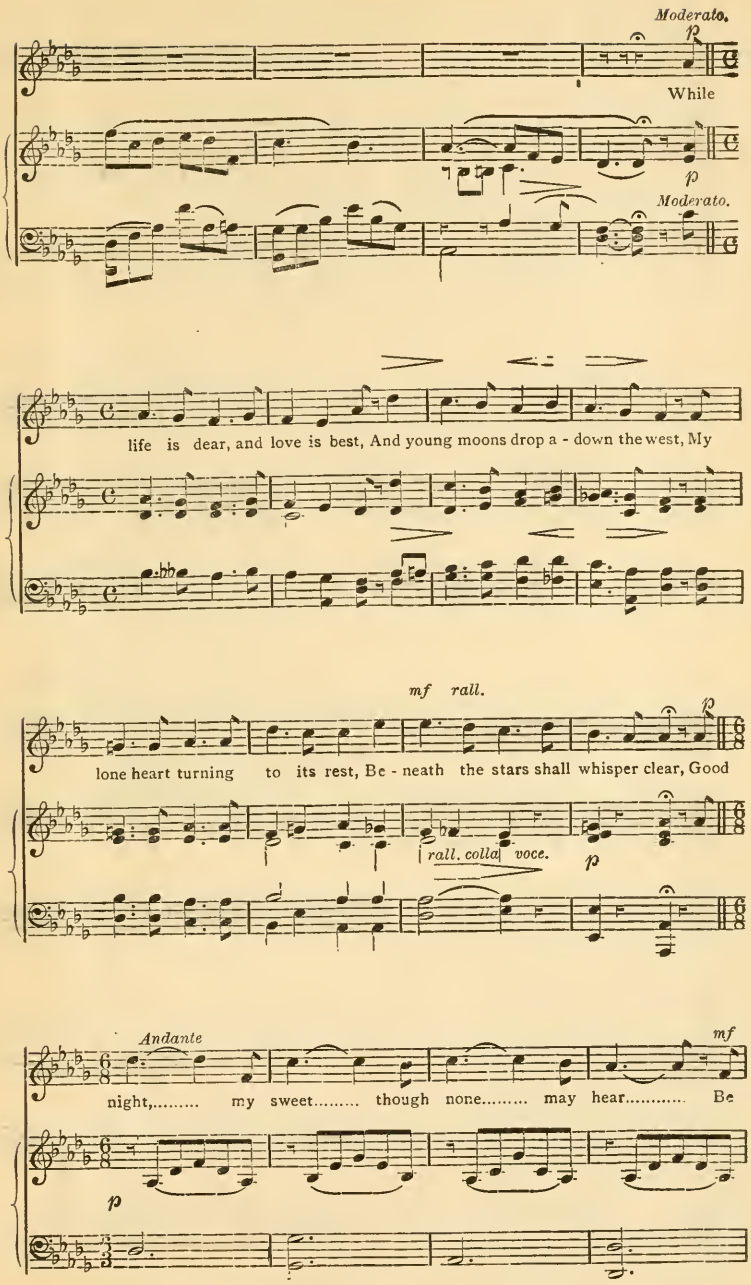
mf poco rall.

here, a - lone, I watch and wait. Tho' far from thee, my lips repeat In

mf poco rall. colla voce.

p *p*


p Andante
whis - - pers low..... Good-night,..... my sweet!..... Though
mf cres.
rall,
far from thee, though far..... from thee,..... my
mf cres.
rall.
p
a tempo. molto espress.
lips my lips re - peat..... In whis - - - pers low,... ..... Good -
p
a tempo.
p
f
night,..... my sweet!..... Good - night,..... good-night!.....
f
mf


Moderato.
p
While
p
Moderato.
life is dear, and love is best, And young moons drop a - down the west, My
mf rall.
p
lone heart turning to its rest, Be - neath the stars shall whisper clear, Good
rall. colla voce.
p
Andante
mf
night,..... my sweet..... though none..... may hear..... Be
p

cres. *slentando.*

neath the stars shall whis - - per clear,..... Good -

mf *cres.* *slentando p*

appasionato.

night, good-night, my sweet,..... though none..... can hear..... Good -

f
colla voce.

f

night,..... my sweet!..... Good - night,..... good-night!.....

f *mf*

p

Humorous Department.

FASHION AND FOLLY SKETCHES.

AU DESSOUS DU VERRE BLEU.

Tabitha Jane Matilda Longe
  Was scraggy—nature was unkind—
For years beneath the old *verre blanc*
  She'd vegetated, frame and mind.

"She pined in thought" (the ambient air
  Was air of non-prismatic hue);
Oft did she murmur, "Where, O where
  'S the mystic haze of heavenly blue?"

At last she sat *en négligé*,
  Pleasanton's vitreous science proving,
And bathed her in the actinic ray,
  Till, lo! she felt her shoulders moving.

Elysium for an instant dawned,
  Her senses fled—O potent science!
She rubbed her eyes—she slightly yawned,
Then faced her mirror with defiance.

A glance sufficed to bring delight,
The scene was one of transformation,—
A beauty stood where yesternight
A fright had studied radiation.

To fashion plates she flew with haste,
And eke evolved a lengthy train,
Then proudly sallied forth to taste
The joy of triumph o'er the vain.

Admirers came to beauty's noose,
Both wealthy cits and country cousins ;
'Twas her's the power to pick and choose
From lovers swarming 'round in dozens.

Thus potent science seemed to masque her,
And fortune smiled—her's was not marred ;
The ultimatum's here—just ask her—
For here's herself—

And here's her card—

Mrs. Tabitha J. M. Tyndale Browne.